

WOMEN IN PEACE AND WAR

A Balkan Memory

Alluding to the war raging in the Balkan Peninsula, he said it was being waged by men alone, who were saving women. . . . In those parts of Europe women could take no part in that sanguinary struggle.—Lord Curzon at Glasgow, November 1.

By these and similar sayings, Lord Curzon once again exposes the futility of living in a world of phrases and ready-made sentiment. In the whole of that shallow speech of his at Glasgow, he said nothing more false than the words just quoted. I ask myself what possibly he could have meant, and what has been his experience of "those parts of Europe." And before my eyes there come memories and scenes I would thankfully forget. The faces and the maimed bodies of women and girls rise before me, and I hear once more the story of how Marya lost her reason, or of the events that turned bright Katya into a hopeless hysteric.

I have not, it is true, been in the Balkans in time of war in the large sense of that word; but I have been there during armed revolt, and during and after the suppression of revolt. I found myself suddenly surrounded by cruelty and suffering such as I could not have imagined, and the sufferers I saw most of were non-combatants, women and children.

I shall never forget the day our party arrived at Ochrida, a town which nestles like a dream on the border of a magic lake. The unearthly beauty of the place in the slow autumn sunlight seemed to throw up as if in horror, the pain of its humanity. In a certain house, on bare straw mats spread on the floor, lay a number of wounded persons, mostly women, a few old men, and one boy. It was, as I have said, a period of revolt. In the villages the able-bodied men had taken their rifles and gone to the hills to join the armed revolutionary bands. In countless cases the women and children and the infirm were left behind to look after themselves as best they could. Everyone remembers the ferocity with which the Turks avenged themselves that autumn (1903): how they pillaged and burned, and left the peasants' homes mere heaps of ruin. The wounded women who were lying untended in Ochrida had mostly been shot in trying to escape from the blazing villages or from the lust of the soldiers. A mother and her two months' baby had been shot through by the same bullet. A beautiful girl of fourteen had four bullet wounds. The Turkish soldiers were burning her village, and fired at her as she ran away. She fell down in a field, and two soldiers came up to her. She pretended she was dead, and one of them kicked her to make sure, and as she did not move, they put another bullet into her, and went off. Someone carried her into Ochrida, where the Bulgarian Bishop had put a house at the disposal of the wounded. Most of the women were young, and day by day others were brought in, some terribly injured and raving with pain, others demented with fear. In the East fear is a real disease. It seems to seize and paralyse and destroy people physically to an extent unknown here. I have gone into a house and seen a grown man lying huddled up in blankets in a corner, and been told he was very ill. On asking what was the matter, the answer has been simply "Fear," as if that were the most natural thing in the world. The girls and young women had every cause for terror. An old woman came to me one day and asked what she was to do about her grand-daughter. On hearing that soldiers were approaching the village to burn and raid as usual, she had taken the girl and put her into a deep hole, which she covered over. She kept her there for three days, and the girl came out with her reason gone. Various girls were brought to me, who, because of the unspeakable indignities they had met with, appeared to have lost the power of speech, and could only make unhuman sounds.

A "Stream of Misery"

These are only instances taken at random from my memory of the stream of misery that seemed day after day to flow through that little town. And these women were not only wounded, and violated, and terrified, they had besides lost everything they possessed. Their homes were burnt, their stores of provisions were gone—all they had hoarded and valued, the dowry for the daughter, the young bride's wedding dress, the chest of family garments with wonderful embroideries, that are handed down from one generation to another—everything was gone, and now winter had come while they shivered in their summer smocks. They had, of course, all the usual mental agony of the soldiers' womenkind. Their sons, husbands, and fathers were out of reach and sight, perhaps for ever.

I had been in Ochrida some time before I heard a rumour that there were seven women imprisoned there. In Turkey woman is so strictly confined to her own sphere that it has not been thought necessary to build prisons for her. There was every facility for male prisoners in Ochrida, and on the whole they did not seem to have a bad time as they sat talking and smoking in groups in the sunny courtyard. I wondered where the women could be. Their crime was that they had sent food and possibly news to their men in the mountains. My Albanian "cavass" found the "prison" and brought me his account. It was a small room in an ordinary house, mainly underground. He had gone in for a moment, but the smell of the place made him instantly sick, and he could not stay. Naturally, the Turkish Governor of the town would not allow me to go till the place had been cleaned out. That appeared to take three days. When I did make my visit I found a very small room almost entirely underground, its one slit of a window shuttered on the outside. It was so dark that I could not see the faces of the women without a candle. There were seven of them, and some had their children with them; two had babies at the breast. They were confined to this room night and day without light or air or heating. I could see that some of them were very ill, and was not surprised afterwards to learn that it was typhus. Worst of all, those women were entirely at the mercy of their jailor, who had used his privilege with all of them. A day or two after I saw them they were all released.

"Multiplied Suffering" in War

I could go almost endlessly on with instances of what I saw women and girls endure in that one little corner of Macedonia during a time of unrest. Imagination turns faint at the thought of what the multiplied suffering must be in the war area to-day. If Lord Curzon even read the headings of newspapers he would see that women are having their full share, and he could not have spoken those idle words. In a mental atmosphere created only by men it is natural that we should hear mainly of the glory of war and the sufferings of its heroes. It somehow takes the splendour away if you dwell on the passive sufferings of the non-combatants or count the wounds of women who themselves carry no arms, who are robbed, violated, killed (as many of them were) in a fight that is not theirs, in a war that brings them no joy of battle. It took Euripides to see that war is not man's affair alone, and to tear the trapping off glorious slaughter.

J. E. M. B.

WOMEN BOROUGH COUNCILLORS

The results of the recent Municipal Elections show a considerable improvement in public opinion with regard to women candidates. In London, although not quite so many women stood this year as in 1910, twenty-two of these have been elected as against eleven two years ago. Two stood as Independent candidates; the others were elected on the political ticket, that is, they were adopted by one or another of the political parties. Of these latter eight are Moderates, seven Progressives, and five Labour. This year's results, as in 1910, tend to show that the woman who does not get adopted by a political party has little real chance of success. Paddington is, however, a happy exception to this rule, as the Independent candidate there, Miss Beeton, came out at the head of the poll. An active member of the Women's Local Government Society, approached by us on the subject, gave it as her opinion that the political parties are generally averse to the adoption of women candidates, because, being voteless, women are useless politically; there were, she added, some exceptions to this point of view. Then there are a certain number of Municipal electors who, having commercial interests to serve, are suspicious of women's purifying influence in the Councils. Our informant added an interesting point in saying that, "There are also large numbers of foolish persons of both sexes who oppose a woman because of their dislike of Suffragist militant methods. They refuse to vote for a woman because they say they disapprove of window-breaking!" She concluded by saying that the mass of the educated and enlightened men and women electors do wish to see women on the Councils, and if they can be persuaded to resist the influence of the party caucus and be true to their principles, they will vote straight in their favour. The following list gives the number of Women Councillors elected last Friday to the London Borough Councils:—

Kensington	5	Finsbury	1
Paddington	4	Hampstead	1
Islington	3	Poplar	1
Stepney	2	S. Marylebone	1
Woolwich	2	Westminster	1
Bromley	1		



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THE FEMINIST AND VOTES FOR WOMEN

One has a natural distrust of a book labelled by the publisher "a book that women have been waiting for," and only the evident sincerity of Mr. W. L. George's disquisition on Feminism dispels one's fear of finding in "Woman and To-morrow," the usual advice offered to women struggling for freedom by men whose freedom was won for them before they were born. Mr. George mercifully refrains from offering advice. "Opinions are not rules," he says; "a discussion of Feminism must, at the present stage of social development, be considered principally as a stimulant."

This is sound and healthy enough. If we have a quarrel with Mr. George it is over his tendency to draw too firm a line of demarcation between the Feminist and the Suffragist. It is true that the two are not necessarily identical; there are noted examples of Anti-Suffragists who are to a limited extent Feminists, and there may be Suffragists, though we cannot call to mind any of distinction, who are not also Feminists, that is, who see no further than the ballot-box. But we think that the author of "Woman and To-morrow" gets his values wrong when he assumes that only a small minority of women are both. When he says, "Feminists look upon Suffragism as no more than a part of their programme," he might with far greater truth say that Suffragists do this; and while entirely agreeing that "the vote is . . . an affair in the van," we dissent as wholly from his further contention that "the Feminist army behind has an objective of its own, and will attain it by its own methods." We contend that the Feminist army cannot attain its objective until the Suffrage van has won its battle; and apparently Mr. George really agrees with us, for he admits on the very next page, having defined one of the objects of Feminism as a proposal "to break into the preserved professions," that "the councils of the Bar and of the solicitors will have to be coerced by political action." Exactly so. That is why so many women, to whom the political side of the Woman's Movement is the side that appeals least, are concentrating to-day upon winning the political weapon. They are Suffragists because Feminism is being held up by reason of the political disability of women.

We do not wish in any way to imply that Mr. W. L. George is opposed to Woman Suffrage, only that he appears to us to try to separate what is inseparable in treating its aims as distinct from those of Feminism. Both, indeed, come within his definition of the latter. Feminism, he says—

can be defined broadly as a furthering of the interests of women, more specifically as the social and political emancipation of woman, and philosophically as the levelling of the sexes.

Every Suffragist worthy of the name is aiming at all these things. Where a distinction does appear to us to exist between the Suffragist and the Feminist, as such, is in their temperament rather than in their aims. Mr. George, for instance, though he guards himself by the statement that in using the word "woman" in these essays he is excepting the intellectual minority—rather an important exception, by the way—professes to regard women in the lump as "inaccurate, petty, calumnious, dishonourable, and vain," because "the ages have . . . developed in her the characteristics of the slave," and he also regards men in the lump as "selfish, ignorant, and brutal," because these are the characteristics of the slave owner. This attitude of mind is infinitely preferable to that of the sentimentalist who puts woman on a pedestal because she is too good to be placed on an equality with man; but it is considerably less tolerant than that of the average Suffragist, certainly of the militant Suffragist, who, having left theories behind and come to grips with the enemy, probably feels healthier about human nature generally than the theorist does. With regard to militancy, by the way, Mr. George has some excellent things to say, for he has the insight to see that it is the expression of a "ferce, race-protecting passion," which ought to be turned to good account in the State. He refuses to discuss whether militancy has defeated its object—

I do not think so, but as a Feminist I am bound to look further ahead. What matters to us is the fanatical quality, and we do not care whether opponents attach to it the word "insane" or "hysterical": few reforming movements have come into their own, and few great deeds have been done save by those whom Dr. Nordau and others called degenerates, madmen, trunings, hysterical persons. If sanity means "average person," and I believe it does, we can bear with the lunatic fire of Napoleon, Nietzsche, Savonarola, Newton, and Galileo. If this lunacy be genius, then we can rely upon woman as the depository of the genius of the race; her unflinching physical courage, her yet greater moral courage in the face of gibes, the ferocity of spirit which dominates her weakness of body, all these traits make me believe that it is the passion of woman shall be the passion of the State.

We have not space to review in detail all the essays in Mr. George's book. He says much that is inspiring, a good deal that is contentious, about woman in relation to the Home, and the Arts, and to Labour, and to Marriage. But if we do not always accept it, we always find his point of view interesting; and if he is sometimes a little too dogmatic he is never weakly sentimental. In a book about Woman there is real matter for thankfulness in these abstentions.

* "Woman and To-morrow." By W. L. George. (Herbert Jenkins, 2s. 6d. net.)

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A SUFFRAGE NOVEL.

Mr. Percy White has very cleverly revealed his own sympathy for the Woman Suffrage cause through an Anti-Suffrage guise, in his latest novel, "To-day." The story is told in the first person by an Anti-Suffragist, and the author is to be congratulated on the remorseless manner in which he has drawn his hero, William Orr, the undersized poor relation, who is limited in understanding and possesses no personal attraction of any kind, and who is only saved from being totally colourless by his unwavering devotion to Dulcie Ellice, the Suffragist heroine. This affection of his, which begins when he is a schoolboy and she a baby in the nursery, and survives every shock that she gives him through life—she gives him a great many—illuminates the dullest little man we remember meeting in modern fiction, and we grow almost attached to him as the story proceeds. His portrayal is the main achievement of the book. Dulcie is not nearly so convincing; nor are her Suffragist friends, and the few details that are given of her militant actions do not ring altogether true. It is of course impossible to make an artistic success of a story dealing with current events, and Mr. Percy White is evidently conscious of this. That is probably the explanation of the later development of his plot, which degenerates rather weakly into an argument for the drastic alteration of the marriage laws. We doubt if Dulcie, keen enough to go to prison and be forcibly fed for the sake of Votes for Women, would have allowed herself to be side-tracked over another movement immediately afterwards. However, it is a sign of the times that a popular novelist should choose the militant Suffrage movement for the background of his story, and a militant Suffragist for his heroine.

"To-day." By Percy White. Constable, 6s.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Westminster Review." November. (London: E. Marlborough. Price 2s. 6d. net.)
"Potted Policies." By Joseph Chamberlain. (London: Frank Palmer. Price 1s. net.)
"The English Review." November. (Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. Price 1s. net.)
"The Inn of Tranquillity." By John Galsworthy. (London: William Heinemann. Price 6s.)
"The Englishwoman." November. (London: Sidgwick and Jackson. Price 1s. net.)
"The Blue Book." (London: Crosby, Lockwood, and Son. Price 1s. net.)
"What's Wrong with the World?" By G. K. Chesterton. (London: Cassell and Co., Ltd. Price 1s. net.)
"Woman in Modern Society." By Professor Earl Barnes. (London: Cassell and Co., Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.)
"Educational Classics." (London: Edward Arnold. Price 4s. 6d. net.)
"The English Housewife of the 17th and 18th Centuries." By Rose M. Bradley. (London: Edward Arnold. Price 12s. 6d. net.)
"John and Irene." By W. H. Beveridge. (London: Longmans, Green, and Co. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

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MRS. DESPARD. MR. PETHICK LAWRENCE.
Chair: Mr. R. CHOLMOLEY, Head Master, Owen's School, Islington.
Tickets (price 2s. each, including refreshments) may be obtained from all Suffrage Societies, and at the Offices of the Women's Tax Resistance League, 11, Tulse House, St. Martin's Lane.

BECHSTEIN HALL, NOV. 12, at 8.30.
MISS EDITH CLEGG.
Recital of Songs, by Living Composers.
Assisted by Mr. ARCHY ROSENTHAL (Solo Pianoforte).
Accompanist—Miss ETHEL ATTWOOD.
Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 1888 and TILLET, 19, Hanover Square, W. Telephone, 3123 Mayfair. And Miss EDITH CLEGG, 7, Haverstock Hill, N.W.

STEINWAY HALL.
MISS JULIE HUNTSMAN.
RECITAL OF PROSE AND POETRY.
MONDAY NEXT, at 8.15.
F. WEIST HILL (VIOLIN). DAVID DE SOUZA (CELLIST).
7, Gd. St. to Is., of Miss HERTMAN, or P. J. TILLET, 151, Finchley Road.

VOTES FOR WOMEN
4-7, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1912.

THE FAILURE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

On Guy Fawkes' night the British House of Commons, two-thirds of whom were pledged up to the hilt to Woman Suffrage, voted by a majority of more than two to one to exclude women from the electorate of the new Irish Parliament. Of course, the pledge-breakers provided themselves with ample and sufficient reasons why on this particular occasion their pledges could not be kept. The fact that these reasons were mutually destructive mattered not in the very least. Any reason is good enough for a Member of Parliament; and there never was an occasion when an apparently excellent reason could not be fabricated for taking any step, however despicable or however dishonest. The wolf proved to his own satisfaction over and over again that he had been wronged so terribly by the lamb that to eat him was only to allow the claims of justice to take their necessary course. And the pages of history are full of living instances which show how truly the fable represents the fact.

In the present instance Woman Suffragists intending to betray the cause to which they had pledged themselves, relied principally on two main excuses. The first was that so important a question as Woman Suffrage ought not to be decided for Ireland alone, but ought to be decided for the whole of the British Isles at the same time. The second was that the Irish franchise was a question which ought to be decided locally, and consequently ought to be left for the subsequent decision of the Irish legislature. It does not seem to have occurred to these apologists that bad as each of these arguments was in itself, coupled together they became farcical. For if the franchise for the Irish Parliament is so closely allied to that of the Imperial Parliament that the two ought to be on identical lines how can it possibly be wise to let the Irish legislature determine the issue? *Contrariwise* (as Tweedledee said), if Ireland ought to be left to settle the issue of its own franchise by itself, how can it be argued that the real decision ought to be made by the British House of Commons on the Electoral Reform Bill? But putting this absurdity aside, what nonsense it is to say that because subsequently on the Government's Franchise Bill the question of the suffrage for the Imperial Parliament may (or may not) be voted upon, therefore the House of Commons must not determine here and now what form a certain partial and subsidiary franchise

shall assume. As to leaving the question to Ireland itself, the last thing which the Home Rule Bill actually does is to leave the question open; it comes down definitely on the side of an exclusively male electorate, and not only gives thereby the decision of the issue entirely into the hands of the men of the country, but over and above that, prohibits them from altering it in any way for a period of three years.

The real fact, of course, is that all the arguments put forward are dummy; they are the stage properties which look real enough to the young person who is witnessing the show for the first time, but which do not deceive the theatrical habitué any more than they do the actors on the stage. The men and women who understand the political players are not concerned with the stuff of which these arguments are made, they are concerned with the votes which these men gave. Let us consider them a little in detail.

The Conservative Party divided on the amendment along intelligible lines. The Suffragists voted for it, and the Anti-Suffragists against it. The Anti-Suffragists voted therefore by this vote that their idea of the local activities, in which they profess to believe women should have a share, are on a considerably smaller scale than those provided for in the Home Rule Bill.

The Irish Party voted solid against it, prominent Suffragists like Mr. William Redmond and Mr. Hugh Law actually raising their voices to support this course. From this women will realise what an extraordinary thing party loyalty must be which turns men who in private life are honourable and kindly into beings whose pledges are not worth the breath with which they are uttered.

The Liberal Party, with one or two honourable exceptions, voted obedient to the Party Whips in opposition to the amendment. By this action they justified absolutely the by-election policy which we have consistently upheld in these columns. We have said over and over again that when it came to an important issue the Liberal private Member was a mere soldier of the Government which he follows, and that his own private pledges were absolutely worthless. It must now be apparent to the most trusting woman in the country that this was the naked truth.

The Labour Party did not take any united action as a Party. Some twenty-eight voted in favour of the amendment and five voted against it. This makes it perfectly clear that they cannot be regarded in any sense as a Party pledged to Woman Suffrage. Moreover, two further considerations must be taken into account. Firstly, would the vote of the Labour Men have been even as good as it was if there had been a real chance of the amendment being carried? We should certainly like to think so, but, unfortunately, the evidence to the contrary is very strong. The *Times* Political Correspondent stated definitely in his notes on Friday last that the great majority of the Labour Party had decided to support the amendment *provided the position of the Liberal Government was not jeopardised thereby*; and we have independent authority for saying that this statement is substantially accurate; moreover, it is in line with the specific pronouncement of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald that it was the policy of the Party not to let the Tories in. The second searching question which we should have to put would be: "Apart from allowing five of its members to vote against the amendment, did the Party really do all that it could in the matter?" The answer to this question is supplied not by ourselves, but by the action of six Suffrage stalwarts in the Labour ranks. After Mr. Snowden's amendment had been defeated, the question whether clause 9 itself (which establishes the franchise on the basis of the Imperial Parliament) should form part of the Bill was put to the chair. And in this division Snowden, Keir Hardie, Lansbury, Will Thorne, Thomas, and Richardson voted against the Government. Had the Labour Party voted solid in this division the Government majority would have sunk to a low figure; and if they persistently and relentlessly pursued this policy throughout, the day would come when they defeated the Government. The fact that they did not, and will not, take this course—as they would do if the Government and the Irish Party were deliberately preventing the passage of a true Labour measure, such as the reversal of the Osborne judgment, proves that Woman Suffrage is not a vital issue to the Party as a whole, and that however friendly individual Members may be, reliance on the Party as such is misguided and dangerous.

For women there is only one moral. The House of Commons as a body of independent honourable men is a myth; it has no more substance in fact than the legends of King Arthur or the tales of the Arabian Nights. The real House of Commons is a collection of well-meaning but impotent men, who when they are not coerced by their constituencies, are driven like sheep by the Party Whips. It is of about as much use to appeal to the better instincts of the average private Member as it would be to hope to reassert one's claim to a meadow by offering a handful of fresh grass to a well-meaning sheep who was browsing in it.

Self-reliance, determination, a clear judgment, and, above all, a militant spirit translating itself into action, are the only things which are of the least use to women in this struggle. As soon as a sufficient number of women realise this, and not before, will the vote be won.

THE DEATH OF THE DUCHESS

By Beatrice Harraden

The Duchess of Grachester sat stunned and horrified in her boudoir. She glared into the fire, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, heeding nothing, cut off, in fact, from all intercourse with the world which she knew and in which she played her prominent social part. Down her cheeks coursed truant tears unchecked, unnoticed. In her heart surged great emotions such as she had never before experienced during the whole of her life. Dim thoughts, shadowy doubts, vague misgivings, gleams of understanding and enlightenment had at times visited her in secret during these six or seven years of her avowed opposition to the Women's Suffrage Movement. They came and went like pale ghosts, never materialising into real existence. They left her as she was before, scornful, hostile, critical, contemptuously cold. But to-night they crowded on her in a ruthless company, and for the first time in the history of her inner conflict she made no attempt to withstand them. Everything had been changed for her that afternoon. She had been reached at last. And because she had been reached, the whole meaning of the movement and the hated militancy of it, so odious to her in all its expressions, had leapt across her mind like some blinding, illuminating flash of lightning, followed by the artillery of the thunderclap reverberating in all her being. *The White Slave Traffic. The White Slave Traffic.* If this hideous thing were true—and she knew now that it was true—what had the men been thinking of to let it go on year after year, to hush up the subject in a conspiracy of criminal silence, to block the feeble attempts at legislation against it, and deliberately to encourage it by passive if not active acquiescence? Oh, shame, shame on them, a thousand times shame! To have known it and done nothing—nothing that counted. And then to have the monstrous daring to assert that women's welfare and interests were safe in men's hands.

Safe, indeed! Safe, indeed! She spoke the words aloud with biting scorn. No wonder that the women had risen up to fight for freedom for their sex. And shame on her, yes, a thousand times shame on her, too, that she had stood aside, as their enemy, their critic, their accuser, their slanderer. If they and their leaders had known all along the fearful truths which she had learnt for the first time to-day, then all she could say was that she no longer marvelled at their violence. What she marvelled at was their moderation. For, oh, the appalling and tragic story told by the speaker at the afternoon meeting, and confirmed later in a private interview! Think of it—the little children—the young girls—the heart-breaking horror—the cruelty—the physical and spiritual degradation of young and helpless lives—the hopeless fate, the fearsome ending—the frightful statistics—a nightmare of truth.

For a long time she was held in bondage by these reflections, and when at last the tension was lessened, she found that the hour was late, and that she would have to hurry off immediately to attend a large Home Rule meeting in the Albert Hall, from which she had promised that she would not be absent, even if her husband, who was away in Scotland, were unable to return.

She left her food untouched, and, contrary to her habit, made no change in her dress, but just slipped into a long silk evening coat, leaving her fineries and her jewels discarded, and her lady's maid limp with astonishment over her unwonted indifference and her strange absent-mindedness. As she was stepping into her motor a telegram was brought her, telling her that an American friend who had arranged to join her at the Hall had been prevented by illness from venturing out that night. In ordinary circumstances she would have taken someone else, perhaps her secretary, perhaps the children's French governess, a very bright and cheerful companion, whom she greatly liked. But to-night, as she crushed the paper in her hand, she felt it would be a relief to be alone, to be free to make no efforts of courtesy or conversation, alone with that nightmare of truth from which there never would be any escaping until she had put her hand to the plough, somehow or other, she knew not how, but in some way, some definite way not clear to her now, but which she would find if she died for it. It was not enough to give her name or her money. She must give service. She must learn to speak, in any case. She must conquer her reluctance to be on a platform. She must find the pluck to stand up to his Grace, her husband, who entirely disapproved of any woman taking part in public life, and was a staunch anti-suffragist. And she must find the courage to encounter the sneers and taunts of her friends and intimates.

"Other women have done it," she said. "And why shouldn't I be able to do it?"
And again it was borne in on her what other women had been doing for the cause of women, and

how they had given themselves, heart and soul, to this movement, sacrificing love and friendship, position, respect, peace, serenity, health, life. Even their bitterest enemies said that of them, and she amongst them. Well, well, it was not too late to take her part, and to-morrow she would go straight to that leader who had drawn the veil from her eyes, and she would say: "Here I take my stand, side by side with you, for the sake of those young children, those young girls whose record has broken my heart but girt my loins."

Thus encompassed by thought and resolution, Edith, Duchess of Grachester, arrived at the Albert Hall, and sat in her place alone, one of the many thousands who filled the vast building to overflowing. The organ ceased playing. The speakers, two of them Cabinet Ministers, came on to the platform. They were welcomed with great enthusiasm, and the audience stood up, shouted and applauded untiringly. At last, the chairman rose to make the opening address, and save for his telling voice, which reached in all directions, a deep silence settled over that great assembly, scarcely unbroken even by coughs, which were checked at the onset by the tenseness of an eager interest. He had spoken perhaps for twenty-five minutes, and had got his hearers enthralled by his power and personality, when suddenly from the far end of the Hall, in the arena, a woman rose and called out: "Votes for Women—Votes for Irishwomen and Englishwomen!" A scene of indescribable fury and confusion followed. Stewards rushed up from all sides and set on her like wild beasts, and the audience helped them, her enemies themselves creating the uproar amidst which she was torn away from her place and removed. The Duchess of Grachester bent forward and watched. She had watched on other occasions, contemptuous and scornful, her heart and brain directed always against the interrupter. But now she shivered, and a curious chill crept over her. That was all.

Peace was restored. The speaker made no reference to the episode, and went on with his discourse. But he had not proceeded far when in the grand circle another woman rose.

"Votes for Women," she cried. "A Government measure! We insist on a Govern—"

Before she could finish her word she became the central figure of a battlefield, which would be a lasting disgrace in the annals of any so-called civilised country. She too was hounded off the scene, and again the turmoil subsided.

The Duchess of Grachester had again bent forward and watched. She was not cold any longer now. She was hot, burning hot, and her heart beat violently.

The speaker took up the broken thread of his address, but it was evident from his hesitating manner that the interruptions had begun to tell on his nerves. But he did not attend to the disturbances, and he expressed no wishes that the stewards should show self-control, or that the audience should remain passive. He was progressing fairly well and beginning to think that the dangers were safely over, when in the orchestra, on the right hand side of the organ, a woman got up and cried out in a clear voice which rang clarion-like through the hall: "Votes for Women and then there'll be no White Slaves Traffic. The men can't be trusted to see to it alone."

An awful scene of assault and cruelty ensued, but until they had nearly throttled her, she still continued crying: "The men can't be trusted—the men can't be trusted."

Then the Duchess, her face drawn with mental strain, her eyes aflame with indignation, her heart insurgent with the realisation of centuries of accumulated wrong and injustice done to her sex, sprang to her feet.

"She's right," she cried. "The men can't be trusted. Votes for Women and then we'll get rid of the White Slave Traffic."

The stewards dashed up to her and tried to fling her out, but she resisted with a dauntless courage and an amazing endurance, and cried:

"A dishonour to England, and our men have let it go on. Shame on them—shame on them. We women will do better. Votes for Women. Votes for Women."

Then they attacked her with redoubled fury, but she held her own even as her ancestor at the battle of Agincourt had held his own against overwhelming odds, until at last he was worsted. So with her. They closed on her, those brave Liberal stewards, kicked her in the stomach, twisted her arms, gagged her, throttled her, dashed her to the ground, and dragged her up the stairs towards the exit into the corridor. But before they had reached the topmost step, a man, who from an adjacent box had been watching the scene, unperturbed and unshamed, suddenly caught sight of the face of the victim. He leapt from the box.

"you've got there? Stand back, you brutes! It's the Duchess of Grachester!"

"The Duchess of Grachester," the stewards repeated in sudden horror and alarm, and they instantly ceased from their attack, released their hold and shrank back, whilst the man who had been the first to recognise her, knelt by her side, and doctors, full of grave concern, hastened to her aid. Everyone wanted to help her now. Everyone wanted to shield her now. But it was too late. She had compressed into those few brief moments of revolt and realisation a far-reaching piece of work for the cause of women.

She was dead. They had killed her.

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

"THE GOOD HOPE"

A Suffragist Play by Accident

It is fairly safe to conclude that when Herman Heijermans wrote his play of "The Good Hope" he had not so much as a thought of the Woman's Movement in his mind. Yet no Suffragist—certainly no militant Suffragist—could have witnessed the interesting production of his play by Miss Edith Craig last Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Pioneer Players, without feeling grateful to Christopher St. John for having rendered into English this tragedy of the North Sea fisheries, of which the central idea shows so close a connection with the aims of the Suffragist. There is, of course, no extraordinary coincidence in this identity of thought. "The Good Hope" is a terribly poignant human story, and as such would be almost bound to reveal the condition of things that the Suffragist is out to revolutionise. It is, in fact, a Suffragist play by accident, simply because it is a sincere picture of the sufferings of humanity under a regime that is being attacked root and branch by the Suffrage movement.

"We have to pay dearly for the fish," say the wives and the widows, the sisters and the sweet-hearts of the men who are out battling with the storm in order that the markets may get their supplies and the smack-owner his profits. That is the burden of the play—the weighing of human life against property; and, in the play as in life, property wins, and the twelve men who go to sea in a boat that the owner knows to be a "floating coffin"—it is heavily insured—never come back. There are incidents that render the tragedy more poignant—the terror of the boy Barend, for instance, who has to be dragged on board by the harbour police, and the anguish of his mother, who, torn between honour and love, forces him to go; but the tragedy needs no more emphasis than is conveyed in the colloquial conversation of the women who sit over their coffee, enumerating the men they have given to the sea, one by one, while the storm rages outside. "We have to pay dearly for the fish," they say, as each one's tragedy is recalled and dismissed.

There are scenes in "The Good Hope" that are not easily forgotten. One of these occurs in the first act, when the mutiner Geert returns from goal. His sensitiveness to light and sound, his feeling of rage and revolt against those who imprisoned him for a justifiable offence against discipline, above all, his description of the nights in a prison cell, "when you can't sleep, when you walk about, four steps this way, four steps that way, always four steps"—all these things go home with particular force, perhaps, to those who have been through nights like that, but they cannot fail to impress also the least revolutionary of law-abiding citizens.

Last Sunday's production of the play was excellent in more ways than one. The acting was good in every case, and of a high order in more than one instance. Just to have Miss Ellen Terry on the stage was a rare privilege. What did it matter if she sometimes threw her words to the winds that raged round that little Dutch cottage? To hear her perfectly produced voice, to see her move about, to feel intensely every emotion of the old woman Kniertje as one did in her wonderful impersonation, all this was more than enough for any audience. Among the other players, Miss Ellen O'Malley, as her niece, gave a fine rendering of a strongly emotional part; Mr. E. Harcourt Williams, as the terrified Barend, played admirably in the great scene with his mother; and Mr. Godfrey Tearle gave an excellent performance as the returned convict. The staging expressed everything one has learnt to expect from Miss Edith Craig, and made of the production a series of perfectly lighted and perfectly harmonised pictures. With regard to the English of the play itself, we do not know the original Dutch, and cannot therefore say how closely the translator has kept to it. But it did not once convey the impression of being a translation; and in saying this we mean to pay Christopher St. John a high tribute.

GOVERNMENT BURGLARY AT HOLMWOOD

AN IMPRESSION
"So little is our loss,
So little is their gain."

In all ages men have smiled at each other's innocence. Those who "live in Freedom's company" smile to-day as such have always smiled, whether through dungeon bars, or by the glare of the stake, or in the gloom of legal robbery, at the eternal and irremediable "innocence" of potestates and powers. That western "innocence" has almost changed from a criticism into a maxim, and men justify the imbecilities of government by reminding themselves that law and order must be maintained. They do not say which law, or what order, and so they go innocently on, fancying in their timeworn way that they can break the intangible, suppress what they cannot even see. And as those in power never themselves go into our prisons tures, or even come in person to watch the effect of taking away the household goods of those who love justice, they can still pretend to hold their blind tradition, that somehow, in some way, they will "break" those Suffragists, both men and women.

How good it would have been if some of our powerful and active opponents had had occasion to pass through Holmwood last Thursday. They might have asked the way, as one lady did while her motor was still two miles off, and been told as she was, to "follow the crowd." "What crowd?" they would have bewilderedly asked; and when answered, "Why, the Mascot sale," would they, I wonder, have driven hurriedly home, or would mere human curiosity have beckoned them on?

At "The Mascot," if they had arrived late and got through the vivid crowd in front of the house, they might have reached a closely-packed room where a gentleman in a very shining hat was making strange sounds as he offered this or that "lot" for auction. This gentleman was busy; through the packed doorway his men forced in and forced out the household furniture of the house, and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, in the lands of those alien men everything seemed strange and impersonal. One felt that a home was being desecrated, that the little things dear to intimate life were being hurried through the mass of people; one felt sorry for the things, the goods, being handled as they never had been before. The fabric of daily life is built up of inanimate as well as animate things, and within this auction room there was a sense of sacrilege that must have made the most casual spectator ask, "Why is it done?"

Why was it done? Outside, half an hour before, first Mr. Lawrence and then Mrs. Lawrence had told the tense crowd why they thought it well worth while not merely to risk their property, but to endanger their lives in the cause of the enfranchisement of women. In dignified words of explanation and defiance they put their case before their listeners. In that audience were several elements. A great number of members of the Women's Social and Political Union had come to pay their tribute of loyalty and affection to Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence; the Women's Tax Resistance League had come forward splendidly to support what was in essence an application of their own principle; other Suffrage societies were represented; friendly neighbours of "The Mascot" had come to show sympathy; and, finally, there was the inevitable element of people, mostly men, who came from curiosity and perhaps with a half-hope that there might be some "Suffragette disturbance." The last element was disappointed, subdued, and left thoughtful. They had probably looked for some sensation, either ludicrous or pathetic. What they got before them was merely the impotence of the law.

While Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence were speaking, standing against the white background of their pretty home, above their heads from upper windows peered the faces of bailiffs and bailiffs' men. "The Government chooses to put burglars into my house," said Mr. Lawrence, combining admirable wit and wisdom. "I am not repentant," he said later, and his audience knew that in his lack of repentance lay great hope for the future of Women.

Strangers who had come from curiosity felt uncomfortably that this was not what they had expected. They had come to see a rebel's possessions "sold up," and they found that the

rebel was not thinking about his possessions at all, but about the needs of the wives, daughters, and sisters of every man present. This effect was crystallized when Mrs. Lawrence, pale and tranquil, came forward to speak. She spoke for ten minutes only, and the impression of her speech was the inviolability of the soul. I cannot recall her words, but I know that she stood there as the representative of the unconquerable militancy of awakened women. There are things no one can touch or assail, and the secret of militant women is that they have withdrawn themselves to the company of those things, and that imprisonment and pain, ridicule and contumely, loss of money and possessions, and even of friends, are powerless to affect that inner centre of confidence and courage. This great "blow" from the Government left its victims untouched, and the spectators wondering why any Government should prefer to show itself ridiculous and degraded rather than pass a simple measure of justice to women.

It was a day of many changes. Thirty miles from London the trees are still cones of golden leaves, and the rain and the sunshine chased each other like the whims of April. So in our hearts too, while we felt the indignation and impatience roused by this outrage on private life, still we all felt thankful that we had with us a man and woman facing this crisis, and whatever may follow it, not because they were forced to, but because they felt it to be right. And after all, it was a great meeting of friends. The Government's attacks only sow the seeds of fresh love, and we may say to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence: "Ye have great allies."

Thy friends are exultations, agonies, And love, and man's ungodly, god-like mind."

J. E. M. B.

THE SALE

Guided by a gay little motor-car that flew backwards and forwards showing posters inviting you to the Mascot, the crowd of militant women and their men friends who had travelled from London and elsewhere to Holmwood on October 31 found their way to the home of the Editors of VOTES FOR WOMEN.

There were excellent sales of the pamphlet "A Man's Share" (Mr. Pethick Lawrence's speech from the dock during the Conspiracy Trial) and of VOTES FOR WOMEN, and the invasion of Suffragettes was an opportunity eagerly seized by inquiring minds for learning something about those dreadful people, the Suffragettes, of whom they had previously only read in the newspapers.

At one o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence arrived, and were greeted with ringing cheers. The circular drive was filled with an enthusiastic audience, which made it seem quite like a "really truly" suffrage meeting. Pressmen and photographers, the latter balancing themselves on whatever vantage points offered, gathered round, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, standing on a table which later in the day came under the hammer, addressed the crowd. At the conclusion of the speeches there was more cheering, and then Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, standing among some of their possessions on the lawn, were once more photographed.

In the dainty little white-walled



L.N.A. MR. AND MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE (Photograph taken on the lawn)

drawing-room the sale proceeded all the afternoon, and those who were not admitted to obtain admission wandered round the garden and inspected the new billiard-room, the bird-pond and rosey, and the famous tree with its rustic gallery. The whole 280 lots were disposed of during the afternoon, and fetched about £300. The great majority of them were bought by members of the Women's Social and Political Union and other sympathisers with the cause. It is understood that they intend to lend them to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence for the present.

THE SPEECHES

Mr. F. W. Pethick Lawrence, addressing a large gathering outside the house, said: Ladies and gentlemen.—All of you here and elsewhere to Holmwood on October 31 to the action which has led to this sale to-day, know perfectly well that this is not an ordinary sale by Sheriff's officers of the furniture and belongings of anyone's house. That is usually a very sordid affair. But here all of you, from those who think what we did was right down to those who think our action most reprehensible, know quite well that what is going on in this garden at the present time is part of a great political struggle. You recognise also that our selves have done what we did because we believed it was right; and each individual must take that action which he himself approves.

This sale and these whole proceedings arise out of a prosecution that was held in March of the present year, and that prosecution was the result of certain actions that were taken by my wife and myself in conjunction with a very large number of other people a few days earlier, when a great protest was made in London by women.

I do not propose to say much to you this afternoon on the main question of why

women want the Vote—that is a very big question, and I could spend hours talking about it; but I want to say this, that to us it is not at all an academic question. It is not a question for debating about. It is a real and very urgent question that we feel carries with it the whole prosperity of this nation—(hear, hear)—and, in particular, the well-being of the women and children in it. I am only going to refer to two particular issues. One is the fact, which is a hideous scandal, that any one of your daughters at any time may be captured and taken away to live in some foreign country a life of shame. The other is the fact that in this country of ours many thousands of little babies die in the first year of their lives. Every woman who is taken away is a disgrace which burns itself into the hearts of those of us who are fighting this battle; every little child whose life might have been saved means a waste of the anguish and pain of a mother who gave it birth. It is for these reasons, and many others, that we regard this question as one so vital and urgent that we have been prepared, and a great number of women have been prepared, to stake their personal liberty in the fight, and that is why that fight has been going on all these years.

Why Women Threw Stones

With regard to what took place last March in London, I am going to say to you that women made their protest by throwing stones on that occasion, because on a former occasion, when they went absolutely unarmed and defenceless to the House of Commons, they were set upon and harshly injured and assaulted in indescribable ways, so that one of them died, and some of them have not yet recovered. Women said, we prefer to break a few panes of glass to having our bodies broken and ourselves insulted. So they went out and threw stones. In consequence of that, my wife and I and others were arrested suddenly, and taken off to prison, where our houses were searched; our papers turned out and taken by the police. When it came to the trial itself, they did not succeed in bringing one single piece of evidence against any of us, honourable or underhand that we had done, and the result of it was, that when our case was taken at the Old Bailey, the jury, though they felt it necessary to return a verdict of "guilty," added a rider in which they expressed their opinion of the absolute purity of our motives that led up to that action. I am not going to tell you any more about the defence because a little pamphlet, "The Man's Share" which some of you have already got, gives the speech I made on that occasion in full.

Now after the jury had returned their verdict, and had given the rider to which I have just referred, the judge passed sentence upon us of nine months' imprisonment in the Second Division, and he further imposed a fine upon Mrs. Pankhurst and myself by ordering us to pay all the costs of the prosecution.

First of all, with regard to the imprisonment. We went to prison determined that as we were political offenders, we should not be treated except as political offenders; and our view was upheld by people all over the civilised world. The Prime Minister of Australia, the Prime Minister of another part of the Australian Commonwealth, notable men and women in France, in Germany, in America, in South Africa, and many other parts of the world sent a protest to the British Government demanding that we should be treated as political offenders, and as the result of that protest we were transferred to what is called the First Division in prison. But though they did that for us they did not treat in the same way the women who had been taking part in the protest for which we had been found guilty, and, therefore, when they



L.N.A. MR. PETHICK LAWRENCE ADDRESSING THE CROWD

said, "We, too, insist upon being treated as first class prisoners," we agreed with them that they ought to have the same treatment as ourselves, and when they started their protest by means of the hunger strike we started a sympathetic strike with them. To force us into submission, the Government adopted a course of forcible feeding, a form of torture, but after a few days they found my wife and myself in our respective prisons brought down to the verge of the grave, and for that reason they let us out, not daring to keep us in any longer. We were exceedingly ill, and went to Canada.

I Shall Fight Them to the End

While we were there the Government dealt a second blow at us which related to the cost of the prosecution, and they came here and took possession of the inside of this house in order to satisfy their claims. With regard to that, I wish to point out that the law enabling them to take that course was only passed in 1908, and I do not think that there is any precedent for such action, it is simply a form of political persecution. When I came back from Canada and found what was happening, there were only two courses open; either I could pay the money or I could fight the Government. And just as I fought in my person when I went to prison and submitted to forcible feeding rather than give way, so I decided I was not going to give way financially because the Government came and put burglars into my house. I am going to stand and fight them to the end! (Cheers.)

There are only three points more I wish to make. Firstly, with regard to the bailiffs who came down into the house and the auctioneer who is going to sell to-day, I think I should be perfectly entitled to say to them, "You are soldiers fighting under the banner of the Government, and I am going to fight you for all I am worth. I am going to make the task as unpleasant for you as possible, because if you choose to fight under that flag you must take the consequences." I do not take that course, however, because I recognise that both men have a living to make, and if they stood out against the Government in this matter their living would be lost, and I ask all of you here who regard the Government as an enemy which should be brought to submission, to take the same view I do with regard to those who are conducting this sale and to give them your courtesy.

In the second place, I want to say that I do not know whether this sale will realise the whole of the money which the Government are expecting to get. (Laughter.) Very likely it will not. Then we are still going on fighting the Government in regard to this question. If they take further steps which they think are going to be more drastic to bring me to book, they will take these steps in vain so far as my will is concerned, and I shall resist by every means open to me to do so.

Thirdly, recognizing as I do that the protest made last March was made because of the treachery and the trickery of the Government, and because of the physical brutality shown to women on Black Friday, my position to-day is precisely the same position as it was eight months ago. I am not contrite, I am not repentant. And if circumstances of the same kind arose again, I should follow identically the same course which I took on that occasion. (Loud applause.)

Mrs. Lawrence's Speech

Ladies and gentlemen, neighbours and friends.—You have come from far and near to attend this sale to-day. Some of you have come on business, some of you are here as our friends, to give us the support of your sympathy and fellowship, some of you have come as an act of neighbourliness because we live amongst you and have been

known in this place for many years. You are all welcome.

Our household possessions, endeared to us by usage and wont, are spread out to your view, and will presently be knocked down to the highest bidder. But we to whom these have belonged are bidding for a far greater prize to-day. You remember those words of England's great poet, Milton, "O Liberty, thou choicest treasure!" Liberty is more than material possession and more than life. But it costs dear, and Destiny, the great auctioneer, is relentless.

There is also another treasure whose value is above all material possessions, and that is Human Life. For that we stand in our great struggle for the emancipation of women. We are ready to be deprived of all we possess if by that means we can bear witness to those two ideas, the supreme value of human liberty and the sacredness of human life.

Those are the two ideas that underlie all that great campaign that we have waged for the last six years, which we still wage to-day, and of which this enforced sale is the outcome.

This is not the time or the place to explain and follow out this thought or to enter into the discussion of that great question of women's enfranchisement. I hope that my neighbours in Holmwood will give me the opportunity some day very soon of explaining my position with regard to it. I have a great deal to say to them on this subject.

To-day we testify to our faith in the language of action rather than that of words. This sale is but one phase of the great battle for liberty which our fathers and mothers have fought in the past, and which we and those associated with us are fighting now, and for which we are content to endure whatever may yet be in store for us.

We are fighting this battle to-day with the Government in power, who are trying to hold down women in political subjection, while they further insult us with a Manhood Suffrage Bill, by which they seek to make irresponsible youths of twenty-one our masters. They have tried by every means in their power to crush the women and the men who have dared to stand out against this wrong. They have had us assaulted and flung out of meetings with ruthless brutality, horribly injured by their paid police for attempting to exercise our right of personal petition; they have imprisoned us, they have insulted us, their political opponents, by having us treated in prison as common criminals; they have met our protest against this iniquity with torture. With jibes and jeers they have had tubes thrust by force into our bodies, thus violating our persons so long as they could do so without actually committing murder. They have brought us one by one to the very edge of the grave, and have then flung back our tottering bodies to our friends.

Having failed to terrorize this movement by violence, they have now carried their attack on to the financial plane. They now seek to damage us in our property in the same spirit as they have injured us in our person. But they have utterly failed in their object, which is to kill the spirit of liberty, and they will in the future most ignominiously fail. We shall fight them to the finish, and I dare to prophesy that it is

they—not we—who are going to be finished. This is not an occasion of mourning, but an occasion of thankfulness. We esteem it a great privilege to be able thus to bear witness to our convictions. To all fighters comes the joy of battle which wipes out all sense of loss. We should like this day to be to you all what it is to us—a day filled with the assurance that right can never be worsted, that wrong can never triumph, that human oppression and injustice shall be swept away and that righteousness, liberty, and truth shall prevail.

An Interesting Point

Under the heading, "Wanted, Reciprocal Responsibility," the Financial News publishes the following comment from "A Correspondent" on the Holmwood Sale:—

The point for the public to remember is that if the Public Prosecutor takes proceedings against Mr. Pethick Lawrence, and obtains a conviction, he can sell Mr.

Pethick Lawrence's household goods in order to get his costs; but if the Public Prosecutor had taken proceedings against Mr. Pethick Lawrence, and if the jury had brought in a verdict of "not guilty," and if it had been shown that the prosecution was utterly baseless from first to last, Mr. Pethick Lawrence would have had no recourse against the Public Prosecutor for his costs.

If, in the circumstances supposed, of a verdict of "not guilty," Mr. Pethick Lawrence could have demonstrated that the amount expended on his defence had been practically ruined him, and that the anxiety attendant upon it had permanently injured his health, his request for the repayment of his costs would still have been received with "official laughter." The citizen is held financially responsible: the Public Prosecutor is wholly irresponsible. Such a state of things is an utter anachronism in a modern civilized State. The Public Prosecutor should be liable in costs where a prosecution fails. In so serious a matter as a criminal prosecution the doctrine of "heads I win and tails you lose" is out of place.

THE ROUT OF THE HOME SECRETARY Performing His "Simple Duty"

At the Holborn Hall, last Monday evening, Mr. McKenna discovered, not for the first time, that it is impossible for the Cabinet Minister to make any appearance in public without being reminded of his betrayal of the women's cause in allowing the Government to bring in a Bill to give votes to men only. According to the guileless view of the Westminster Gazette, the Home Secretary went to the Holborn Hall "to perform a simple duty." The Home Secretary seemed to share this view of his presence there when he took the chair and endeavoured to introduce Mr. J. A. Spender, who, under the auspices of the National Council of Public Morals, was to read a paper on "The Influence of the Press on Public Morals."

"My duty is a very simple one," began Mr. McKenna. Was it fancy, or did we really hear a note of appeal in his voice? Quick as thought came the ringing remark of the voteless woman, a note of appeal in his voice? Quick as thought came the ringing remark of the voteless woman, a note of appeal in his voice? Quick as thought came the ringing remark of the voteless woman, a note of appeal in his voice?

And that is to give votes to women," she said.

The audience stirred sensitively. It was easy to grasp that it was very largely on the side of the interrupter. "The subject is—" "Votes for women!" shouted more than one voice. Such an opening had been irresistible, and while the chairman vainly tried to resume his remarks the sympathetic murmur in the hall resolved itself into a chorus of open support of the Suffragist interrupter who sat in the second row of chairs. She was among the few who were able to follow the Home Secretary's efforts to proceed with the duties of chairmanship, and as soon as he was understood to say that the help of women was needed for the furtherance of the work of the National Council, she struck in with a defiant remark that went straight to the point.

"Go back to the House of Commons, then," she cried. "You can't have the help of women until they're enfranchised!"

Mr. McKenna made a fresh attempt to talk about Mr. J. A. Spender. The insistent voice stopped him again: "Don't come here, Mr. McKenna, to insult women. Go back to the House of Commons and give votes to women!" Several stewards rushed up to the owner of the voice and removed her from her seat to another one in the middle aisle. Loud cries of "Shame!" greeted this attempt to eject her, and uproar reigned for some moments. Finally she was taken out of the hall. The report that she was tied to her chair is inaccurate. The delay in ejecting her arose chiefly from the fact that the majority of the audience did not wish to see her ejected.

The tumult did not die down after her departure, and the Home Secretary, whose remarks floated through the noise in broken sentences, said something about effecting a compromise, and reserving what he had to say until the end of the meeting. He then appeared to be introducing Mr. Spender to the audience, and sat down, upon which quiet was restored and reigned until the close of the lecture.

Mr. Spurgeon (of Cassell's), in proposing a vote of thanks to the Home Secretary—it would be interesting to know for what—remarked that he hoped Mr. McKenna would say a word to them be-

fore he left, "but this rested with others." It did. When Mr. McKenna again opened his lips to speak the "others" did the same. The vote of thanks when put to the meeting was received with mingled cheers and groans. Mr. McKenna's reply to it was quite inaudible. Suffragists all over the hall, both men and women, were loudly voicing their indignation with him, both as a member of an anti-Suffrage Government and as the Home Secretary responsible for the torture of women in prison. In despair of making any impression upon the meeting, he declared it closed. It was not closed, however.

The uproar had by this time assumed such serious proportions that when the party on the platform endeavoured to make their way out along the middle aisle an ugly rush was made at the Home Secretary. People were nearly swept off their feet, chairs were overturned and broken, and many possessions were hurled at the unpopular Minister. A bodyguard was hastily formed for his protection, and he was seen to hurry in most undignified manner through a side door.

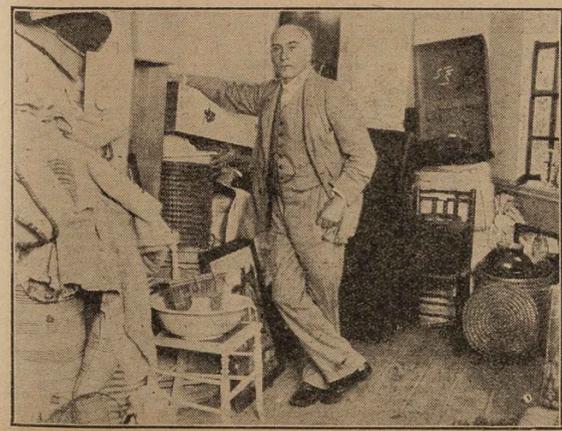
His departure was over then. A gathering murmur of threatening voices in the street outside told of the crowd that was waiting for Mr. McKenna there. His presence was not let him face it. Inevitably, apparently, of the geography of the building, they made their way up and down dark passages until the backyard was reached—what would our Cabinet do without back doors?—and a taxi-cab was procured. Into this, guarded by police, the Home Secretary plunged ignominiously, and so, by a strategy, he was enabled to escape the women whom he cannot face, "because their cause is just."

"The Scuttle of a Rabbit"

[From an Eye Witness]

From the point of view of the Suffragist, the meeting held by the National Council of Public Morals for the Regeneration of the Race was a great success. Mr. McKenna, as chairman, attempted to open the meeting, by saying that his task was a very simple one, to which a lady immediately responded, "And that is to give votes to women." He made another attempt to speak, saying that the help of women was needed, and promptly received the answer, "You will not get the help of women until they are enfranchised. You had better go back to the House of Commons, Mr. McKenna!" The interrupter was ejected. Mr. McKenna then said he would postpone what remarks he had to make to the end of the meeting, and called upon Mr. Harold Spender to read his paper. The Home Secretary made no attempt during the evening to fulfil the duties of chairmanship, but delegated them to a gentleman sitting on his right hand.

At the close of the meeting he once more attempted to return thanks for the vote of thanks which had been accorded him. He was greeted with an outburst of cries from all over the hall, "Sit down! 'Shame on the man who forcibly fed women,' and various other remarks of a like nature. He was totally unable to make himself heard. The attendants attempted to clear the hall, and during this proceeding the Home Secretary stood on the platform with a fixed smile upon his face. One lady went forward and said to him, "This is no laughing matter, Mr. McKenna." To which he replied, "I entirely agree." "Very well, then, why do you laugh?" she persisted, and continued to press upon him the urgency of women's enfranchisement. In some hesitation Mr. McKenna left the platform and proceeded down a side aisle towards a side door, still greeted with cries from both men and women Suffragists in the hall. His fun and extremely undignified bolt through this side-door can only be compared with the scuttle of a rabbit taking refuge in its burrow.



L.N.A. MR. PETHICK LAWRENCE IN THE "SALE ROOM"

GUERRILLA WARFARE

MR. HOBHOUSE "HELD UP"

A significant incident, described as "a remarkable ten minutes," occupied a column of the *Manchester Guardian* on Wednesday morning. The occurrence took place at a meeting in Knutsford Town Hall on Tuesday evening, when the principal speaker was Mr. C. E. Hobhouse. There were frequent interruptions from militant suffragists, and one of these contrived to make it impossible, for quite ten minutes, for Mr. Hobhouse to continue his speech. "When her purpose of creating a scene became plain," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "a young man sprang from a front seat, and, seizing her by the arm, endeavoured to drag her to a door beside the platform. He was ill-advised and inexcusably violent." Two ladies (Mrs. Tomlinson, a member of the N.S.W.S., and Mrs. Haworth, an anti-suffragist, and wife of the chairman) tried to persuade her to leave, but in vain, and the meeting was at a standstill. The chairman again appeared and her to cease her disturbance of the meeting, but from her demeanour it was evident that she was obdurate. A messenger, who was sent to bring in the police, returned with the message that they declined to interfere. The meeting was by now showing signs of getting out of hand. Men got up to protest against a single woman not being allowed to speak. Mr. Hobhouse's speech, and from the back of the hall came shouts of annoyance and cries of "Throw her out."

Mrs. Haworth asked that at the close of Mr. Hobhouse's speech the interrupter should be permitted to ask questions, and the latter promised not to interrupt again if this was granted. The chairman, having consulted Mr. Hobhouse, said: "Mr. Hobhouse is not here to answer questions but to make a speech. If you like to put questions to Mr. Oliver, our prospective candidate, you can do so afterwards." The interrupter replied: "But he is not in the Cabinet," at which there was laughter.

"May I ask Mr. Hobhouse," said Mrs. Tomlinson, "to make some concessions? We have not got votes, and he might answer questions. I have done my best to keep the meeting quiet, and I am a constitutional suffragist. I appeal to Mr. Hobhouse to do his best."

Mr. Hobhouse: My dear madam, you know I am absolutely opposed to the granting of votes to women. I have said so plainly, and you know that as well as I do.

Mrs. Tomlinson: Therefore there is no reason in your asking me any questions.

Mrs. Tomlinson explained that she did not wish to ask questions. She was a constitutional suffragist and had intended to exert a greater influence. The constitutional suffragists were utterly opposed to violence.

There were again angry cries in the meeting, and turning round on those who were shouting Mr. Tomlinson exclaimed, "How dare you!" while Mrs. Haworth said, "I am an anti-suffragist—a very strong anti-suffragist—but I do not want violence to be thrown out."

"We Shall Lose Mr. Hobhouse..."

Mr. Hobhouse left his chair and made his way towards the platform steps, apparently with the intention of leaving the meeting. This brought the Chairman to his feet with another request to the militant suffragists to leave the hall. "We shall lose Mr. Hobhouse," he said, "if we do not come to a decision soon." He added that Mr. Oliver would be ready later on to answer questions.

The interrupter: I want to ask Mr. Hobhouse how he dares.

This brought about the end. A number of men surrounded the Suffragist and began pushing her to the door at the far end of the hall. This, says the *Manchester Guardian*, was a mistake. To have forced her through the crowd of men at the back would have been both difficult and dangerous. The platform door was close at hand, and stewards ran forward to secure for her the safest exit. For a moment there was reason to fear that she would be hurt, as she was being pulled both ways, but the stewards asserted their authority, and the Suffragist, incapable, of course, of resisting half-a-dozen men who were pushing her, came to the front of the platform, twice shouted to the stewards, "Don't hurt her in any way." Her parting shot was, "Talk about anything you like, but don't let it be self-government." The reference was to the principle Mr. Hobhouse had laid down that good government must be self-government.

We have not space to report the other interruptions, which it is evident, from the report quoted above, were plainly called forth by various statements made in Mr. Hobhouse's speech, and were, moreover, very much to the point.

MR. BUXTON AT POPLAR

A correspondent writes:— It was possible to obtain an invitation to the prize-giving of the I.C.C. school for girls and boys at Poplar Town Hall on the evening of October 31, but my conscience warned me that I should not sleep peacefully in my bed that night, if I missed any opportunity of reminding a member of the Cabinet of the women's

demand. So I made my way to the Hall, trying, as well as I was able, to look like a proud parent, and, with the usual Suffragette good fortune, I managed to evade the vigilance of the officials, who were most carefully scrutinizing all tickets, and secured a seat in the second row behind the scholars. First of all, the headmaster read an account of the year's work, and particularly commented on the work of two boy prize-winners; indeed, he only mentioned the word "girls" once during his whole speech. The Chairman, Lord Chelmsford, then spoke, and dwelt on the education of boys, and dwelt on the necessity of providing games and sports for them. It was, indeed, an unintentional object lesson from a Suffragette point of view, and I listened as well as the thumping of my heart would permit.

When Mr. Sydney Buxton got up to make the principal speech of the evening, a lady in front of me whispered to her friend, "Now for the Suffragettes." But I waited to let him get well started, and when he said he thought the organisation of playing grounds for the boys should be put into the hands of the L.C.C., I stood up, and said, for the benefit of the crowded audience, "Mr. Buxton, do you not think it is time the Government gave women a hand in the organisation of the country? As a Cabinet Minister we hold you responsible for the continued disfranchisement of women. We demand a government measure, nothing else will satisfy us, and there will be no peace until we get it."

It is not often that one has the opportunity of giving a Cabinet Minister so much useful information, but the audience and officials were taken by surprise, and had to collect their breath and their wits. Then about six men in uniform arrived at the same moment, but they were wearing white cotton gloves in honour of the occasion, and, in consequence, it took them longer than we expected to unfasten my hands from the back of the chair in front of me.

Mr. Buxton sat down, and the Chairman stood up and, speechless, pointed helplessly at me. By this time the audience was making a splendid uproar, so I saved my breath till I had been propelled to the exit; then I turned round with a shout of "Votes for Women!" and walked down the stairs and out into the street with my head held very high, followed as far as the pavement by a worried man in white cotton gloves, who was torn between his appointed duty and his sympathy with our demand. As I passed the hall-keeper on my way out, and he politely held the door open for me, I complimented him on the moderate conduct of his men, who could have given a lesson in behaviour to Liberal stewards.

Outside, I found my friends holding a street corner meeting almost opposite the Hall, and when, in due course, Mr. Buxton was hurried down the steps and bundled into his motor, he drove off amid a chorus of demands that our question shall be settled.

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MR. BARNES, M.P., AT OXFORD

(From a Correspondent.)

Militant Suffragists were present in force to hear Mr. Barnes in the Corn Exchange on Friday last, address a meeting arranged by the Co-operative Society.

Mr. Barnes and a woman in the middle of the hall rose simultaneously. When the former discovered he was being asked to see that Ramsay MacDonald kept his promise made at the Albert Hall, he resumed his seat, whilst the Chairman explained it was not a Votes for Women meeting, but that the question should be discussed at the end of Mr. Barnes's speech. Labour members have yet to realise that all their meetings will be on the subject of Votes for Women for the future, and Mr. Barnes was treated to a running fire of commentary throughout his speech. "Let us take a historical view of the subject," he said, referring to Co-operation. "There are plenty of precedents for voting against the Government," said a Suffragette. "I am a dreamer," he said, in his peroration, "and I don't mind being called one so long as I dream in company with my fellow workers." A voice: "You're all asleep in Parliament." "Quite right, miss!" said a working-man, amid general laughter.

The excitement rose as time passed. When the speaker sat down there were loud cries of, "The question!" Mr. Barnes then proceeded to explain the policy of the Labour Party: "It would do what it had always done in the past." (Cries of "Precious little!" and "That's nothing to be proud of!") "Sir Edward Grey would move the deletion of the word 'male' from the Franchise Bill. (Hisses.) "What do you hiss Grey for?" asked this faithful benchman of the Liberal Cabinet. The answer came quickly: "Grey should never have permitted that word to come into the bill." Then Votes for all women? he proceeded, "would come before the House. If that failed, votes for married women; and if that failed, votes for a few propertied women." "We don't want it! Not good enough!" the women said.

A Suffragette then made a short speech, and asked definitely—would Mr. Barnes

vote against the Government? "No," he said, "I won't. I admit the position of women for the time being would be worse if the Bill went through without them, but I have seven sons of my own, they get it, and numbers of young men would get it, and plural voting would be abolished."

"Then you are willing to take votes for all men on the strength of the women's agitation? Shame on you!"

"I shall vote as I say, unless my colleagues decide to do otherwise," said Mr. Barnes, and, narrowly dodging Ramsay MacDonald would not keep his pledge. "Why don't you keep your leader in order?" was the retort. At that, the Chairman called on the choir for some more singing, and the Suffragettes rose and filed out, with "George Lansbury is the only man amongst you, for a partying shot."

MORE PILLAR-BOXES

The pillar-box war, says the *Daily Sketch*, is a guerrilla affair. Making his collection from a box in Richmond Road, said Mr. Barnes, and narrowly dodging Ramsay MacDonald would not keep his pledge. "Why don't you keep your leader in order?" was the retort. At that, the Chairman called on the choir for some more singing, and the Suffragettes rose and filed out, with "George Lansbury is the only man amongst you, for a partying shot."

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THE IRISH PRISONERS

A Dublin correspondent writes:— "Since the release of Mrs. Leigh and Miss Evans, the only Suffragist prisoners in Mountjoy (Dublin) have been the four remaining members of the Irish Women's Franchise League—Miss Maud Lloyd, Miss Hilda Webb, Miss Marjorie Hasler, Miss Kathleen Houston—who were sentenced, last July, to six months' imprisonment for breaking Government glass. The authorities were most anxious to let them out, in accordance with a pretty general feeling in Dublin that their offence had been amply expiated; and it was said that the new Governor of Mountjoy, for some unexplained reason, would not be installed in office until the prison was free of Suffragettes! But official red tape forbade Lord Aberdeen to move until formally appealed to; he had recently got into hot water for releasing, of his own motion, two boys who had been sentenced to three years reformatory for stealing two penny-worth of apples, and he could not again risk giving free expression to his humane feelings. So every effort was made, by those who knew Lord Aberdeen's mind and wanted to please him, to induce the prisoners to petition for release. The Chairman of the National Union of Women urged them to do so, hinting that their request would be favourably received. They refused; they had full political privileges, and declared they intended of serving their full time without complaint. If Lord Aberdeen liked to give them a free pardon, that was his affair; but they would not ask him. Then attempts were made to get their friends outside to petition for them; but the prisoners had definitely asked that no such appeal should be made on their behalf, and the Irish Women's Franchise League felt bound to respect their wishes. Finally, however, a number of the jury-men who had convicted them signed a petition to the Lord Lieutenant, which was presented on Monday, and is expected to have an immediate effect."

AN ABERDEEN INCIDENT

On Wednesday in last week, a woman (supposed to be a Suffragist) was observed at work on one of the windows of the Post Office in Crown Street, Aberdeen. Inspection revealed the fact that the window had been smeared with some sticky substance apparently in preparation for the demolition of the window. The woman discovered a hammer, some papers, and a poem. On a paper were the words written: "Votes for Women." "Dare to be free." The police, says the Press, are making inquiries.

TWO ARRESTS IN DUNDEE

At Dundee on Friday in last week Miss Ellison Gibb and Miss Fanny Farquhar (remanded from Wednesday) were charged with having maliciously broken a pane of glass in the window of Dundee Savings Bank and a pane of glass in the window of the Inland Revenue offices in Bank Street, Dundee. They were sentenced to three days' imprisonment, during which time they carried out the hunger-strike. They were released on Monday last.

LIVERPOOL SUFFRAGIST SENT FOR TRIAL

The Liverpool Stipendiary Magistrate, sent Miss Margaret Louise Ker, daughter of Dr. Alice Ker, of Birkenhead, and student of Liverpool University, for trial at the Manchester Assizes, on a charge of setting fire to the contents of a pillar letter-box in Liverpool. Miss Ker, who had already explained that she did it as a Suffragist, injured both her hands with phosphorus. She was allowed bail in the sum of £20.

MISS ETHEL MOORHEAD'S CASE

Miss Ethel Moorhead, one of the women ejected from Sir Rufus Isaacs's meeting in Edinburgh on October 4, surrendered to her bail on Saturday last, before Bailie Macfarlane at the Edinburgh Police Court. She was charged with having (1) assaulted Peter Ross, striking him with a whip; and (2) on the same day, in the police cells, High Street, maliciously broken seven panes of glass.

Mr. Peter Ross, mathematical master at Broughton Higher Grade School, said that on Friday, October 25, he was teaching the class of junior students when Miss Moorhead entered the room without knocking. As she approached he saw her raise a whip. She shouted something like "You're the man that struck me." The whip was tied to her left wrist with a piece of velvet. He caught her arm, called for a boy to open the door, and took her to the headmaster's room, where she struck him again with her fist.

Police and other evidence having been given, Miss Moorhead, in the witness-box, said she went to the school to find Mr. Peter Ross, the man who sat beside her and assaulted her at Sir Rufus Isaacs's meeting. While in the headmaster's room Mr. Ross was very excited, and he would not desist she struck him again. When she was ordered to be searched by the matron, she refused, but two constables seized her, while the matron searched her. She also refused to go under the measuring gauge, and struggled violently. In the course of her struggles she was thrown to the ground. She was

lifted up again, but the constables did not succeed in getting her beneath the apparatus. At the door of the cell the watch was wrenched from her wrist, her glasses, hat, and money were taken away, and the woman again searched her, and she was also searched before being taken into the cell. She was given a piece of dry bread without water. She broke the windows in the cell because she thought she had been treated with undue violence. It was a lie to say that she tried to bite any of the men. Mr. Maquisten asked the Bench to note the following question, which he desired to put to Miss Moorhead: "In what way were you treated by Peter Ross at Sir Rufus Isaacs's meeting?"

The Prosecutor objected to the question, and the objection was sustained. The Magistrate refused to allow Miss Moorhead to speak, and imposed a fine of £1, with the alternative of ten days' imprisonment. The fine was paid under protest, and an appeal was lodged.

THE IRISH PRISONERS

A Dublin correspondent writes:— "Since the release of Mrs. Leigh and Miss Evans, the only Suffragist prisoners in Mountjoy (Dublin) have been the four remaining members of the Irish Women's Franchise League—Miss Maud Lloyd, Miss Hilda Webb, Miss Marjorie Hasler, Miss Kathleen Houston—who were sentenced, last July, to six months' imprisonment for breaking Government glass. The authorities were most anxious to let them out, in accordance with a pretty general feeling in Dublin that their offence had been amply expiated; and it was said that the new Governor of Mountjoy, for some unexplained reason, would not be installed in office until the prison was free of Suffragettes! But official red tape forbade Lord Aberdeen to move until formally appealed to; he had recently got into hot water for releasing, of his own motion, two boys who had been sentenced to three years reformatory for stealing two penny-worth of apples, and he could not again risk giving free expression to his humane feelings. So every effort was made, by those who knew Lord Aberdeen's mind and wanted to please him, to induce the prisoners to petition for release. The Chairman of the National Union of Women urged them to do so, hinting that their request would be favourably received. They refused; they had full political privileges, and declared they intended of serving their full time without complaint. If Lord Aberdeen liked to give them a free pardon, that was his affair; but they would not ask him. Then attempts were made to get their friends outside to petition for them; but the prisoners had definitely asked that no such appeal should be made on their behalf, and the Irish Women's Franchise League felt bound to respect their wishes. Finally, however, a number of the jury-men who had convicted them signed a petition to the Lord Lieutenant, which was presented on Monday, and is expected to have an immediate effect."

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ANNA PARNELL AND MILITANCY

The Common Cause, commenting on Mrs. Pethick Lawrence's leader of a fortnight ago, entitled "Our Policy," explains why the adherents of the National Union of Woman Suffrage Societies are not militant. "It is not that, as some of our suffragette friends so obligingly assure us, we only don't go so far" as they would like, "as that we are not going their way at all, because they have never been able to convince us that it is the right one. Political results must be won by the use of votes, and women, until they have votes of their own, can only be served by those of men. The question for Suffragists, therefore, is how to influence the votes of men, and especially of those men who are Ministers, or who are powerful in the eyes of Ministers. That it is possible effectively to frighten them into doing what we wish we do not believe."

This is a point of view that we can understand, though we do not agree with it. What we do not understand is how, in the same issue of the *Common Cause*, a high tribute of praise is paid to Anna Parnell, and the question is asked: "When Parnell was imprisoned was it not his sister, Anna Parnell, who formed the Irishwomen's Land League and saved the Nationalists' funds and kept the flag flying until Parnell was released?"

It was; and by what means? By defying law and order; by calling upon the Irish people to pay no rent; by challenging the Government to arrest her and her colleagues of the Ladies' Land League for their defiance of constitutional methods of agitation. Was it not Anna Parnell who held up Lord Levermore in Westmoreland Street, Dublin, by holding his horse's head and forcing him to listen while she addressed him on the miseries of Ireland? Michael Davitt, in "The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland," says of her that her "purpose and policy were to render Ireland ungovernable by coercion, and this she and her lieutenants succeeded completely in doing."

We fail to see how the *Common Cause* can consistently disapprove of militant methods and extol the memory of Anna Parnell on two consecutive pages of its current issue.

LIBERAL HOOLIGANISM

A Sequel to a Cabinet Minister's Meeting

A case of great interest to all militant Suffragists was heard at Bow Court on November 1 before Judge Smyly, K.C., when Mr. Thomas Smithies Taylor, of Newark Street, Leicester, a captain in the Army Service Corps (Territorial), brought an action for damages for assault against Mr. F. T. C. Bristow, Liberal agent, and Mr. J. H. Redman, ward secretary, both of Walthamstow, Mr. H. Shephard, of Woodford, and Mr. C. H. Pollard, of Walthamstow. The action arose out of the meeting addressed by Mr. Lloyd George last June at Woodford, when Suffragist interrupters were ejected with great violence, and strong comments appeared in the London and the local Press. We published some accounts from eye-witnesses in VOTES FOR WOMEN at the time.

The plaintiff alleged that on June 29 the defendants, by their servants or agents, assaulted him at The Harts, Woodford Green, by violent force from a marquee and attempting to duck him in a horse trough. The plaintiff lost his silk hat and gold spectacles, which were broken, and his silk umbrella and hat received injury. He claimed £3 16s. 6d. for the articles destroyed, and £50 as special damages. Mr. Arthur Powell, K.C., and Mr. Profumo appeared for the plaintiff; and the defendants were represented by Mr. H. A. McCaigie and Mr. Field.

Mr. Powell said that there were originally seven defendants, but Mr. Kemsley, President of the Liberal Association, Mr. E. J. Davies, and Mr. E. C. Pittman had been since dismissed from the action. The meeting in question was organised by the National Union of Walthamstow, over which Sir John Simon presided, and at which Mr. Lloyd George spoke. The four defendants were members of a committee which had the direction of a small party of stewards. The plaintiff was a lifelong Liberal, and a person of strong convictions, one of which was that all persons who had paid taxes should have the power of voting for their own made those taxes. At the opening of the meeting Sir John Simon described Mr. Lloyd George as the great democratic champion of the time. This somewhat irritated the plaintiff, who, he stated, the plaintiff was a lifelong Liberal, and a person of strong convictions, one of which was that all persons who had paid taxes should have the power of voting for their own made those taxes. At the opening of the meeting Sir John Simon described Mr. Lloyd George as the great democratic champion of the time. This somewhat irritated the plaintiff, who, he stated, the plaintiff was a lifelong Liberal, and a person of strong convictions, one of which was that all persons who had paid taxes should have the power of voting for their own made those taxes. At the opening of the meeting Sir John Simon described Mr. Lloyd George as the great democratic champion of the time. This somewhat irritated the plaintiff, who, he stated, the plaintiff was a lifelong Liberal, and a person of strong convictions, one of which was that all persons who had paid taxes should have the power of voting for their own made those taxes. 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CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT BILL

On Friday last the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, of which, it will be remembered, the Second Reading was carried on June 10, and which was sent to a Standing Committee, reached the Report Stage in the House of Commons. The principal points dealt with were the power of arrest and the flogging of offenders. With regard to the first, the clause which dealt with the matter had been amended in committee, but as a result of widespread agitation in the country restoration in its original form was agreed to by the Home Secretary on behalf of the Government. The clause, unamended, gives a constable of any rank power to arrest without a warrant any person whom he suspects of offence against the Act of 1885 (relating to procuration). With regard to the second point, after a lengthy discussion, with the aid of the Government Whips, the anti-flogging amendment was negatived by 297 votes to 44, and then on a further division a proposal to permit the penalty of flogging in the case of first as well as of second offenders was carried by the narrow majority of 136 to 132. In this instance, although the Government had spoken against the amendment, the official Whips were not put on, and the division was of a non-party character. The House of Commons also sat late on Tuesday night to advance the report stage of the Bill.

The Rev. G. F. Cartwright, speaking at Ipswich, again went to the root of the evil in demanding an equal code of morality for men and women. Let them pass the law by all means, he said, but what they, as men, required to do was to raise the tone of their brother men. What they wanted to do was to show to men and women that the moral law of purity was as binding upon a man as upon a woman. The prodigal son could come back as often as he liked, but the prodigal daughter, once she had gone out, was lost for ever. This was not equitable.

At the same meeting Mrs. Morgan said that the girls who were in most danger were typists, domestics, and others, who ran great risks mainly because they were underpaid, and so were lured away by advertisements which showed that wages were high. She hoped that in the future a truer state of feeling would arise, when it would be possible to receive back into society poor lost prodigal daughters.

SCOTTISH ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS

A public demonstration against Woman Suffrage was held by the Scottish National Anti-Suffrage League in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, last Friday. It was from the first, says the Standard, a remarkably undemonstrative gathering. As every ticket-holder was required to sign a declaration not to interrupt the speakers this would not appear to be surprising. The following letter was read from Mr. Asquith:

"In view of the division of opinion which exists among my colleagues and in the Liberal party on the subject of women's suffrage, I have not thought and do not think it right to take an active part in the controversy in the country. My own personal opinion is unchanged, that the enfranchisement of women for the purposes of the Parliamentary vote would not be in the best interests either of women or of the State."

Earl Loxburn also wrote, expressing the hope that "this unfortunate proposal" would not pass into law without the question being referred to the electors. Lord Glenconner, in the chair, said they rested their claim on the physical and immutable power of man, who by tradition, experience, and practice had been the ruling sex in all human societies. He pointed to the fact that the franchise of women would not be in the best interests either of women or of the State.

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Earl Curzon moved the following resolution:—"That the extension of the Parliamentary franchise to women would be hostile to their own welfare and the welfare of the State, and that a change so momentous and so radical in its effect socially and politically, ought not to be entertained except upon a clear and deliberately expressed demand by the electors."

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Repression in itself holds out no hope of final solution. If Parliament really desires to take a first step toward ending prostitution in all its forms it must get down to root causes and deal with them. "It is the economic position we have got to come down to," said Mr. G. N. Barnes in Parliament.

Municipalities cannot solve the housing problem by shutting up slums and turning the occupants homeless into the street. No more can we cure the social evil by stringent regulations if we still permit sweating and poverty to offer women as victims to lust.

THE PLAY ACTORS' SOCIETY

On Sunday, November 10, at the Court Theatre, Ibsen's "Brand" will be given for the first time in England. It will be produced by Mr. W. G. Fay, the originator of the National Irish Theatre.

THE ATTRESSES' FRANCHISE LEAGUE

This League will hold its annual matinee at the Lyceum Theatre on Friday, November 29. Tickets are on sale at the offices, 2, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C. (Telephone 1214 City.)

VOTES FOR WOMEN AND A GOOD LAUNDRY.

Good Work and Good Wages. THE BEAGONSFIELD LAUNDRY, 19, BEETHOVEN ST., KILBURN

Interviewed by a Press representative, Mr. F. Handl Booth, M.P., is reported to have said of the victims of the White Slave Trade: "They are not a cause but a product. Consider the wretched wages some women earn!"

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Every ounce of wool for Wolsey Underwear is specially selected for its elasticity, softness, absorbency, and strength, and one of the vital reasons for specifying Wolsey as against unknown woollen garments is that most folk these essentials of underwear satisfaction are very hard to recognise in underwear on the counter.

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COMING EVENTS

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence is speaking in Knebworth Town Hall on Thursday evening, November 7, the Rev. Hugh Chapman in the chair.

We would remind our readers of the important meeting at the Kensington Town Hall to-night, Friday, at 8 p.m., the object of which is to welcome Mr. Pethick Lawrence and Mr. Charles Gray. The speakers will include Mr. H. D. Harben, Mrs. Lamare, Mrs. Yates, and Mr. Reginald Pott, besides Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Gray. The Men's Political Union for Women's Enfranchisement, which is convening the meeting (13 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.), should be applied for tickets, 2s. numbered and reserved, 1s. and 6d. reserved.

Mr. Pethick Lawrence will speak at Leeds on Tuesday, November 19 (for the M.P.U.); at Halifax on Thursday, December 5, and at a public reception convened by the Women's Tax Resistance League to honour Dr. and Mr. Wilks, at Caxton Hall, next Monday evening, November 11, at 8 o'clock. Among the speakers will also be in addition to Dr. and Mr. Mark Wilks, Mr. George Lansbury, M.P., and Mrs. Despard. Tickets (2s. each, including refreshments) may be obtained from the Suffrage societies and at the office of the Women's Tax Resistance League, 10, Talbot House, 98, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

Mr. George Lansbury, M.P., is announced to speak for the W.S.P.U. at the London Pavilion on Monday afternoon, November 11.

The speakers on the Actresses' Franchise League platform at the W.S.P.U. demonstration in Victoria Park on Sunday, November 10, will be Miss Victoria Drummmond, Miss Janet Steer, Mrs. Veasey, Mrs. Madeline Lucretia Ryley, Miss Margaret Damer, Miss Amy Winter, Mr. Reginald Pott, Miss Brackenbury, and Mr. Joseph Clayton. The chair will be taken by Miss Winifred Mayo. The New Constitutional Society and the Catholic Society call upon their members to support their respective speakers on that occasion. The chairman on the Cymric Suffrage Union platform will be Mrs. Mansell-Moulin, and it is intended to sing, "Heu Wlad fy Nhadau."

THE WOMEN'S MARCH

The "Brown Women" are expected to arrive in London on Saturday, November 16. In reply to the letter addressed to him by Mrs. de Fonblanque, announcing their arrival, and asking him to receive the petition to which signatures have been collected on route, the Prime Minister wrote that he would be happy to receive the petition for the enfranchisement of women which it was desired to present to him on the 16th, if sent to him through the post, but that he would not be able personally to receive it.

To this Mrs. de Fonblanque replied: "In view of the fact that you decline personally to receive the petition, which has travelled four hundred miles, and which is too weighty to be sent by post, we beg to inform you that we will deliver the petition in a perfectly quiet and constitutional manner at your official residence, No. 10, Downing Street, on the afternoon of November 16, in order to relieve ourselves of the responsibility of this petition from the people."

We are asked to say that all societies and their branches are cordially invited to attend at the rallying point, Camden Town Tube Station, at 1.30 sharp, and to bring with them banners, group captains, and signed petitions (which must be delivered up to the London Petition Secretary outside Camden Town Tube Station), and there to await the arrival of the marchers. On arrival at Trafalgar Square on November 16 the marchers and others will address a meeting (about 2.45).

Communications should be addressed to Mrs. Arnelife Bennett, 6, Wellington Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

"One of the Marchers" writes:— We had marched to Tuxford, where we found the Market Place in possession of Mr. Tuby, with his merry-go-round and shooting gallery. He was exceedingly kind, and at five o'clock he left us holding a meeting with his merry-go-round as a platform. We steadied ourselves by holding on to a huge oak! The meeting was a great success. It was memorable as the

We continue to receive letters endorsing that of "C. J." in VOTES FOR WOMEN of two weeks ago.

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first Suffrage meeting ever held in Tuxford.

On Monday the marchers, numbering fourteen, arrived at Newark, Nottinghamshire. Mrs. de Fonblanque relates that they met a group of men repairing telephone wires. Several signed their suffrage petition, but one who was at the top of the pole would not come down. "Will you sign it if I bring it up?" shouted Miss Ada Wright. "Yes," replied the man, whereupon Miss Wright climbed the pole and obtained the signature.

A WOMAN FIRE INSPECTOR

In view of the terrible fire in Kensington last Saturday, it is interesting to note that a woman, Miss Sarah Christopher, has recently been appointed fire-inspector in New York. Her special work is in connection with the clothing factories, in which some hundred thousand persons, most of them women and girls, are employed. Miss Christopher is described as keen, intelligent, fearless, determined, and a triton. A fireman of thirteen years' standing, who accompanied her on her first rounds, said of her: "There's little that'll get past her. I've never seen anyone smarter than she is." A woman fire-inspector has been at work for some months in Brooklyn, New York. It seems probable that her excellent work weighed with the authorities in their selection of a woman for Manhattan.

ANOTHER MARK WILKS

The goods of Mr. J. A. Hall, of Glenamoy, Waterloo Park, were sold last week, for the second time, owing to distraint having been levied on him in consequence of his refusal to pay Income Tax on house-property belonging to his wife, Mrs. Hall. This action was this action was this most practical and emphatic protest possible against the stupid and unjust action of the Revenue Authorities, who had forced the issue under the Income Tax Act. This Act, whilst making the husband liable for the payment of any tax on his wife's income, leaves him absolutely without any power to obtain from her any information with regard to her income if she declines to disclose it.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel has become President of the Women Writers' Suffrage League in succession to Miss Elizabeth Robins.

A Jewish Suffrage League has been formed, particulars of which will be given next week. Those wishing to join are asked to communicate with the Hon. Sec., Mrs. M. Frankin, 32, Hyde Park Gardens, W.

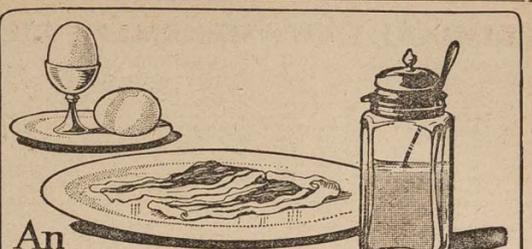
TO THE EDITORS OF VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Dear Editors,—Being in Carlisle on Monday, October 21, when the Winter Assizes were held, I happened to pass the judge's lodgings when he was returning to the Courts after luncheon. I should have guessed, from a memory made me wait to look on the man "made acid with the law," as also the judge who ignored a jury's recommendation of "purity of intention."

I may say I could look with dispassionate eyes as regarded the prisoners he was returning to, as both had outraged girls under sixteen years of age, but I was disgusted later on to find that one had been acquitted on the ready plea of ignorance of age, and the other received the light sentence of three months' imprisonment, drunkenness being taken into consideration.—Yours, &c., "A Recorder."

Miss Margaret Morris writes to express her regret that in her hurried conversation with our representative on the eve of her production at the Court Theatre last week, she omitted to pay a deserved tribute to Miss Annie Spong, to whom she owes a very great debt. Had it not been for Miss Spong, under whom she continued her training after Mr. Raymond Duncan went to America, Miss Morris tells us she would have been unable to complete her knowledge of Mr. Duncan's system of Hellenic dancing. We are glad to publish this tribute to Miss Annie Spong, whose services to the militant movement are already well-known to our readers.

We continue to receive letters endorsing that of "C. J." in VOTES FOR WOMEN of two weeks ago.



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