

The Woman Worker

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WHY I OPPOSE THE LIMITED BILL.

By Julia Dawson.

(Reply to an article in the "Clarion.")
You are mistaken, my dear Mr. Blatchford, I don't want to fight. And if I thought I had any foemen or foe-women (worthy or unworthy of my steel) in THE WOMAN WORKER I would hide my head and never write a line in that adorable paper. No, not even though its Editor offered to exchange her bright goldilocks for my dull grey ones: than which she could offer, perhaps, no greater temptation.

I don't like foes, because I don't understand them, and folk who misunderstand each other are better apart till they become friends, as in the process of evolution they will.

Readers of THE WOMAN WORKER will please understand from this that I am not trailing my coat for any other purpose than to say, in a thousand words, why I oppose the Limited Bill.

I oppose it, then, because I am a Socialist. That is the Alpha and Omega of my position.

A Socialist must oppose class distinctions and class privileges, and I oppose the Limited Bill tooth and nail because it gives a privilege—or right—to the well-to-do and the middling well-to-do, and leaves out in the cold those who cannot do at all, but get done—brown every time.

The one and only excuse a Socialist can make for supporting this un-Socialist measure is that it is policy to do so—Parliamentary tactics. As a Socialist, I believe that honesty is the best policy. The Limited Bill is not honest, not sincere.

As for Parliamentary tactics, what have we to do with them? Are they honest?

Our business is to hitch the Parliamentary wagon to the star of Socialism—not to let it hitch us (as it would dearly love to do) to the tail-board of a tumbrel that will take us to our own execution.

I oppose the Limited Bill because it is limited, and as a Socialist I do not believe in limiting the good we can do—on purpose.

I oppose it, further, because, as I say, it is dishonest, insincere, and sails under false colours. It pretends that it will enfranchise women on the same terms as men, when it will do nothing of the kind.

I oppose the Limited Bill because it will strengthen the hands of those who are already too strong for the welfare of the world, and leave the others (the poor others!) still weaker by contrast.

I oppose not only the Limited Bill, but also the methods employed to get up demonstrations in its favour.

It is all well and good for folk with votes to command to wear University caps and gowns, sport fine clothing and gorgeous banners, and spend large sums of money in any way they like to get this, their Bill, passed. So far, everything is fair and square.

But when the poorest factory "hands," for whom the agitators are not asking the franchise, are brought long distances to be used as catspaws, then I object. If one class wants to get a privilege or a right for itself alone, let it fight for it. But in common decency it should not ask those for whom it seeks no privilege and no right to help in the fight.

As a Socialist, I am for all classes; and though, if only one class were to have a vote, my heart would lean towards giving it to the bottom dogs, whom the Limited Bill leaves out, I would oppose a measure for that class alone as rigidly as I oppose this.

If a class wants to isolate itself, and set itself up to eat, drink, and be merry, let it get its own chestnuts out of the fire.

Look at the bottom dogs whose fingers they burn. Look at their scars and wounds sustained by fights in which they always lose—in which it is fore-ordained they should lose—and then say, Is it not time they began to share the spoils or else cease to chase?

I oppose the Limited Bill because it will defer the full and just measure of Adult Suffrage for nobody knows how long.

None of our colonies which have enfranchised women would tolerate a Limited Bill. Why should we? The Isle of Man (our only illustration) nearly thirty years ago enacted a law to give votes to some women, and no agitation has ever disturbed the peace of that island since to get votes for all.

Another reason why it would delay the Adult Measure is that those who have leisure and funds, and means to fight, will have secured all they want in the Limited Bill, and will then lay down their arms. Ask Lady Frances Balfour and other leaders.

Take these out of the demonstrating crowds, and who are left? Only the poor slaves of the bottom dogs of industry, who, as your Editor remarked last week, have only pence where the others have pounds.

I oppose the Limited Bill because it will add complexities and costs to a franchise law that is already so complex and costly as to be the laughing-stock of the world, and to baffle the understandings of the most acute lawyers.

One adult, one vote, is what we want—and what we shall get, provided that we have the courage to demand it.

As Socialists, we dare not ask for anything less. We are educationalists. Is it for us, then, to forge more fetters for the hands of the poor and down-trodden, or to set them free?

Robert Blatchford and Mary MacArthur believe in the full measure, and that it would be better tactics to demand it. If only all the readers of "The Clarion" and THE WOMAN WORKER can be got to believe likewise, we shall have it; for, WE ARE THE PEOPLE!

A POLITICIAN.

She struggled free and leaped away from him, panting, while he tore open his coat and drew forth something which gleamed in the lantern's rays—a silver locket. Cynthia scarcely saw it. Her blood was throbbing in her temples, she could not reason, but she knew that the appeal for the sake of which she had stooped must be delivered now.

"Jethro," she said, "do you know why I came here?—why I came to you?" "No," he said. "No. W-wanted me, didn't you? Wanted me—I wanted you, Cynthia."

"I would never have come to you for that," she cried; "never."

"I love me, Cynthia—love me, don't you?"

How could he ask, seeing that she had been in his arms, and had not fled? And yet she must go through with what she had come to do, at any cost.

"Jethro, I have come to speak to you about the town meeting to-morrow."

He halted as though he had been struck, his hand tightening over the locket.

"Oh, Jethro!" she cried, "this is not the way to use your power, to compel men like Eben Williams and Samuel Todd and—Lyman Hull, who is a drunkard and a vagabond, to come in and vote for those who are not fit to hold office." She was using the minister's own arguments. "We have always had clean men, and honourable and good men."

Her eyes met his, her own pleading, and the very wind without seemed to pause for his answer. But what she asked was impossible. That wind which he himself had loosed, which was to topple over institutions, was rising, and he could no more have stopped it than he could have hushed the storm.

"You will not do what I ask—now?" she said, very slowly. Then her voice failed her, she drew her hands together, and it was as if her heart had ceased to beat. Sorrow and anger and fierce shame overwhelmed her, and she turned from him in silence and went to the door.

"Cynthia," he cried, hoarsely, "Cynthia!"

"You must never speak to me again," she said, and was gone into the storm. —"Coniston."

Bedtime for the Buds.

FROM A MOTHER'S DIARY.

It is half-past six, so I go to the bottom wall of the yard, which abuts upon the common—our common—stretching away to Saxilby and the blue distance of the Derbyshire hills.

"Sissy!" I call.
"Blue-bell!"
"Ro-ose-bud!"
"Ba-a-aby!"

Four dim shapes, in answer to my shrilling, come tumbling up out of the rising mists. Presently four jolly, unwashed faces at the fence.

"What is it?" asks suspicious Sissy; but Rosebud chops me off unmercifully.

"T'n't time for bedtime."

I follow the line of least resistance and attack Baby.

"Baby wants a piece," I say insinuatingly, "and jam."

Baby is a guileless blackleg, and promptly deserts the defenders of liberty.

"A biece, a biece!" she yells, struggling valiantly through the bottom rails of the fence.

The others scale it disconsolate, and follow. The *via dolorosa* of supper and bed stretches its wide emptiness before unwilling eyes. Daytime and the common, the larks and the butterflies, the corner of the garden where they make meaty mud-pies with the assistance of my best cutlery—all the beautiful "number of things" which make my babies "as happy as kings" are to be laid by till to-morrow.

Rosebud sits forlorn on the bottom step of the stairs, thinking out compensations.

"Can I," she asks firmly, "zump on ze bed?"

She has lately been promoted to a spring mattress, and its resiliency is a constant snare and terrible joy. I assent, and we mount three steps. She bumps down on the fourth.

"Will me dada tiss me good-night?"

I see no objection, but she does not budge. Baby and the others have gone on, Bluebell already compensated by a wooden Peggy—clasped lovingly while she croons her way upstairs. Baby has recently achieved the ascent upon her hind legs, and goes joyously and stertorously up, supported by Sissy and the bannisters.

"Can I has me dzuse?" asks Rosebud. Now, the juice is a chemical food-specific for bone formation; and Rosebud makes a repast of it with the assistance of a small horn mug, two lumps of sugar, unlimited water, and a salt-spoon to sip from. No. Mama can't see her way—

"Or me tuff?" she adds, reading my face.

The "stuff" is a drop or two of glycerine, kept handy on the bedroom mantelpiece for tickling throats; so I give way gracefully.

* * *

No one is visible, though the skirts of the draped dressing-table are violently agitated. We search all the hidy-holes.

"Ere they be's," Bud shouts in triumph, tugging the faded draperies, whose use is now demonstrated. "Ere they be's."

So to bath, sending the soap and

Peggie on glorious voyages. Then, rosy and with shining faces, to bed.

"I'm s'ee'py; only going to say 'B'ess mama an' dada,'" announces Bluebell, hugging the still moist Peggy, wrapped in a dry towel.

Prayers are here said at discretion.

"I'll say 'In my lickle,'" says Bud, and dashes off breathlessly: "In my lickle bed I lie, and—to—the Lawd—I c'y (with increasing momentum), F'y—s'oud—die forelwake, praytheLawd my soultotakeamen."

Baby, more soberly, repeating after me, lisps: "B'ess—mama—and—dada—and—sissies—and—Peggie—twice—sake"—with a flourish off her own bat—"Men!"

Sissy goes to school, where they manage things much better. So, with folded hands and dutifully tight-shut eyes, she says the beautiful childish prayer:

"Jesus, tender shepherd hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light."

She is going on to say, "Four angels round my bed," but I demur.

"Do let me, mama, it makes me feel so safe," she pleads; so I relent, and she goes on—

"Two angels at the head;
Mother, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on!"

Oh, passing wise little woman, so innocently to include Mother among your guardian angels!

I see 'round her bright curls the angels of her own innocence and happiness and love. So—good-night. I steal softly away, leaving them to the gentle shadows of happy dreams.

Bless the bairns!

IN TIME.

Before, despairing, we forget
That we were ever young and hale,
Before we strive no more, ere yet
Desire fail,

Before the blood within our veins
Creeps sluggishly towards old age,
Before our Ship of Life attains
Death's anchorage,

We ask to walk the straight high road
Beneath the sun, beneath the rain,
To breast the wind, bear any load—
Except a chain.

Oh, heritage of liberty!
Freedom we ask the free to give;
No less shall serve: before we die
We ask to live,

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

Since Hood wrote the "Song of the Shirt" the case of the derelicts of modern industry has been an object for pity, rising every now and then, with some fresh disclosure of long hours and low pay, into a burst of impotent indignation.—"Manchester Guardian."

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Miss Isabella Ford.

A man's books, it has been said, are the clue to his soul. I do not know where Miss Ford's fealty is given, but dare wager that Mazzini and Emerson and Tolstoy get something of her love. I think she must often hear the sonorous wisdom of "Religio Medici" and of "Present Discontents," and often let her heart go roving with Cervantes, kindest and gayest of all writing fellows. Shakespeare, of a surety, will be near to her, Milton, too, and among the moderns that splendid Byron, who saluted Freedom for all time:

Yet, Freedom yet, thy Banner torn but flying
Streams like a thunderstorm against the wind."

Shelley, also, beyond question, and Arnold and Whitman; but, I should judge, not Tennyson.

Lover of Her Kind.

She is Pantophile—the man who loves and is interested in everything. Men and women delight her, and the world is no bad place.

She is of the contented mind and the open road, and will not be disheartened even if rain comes and a bullying wind. "Life is good, brother," she sings to a fellow-traveller, and when the sun shines will unpack her wallet and set out rich store of pilgrims' bread and fruits and honey and share with anybody. And, food taken, she will drink from the brook and read from Thoreau, or, others present, talk of what is in the heavens above or waters beneath the earth. She steps out with the high purpose and clear eye of Christian, but without the hard righteousness of that immortal pilgrim. So she does not find everywhere Worldly Wisemen and Double-faces, but for the most part puzzled, sorry fellows, bleeding from the world's buffets and enfeebled beyond hope to tread the passage of the Shadow or drive lions from the path.

These she tends in brotherly wise and with wine from the pilgrims' bottle, and happily cheers a broken comrade and turns him again to the Celestial Gate.

She was born into a distinguished

family and a generous age. The unconquerable instinct of nationality—"the cause that never dies"—was again troubling Europe, which rang with the splendid cries of Kossuth and Mazzini and Garibaldi. The beaten peoples of Poland and Hungary and Ireland felt the new impulse as wounded feel wine, and, staggering erect, prepared to recommence their age-long struggle. Russian outrages on Nihilists and Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria fanned humanitarian zeal. We were sure it would triumph. We were sure all coward, bloody despotisms would be tramped out for ever under our indignant, generous feet.

It was an age of faith, a return of "glad, confident morning" and the spirit of the prime. Out we went singing joyous crusading songs. Even the weak should have justice. We swore it on our young swords.

In this atmosphere the Ford household exulted exceedingly, and Isabella grew to girlhood. Her father, who opened in Leeds the first unsectarian night school in this country, was an idealist and a passionate lover of liberty. Her mother was even more remarkable. She had a saying which made a deep impression on her daughter's mind, "Never laugh at what is new," and a catholicity of intellect that was ready to consider even the strangest propositions on their merits. In early life she had been deeply stirred in aiding the struggle for slave emancipation, and no captive nationality ever beat against its bars without receiving her intense, and, where possible, her active sympathy.

Lover of Liberty.

Miss Ford has inherited to the full this common feeling of her parents. She took fierce interest in the Parnell agitation, and gave utmost aid to the evicted Irishry. In and around her native Leeds she is a household name for large-handed devotion to every weak, worthy cause, to struggles of hopeless girls for better wages, to peace movements, to the Suffrage cause, to Socialism.

She has taken part in a dozen notable strikes. One she remembers in Manningham where 1,000 girl plush and velvet workers paraded the streets all through a long winter. Sometimes they walked amid snow and frost, and their poor starved faces were blackened by the cold, a fierce wind penetrated their unfeebled bodies, and the slush saturated their feet. From early winter until the succeeding April this drear, cruel struggle went on, and Miss Ford, who walked with the girls and did her best to succour their deepening anguish, was well-nigh maddened in contemplation of a cruelty that could look without emotion on such extremity of suffering.

She was already member of the I.L.P. and feeling that in its propaganda alone was hope of fundamental betterment, she worked for it with utmost energy, and became one of its most popular speakers. She helped also to organise the tailoresses in her district, and in general recognition of work done for Trades Unionism was made life member of the Leeds Trades Council. She is also Parish Councillor, member of the Executive of the National Union of Women Suffrage Societies, and until a year ago she was member of the

N.A.C. of the I.L.P. To this last office she was elected in 1903, and on each of three successive occasions, and it is significant that twelve months after her election the Report of the Council contained for the first time a paragraph in special relation to women. She attends International Congresses on Suffrage, and (as representing West Riding workers) on Textile Questions. Unfortunately she has felt the burden of so much activity, and in 1907 had to resign her post on the N.A.C. on grounds of ill-health.

Large-mindedness.

At present she is giving most attention to the Suffrage issue, which she considers the major one for women. But she is essentially broad and well-balanced, and even for Suffrage, not in itself an end, refuses to be fanatic. She swims in the main stream: she belongs to the centre. Her deepest interest is indeed not in movements of any kind, not in Suffrage, not even in Socialism; it is in movement, it is in life. Not, either, in any particular kind of life—the simple life, or higher life, or spiritual life—but life itself, the essential quality, the tussling soul of man that in ever changing manifestation wars with the mean and base, and is caught in toils and baffled, but anon fights again and wins a little up the hill, and at last by a hair's breadth is come nearer to the face of its God.

She has humour, too, and, blessed gift! can look quizzically upon her own frenzy. Sweet humour puts a twinkle in her eye and on her lips a laugh, at herself, maybe, with no bitterness. She has urbanity and knowledge of men, and no expectation of the impossible. She sings with Beranger:

Child of the world, leave fools to their foolishness:
Things to their nature, and mules to their mulishness.

We are poor creatures, she says, the best of us.

Democrat.

Goes hand in hand with this acceptance of her fellows a profound Democratic instinct. She has faith in the crowd, and urges with Diderot that we must never let our pretended masters do good to us against our wills. She is receptive as Whitman, and will cast none out, not the wastrel nor the malefactor, whom when she sees she says, with the tongue of the wise: "There, but for God's Grace, goes Isabel Ford."

She is always sunny and of good cheer, and one can imagine her at eventide speaking the great prayer of Stevenson:

Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare us to our friends, soften us to our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavours. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death loyal and loving one to another.

Courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. That is Isabella Ford.

J. J. MALLON.

We hold it to be the right of citizens in any state to earn a legitimate living, and, if there are laws which interfere with such freedom, it is a greater duty to break them than to keep them.—"Indian Opinion."

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

When I say I know women, I mean I know that I don't know them. Every single woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself. Say they are not clever? Their hypocrisy is a perpetual marvel to me, and a constant exercise of cleverness of the finest sort. You see a demure-looking woman, perfect in all her duties, constant in house-hills and shirt-buttons, obedient to her lord, and anxious to please him in all things; silent when you and he talk politics, or literature, or balderdash together, and if referred to, saying, with a smile of perfect humility, "Oh, women are not judges upon such and such matters; we leave learning and politics to men." "Yes, poor Polly," says Jones, patting the back of Mrs. J.'s head good-naturedly, "attend to the house, my dear; that's the best thing you can do, and leave the rest to us." Benighted idiot! She has long ago taken your measure and your friends; she knows your weaknesses, and ministers to them in a thousand artful ways. She knows your obstinate points, and marches round them with the most curious art and patience, as you will see an ant on a journey turn round an obstacle. Every woman manages her husband; every person who manages another is a hypocrite. Her smiles, her submission, her good-humour, for all which we value her—what are they but admirable duplicity? We expect falseness from her, and order and educate her to be dishonest. Should he upbraid, I'll own

that he prevail; say that he frown, I'll answer with a smile—what are these but lies, that we exact from our slaves?—lies, the dexterous performance of which we announce to be the female virtues: brutal Turks that we are! I do not say that Mrs. Brown ever obeyed me—on the contrary; but I should have liked it, for I am a Turk.

I hope the ladies will not take my remarks in ill part. If I die for it, I must own that I don't think they have fair play. In the bargain we make with them I don't think they get their rights. And as a labourer notoriously does more by the piece than he does by the day, and a free man works harder than a slave, so I doubt whether we get the most out of our women by enslaving them as we do by law and custom. But in whatever way we like them, it is for our use somehow that we have women brought up; to work for us, or to shine for us, or to dance for us, or what not? It would not have been thought shame of our fathers fifty years ago, that they could not make a custard or a pie, but our mothers would have been rebuked had they been ignorant on these matters. Why should not you and I be ashamed now because we cannot make our own shoes, or cut out our own breeches? We know better: we can get cobblers and tailors to do that—and it was we who made the laws for women, who, we are in the habit of saying, are not so clever as we are.

As I grow old and consider these things, I know which are the stronger, men or women; but which are the cleverer, I doubt.

THACKERAY.

PROS FOR CONS.

Have you seen Mr. R. B. Suthers's little book, "Common Objections to Socialism Answered," published by the Clarion Press at a shilling net? Because if you haven't your education is incomplete. Get it, and study it. It is as strong as the Law, and as clear as the Law should be, but isn't. Besides, you must have needed it often.

What are the common objections you hear so glibly talked about? That Socialism is not wanted; that it means "dividing up," which is folly and confiscation, which is wickedness; that it would rob the poor man of his savings, and leave him worse off than ever; that it would ruin the small shopkeeper; that it would diminish wealth by abolishing competition; that the very threat of it would drive away capital and leave us to starve; that it would destroy both religion, home life, and the incentive of gain; that it would make slaves of us, under an army of officials, and yet provide a paradise for loafers; that it is clean contrary to science and to human nature, and, therefore, in spite of all you may say, impossible.

Well, Mr. Suthers takes up all these objections, picks them to pieces, and turns them inside out as easily as two from four leaves two. And in doing it he gives you facts to set against fancies. Objectors who thought they were attacking are left with their backs to the wall defending—only there isn't a wall for their backs to rest against. The truth is that Socialism has a quite unanswerable case to state, and Mr. Suthers proves it. Buy his book and be happy.

ROMANCES.

By R. Blatchford.

No Socialism this week, an it please you. Let us get out of the stuffy lecture-room into the garden, and talk. For it is holiday time, and I have just read a book.

When one comes across a real book, or a real woman or man, one feels inclined to burn a candle to one's patron saint, and give thanks. This particular book was recommended by Neil Lyons, and is by way of being a romance. It is a romance of two little children cast away upon an uninhabited island in the South Seas, and the "Daily Telegraph" calls it "a hauntingly beautiful story," which is quite true.

"Hauntingly beautiful" stories are scarce. That is a red-letter day indeed which sees one published. And in the meantime, being partial to stories, I fill in the blanks by making some for myself.

The Spell.

It is early morning. One of my girls is playing the piano; she is playing an old, old gavotte, composed by the French King, Louis the Thirteenth, some four hundred years ago.

Talk about stories! The gavotte is quaint and graceful, and seems to hang in the air like some frail perfume. It is a real gavotte, composed by a real King, danced by real ladies and real courtiers nearly four centuries since, in France:

Dear dead women, with such hair, too;
What's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms?

When I hear such an ancient pretty air, I can conjure up my own romances and wild islands.

At Nimes, in Provence, there is an old garden made by Louis the Fifteenth three hundred years ago; and in it is a fine Roman bath, made in the time of Augustus Cæsar, in the year 120 A.D. Stories?

I have walked in that deserted garden, by that unused Roman bath, and listened to the hauntingly beautiful stories whispered by the trees. The broken columns are reflected in the water, and the floating clouds, and at night the mysterious stars. Seventeen hundred years ago the Roman warriors and the Roman ladies walked by the same bath, saw the reflections of the same stars. If that garden is not haunted there are no ghosts in the created scheme of things.

Storied Ground.

Have you read that wonderful book, "The Count of Bragelonne"? In the garden at Nimes the beautiful Montespain, the beautiful La Valliere, have walked with the King. If you are a day-dreamer you may sit there with half-closed eyes and fancy that the rustle of a leaf is the frou-frou of a silken skirt; that the soft ripple of the fountain is the ghostly laughter of "dear dead women"; that the clank of the old custodian's sword, far off on the lonely terrace, heralds the approach of D'Artagnan. When that old garden was a new garden, made round the old bath, the Bastille stood in Paris, and Louis the

Twentieth held his head high, and cared not a rap for the old friends or old servants he had sent there to break their hearts behind its bars. The Bastille has gone, Louis has gone, and over the Franco-Roman Garden waves the tricolour of Republican France.

It is a strange old place, that Nimes, in Provence. There we went, I and the lassie whose playing has sent me into this reverie, and stood in the arena of the old Roman amphitheatre. Seventeen centuries ago crowds of nearly thirty thousand people thronged the now empty seats and watched the gladiators slay each other or the wild beasts devour the Christians. Through the arches shines the moon, and close by a travelling menagerie is pitched. As we stand in the awful circus the horrid growling of the lions and tigers comes to us from the cages. I realise the feelings of the prisoners pent in the stone boxes, listening to that blood-curdling sound, all that long, long while ago.

Present.

Stories! Last night I listened to a Russian exile who had escaped from prison, who had been recaptured and wounded, and had escaped again. On the first occasion, when he lay exhausted on the ground, he was twice stabbed in the head. And why was he imprisoned? Oh, for speaking in favour of a strike. He is going back to Russia, that young man, going to play hide-and-seek with the Cossacks. If he is caught he will be shot. But he wants to help the people. Talk of your hauntingly beautiful stories!

We need not go to the circulating library for romances, nor to the theatre for heroes. There are plenty of stories in the streets of London and Oldham to-day, and we have jostled heroes often in the crowd.

How well I remember a woman in the slums of Hulme. She was bent over a wash-tub in a narrow court, on a stifling hot day, and bound upon her back in a shawl was a baby. She had a pale face, glistening with sweat, and her arms were wrinkled and brown. And she was singing.

Now, to me there was a hauntingly beautiful story in the devotion of that faded and emaciated slave. Could you find such a story in all literature? Could Shakespeare have written it?

Past and to Come.

Where I sit in my garden now a trailing spray on which white roses cluster reaches out close to my face. From the room within come the notes of that sweet old ghost of a gavotte, composed by a dead French King, in a century long dead. How many millions of the sons and daughters of men have crossed life's stage, and made pathetic exit since that dance was first played? How many generations of the great, the brave, and the fair have fought, and stolen, and lied, and hated, and gone out like bubbles on an everlasting stream?

Why, all the saints and sages who discussed Of the two worlds so wisely—they are thrust Like foolish prophets forth; their words to scorn Are scattered, and their mouths are stopped with dust.

For such a little while, for such a paltry stake, is it worth being mean, revengeful, greedy? Is it worth it?

Romances! Are they not in the worn steps of the Embankment, in the lichened grave-stone in the Wolverhampton churchyard, in the fragment of chipped flint which made a needle for a sweet girl fifty thousand years ago, in the window of the pawnbroker, and the coffin-maker? Why, Harry Lowerison has a neolithic amber bead, found in a neolithic mound!

Oh, hauntingly beautiful bead of fossil gum, what fingers strung you, against what soft bosom have you lain?

I can see that woman now, under the shadowed elms; I can reach out and touch the ghostly hand—one link in a long human daisy-chain of beauty and human tenderness, reaching from the neolithic camp fire to that Hulme court, where the brave mother toils for the baby that she loves.

And that long human story of error and genius, of suffering and war and love, how hauntingly beautiful it is!

Are these its early chapters? Eh? What a golden climax to that story, sisters! Some day!

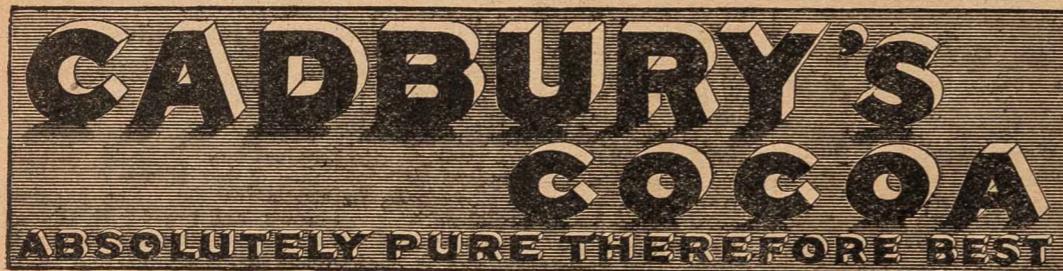
CLOUD-MOUNTAINS.

Could we but climb those cloud-slopes,
you and I,
Of pearl and opal tints flung 'gainst the sky
When dove-eyed evening whispers in
the grove—
We'd never wander back, but live and love
Far from this world with spirit grown
so cold
Methinks 'twould even sell the bars of gold
Warm sunset gives us, and the star
below
So brightly glimmering. Lightly would
we go,
Till, tired, we rested in a pleasant
hollow
'Twixt virgin hills; from ledge to ledge
I'd follow
Your daring footsteps, till upon our
ears
There smote no echo from this world of
tears.
Then would we sit together whilst the
stars
Wheeled swift around us like to crystal
cars;
And when Night flung her veil o'er each
white peak
Sleep soft together, leaning cheek to
cheek,
The peddling earth a speck beneath our
feet—
And live a fuller, life, more fair and
sweet.

ETHEL CARNIE.

The voice of any people is the sword
That guards them, or the sword that
beats them down.
—Tennyson.

Sir Alfred Jacoby, addressing his constituents at Alfreton, said he had opposed the grant to Lord Cromer because £50,000 at three per cent. would have provided pensions for over 100 people.



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WHAT'S WHAT.

By G. Maidstone.

I propounded unto you last week, ladies, certain conundrums. As you have not answered them I may as well answer them myself. But what a strange communion between a man and many women, where the man does all the talking.

So: what is a lobster salad? A lobster salad is an appetising dish made of vegetables and boiled lobster.

The lobster is an animal which has been boiled alive.

Lobster salad is a favourite dish with ladies.

What is a seal-skin muff? Marry, it is a muff made of the skin of a seal.

The seal is an animal. It is quite a common thing to skin the seals alive.

Ladies love a seal-skin muff.

What is a fashionable hat?

Oh, I say! Upon my word I don't know. But I should say that when it is the kind of hat I saw worn by a very fashionable and handsome lady in the House of Commons—a hat decorated with long and magnificent white plumes—it is—a horror.

Plumes are taken from birds. A bird is an animal. Many of the plumes are dragged from the living bird.

Ladies love a long and splendid plume.

What is a juvenile offender? Ah, that is a hard one.

A juvenile offender is a child who has been arrested for offending against the law.

A child is—what is a child? I could write reams about a child. But let us say that a child is a miracle. Our miracle has become a juvenile offender.

It will be sent to prison; this poor miracle. It will be sent because it has done wrong.

Has it been taught to do right? No. It has been taught to do wrong.

Is it more guilty than the constable, the magistrate, the gaoler? Do they never do wrong? Did they never do wrong when they were children?

Has not the child been wronged? Yes. It has been wronged. It has not been properly loved, nursed, fed, clothed, washed, taught, protected. It has been ruined by neglect and bad examples.

Had the child been rightly loved, and taught and cared for it would not have become a juvenile offender.

Will those who have wronged the child be sent to prison? No. Some of them are sent to the House of Commons, some of them are given titles, some of them are most respectable people.

"The parents ought to be punished." Ah! that word, punishment! That thing. But how do you know that the parents were not neglected and perverted when they were children?

What is a star? A star is a sun.

What is a sun? A sun is—a miracle; so is an ant; so is a daisy; so is a sunset; so is a song; so are you.

Now, since we are dealing in conundrums, let me ask you one which a

woman really ought to answer. *What is a woman?* Will any woman reader answer me that little one?

I could answer it only as a man, and it would take me a long, long time to do it.

A woman is the most wonderful wonder that a wonderful Nature has yet evolved. Not only is a woman the most precious gift of Nature to man, she is more than that. She is the only thing that makes life worth living. Take her out of the world, and the world would be a desert in which no man would care to abide.

This is true, though when you look around and see how men treat women you might be tempted to say it is false.

But I said that most women are vegetables, and savages. So they are. And a lily is a vegetable; and a nightingale is a savage.

But, tell me, if you please, what is a woman. And then you can tell me how she ought to be treated, what she ought to be done with; and why she is now treated so badly, and so criminally spoiled and wasted.

If a man, professing to love roses, were presented with a beautiful red rose tree, and if he cut its canes for fire sticks and allowed the donkey and the hog to browse on its leaves you would call him a madman or a fool.

How do our gallant English gentlemen behave to women? Do you know?

We have women in prison to-day. There they are treated as if they were thieves, because they cried out "Votes for women" in an English street.

Do you think that women ought to work in factories, on the pit brow, in the fields; that they ought to make chains and nails? Do you think they ought to live in slums; to be sent to the workhouse, or to prison?

We have women dying of lead poisoning, dying of phosphorous poisoning; women slaving for bread.

What, then, is a woman? Ought she to be loved and honoured? If she is worthy of love and honour why does she not receive them? If she is not worthy of man's honour and man's love, what is worthy?

Here are questions enough and to spare. As the lady said to me: "Do these things interest you?"

Or not?

Pharmacy seems to offer a satisfactory livelihood and a fairly interesting career to a hard-working girl. It demands somewhat special qualifications. The successful chemist must be neat and deft, but she must at the same time have a quick mind. Quickness in arithmetic is especially necessary.—MABEL ATKINSON in the "Daily News."

All sincere and honest conviction has long departed from the political field, and neither the average Conservative nor the average Liberal has the faintest belief in the opinions which he expresses.—"Academy."

ON HOLIDAY ALONE.

[Through the exigencies of business. Poem suggested by the sudden appearance of two lovers on Cape Icar, Guernsey.]

She runs with him, all garmented in white;

She runs, he follows; all their ways adore.

I roam the heather quite alone to-night,

Filled with remembrance of another shore.

And other days come surging back to me,

Of isles afar where we together joyed—

O wert thou here this eve my mate to be,

The magic hours were gladness unalloyed.

Here, where two lights in calm concordance meet,

And parting day-beams kiss the evening star,

'Tis mine to walk with solitary feet

Among the craggy grandeurs of Icar.

I wander mutely round romantic capes

To gather rapture from the pensive hour—

Would thou wert here to marvel at the shapes

Of grey rocks carven by unresting power.

The sea's deep tones resound for me alone,

Thou sharest not in this my latest bliss;

For thee, no waters in dark caverns moan,

For thee, no billows boom, and break, and hiss.

He hath her near, all garmented in white,

Through his fond arm her softer arm is drawn.

I strive to nestle to the Infinite,

Yet fain would have thee near in snowy lawn.

When Jersey faded like a cloud from view,

The moon made silver on the weird rimmed sea;

A lane of light dispassionate she threw

Far o'er the vague unresting main for me.

For me, not us, the sea-birds swoop and call,

And Nature's vastness dwells in sea and sky;

For me alone strange haunting shadows fall,

And down sheer crags exhausted echoes die.

He hath her near, all garmented in white,

She shares with him the sweets of holiday;

I roam the heather all alone to-night,

Whilst thou, my love, art far—too far away!

ARTHUR HICKMOTT.

A fourpenny booklet, "Mother and Child," by Constance Nankivell (Wells Gardner), is so wise and warm-hearted that we must commend it to all mothers who are young enough to think.

THE FACTORY INSPECTORS.

Working Women Should be Eligible.

By William C. Anderson.

In deciding to increase the number of Lady Factory Inspectors by 40 per cent, the Home Secretary concedes a much over-due reform. Labour men and Radical members, like Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. H. J. Tennant, have long urged the pressing need for it. The staff were ridiculously unable to grapple with their duties.

The department was created mainly in the interests of women workers. A principal, assisted by three seniors, organises it. Ten female inspectors had been appointed at wages ranging from £200 to £300 a year, and valuable service has been rendered, especially in laundries. But there are one and a half million women workers in factories and mills.

What were ten among so many? These women cannot give their whole time to watching factories; much is absorbed in replying to inquiries, drafting reports, and travelling. Being few, they have to cover wide areas, and spend no small portion of their working days in railway trains. In 1905, two inspectors travelled nearly 16,000 miles each.

Arrears have accumulated, and complaints have not been promptly attended to.

A Scandal.

I wish the makers and administrators of laws were as keen to defend working class life as to preserve upper-class property.

Labour laws have been broken and evaded. Fines are unjustly imposed, there is extreme humidity in cotton factories, there is dust in card-rooms causing injury to chest and lungs. Time-cribbing is largely practised; many workers must make to their employers a weekly free gift of two hours' labour. Long hours of illegal overtime have to be endured—a wrong that presses with most severity upon young girls.

Inspectors admit that the loose drafting of the Act, with its many exemptions and exceptions, makes evasion easy in the case, say, of jam factories. Many sweated workers derive no benefit from the Factory Act 1901, section 176, relating to particulars of work and wages. In unhealthy trades cases of poisoning occur daily; nearly 500 cases were reported in the first nine months of 1906.

Appalling Death-roll.

Thousands of small workshops are entered by inspectors—82,000 were unvisited in 1907—though lack of decent ventilation and sanitation leads to much disease and death.

Thus dividends claim their ghastly toll of life and limb. Young girls and women by the hundred are offered at the shrine of Mammon.

The death-roll increases. It is three times greater than that of those who fall in battle by land or sea. In 1906 there were 111,904 fatal and non-fatal accidents in workshops and factories; in 1907 the number had increased to 133,441.

A writer in the "Socialist Review" points out that "in ten years 893,736 workers have suffered the penalty of misfortune by accident, whilst 10,211 have been killed outright. These fatal accidents were 62 per cent. greater in 1907 than in 1898, while the non-fatal injuries had increased by 115 per cent. in the same period."

Yet it is not gainsaid that with safe and well-guarded machinery, with fair conditions of employment, with effective protection against poisoning from anthrax, phosphorus, lead, arsenic, mercury, with good sanitation, ventilation, cleanliness, and air space, this frightful wreckage could be reduced to a minimum, much needless pain prevented, thousands of lives saved.

Is it not worth while, then, to raise the premium we pay for factory inspection, which represents a national investment in health and industrial betterment?

Unsuitable Inspectors.

We are entitled, however, to insist on full value for our money. Are we getting that?

It is alleged that nominations for the position of factory inspector are, in the main, the result of social and political influence. More. Candidates who sit for examination need not know anything about hygiene, or factory legislation, or dynamics, provided they know all about the Spanish Armada and the Balcony Scene. They need not be acquainted with the tricks resorted to by evasive employers, provided they can write a good biography of Oliver Cromwell or a sketch of Queen Anne.

What are the examination questions asked of those whose work it will be to enforce the Truck Acts, to note the temperature of work-rooms, to report uncleanliness in food factories?

Mr. Gladstone imposes no test in respect of either sanitation or Factory Law. From a sparkling heap of these questions I select some bright gems:

(1) How did William the Conqueror deal with the lands of the conquered?

(2) Describe briefly the relations between Elizabeth and her Parliament.

(3) Describe the treatment of the Roman Catholics throughout the seventeenth century.

(4) A horse was bought for £15 15s., and was sold for £52 10s. What was the profit?

(5) What is the price of 365 dinners at 1s. 3d. each?

(6) Distinguish between the Miracle Play and the Mystery, and point out the relations of these forms of art to the drama proper in the Elizabethan era.

(7) Trace the influences of the intellectual and political tendencies of the time upon the poetry of Wordsworth and Shelley.

The Sieve.

I do not blame the Home Office for demanding that those who take up work requiring tact and judgment shall have a general education, though I scarce dare hope that either the miracle or mystery play will be of much service to an inspector who goes to confront an employer charged with cribbing time.

My complaint is that methods of nomination and examination are

adopted for the express purpose of excluding working-class men and women with practical experience, thus making the profession a kind of preserve for graduates of Oxford or Girton.

There will soon be more stringent laws to safeguard the rights of the sweated, to act as shield and buckler to men and women in factories, workshops, mines, laundries, kitchens, shops, restaurants, hotels. But much of it will be worse than useless, unless accompanied by sound and thorough administration.

Mr. Gladstone has a golden opportunity when he comes to appoint his Home Office inspectors.

If he cared, he could find scores of clever working women who would carry out their duties with an alertness born of personal knowledge and a firm desire to see the weak sheltered and justice done.

SISTERS.

Now what my mother told me one day as we sat at dinner together,

Of when she was a nearly-grown girl living home with her parents on the old homestead.—

A red squaw came one breakfast-time to the old homestead.

On her back she carried a bundle of rushes for rush-bottoming chairs;

Her hair, straight, shiny, coarse, black, profuse, half-enveloped her face;

Her step was free and elastic, and her voice sounded exquisitely as she spoke.

My mother looked in delight and amazement at the stranger.

She looked at the freshness of her tall-borne face and full and pliant limbs:

The more she looked upon her she loved her:

Never before had she seen such wonderful beauty and purity.

She made her sit on a bench by the jamb of the fire-place, she cooked food for her,

She had no work to give her, but she gave her remembrance and fondness.

The red squaw stayed all the forenoon, and toward the middle of the afternoon she went away.

Oh! my mother was loth to have her go away;

All the week she thought of her, she watched for her many a month,

She remembered her many a winter and many a summer,

But the red squaw never came nor was heard of again.

WALT WHITMAN.

Mr. Albert Broadbent, secretary of the Vegetarian Society, 257, Deansgate, Manchester, writes that he will be glad to send to any reader a booklet briefly explaining vegetarianism, and containing eighty simple and easy recipes. A halfpenny or penny stamp may be sent.

We are too apt to suffer the mean things of life to overgrow the finer nature within us; therefore it is expedient that at least once a day we read a little poetry, or sing a song, or look at a picture.—Goethe.

GOOD TASTE

In Manners and Dress.

By Chas. E. Dawson.

Writing for THE WOMAN WORKER is not less exciting, and much pleasanter, than a Marathon Race or a bye-election. One never knows what the next issue will bring forth. To-day I had planned to describe Miss Maud Allan's method of physical development, but our Mr. Maidstone lures me into an article on "Good Taste," so now "Building the Body Beautiful" will have to wait.

Let us first acknowledge that bad taste, bad "form," vulgarity, &c., are mostly our personal view of things done by other people, more especially the other people that we don't like.

There remains a substratum of sound sense in the phrase "Good taste" and all that it implies; but, like religion, we must each take our own view of it, and I can merely submit my personal conception.

A Definition.

To me, good taste represents the quintessence of Socialism—the double-distilled, triple extract of comradeship and courtesy. For if each of us had to live on a private island, and be truly individualistic, then good taste would cease to be.

Good taste is that subtle little something, that ultimate finesse of feeling, which governs the conduct of those who possess it. It springs from a good heart, and reaches its fullest development when coupled with knowledge and the artistic temperament. Bad taste usually causes worry, trouble, and anxiety for others.

A French costumier of my acquaintance, an accomplished artist in her own way, has the most perfect taste in dress, but her table manners are more daring than desirable. She drinks with audible gusto, and eats peas with her knife. Without wishing to undervalue the knife as an implement, I feel that her use of it is in bad taste, because of the uneasiness she causes me. Any moment I fear she may cut her mouth—and then what should I do? So, with the prospect of imminent bloodshed, an otherwise delightful dinner is spoiled.

Good and bad taste are manifest in the hundred-and-one little things of everyday life that are apparently optional—in little unwritten laws. Any act that is anti-social is an outrage on good taste.

Petty efforts to deceive others into the belief that sham things are real, that a watch-chain is solid 22 carat when it is only "Abyssinian gold," indicate the vulgar mind.

Ignorance.

Bad taste often arises from ignorance, from not knowing by intuition the right thing to do in the circumstances.

Just now, for instance, is white petticoat time, and most women who can are enjoying the cool, clean comfort of this summery garment. (There are more white petticoats sold this week than any other in the year, and, in buying, it should be remembered that one that is tucked and trimmed with embroidery will outlast an all-lace and insertion

thing; it will be easier washed and "got up," and look quite as effective in wear as the more flimsy lace affair.) Well—summer muslins are often more transparent than their wearers imagine; lately I have seen women in the gauziest dresses flaunting white petticoats threaded with pink or blue ribbons and bows.

This error of taste shows they didn't realise the reason petticoats are so adorned.

Be-ribboned Petticoats.

It is purely a clever ruse of the shopkeepers. When the goods are displayed in the windows or on the counters, little touches of colour make them look, by contrast, whiter and daintier than they are. Once the petticoat is sold, the ribbon has served its purpose, and may as well be pulled out and put away.

It is not pretty or graceful. At a point just below the knee level it cannot emphasise any line of the figure, or in any way contribute to the general colour scheme or design of the costume.

A woman who doesn't take the coloured streamers from her petticoat would, if she were a man, smoke a cigar with the paper band round it—another error of taste!

It may be thought that points of social tastes are so many little superstitions; but there is usually, and should always be, some definite, well-grounded reason at the back of them. One objects to the man who commits an offence against the cigar, because it proclaims the fact that he doesn't appreciate the difference between smoking tobacco—or cabbage-leaves—and smoking the printing-ink, paper, and varnish of the label.

Rings and Glitter.

There are some women who wear rings outside their gloves. It is usually a sign that they have been very poor or very wretched, and have to snatch at the slightest glitter or brightness, but the flaunting, brazen show of jewellery argues an utter lack of taste.

It can, I think, be agreed that nothing should cumber the person or the home that is not essentially useful or beautiful. Most modern jewellery infringes this rule, for scarcely any of it is useful, and little is really beautiful. Diamonds are the most popular of precious stones, not for any beauty they may possess—few people know the difference between a diamond and cleverly-cut glass—but because of their reputed costliness.

It is fashionable to rate the display of wealth above mere beauty, and that way lies vulgarity.

Evening Dress for Men.

The question of evening dress is mentioned by my commentator, and is at times a sore point with Social Reformers.

So far as men's regulation evening wear is concerned, unimaginative as it is, I do not regard it, like some of our comrades, as the uniform of snobbery so

much as the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual courtesy. For its use implies that the wearer has taken the trouble to doff his work-a-day apparel and to don his "glad clothes" out of respect for his fellows and the ceremony of social intercourse.

At a recent public debate on Socialism, Mr. Victor Grayson, as a mark of courtesy to his opponent and his audience, appeared in conventional war-paint. And the resultant snarling protests of some over-zealous—or hypersensitive—comrades were in as execrable taste as the vulgar jibes of the upper middle classes when Mr. Keir Hardie had the courage to go to the House of Commons in his working clothes.

But, as I said at the beginning, the question of good taste is so largely a matter of personal preference and prejudice that to expect every reader to share or accept my own views would in itself be an error of taste, and hence—there must be conclusions.

THE CRY OF THE WOMAN WORKER

By MARY R. MACARTHUR

(Secretary of the Women's
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A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

Lost Souls.*

I have been reading the life-story of a rich man, the president of an American railroad. It is published as a novel, and called "The Golden Ladder." But it is a true story.

How do I know it to be true? As you know a burnt-out building when you see one, or a curse when you hear it. However we may be imposed upon by the outside shows of life, and used to them, so that they seem natural, and solid, and likely to last for ever, the inside truth about them is known to be more real than they as soon as any seeing eye discerns it for us, and any skillful hand strips off the tinsel.

Margaret Potter's skill does more than that. It is greater than the surgeon's, able to divide flesh, bone, and marrow; she can show you thought and feeling.

All good novel-writers do so?

Perhaps. It depends what you mean by good. But if they tell what is called "a good story," my advice is that you should think it over before believing it—unless you are reading to be just amused. What we nowadays call good stories are planned before being written, and so the people in them have to think and feel to order. "The Golden Ladder" is different. Margaret Potter, when she began to write it, had no intention but to see how her rich man *must* think and feel if left to his career. Her simple interest, like mine as I read, was to find that out.

Others entertain, she enlightens. And I feel as if I had been present at the Last Judgment.

There is another American novel about a rich man, a novel very popular and strong—"Coniston," by Winston Churchill—the Winston Churchill.

It is humorous, which Margaret Potter's book is not. It has a fine, manly warmth. It is even romantic. And the rich man in "Coniston," though doing unscrupulous things, is quite as likeable as Margaret Potter's grim, straightforward hero.

But the moral is the same for Kildare as for Jethro Bass: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Here is a queer thing, however—a wider difference between the two books:

In "The Golden Ladder" there is a woman who climbs alongside the hero, in the same ignorant, eager, and thoughtless way. She starts young, as cunning as John Kildare is clever. Now, there is only one way for a girl to get rich quick, and the world, thank goodness, thinks it a dirty way. So there is real grit in a novel that shows how it comes to much the same thing for both of them—shows that, at any rate, what they lose is the same.

This is what the world fails to see.

* "THE GOLDEN LADDER," by Margaret Potter. (6s. Harper and Brothers.)

Kitty Clephane, a sort of Chicago Becky Sharp, the daughter of a shady boarding-house keeper, goes on the stage as a "show-girl," and is at once the mistress of a luxurious flat in New York. Some years of a fast life leave her acutely miserable; and the world says, "Of course."

John Kildare, a stockbroker's clerk, becomes a millionaire by dint of pluck, self-control, great industry, and other admired virtues. The same consequence awaits him, and the world is a little surprised to hear it. Why?

The world acts as if it were quite sure that nothing of the sort ought to happen.

Do means justify ends, then? Or do we, by any chance, consider ends too little?

Like most of us, Kildare and Kitty began to climb the ladder without considering at all. So did that tireless little shrivelled speculator Rockford Carpenter, the patron who gave Kildare his chance. (But is Rockford his real name?)

If this tremendous man was reviled by the millions, those that knew him intimately and personally knew that he was wicked not at all. Rapacity, cruelty, ruthless greed—of all these things had he been time and again accused. Of not one such trait was he really guilty. Yet his strange nature led him again and again to incur the same indignant and untruthful protests.

If Napoleon, for instance, shed the best blood of France for a mere lust of murder; if Wagner wrote his operas out of a desire to break and ruin singers' throats; if Goethe composed his poems to pay for the bottles of wine he drank—then, *then*, perhaps, Rockford Carpenter "made" money for purposes of robbery.

He did nothing of the kind. Does the end justify the means, then? Is it that way about?

None of us has the nerve to say so.

The end does not justify the means. Even if it brought happiness with success, it would not. Neither justifying the means nor justified by them, it is evidently a wrong end.

But listen, now, to the great scene where Kitty, guilty of blackmailing to save herself from poverty and the "sweat-shops," turns to bay:

"You want to know what I have made of my life. Well, then, I'll tell you, since you're not clever enough to understand such things for yourself! I tried to make of my talents—to get with mine—exactly what you wanted to do and get with yours."

"Nonsense! Kitty, what is the use of—"

"Oh, yes, you're surprised, I know. The rising young business man!—broker—millionaire—whatever he is by now, who is a self-made gentleman at thirty-five or six, whom everybody even in New York praises and admires, and invites, and asks out to dine, and flings their daughters at—oh, it's a terrible insult to name this man in the same breath with such as I, isn't it? Well, now, listen!

"We both lived in Chicago. We were both poor. Both of us were always catching glimpses of the splendid things money buys—houses, horses, clothes, diamonds, orchids, champagne, mid-winter strawberries and violets, racing automobiles, and all the servants one wanted, and all the other million things that make life a paradise for the rich"

(Kitty never knew any better to the end)—and that bring them notice, and envy, and admiration. And you know, John Kildare—she raised a slow forefinger and levelled it at him—"you know very well, John Kildare, that you wanted money just exactly as much as I did. You determined to have it. Brains and hard work!—in time everything you liked could be got by means of these. To you there were a hundred ways open. To me—as keen as you, and with even less money—how was wealth coming to me? By marriage, of course; and to a millionaire. I—"

"Then I woke up. Nowadays millionaires don't marry boarding-house girls. They buy 'em—if they are good-looking enough. That's our modern Northern slave-system. It's the slavery to the lust for unlimited gold. . . .

"It was Clare Asquith who first showed me how to get what I wanted. In my heart I was determined to play the whole game; have it all; no work, a lot of fun, and money thrown at you just for liking a good time. And oh! oh! what a fool I was! For who was the person I started with, John Kildare? Think of it! My most precious capital I flung to the winds; for I gave myself, asking nothing; and I gave myself to you! Do you think I understood, then, how precious a thing was—was—"

She choked; less with shame than with dreary misery. . . . Kildare, confounded, appalled, seemed to himself to be encircled by some whirling mist.

He was under the spell of another's point of view; and so absolutely novel was this, for him, that his personality seemed to break beneath it.

Terrible, isn't it? But don't mistake: Kildare was not so much in fault as she was, and he had twice offered her marriage. She had refused it, because he was then poor. Nor was the plight of Kitty his trouble: this came of finding out simply, as she did, that success was not life, and not worth having.

What is life? What is worth having? Whoever reads this book can be in no doubt.

Contrasted with these and other climbers of the Golden Ladder, there is a charming French family—the Briands, Emilie, Victor, and their little son—whose simple loves and joys are answer to those questions. Moreover, there is one bitter cry of Kildare's, when compelled by events and broken health to take account in the hour of his pinnacled fortunes:

"It is a cage! It is a cage we are in. . . . Trapped by our own ignorance and greed. At forty, I am old. At sixty I shall die of age and of labour; die in the fetters that I myself have rivetted on and carried through all this useless, conscienceless, despicable struggle for what I did not need and cannot use. . . . Oh, my youth! My boyhood!—pure air, green fields, diamond snowdrifts! . . . Leisure to live, to love, and to know God's fair world. That is life."

For John Kildare had been a Western farm lad, honestly born and bred.

"It is a cage we are in." Yes, and trapped by our own ignorance. Do you suppose the poor only to be slaves? They are slaves most when envying those who spend their strength for naught, as these are when they grasp it. To be free, both poor and rich must change their ideals.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

Have you a turn for self-culture? Then Mr. Arnold Bennett will tell you how to make the most of life in your own quiet way. An interesting little book issued by the New Age Press, which he calls "How to live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," must even fascinate the idlers.

BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

CHAPTER XVII.—(continued).
Playing with Fire.

Considering his odd behaviour at their last meeting, and, prior to that, his unexplained neglect of her, Barbara had resolved that he might need some coaxing not to run away from friendship.

She clasped him with two old sweet-hearts who had been equally earnest. She liked him better than both because of his greater gentleness, and it might be possible to make amends for not being herself so earnest, by lavishing kindnesses of light import. He was to reap where he had not sowed, one may say.

Sure that she might be free with him, and grateful for a sweet security, she took it as sure in the same degree that he would feel her favours as she meant them. They were to teach him not to feel too deeply—to be "sensible." So she intended. That every small caress of hand or voice or manner, every delicacy of tact, should only tell him what he stood to forfeit in accepting that sort of charity, she would have thought irrational had she known it; and on such a consequence she did not speculate. No woman who likes but does not love admits it readily.

But avoid such charity, lovers! Sooner than receive much of it, wish to be banned the dear presence with cruelty; or, if you stay, prefer to be her laughing-stock.

Barbara went upon her knees, and, pulling a cushion down from another chair, settled herself against the "fire-case."

He had not seen that easy pose till now, but he managed not to show surprise at it. He was feeling absurdly happy. He ardently desired that she should do and say everything and anything that occurred to her.

She prattled on. "The worst is those folding doors to the other room—there behind the piano. If you feel a draught come over to this side. I think I shall get her to give me that room for a bedroom, and then I can move the piano and lock the other door from the passage. It would make me so much more stylish, don't you think?"

He assented without any clear idea on the subject—except that this kind of management was Napoleonic.

"Do sit here," she said, laying her hand on the chair by her side. "I was forgetting the draughts. It is stupid to run any risks."

So he moved over and sat with his back to the window, where, as she talked, he had her face and throat rosily outlined by the frelight under an aureole that gleamed in her hair. When she changed her position slightly, to look up at him, through one diaphanous sleeve he could even see the round arm glisten.

She saw him glance at the violin-case on a music cabinet.

"I've got eight pupils," she told him, "two of them very good ones, besides those I go to see; that makes thirteen altogether, and, of course, I'm very glad of them between the concert seasons. Next year," dropping her eyes with a

little smile of grave content, "I hope to get more engagements. . . I really ought to do well, because I can practise now. I practise quite four hours a day, and I shall do more in the winter. Oh, I couldn't have gone on at all as it was; practice is everything, everything. Besides—well, it was very unpleasant."

He listened with a sudden anxiety. "I sha'n't go to see them," she said, looking steadily down at the fire, "till mother has apologised. She said an awfully cruel thing to me—to Betsy, that is, when I was bidding her good-bye. Betsy has been with us, oh, ever since I was a wee tottler and used to run downstairs in my nightgown to be dressed. I shall never tell what she said, to anyone."

After a little silence he murmured, "I'm very sorry."

Barbara put up her hand on the arm of his chair without turning her head, and he presently ventured to let his own hand close upon the delicate fingers.

"You don't think I did wrong? I put it off as long as I could; and I wouldn't quarrel about it. I'm glad I didn't answer her in any way, because I needn't let myself think about it, need I? I know she will be sorry one day, and want to make it up."

"Oh, she is sure to be."

But thereupon she drew her hand away, saying, "Here comes Mrs. Shuttlewell with the tea!"

Ridiculously confused, he darted over to the other chair as the door handle clicked. However, Barbara was unmoved, and rose with a pleasant face to see that all was as she wished it on the table. There were hot crumpets, and cold lamb, and a lobster mayonnaise, and the first mustard and cress of the year, and two jams, and a dainty show of confectionery. Over all these good things she presided with manifest pride, playing the mistress of an establishment.

Her way of doing so was graced, as if to conceal it, with a great pretence of appetite. This was diverting, as when, in the midst of conversation, she put on a best behaviour look and said very seriously, "I *sink* I shall eat a lickle piece more cumpit;" or, leaning on her elbow, held out a plate and begged, "Div me a lobster now," meaning some of the mayonnaise. When he agreed that this or that was good, she held up her chin and patted her hands together, doing something of the same kind absurdly with her feet.

"Are you paying me out for Dingley?" he asked.

"Mustn't talk about Dingley!" said Barbara, as if it were naughty; and when he had laughed he saw her blushing slightly. So he blushed too.

They talked about the extraordinary way in which they had made friends. Wasn't it funny? It felt now as if they had been friends for years, Barbara said, and it was very wrong of him not to come near her for a whole month; she thought he was a sulky.

"But you have so many friends?"

"Haven't," she wagged her head.

"Only two or three real nice ones altogether."

"There's Mr. Armitage."

Barbara still shook her head, simpering. "He's a stupid."

"And that . . . conductor."

The simper played hide-and-seek about her rosy mouth. "M—yes."

"Who besides?"

"Oh—nobody really."

With that he had one coquetting flash of her eyes. How much did her eyes say?

"Do you mean that?" he asked; and his voice shook.

"But you must be a good boy and do as I tell you," said she, mistrusting too. "Don't I?"

"Oh, yes, but—I shall be ever so nice if you do. Boys always want to be sweethearts, you know," she pleaded. "It's so silly, really, when I tell them I'm not ever going to have a sweetheart; and I like boys; girls are so—stupid; all but one or two."

He could hardly swallow the next bite of bread-and-butter.

"And you're not to run away again and leave me to be—to myself, you know, because I like to be *fussed*." She held her head on one side, and her fork stuck upright. "You're to pay me nice little attentions and not get cross."

"Dear, I *must* love you," he cried, trembling; "but if you wish it I will never tell you so. I know I am not fit to love you. I—"

"You can tell me," said she, with a gracious self-possession, "sometimes—when I want to be petted. See? But you must tell me very softly, and not be rude. Pass me some pretty cakes now."

Pursing her lips she made a show of hesitation, asking him which one to take. But he could not laugh; she made too light of his devotion as before. He watched her delicately bite the sweat-meat and munch it, letting her eyelids droop; and he was jealous even of that. But she looked sideways, and rested her glance upon him under the lashes.

"Nice," she said, ready to bite again.

"Have one. Bofe have one together." I imagine Macdonald looking somewhat grave at all this. Clearly it would not do, sir; it would never do in this world, Mr. Watson.

But by such little tricks of coquetry, because she liked him and liked his worshipping eyes upon her, Barbara tamed her new admirer. She was for holding Love at arm's length, with intent to put a chain upon him; and her trouble in life was that in the end Love would never keep a proper distance. He either beset her far too hard, or snapped the chain and went. But Love, as he came in the guise of Enoch Watson, an honest boy and rather a quiet and clumsy one, Barbara really hoped to manage.

She had rarely felt so happy. It took her back to the early days of her teens when Cousin Jack—among five or six big boys the only cousin who never kissed her but when she would—made longing eyes all day.

She began to talk about these consins, and to tell what a little madam she was among them. They were really very fond of her, especially dear cousin Jack. Poor old Jack! He bothered Uncle Bob to let him go to sea, and only last year they got news that he had been eaten by a horrible shark in Ceylon; and he looked so handsome and fearless in his middy's uniform; Barbara's eyes showed soft and moist while she talked. The others were all older than Jack; Tom and Arthur used to take her on their knees;

they were quite big men, of course, with moustaches and nasty rough chins—civil engineers; but Jack was, oh! so comically jealous. Barbara did not think there ought to be such things as sharks.

Enoch spoke up for the unhappy sailor-boy. And he ended by suggesting that it must have been all those cousins who spoiled her.

"Don't care," said Barbara, "because I like to be spoiled. I didn't have any brovers!"

She pushed her plate away, eyeing ruefully the good things on the table. "Please touch the bell for me," she said, and rose with a little sigh. And then she began to show him the portraits.

He listened eagerly, not to names or other practical details, but to the inflections of her voice, wishing to know how she felt towards this or that person. In taking up one photograph or another she sometimes touched him, or they bent their heads together. These accidents did not happen so heedlessly that Mrs. Shuttlewell could see them; but Barbara seemed unaware, and smiled upon him naturally when he asked if there were no more photographs. (By this they were alone again.)

"That's all," she answered. "Which do you like best?"

"None of them but yours."

He shot her a roguish glance and turned away, going to set her cushion afresh.

"Oh, that's quite nice," she said composedly. "But I meant of the others."

"I've forgotten them."

"Then you've no business to. All my friends!"

And she took him firmly by the elbow, turned him to the mantelpiece, and kept her hold while putting a card before him—the portrait of a young gentleman.

"Don't you think *he's* nice?"

She looked up to read his face, darted a glance full of mischief at the mirror—and met his eyes. Also she put back the photograph and said, "I sha'n't tell you anyfin about him."

"He's a sweetheart, then?"

"M—he's very fond of me."

The face was that of a man of thirty, who triumphantly stared past him out of the polished paper. With a brow low and narrow, a long nose over waxed moustaches, small eyes, and a puffy droop of the cheeks to a heavy jaw, this face was regular but dull and commonplace. Nothing but jealousy could have caused Enoch to look at it twice; but he resented the stare, and the trim way in which the fellow's hair was brushed, and a large ring upon the necktie.

Barbara, seated in the big armchair, lay back watching him. "Why did you smile?" she asked.

"Did I?"

"He is good-looking, though he knows it. That doesn't do him justice, because he has such colour, and is so big. Well?"

"Am I to tell you what I think?"

"Yes, tell me."

"You won't be offended?"

She shook her head.

"I think he must be a cad. Why does he part his hair in the middle?"

"No, I shouldn't call him a cad," said Barbara, with a reflective glance at the fire. "Oh, no, there you are mistaken. He's a little showy and fast, I

daresay; but then his people are well-to-do. His father is Mr. Tom Varley, the head partner of Kaunser Brothers—I think they're wool merchants, or something."

He could only be amazed to hear Barbara excuse what was showy and fast so charitably. And why select him out of a large acquaintance for serious discussion?

"But, of course, I don't care for him," she ended. "He's rather a bother, really."

The pale face of her new and nicer friend had touched her pity; and, with an impulse of tenderness, "Never mind the stupid photos, silly boy," she said, "Kneel down . . . here beside me."

And he understood that he was to pose himself as he had seen her do.

Blushing with pleasure, he went down clumsily, while she put a cushion against the chair-arm for his shoulder.

"Now we're good friends; tell me what you can see in the fire."

Barbara laid a hand lightly on his head an instant. Such a caress was infinitely sweet in the moment of surprise, but he found himself under a cruel tension presently, knowing the delight to be meaningless. While she talked, Barbara altered the way of his hair.

But after all, Barbara West and the creature who had torn his heart with coarse infidelities at Shepton were day and night for difference. This friendship, very candid, and coming to him quite unsought, healed indeed the wounds of that betrayal. How should he divine that, in accepting it, he gave himself to finer tortures?

She said good-bye when leaving him to dress for church. Her companion was to be Mrs. Shuttlewell.

"I thought she would like it, you know," said Barbara. "She is so sincere and kind, I believe I love her; and, poor woman, she has been unfortunate."

Enoch was sure of one thing, that he had found for his dearest friend not a girl like any other, but—an angel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Some Pains and Penalties.

In the open air, unpurposed, Enoch Watson made his way townwards, about his heart an incredible honey-sweetness.

Where was he going? He came to a stand, craving an unfrequented place in which to nurse the thought of Barbara. The stream of Sunday loungers, young people in fours abreast, strings of smaller lads or girls, occasional men of the working class, smoking, pushed by him with a vague sound of voices. He roused himself to get upon a 'bus going back into the suburbs, and left it when he found the horses turned about and the conductor saying "Terminus, sir."

He ascertained the time of the last journey into town, and understood that he had four hours to be happy in.

He was on the edge of open country, the air and sky marvellously clear as the sun fell. A little chill of regret for the pleasure surrendered touched him: then he summoned his spirit to look, as at other times, upon the beauty of a wide landscape. It was very pleasant and cool, with long shadows; but the stillness of it troubled him.

He longed unsatisfied. Along the hillside near, there was a young wood of birch and copper beech

that glowed, like a luminous veil, betwixt the sun and his eyes. He turned up a steep lane into the heart of it, feeling again the happiness, although his mind was lucid. He was thinking of Barbara's fun; and he laughed softly, with bright eyes, because it was too naive to hide her liking. The tokens of her liking—that vivid flash across the table from eyes that were demure, her pretty confidences, the overwhelming favours bestowed so lightly, her wariness even—went through his mind flitting, like merry faces seen by instants in a dance.

He lay down among shoots of bracken on a bank, looking up through the tree-tops.

There was a singing bird behind his head somewhere, and one that answered it with a full throat out of the aisles and galleries of the wood. Enoch breathed the earthy and moist air, listening, and fell into a reverie.

He was imagining Barbara seated by him. She would sit so that he saw her face in something less than profile, just the coral ear and the apple-rounded cheek, and talk wisely about her affairs, and consult his eyes now and then with a drooping glance out of the little hollowed corner of hers.

If he dared but touch the cheek with his lips!

The reverie quickened, so that the answering throble dragged its song with a weeping note. Would she be so angry? If he did kiss her, oh, she must know—she must know that he meant it fairly.

He might have done it when he said good-bye! For she had seemed to smile as the time came; did a tell-tale flickering glance at last invite him? He was half sure: the image of this latent smile of hers, an almost imperceptible ripple upon ruby lips (her eyelids veiled the roguish meaning) was so persuasive. Was it indeed a smile, or the kiss itself, that trembled there?

The remorse of a lost occasion bit sharply; he perceived, with a sudden ache of the wound, that all content was gone.

Conscience then had something more to cope with. For common sense took sides with passion, instructing him once again to resent being played with.

It is true that neither common sense nor conscience can fight in good order—can even fight at all intelligibly—with passion in the field. He did not rise to the height of "All or nothing; my wife, or not mine at all." His idea was that he suffered because she would not trust him; therefore, simply, she was heartless—and he had been too kind.

Why? She knew what he felt: why had he submitted? It was honourable to treat her gently; but, proud of having done this, he chafed against the pains of self-denial!

Proud, yes, and sure of his honesty in time to come. But had she not taken his mastery of self, his quietness in every sorry transport, as a simple matter of course—presumed upon it pleasantly? Pity at length for his hopeless case "was like a penknife in his heart," and so he turned upon his face in the bracken. . .

Self-pity is a too delicious woe. It abandons all, preposterously, to the original sweet despair of childhood that hugs a wrong without appeal. Our hero thought no more of his virtue. He was the voluptuous martyr simply, Barbara the executioner, though he loved her. . .

(To be continued.)

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THE WOMAN WORKER.

AUGUST 7, 1908.

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The Last Word.

The House of Lords did its best to wreck the Old Glass House. Age Pensions Bill, and everyone will rejoice that its amendments were ruled out of order by the House of Commons. Lord Cromer has to be taught that the high-handed methods which may pass muster in Egypt will not be tolerated here. One would hardly have expected the Lords to throw down the gage of battle on this issue. There is an old adage which they might well have remembered. Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. If a pensioned Speaker is entitled to his £4,000 a year, shall a worn-out worker be deprived of his five shillings a week?

Everyone was particularly solemn—no peer was guilty of a smile, unless in his sleeve—when Lord Cromer pictured the ruin and degradation that would follow in the wake of a meagre pension to the aged poor. Were the noble lord's remarks based on his own personal experience, I wonder. If five shillings a week will so deeply degrade the recipient, what must be the depth of degradation involved by Lord Cromer's own State subsidy of £50,000?

The quadriennial conference of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors and Tailoresses began its sittings on Tuesday last, and I trust will come to wise decisions in respect of the important questions on its agenda paper. I notice with especial satisfaction that the attitude of the A.S.T. to workers employed on "sub-divisional" tailoring is to be argued. For this all

too tardy attention to a question of the first importance to the tailors' organisations let us give thanks.

Heads in the Sand. Hitherto the conduct of the A.S.T. in this connection has been neither statesmanlike nor heroic. "Sub-divisional" methods spell cheapness, but they have no necessary connection with sweating. For my own part I love good craftsmanship sufficiently to wish that the old system might prevail, and that we might all wear garments fashioned by the deft master-hand of the journeyman. But ours is a world of poor men and women. Surely the A.S.T. do not contend that such should go unclothed.

The Order Change. Practically all men's cheap clothing is made by sub-divisional methods, which let in large numbers of girl and lesser skilled workers, to whom fall such tasks as baisting, &c. The organised tailors must now decide whether this throng of workers shall be recognised and helped, or whether, "tilting its noble nose in scorn," the A.S.T. shall continue to declare sub-divisional workers are not tailors, and as such leave them to compete madly with one another and to progressively lower the already desperately bad conditions that obtain in branches of the tailoring industry. At present upwards of 80 per cent. of Army and other service clothing is made on the sub-divisional plan.

The workers are arranged in teams of about a dozen people, of whom some two or three will be A.S.T. members, and receive the rate of payment fixed by the Society. All the others will be unorganised and become the easy prey of the sweating contractor, who will plead that for the girl workers no standard rate exists, and that he complies with the fair contracts clause by paying standard rates to the few workers who are "A.S.T." and for whom definite rates are fixed. The tailors will help themselves and all of us by recognising that here is a situation with which they must deal. I hope they will deal with it at once and in statesmanlike way, and I wish their Conference all success.

An Important Bill. Notice was given of a very important Government Bill on the closing day of the Session. It is introduced by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and proposes to prohibit the use of white phosphorus in the making of matches in this country.

It will be remembered that some time ago the British Government refused to sign an International Treaty on this subject in spite of the fact that other European nations had agreed to make the use of white phosphorus in the matchmaking industry illegal.

The Right Protection. The introduction of the Bill is the result of the persistent agitation for many years of the Women's Trade Union League and the British Association for Labour Legislation.

All who know anything of the disease of necrosis of the jaw, or, as it is

commonly called "phossy jaw," will rejoice at the prospect of its disappearance.

A very significant clause in the Bill forbids the sale of matches containing the poisonous compound. This is protection of the right kind.
How long must we wait before the use of lead in the glazing of china is likewise forbidden?

Rose-Tinted Views. The report of the conference held by the United Textile Factory Workers' Association in Manchester last week will make strange reading for people holding the odd notion that life for textile operatives in mills and factories is cast in pleasant places. There are those who seem to regard the spinners, weavers, and card-room workers as well-paid aristocrats of labour, without hardships or grievances. Any such rose-tinted view will be dispelled by a study of their proceedings.

The Price of Commercial Prosperity. In giving his Parliamentary Report, Mr. A. H. Gill, M.P., referred to the alarming increase in the number of accidents.

Last year 3,948 accidents in the cotton trades were reported to the certifying surgeon, as compared with 2,995 the preceding year.

Mr. Gill also pointed out that, according to the statistics of the Factory Inspectors' Report for 1907, every working day last year four hundred people were on an average injured and four were killed. Truly we pay a high price for our commercial prosperity!

Dividend or Life. Mr. James Crinion, of the Card and Blowing Room Operatives Amalgamation, raised the question of dust in card-rooms. Owing to the changes that are taking place in machinery this evil increases, and many workers fall victims to phthisis and chest complaints. "Men were sometimes compelled to give up their employment after only six or seven years' service as strippers or grinders, and it was seldom that amongst this class of operative a man above the age of forty was to be found." Mr. Crinion showed that there was an apparatus already on the market which, at a cost of £200 for a large mill, would to all intents and purposes abolish the dust evil. Which is more important—dividend or life?

A Step Forward. Resolutions were carried indicating the dangers of crowded machinery, condemning fines and time-cribbing, and urging increased factory inspectors, "some of the additional number to be chosen from the working class." The most important feature of the Conference, however, was its decision, by 186 votes to 27, to advocate the abolition of half-timers up to the age of thirteen years. This is at least a step forward. The child labour of Lancashire has been too long a blot upon our national life.

Barmaids. In last week's issue Miss Bondfield returns to the attack upon the employment of women as barmaids. Summarised, her position is: (1) That women are employed in bars because of sex attraction.

(2) That excessive drinking fosters sexual excitement.
(3) That to stop the supply of barmaids would enhance the commercial value of those already employed.

The Point of Fact. Of given cases Miss Bondfield's first contention may hold good. As a general statement it seems, at the least, disputable. Surely it is a fact that men in the mass drink to quench their thirst rather than to win the favour of the lady who presides over their libations. Were it not so, surely every publican would wish to put women behind his bar. Instead of which the employment of men in public-houses is increasing, and I am told that in the busiest bars men more and more tend to be employed. In my view the employment of men, even when ample allowance is made for sex attraction, has advantages which, other things equal, would give them almost a monopoly of bar employment; but, alas! Other things are not equal. Women prevail not through sex attraction, but through commercial attraction. The publican, like the rest of us, hastens to the cheapest market.

Why Would Value be Raised? In making point three Miss Bondfield has, I think, forgotten point one. As she has already laid it down that women are employed behind bars because of sex attractiveness, it follows that an enhancement of commercial value must mean an enhancement of this attractiveness—that the remaining barmaids must become attractive to more men. To cut off the supply of barmaids, then, would increase the commercial value of those already in public-houses by increasing the terrible risks to which they are exposed!

Note, also, that if women are to be debarred from public-house employment because of their sex attraction being a factor in their employment, they must also be debarred from music-hall and stage activity. The argument might be used with equal logic against restaurant waitresses or tobacconists' assistants.

Apart from all this, what of the girls who might become barmaids, and will find that avenue of employment closed to them? Will they be in greater or less risk in consequence?

Sweating at the Franco-British. A letter issued some days ago from the Women's Industrial Council rightly called attention to the long hours worked by certain of the girls employed at the Exhibition. But it is not merely long hours that are to be complained of. In certain sections of the Exhibition the girl stall-holders are very badly paid. In one the girls are getting 5s. per week, a sum out of which it is impossible that they should find even adequate food for themselves. Are such girls really in better case than the comparatively well-paid bar-women?

A Minimum Wage for Actors. In an interesting article by Miss Daisy Halling and the Hon. Chas. Lister, the current "Socialist Review" gives figures of the payment of actors that to many will seem astounding.

Leaving out the best class of touring companies, in which salaries will vary from £5 to £12 weekly, wages in a lower class sink to £2 or 30s., and in the worst case, that of companies touring in poor quality melodrama, to £1. Nor even at this pitiable pay is there continuous employment. The actor has a long "off" season, which brings his average wage down to vanishing point, and makes one wonder why he does not fly such bitter service. The writers of the article urge the fixing of a minimum wage of £2—surely a very modest stipend—and think this would serve, among other good results, to drive from the stage the stage-struck half-amateur person who now works for little wage or none, and crowds out the needy professional.

"Pocket Money" Actors. This half-amateur person, by the way, is more numerous than is supposed, and the result of the establishment of many "schools of acting" is his multiplication. A well-known London actor-manager has special responsibility in this connection. Recently he started an academy for acting, and I hear that the competition of his "swell" pupils has directly affected a number of very competent performers who are now out of engagements. A minimum wage would give the advantage again to competence, and eliminate the trifler and the fop.

A letter is published in another column from Messrs. Gush, Phillips, Walters and Williams, on behalf of their clients, Messrs. Reeves and Sons, Ltd., Dalston, in which exception is taken to my comment some weeks ago on the consumption compensation case. My remarks were based on a report in a daily newspaper, and I regret to have quoted an inaccurate account of the case. It is quite clear that the allegations made on behalf of the plaintiff were not proved.

At the same time, there is nothing in the letter from Messrs. Gush, Phillips, Walters and Williams which alters my opinion that consumption ought to be included among the diseases of occupation scheduled in the Workmen's Compensation Act.

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

THE HIGHEST CIVILISATION.

It does seem strange that in a country boasting of the highest example of civilisation in the world that we cannot spin cops, weave cloth, fashion pots, make clothes, manufacture food and boots and tobacco and shirts and buttons and books and pins and artificial flowers and hats and laces and blouses, and a host of other things, without so much human sacrifice, without so much human degradation, without so much that is destructive of nearly all that is best and greatest in life.—"Co-operative News."

THE SKITTLES INN, LETCHEWORTH.

FELLOWSHIP. REST.
RECREATION. SUSTENANCE.
MEALS. No Intoxicants Sold. GAMES.

OUR PRIZE PAGE.

Mother on the Woolsack.

GOLDEN MOMENTS.

We all have them. Some to-day and some to-morrow. You may have yours more frequently than we have ours. Or you may, perchance, have them less frequently. It is given to some of us to have them all in a bunch, like a badly-made cake with the currants in one corner. It may be at the beginning of life, or at the end; in either case it is an unsatisfactory arrangement, and one to be avoided if possible.

What we want, of course, is to have them at respectable intervals. Not too often to become bored with them, and not, on the other hand, so seldom as to make them unrecognisable when they come across our path.

"When what comes? We all have what?" you ask. Why—

A Five-pound Note!

Of course, we have already admitted it, such wealth is sometimes of an erratic nature, and a few of us—we sincerely hope we are in the minority—are liable to pass many weary weeks and sometimes even months without experiencing the delicious sensation of caressing a crisp and fairy-like Bank of England note.

But we all can dream. Ah! How we can dream when we have a golden pillow. To what flights of poetry do we soar when money is the "legger up!"

Climb ye, then, all ye brave women workers. Climb and tell us what ye would do did an appreciative country suddenly endow you with a five pound note. And to help you in your descent to earth again we will present the best climber with one guinea from our own coffers.

Address your efforts to the Prize Editor, THE WOMAN WORKER, Utopia Press, Worship Street, and let them reach us by Wednesday morning.

Climb, and fear not!

WOMEN ORATORS.

Disraeli, history tells us, did not galvanise an assembled House with admiration at his first flight into oratory under the shadow of Big Ben. But, then, Disraeli was a man, and how can a man expect to shine in a maiden speech?

It will take a woman to do that. And we shall do it, as this competition for one thing shows.

Let the Lords of Creation read, take note of, and reverently study the oratorical effusions here set before them, and hide their diminished heads.

One Guinea is awarded to Mrs. E. Craddock, for

THE PRIZE SPEECH.

Brother Workers!! (Sensation).—At this critical juncture of our country's history, when the voice of the nation has declared it to be wise for woman to share in her councils, may I—as a woman so honoured—be permitted to express very briefly what I understand woman's share to be?

Not to supplant, not to dominate, not even to emulate, the tortuous intellectual methods of our brother workers. Rather

would we endeavour to represent the Heart of the Empire, and, by singleness of purpose and close fidelity to the needs of our constituents, justify somewhat the hopes and aspirations of those who send us here.

Fearless and intrepid we must needs be! Watchful, too, and alert to seize upon the psychological moment for solving the difficult problems that confront us. But non-aggressive, except when flagrant injustice flaunts her brazen face.

Then, perforce, we must assume and persistently maintain a fighting attitude until the evil disappears. Outside this House woman has pluckily handled the plough. Inside, the harrow may be needed. Let us hope without any harrowing scenes.

Gentlemen, I thank you for extending to me the characteristic of the high-bred Englishman—courtesy!

Mrs. E. CRADDOCK, Chauston, St. Noets.

Child Labour.

Mr. Speaker, Sir.—A woman can make no higher appeal to the State than a plea for the consideration of the welfare of the children; and the proposal that I bring before you to-night, namely, the abolition of the employment of all children under fourteen years of age, must gain the sympathy of all right-thinking Englishmen and Englishwomen.

The employment of children in the factory and workshop is degrading both morally and physically. In the piece-work at home, such as book-carding and shoe-binding, babies of four and five years of age are set to work, and help earn the family's daily bread. Little children robbed of their birthright, freedom and joyousness.

On economic grounds child labour is wrong and costly to the State. These children become stunted in their growth and mental development, thus lowering the standard of life, and later on, instead of becoming good, capable citizens, fill our hospitals and workhouses.

The Government quibbles over an education Bill, an education that the poor, sweated, under-fed little half-timers are too weak and tired to assimilate. All advanced-thinking men and women are becoming more aware that it is to the coming generations we must look for realisation of that dream of a happy, contented people, and over and over again it has been said that the child is the State's most valuable asset. Yet in this mad, competitive world we find men destroying that which is most valuable to the future of the race.

With these few words I beg to propose the Bill standing in my name.

D. MILDRED HICKMORE, Queen Bertha Road, Ramsgate.

Face Facts.

We represent the United Kingdom. We are tools to bring about changes which affect every man, woman, and child in the land. Let those changes be aimed at the root of evils instead of patching on old laws and systems.

Here we are; the world is watching our doings. We see evils which can be lessened. Yea, stopped! There are men out of work. Women are leading immoral lives. Children are neglected.

By God's help and guidance we will study and reflect upon the causes of these wrongs. Honestly and truthfully let us face plain realities.

How dare we tolerate laws to punish beggars? Tories, Liberals, Labour members, Socialists, whatever term we claim, we are still mere human beings: Let us attend to changes which will insure that no man is unemployed.

Let us examine our individual position toward our fellow-creatures. Let us, who

have the power, give the land and its contents, of which no man on earth owns a grain rightfully, to the people.

Then we shall be the wisest, wealthiest, and most Christian nation which has been on earth. Let us treat the people as we find them. Let us give all men the chance to work honestly.

FLORENCE PRIESTMAN, 10, Hardingswood, Kids-grove, Staffs.

Patrick in the Chair.

My hon. friend, the member for West M., has spoken eloquently in favour of Home Rule, but equally eloquent speeches have produced little result. I would suggest to Irish members that plans for the better government of their country could be efficiently carried out if one of these gentlemen occupied a stronger position in this House.

If the Irish Party desires practical influence in affairs of State, let it study the general history of Britain with an impartial mind, instead of confining itself—parochially—to its own small, though beautiful, portion of our Empire. Let it aspire to the great offices of the Crown, and then, inevitably, one of its brilliant members will at times lead our political world. With Mr. John Redmond, for instance, as First Minister of State, Ireland would be in sight of her ideal. In this way only can she reach it.

We have men of the talented Celtic nation in the highest positions in the Army, the Navy, and other departments of the State. Why should we not see one in the highest position in the House of Commons? Why should we not have an Irish Prime Minister of England?

Mrs. ALICE E. BURTON, 15, Upper Newington, Liverpool.

Room for Both.

Mr. Speaker, Ladies, Gentlemen.—To-day we realise we are in possession of that for which we have long been striving—the power, the privilege, the right to share in the legislation and the government of our country. We have been falsely charged with the desire to oust man altogether from the government of the land. Such is not the case, for we fully realise the benefit and need of man's voice. But he should not reign supreme.

Our desire is to work side by side with men. With men only in power one side only is represented. The ideas of thoughtful, earnest women are necessary for the welfare and the perfect legislation of a nation. Men cannot legislate absolutely and fairly for women. Women cannot legislate absolutely and fairly for men. The two sexes must work together, each giving freely of their best.

Our programme is full. I cannot now detail it, but some of the pressing needs with which we women hope to deal are:—The removal of sex disability. Better-built and more convenient houses. Fixed hours of labour, and a fair rate of wages. (For the same work the same wage, whether man or woman.)

Ample time for recreation for all. A chance of work—therefore a chance of hope and life—for all.

A pure milk supply.

The proper control and inspection of all food supplies.

The feeding of hungry children.

In all these things, an many more not now mentioned, we intend to see a vast improvement, and that ere long.

FANNY ALLEE, Stechford, Birmingham.

NOTICE.

The Editor and some members of the staff of THE WOMAN WORKER will be glad to meet friends interested in making the paper more widely known, at Club Union Buildings (next door to Holborn Town Hall), Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C., on Wednesday, August 12, at 8 p.m., when it is proposed to form a London WOMAN WORKER Circulation Committee.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The publication of letters in this column is not to be understood as implying that the Editor is in sympathy with what may be said by the writers.

Letters are most likely to obtain publication when brief.

** Personal and sharply controversial letters can rarely be inserted. They lead to long replies and rejoinders, for which we cannot spare the space.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. N. (Leeds).—Your verses show good promise. If it pleases you to make them, take pains; one day you will say something poignantly and well.

Mrs. F. (Sheffield).—An excellent suggestion, which we shall keep in mind.

M. A. T.—It may be some time before the stories get their chance. We hope you don't mind.

L. U. (Leeds).—Thanks for the Bradford news (it cheered us mightily), and for all you are doing.

L. M. PRICE.—The tone of your letter surprises us. It is not the fault of the writer that the places are not blacklisted. She is only too anxious that they should be. We must—much against our wills sometimes—remember that, according to the law, the truth of an allegation doesn't prevent its being libellous. We are at present investigating a mass of evidence on this subject.

G. S. MCCREATH.—Thank you. Letters like yours cheer us on our way.

T. J. STOKOE.—R. Denham and Co., Blackburn.

E. P.—Sorry; we fear there are no such books at present. Perhaps the "Young Socialist," one penny monthly, might be of use to you. We should advise a wise selection of Dickens, Hans Andersen, &c. Edith Carrington's nature books are good.

J. TUFFMAN.—Yes, the translation is being considered.

W. H. B.—Ah, wait!

DAVID MCCONNELL.—Thank you. Sorry we mixed you up with someone else. Remember we receive hundreds of epistles every week.

MARGARET MACKENZIE.—Thanks for your splendid letter. You have grit. The Editor spent her childhood in Kilmacdonagh! Specimens sent for distribution, also free copies, to your friends.

Mrs. WEBB (Stockport).—Thank you. Parcel of specimens sent. You can get copies for sale on wholesale terms by applying to Manager, Utopia Press, Worship Street, London, E.C.

F. SADBOROUGH.—Thanks. We are adding your name to our Volunteer Brigade. Be sure to attend our W. W. Meeting at Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, at 8 p.m.

A. BELL (Perth).—Well done! A thousand thanks.

J. J. HILL (Oxford).—Very sorry. We have no money available to spend in the way suggested. We must depend on voluntary help.

Bacteria in Brushes: A Correction.

Dear Madam.—We have been consulted by our clients, Messrs. Reeves and Sons, Limited, of Ashwin Street, Dalston, with reference to a leading paragraph appearing in the issue of THE WOMAN WORKER of the 17th inst. This paragraph contains most misleading and inaccurate statements having reference to an action heard before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury, in which our clients were sued by one of their late employees, and as these statements are likely to cause serious injury to our clients' business and reputation, we must ask you to publish this letter, which contains the true facts of the case. The paragraph complained of, although not mentioning the name of our clients, yet with the very full publicity which has been given to the action, must be well known as having reference to them.

The plaintiff's claim was not brought under the Employers' Liability Act, or indeed under any Act, so that our clients did not succeed upon any legal technicality, as your report might infer. The plaintiff did not contract the disease of consumption in our clients' works, and the jury were satisfied upon this point, and stopped the case after hearing all the evidence called on the plaintiff's behalf. Furthermore, it transpired in the course of

the case that a sister of the plaintiff died of advanced phthisis some years previous to his development of the disease.

There was no evidence called to show that "the throw outs are cast with other refuse on the floors of German workshops, and are afterwards swept up and sent to brush-makers," as alleged. On the contrary, the evidence obtained by our clients from Germany (a copy of which had been furnished to the plaintiff before the trial) showed that the "throw-outs" were not swept up off the floors, and do not contain refuse. As a matter of fact, the plaintiff's own medical expert admitted in cross-examination that the processes to which the hair is subjected in our clients' works would be sufficient to kill tubercle germs (if any) in the hair. These processes would have been proved by our clients' experts if the jury had not stopped the case, and these experts in this country, who has subjected the hair to well-known tests without finding any trace of tubercle. It was, furthermore, no part of the plaintiff's duty as one of our clients' foremen, as your paragraph most erroneously states, to cut off the hairs and moisten them with his lips.—We are your obedient servants.

GUSH, PHILLIPS, WALTERS, AND WILLIAMS.
3, Finsbury Circus, London, E.C.

Men and the Women's Cause.

As I gather there is some misunderstanding in the outside world as to my letter of 24th ult., I shall be glad to be allowed to say (what, by the by, I thought was plain enough in my letter) that my remarks more especially dealt with the Adult Suffrage men and Labour Members.

The Adult Suffrage Society, I presume, includes numbers of men, for if it only included women it would be the Women's Adult Suffrage Society. Therefore I wish to ask what the Adult Suffrage men are doing to advance the cause of Women's Suffrage. That they pass academic resolutions I know. But what else do they do?

We know that the Suffrage Bill is to be on Democratic lines, and I ask how can democrats stand the idea of the women's fight benefiting them as it has done, and will do, without their standing up for the women's cause actively and militantly.

It is the pioneers who suffer, and through whose efforts the way is paved for future comers. For the men (Adult Suffrage men) to stand by and see the women fight a suffrage battle which they (the men) know will benefit them is not a brave thing to do.

The Adult Suffrage men could have made their own position perfectly plain by saying: "We stand for Adult Suffrage for both sexes, and therefore we will stand by the women pioneers and help them; we will not let them fight an unequal fight alone, for we know we men must benefit by the women's action."

NEXT WEEK.

IMPORTANT NEW SERIES.

PUBLIC MEN

By

Public Women.

FIRST ARTICLE:

MR. JOHN BURNS.

Reply to Julia Dawson,

By

Teresa Billington Greig.

It would have been a magnificent position! They would have got the women on their side, and their cause would have received an enormous impetus. They would have got from women gratitude, respect, and acknowledgement of a high altitude of mind and thought! Now the cause is nearly won, and the result is to be on democratic lines, probably Adult Suffrage, or near it. But it will not have been gained by Adult Suffragist men, but through the women, for whom they have done nothing.

"Let him bear the palm who merits it."—

Yours truly,
MARIANNE DALE,
60, Onslow Gardens, S.W.

How to Push the Paper.

Dear Comrade.—Some weeks ago I sent you an order for one dozen copies weekly of your paper, and I was under the impression that those who volunteered to distribute them would be prepared to distribute as many as we could get orders for. I am now given to understand that they are finding it too much work, so I have compromised with them.

Our method in the future is to get one dozen copies weekly and try to get fresh readers. Every time we get one we shall ask the oldest of our readers to get his or her copy from their newsagent; so you see the second scheme is much better than the first. The newsagent will be encouraged to stock and push the paper for his own benefit.

I am sure that the circulation of all the Socialist papers could be increased by this method, as there are small branches in the movement who could then procure copies, make sure of their sale, and still help in raising the circulation.—Ever for Socialism,
M. LEACH,
2, Woodbine Passage, Littleborough.

The Suffrage.

Dear Madam.—It has been a great pleasure to me to read week by week in THE WOMAN WORKER so many interesting articles concerning "Votes for Women," especially those relating to the so-called militant Suffragettes, such as Mrs. Despard, Miss C. Pankhurst, and Mrs. Billington-Greig. Such interesting information and descriptions as the articles contain should do much to dispel the ignorance and indifference that still exist in connection with the subject of Women's Suffrage.

It will perhaps be well for those who are seriously interested in the agitation for the political enfranchisement of women to remember that many members of the W. S. and P. U. have done much more than spend large sums of money on demonstrations. There are also the weeks and months of imprisonment that many have suffered and still suffer.

It is amazing to me that any one who is not dominated by prejudice, or masculine presumption, should fail to see the shameful injustice with which women are treated as compared with men, in almost every circumstance of life in which comparison can be made. How confound the claims of women to political recognition with the property, qualification? It is as if they wished to continue the old association of women with property, and failed to distinguish themselves as human beings.

Personally, I am convinced that "Votes for Women" is the best half of Socialism, whatever may be the opinion of those who are devoted to "something infinitely greater than the machinery of politics."—Yours sincerely,
B. SPENCER.

Brixton, S.W.

Practical.

Dear Miss Macarthur.—When THE WOMAN WORKER was a monthly paper I had much difficulty in getting it. Now I have given the order at a newsagent's, and get my paper regularly.

I am about to leave town for a long period. Well, I have got my landlady to take over my paper, so there is one more regular subscriber for you. And I shall try to get the newsagent in the town where I am going—Sevenoaks—to show my copy and a contents bill every week.—Yours truly,
(Miss) EMMA TAYLOR.

3, Goldney Road, Elgin Avenue.

THE GORGON'S HEAD.

I have seen that in the great cities of this great country, look you, which breeds no mirth. I have seen Medusa's head: and still the horrid face will push itself 'twixt me and my pleasure, so that too often I am as ill beset as Macbeth at the banquet, and by the ghosts of men not of my slaying. Moreover, sorrow, besides that it doth haunt one, hath also the effect of sharpening the eyes to sorrow. Just as the artist discerns beauty where others are blind to it, so does the eye inured to misery discern ugliness—moral or physical—where to the careless gaze is naught amiss.

As thus. I met a woman in the street one night. She was ragged, dirty, unkempt; her hair hanging over her blurred eyes, her shawl trailing in the mire; and as she reeled along, she hiccupped a snatch of some lewd song.

And even as she passed me by a couple of spruce young men glanced at her and—laughed.

They were Merry-hearts, those two boys. Sorrow had not taught them to see nor age to think. To them she was a drunken, vile old woman, and, therefore—comic. Indeed, her grimaces were uncouth enough, her efforts at song were most grotesque. But to me here was no food for merriment, not even for mockery. For, being, as I am, a sad-hearted churl, my eyes were open.

They were open, and, in the blotched face and staggering figure, in the weak gait and uncertain gesture, they read, as plainly as it had been written in a

book, the whole of that poor creature's shameful history. Truly, it was there to see; and I saw it.

I saw her babyhood of the gutter, her girlhood of the stews, her womanhood of the streets. I saw the vile orgie in the hellish gin-shop: the brutal man, the blow, the fall! I heard the curses and the ribaldry, the moans and sobs and hysterical yells. I saw the policeman, the cells, the court, the gaol. I saw also the stained and battered and defiled wreck of a fellow-creature they had made. All this I saw, and the sight gave me no content.

But, now, my cheerful friends: if you had a sister, and she fell into evil ways; if you had a daughter, and she were dragged down into the very pit of hell; if you loved a young and pretty creature, and she were betrayed and ruined and deserted; if, in the course of many weary years, you and that fallen woman met, and you found her a debased and hideous hag—drunken and filthy, foul of life and language, disgraced and not ashamed, which side of the picture would you look upon, the bright side or the dark? And would you laugh with the shallow youngsters of the Casino, or shudder and hang your head with me?

It seems to depend, in cases of this sort, whether you think of what you see; whether you make use of what you know; whether you have sympathy enough to be melancholy, or only folly enough to make sport.—*Il Penseroso.*

I labour and you get the pearl.—Talmud.

ART IN MODERN LIFE.

The promoters of the International Art Congress can be congratulated on the clearness with which they have seized one important principle and the energy with which they have proclaimed it abroad. For them art is not extraneous decoration, a fringe, so to speak, on the edge of life. It is an essential and organic part of life itself, a clasp that holds together the emotions and interests that vivify existence. Mr. J. C. Horsfall, of Manchester, spoke of the deterioration of artistic feeling in great manufacturing centres, which, he urged, could only be combated by social reforms that would place the means of a full and satisfactory existence within the reach of all citizens.

Art is not really assisted by profuse expenditure; indeed, by that means it is more commonly degraded, as is shown by much of our current literature and painting. Nor can it be inspired by such wholly artificial means as museums and elaborate instruction, though doubtless these have their own uses. A new dawn of art will only come when the hurry and confusion and false standards of overgrown commercialism are held in check by wise social laws. Then great masses of our population will know once more leisure and beauty and joy, and we may perhaps see the re-emergence of an artistic sense in our people, as instinctive as that of the middle ages or of the Japanese.—*Daily News.*

CONCERNING "CLARA."

By A. Neil Lyons.

This is to introduce the reader to a very charming friend of mine—a lady. She is to be met with usually on Ludgate Hill, and all who have pennies to spare may buy matches from her, or violets, or the counterfeit of a Royal baby sculptured in soap. She will answer to the name of Clara.

You will recognise Clara by her hair, which is red, and by her freckles, and by her very yellow boots. Clara has also a mothering bosom, and Irish eyes, and an invigorating smile. Likewise she possesses some aptness in speech, and she will tell you your fortune (a very good one, too) for threepence. And her boots—did I mention them?—are the yellowest in London.

She is favourably regarded by one of my very best friends, a gentleman named Arthur, who keeps a coffee-stall in the south-western corner of London, where there are tram lines.

I was drinking coffee at Clara's charge only the other night. For Clara, who is a slave to the betting habit, had won fourteen shillings and sixpence from a Grand National sweepstakes; and, as Clara herself expressed it, "there ain't no Scotchman in her veins." "We'll do it in together, lads," said Clara; and, like true-hearted Britons, who could appreciate a successful sportsman when we met one, we did it.

But before this pleasing festival took place I had already met with Clara upon the silent road between the tram-lines which led to Arthur's stall. I knew that she was Clara, even when we were separated by many yards of darkness. For the glow of the street-lamps reflected itself upon her yellow boots; so that those brilliant objects gleamed and twinkled in the ofing, like giant fireflies with the jaundice.

And presently the fireflies stopped in their flight and came to a standstill beneath a lamp-post by the kerbstone. And when, in the course of nature, I had arrived at this lamp-post, I perceived that Clara was holding discourse with a stranger.

The stranger was feminine, and she sat, or rather sprawled, upon the kerbstone, nursing her baby in what appeared to be a limp and inexperienced manner, and crying peevishly. And Clara, with arms akimbo, was puffing at a cigarette and offering her the comforts of exhortation.

"Be rational," Clara was saying. "Actin' loony won't 'elp ye."

The woman crept closer to the kerbstone, and threw out her free arm wildly.

"Learnin' to swim, my love?" demanded Clara. A prolonged gurgle came from the stranger.

Then Clara stooped down and shook the woman. "Sit up an' be rational!" she commanded, in an authoritative voice. "Think as you're the *only* gal as 'ad to lie lonely wiv 'er first one! Think yeself lucky, ye should. S'pose 'e did come back to ye—there'd on'y be two on 'em to help instead o' one. I know 'em—the pleadin' frauds."

At this the woman raised herself and looked up stupidly and spoke. She had a countrified utterance. "Ma mahn be

are reight," said the woman. "On'y—on'y, ye see, he—he be a soldier."

"Ho," responded Clara. "He be a sodger, bees 'e? Brave lad. Takin' care of England down in Chelsea, I s'pose? Couldn't expect a 'ero like what 'e is to do the *two* strings, could you—look after England and 'is lawful leavin's. 'Ow old do ye call that lot?"

"Se'n weeks," said the woman. "Ow long ye left the Union?"

The woman's stupid face grew stupider. "What you want plague me for?" she said. "Oi never toold yew 'bout no Unions."

"Seed it on the noos bills," said Clara. "You be plaguin' me," the woman cried, and she sunk down once more upon the kerbstone.

"That's right, ole dear," observed Clara. "Ave another swimmin' lesson—*do!*" With this she threw her cigarette away and seized the woman's shoulders and dragged her back again into a squatting posture. Also, she dispossessed the woman of her baby, and, holding that infant before her, examined it with a critical and deprecatory eye.

"What do you feed it on?" demanded Clara.

"Eh?" queried the countrywoman, gaping in her stupid way.

"What you feed it on?"

"Me!" said the countrywoman. She blushed a little as she spoke—it was as though the ghost of her maidenhood peeped forth for a moment from behind the veil of eighteen-year-old maturity.

"Wonder the boy ain't bilious," was Clara's comment—"a 'earty' young mother like you. What you call 'im?"

"You be plaguin' me," reiterated the woman. "Oh, pray, and oh, dear!" she moaned. "If on'y Oi could get away from this big London!"

"Big London don't want you," was Clara's comforting assurance. "Nuff idiots up 'ere already. What you call the boy?"

"It's a gel," replied the countrywoman. "I calls 'er Ann."

"An' daddy," pursued Clara, "is in the army?"

"Yes," the woman answered. "Oh, pray," she moaned, sprawling once more upon the kerbstone—"If on'y Oi was quit of this big London."

"My man," explained Clara, with an air not wholly unsuggestive of triumph, "is in quod."

"Ye be plaguin' me," moaned the countrywoman; then, as she looked up, "What be you after with moi baby?"

"Your baby," responded Clara, tugging at her bodice buttons, "is 'avin' one along of Alfy."

"But—"

"Not a word, ole dear," said Clara. "I don't begrudge it. No more don't Alf. There'll be plenty over for the little pleader when I gets 'ome."

"Oi thank ye kindly," said the countrywoman.

"Not a word," repeated Clara. "There's nothing Scotch about my Alf. This is along of 'im. Ann is the first young lady ever 'e stood treat to, but I'm laying long odds as she won't be the last! . . . Ann seems eager as you might say."

Again the countrywoman blushed. "It is this big London," she explained. "Some'ow, Oi don't seem—Oi can't—"

"Not a word, my precious. I twig, same's my old mother—good incubator, but a bad cow. She was country-born, my mother was. I'm a London gel, myself. We don't 'ave no droughts in London. And now," she concluded, "you'd best catch 'old of Ann. Ann's 'fup."

So Ann changed hands, and with her something which jingled like money. At this I discovered myself, but Clara waived me back into obscurity.

"I've give 'er 'arf a dollar," she explained.

"But why?" expostulated your servant. "Am I not a member of the ruling classes, having wealth and beeves and tenements—in Spain?"

"Maybe," replied Clara. "But you ain't won no sweepstakes. This is my call."

"God bless ye, ma'm," cried the countrywoman, rising from her kerbstone, as we turned to go. "Oi woun't never forget ye, ma'm. Gawd love ye, ma'm. Oi can goo away from this big London now."

"That's right," assented Clara. "Big London don't want you."

"And now," she continued, addressing your servant, "we'll get along to Arthur's and 'ave some coffee. Two shillin' from fourteen-an'-six—what does that leave?"

"Twelve-and-six."

"And five 'og from that?"

"Seven-an'-six."

"Good!" cried Clara. "There's seven an' a tanner, then, to be done in this blessed night at Arthur's."

"Why not save it?" I suggested.

"There ain't no Scotchman in my veins," answered Clara. "And I'm savin' five 'og any'ow."

"What for?"

To my amazement Clara gave utterance to a giggle. Also, she blushed.

"Go 'long with you," she said.

"You might tell me," I urged.

"Go 'long with you!" repeated the lady.

"Do tell me," pressed your servant.

"It's—I—well," said Clara. "It's like this, ole dear; I'm 'aving a pair o' corsets, see? For the benefit of me figger, see? 'Cos I got a good figger, reely, on'y you don't notice it on account of the petticoats an' that, what a girl *must* wear this time o' year. On'y the summer's comin', an' so I thought—you won't tell 'em at Arthur's, will you?"

I made the necessary oath.

"They're mauve," confided Clara, "wiv a straight front; mauve, with yaller trimming."

There are signs that the revolution in Turkey may bring about some emancipation of Turkish women.

In India women are very backward; few can read or write. What is called a Seva Sudda—a Home of Service—is shortly to be started by a sisterhood to teach hygiene, nursing, household economy, and the care of orphans, widows, and the sick; and, further, this sisterhood will protect factory workers and women who have been wronged.

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DON'T COMPLAIN!

About hard conditions of Toil and Sweating, and then go out and without discrimination, purchase your commodities. Whenever it is possible buy "Union-made Goods." And in buying Felt Hats insist upon seeing the Union Label under the leather.



YOU will thus help to raise the standard of life of the Workman, his Wife and Family.

No Woman should tolerate a man who wears an Unlabelled Hat!

The Union Label, as above, is printed in Black Ink on Pink Paper, and is placed under the leather in UNION-MADE HATS by the WORK-PEOPLE ONLY, during Manufacture.

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GOOD VALUE.

REASONABLE PRICE.

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SOAP.

Safe. Rapid.

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE CO.,
LIMITED,

LONDON & LIVERPOOL.

Talks with the Doctor.

Will readers, when asking questions, always give a fancy name for reply? It is sometimes difficult to avoid the chance of identification when initials and the town or street have to be used. X. Y. Z.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. CEE.—Very probably the slight inflammation and soreness you mention is due to strain of eye owing to defective sight. Have your eyes tested at a hospital or at a medical oculist's, not at an "optician's." There are many eye defects, slight ones, which do not obviously affect the sight. Continue lotion and use also Pagenstecker's Ointment, which you can get from a good chemist.

MAUD (Glasgow).—Attention to the care of your general health is what is chiefly required. The condition will pass off. Do not use patent medicines. A hot hip-bath twice a week will be of service. Get a chemist to make this prescription up: R. Ext. Ergot Liq. 2 drachms, Tinct. Nux. Vom. 1 1/2 drachms, Acid Hydrochlor. dil. 2 drachms, made up with infusion of Gentian to 12 ounces. Take one tablespoonful three times a day after food.

PAINTER.—You need spectacles. Get your eyes tested either at a hospital or at a medical oculist's, not at a shop or at an "optician's."

A WOMAN WORKER.—Take a complete warm bath daily. Steam the face daily for a week. Get some ointment made of equal parts of Ichthyol and dilute nitrate of mercury ointments, rub well in, and write me again in a fortnight. Why not get treatment at the London Hospital?

S. E. B.—From your account the trouble may be due either to heart disease or epilepsy, among other things. Good medical advice at home or at a hospital is imperative. It is impossible for me to prescribe at a distance.

BELLE.—From your account your occupation and habits seem very sedentary. Take more exercise. Is there not a local cycling club (say a Clarion club) you could join? Indigestion is usually a sign of a generally run-down condition. Try and get more zest into your life and make your blood run quicker. Observe your diet too. Do you drink too much tea? Try stopping half of it, and try stopping anything else that you think may upset you. Medicine can aid you, but you must make the cure yourself. Your headache may be due to eyestrain. Get your eyes tested properly.

MMI.—Many thanks. Dealing with this later.

READER H. H.—The trouble is due to pregnancy. Probably the patient was not in good health beforehand. Yes, consult a doctor. He will be able to give relief.

W. I. H.—The best thing you can do is to go to the hospital again. I am communicating with you.

MOTHER OF TWO.—You can only combat the baby's constipation by regularity in feeding (I assume the baby is on the breast) and by trying to get her into a habit of having the bowels moved at a regular hour daily. Give the stomach a good rubbing and kneading daily, using a little sweet oil to lubricate the hand.

DUNELM.—Is your nose quite clear? If not, use nasal injections as advised below. Otherwise, be a little careful of your food; chew it slowly and well. Get your teeth seen to if they are not good. Take this mixture: Acid Nitro-Hydrochlor. dil., 2 drachms, made up with infusion of quassia to 12 ounces. Take one tablespoonful three times a day after meals.

VERY ANXIOUS.—Use nasal injection of one teaspoonful of boric acid with a pinch of salt in half a pint of water. Syringe right through the nose and spit lotion out of the mouth. The other trouble is curable. Does it affect your health? I need more details, however. All letters to me are only opened by me, and are absolutely confidential. If you will send me your name and address, with more details and a stamped envelope, I will reply by post.

Complaints & the Law.

In the hot weather our thoughts naturally turn to the question of ventilation, and one realises more and more how lamentably little breathing space is allowed in houses and work-places.

To open a window on to a narrow, stuffy back-yard is not much help on a sultry day; nor is it much comfort to open a few windows in a low shed on which the sun beats unmercifully. I was told of such a shed the other day, where employees were working for nearly the full twelve hours a day (including mealtimes) allowed by our law, which is only too generous in the matter of hours.

Housing questions are not supposed to come within the province of this column, but our Editor will attend to complaints on any subject, as you know.

I feel I must make another appeal to "Women Workers" to complain heartily and steadily until things are remedied! Why are women so patient? The more we know of the evils, the more chance of getting them permanently remedied.

By the bye, do not forget the pen-name if you want answers in the column.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMPENSATION.—I am referring your letter to the Legal Advice Department of the Women's Trade Union League, Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C. Will you write to the Secretary and tell her whether you would like a formal claim sent in? If this should be of no avail, they would give you an introduction to their solicitors. Hope you are getting better.

STUFFY.—We are reporting your complaint. It certainly does sound stuffy. Have you asked to have the windows opened?

F. G. J.—The Workmen's Compensation Act applies to everybody who works for an employer with the following exceptions: Outworkers, members of a police force, persons casually employed not in connection with their employers' "trade or business," people earning more than £250 a year if they are employed on work which is not "manual." If you still cannot make out for sure whether your son comes under the Act, send more precise information, and I will advise further.

PORTIA.

THE DISTRESSFUL COUNTRY

The life of the Gaels is so pitiable, so dark and sorrowful, and they are so broken, bruised, and beaten down in their land and country, that their talents and ingenuity find no place for themselves, and no way to let themselves out but in excessive foolish mirth, or in keening and lamentation. The man who will to-day be dancing, sporting, drinking, and shouting, will be soliloquising by himself to-morrow, heavy and sick and sad in his poor lonely little hut, making a croon over departed hopes, lost life, the vanity of this world, and the coming of death. —Douglas Hyde.

We venture to remark that work on the farm and in the fields at the tender age of eleven is dull, deadening, and degrading as to its effect upon the bairns employed, as well as a standing disgrace to the community which sanctions it. —"Schoolmaster."

WOMEN WORKERS DON'T WASTE

food. It is too hard to come by and there are too many to feed. But they do waste money on white bread and white flour that hasn't enough nutriment in it to keep a dog alive. Wheat is a perfect food if we eat the whole of it, but when the germ and the bran have been removed by the modern miller, and the starchy substance left has been perhaps bleached by chemicals or electricity, the life sustaining character of the food is gone. White flour is not only an ill-balanced, starchy food, but it is the undoubted cause of that modern pest, constipation, which, in its turn, is the cause of the most dreadful diseases that afflict us to-day.

Thousands are finding health and strength in

"ARTOX"

PURE WHOLEMEAL

which is made from the finest whole wheat, and is so finely ground by old-fashioned stone mills that it can be digested by the most delicate. It makes the most delicious Bread, Cakes, Biscuits, and Pastry. It is strongly recommended by "Lancet," and by Mrs. C. Leigh Hunt Wallace ("Herald of Health").

A "CLARION" reader writes:

"We tried it first of all on a bit o' t'owd sort—a YORKSHIRE PUDDING, you know—and it was SIMPLY SCRUMPTIOUS. All are agreed as to the really fine quality of the bread, in fact, barely after a fortnight's trial we have about LOST THE TASTE FOR WHITE BREAD."

And there is nothing like it for keeping the system in order. Constipation is unknown where Artox is in regular use. What this means need not be said. Cures that sound almost miraculous are reported by those who have had the courage to live exclusively upon wholemeal food and fruit. And they do not regard it as starvation diet, but generous and delicious.

SEND TO-DAY

for our hand-some booklet, "Grains of Common Sense," post free, if you mention WOMAN WORKER. It contains a host of delightful recipes that will make your table a board of health and delight.

INSIST upon having "ARTOX" Eat only "ARTOX" Bread, and have all your puddings, pies, cakes, &c., made of "ARTOX" Wholemeal. You may safely banish white flour, for all you make with it can be made better with "ARTOX."

Sold in 3lb, 7lb, and 14lb sealed linen bags; or 25lb will be sent direct, carriage paid, for 4s. 6d. IMPORTANT—"ARTOX" is only retailed in our sealed bags, and is not sold loose.

APPLEYARDS, Ltd. (Dep. N.) Millers.....ROTHERHAM.



HOME NOTES.

By Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall.

There's one thing we have done above all others in this scrippy-scrappy, homey-notey page: we have established a fine spirit of comradeship among our readers. Bravo! They show a real desire to help one another, and are actually jealous of one

(clear, not thickened), and then it is so good that if you are hungry you gobble it up in a minute.

If only butter were not so dear, there would be many

More Vegetarians

among us. A dish of vegetables in butter compared to one without, is as prince to peasant.

If vegetarians would make a big row, not so much against eating meat perhaps, but against the extravagance of killing—well, not the goose that lays the golden egg exactly, but the cow that would continue to provide milk, butter, and cream for years, and years, and years—that would be a splendid point in their propaganda.

If we must keep cows we must have green meadows for them to graze in. Green meadows mean fresh air and good health. And there are plenty of them if we could each only have our share.

Give me a good garden (where herbs are not neglected), a good cow, and a few generous hens, and I will make such delectable dishes that nobody will ever want meat.

Instead of which, none of these things are ours as a rule. They are kept away from the people—miles out of towns where people live—as though they were a pestilence instead of a pleasure.

Here a conglomeration of houses and streets and back-yards, surmounted by forests of smoky chimneys—all grey and begrimed and hard. There acres of market-gardens, soft and green. But their softness and greenness gives no more delight than the hard grey of the houses when one remembers how desperately hard men and women work in them to earn paltry sums of money. It is a

Cruel Divorce,

this of the land from the people. When Socialism re-unites her children to Mother Earth—as Socialism only can and will—all our meals will be things of beauty and joys for ever. There will be no need to grudge butter, cream, the green gooseberry when it is just formed, or any other what we now call "luxury," because there will be plenty for all.

I hope you love luxuries by the way. Because I do. And I have got a nice little plan for my next incarnation to come as a

Prophet Among the Poor

and teach the necessity of luxuries! If only we could educate the workers up to demanding cream in their tea, and asparagus in early spring! Those who have these things now would say we were mad, perhaps. But a madder madness by far is not to have them when we may.

I wish you'd tell me what you think about these things. I waken in the morning (it is not yet 6 a.m. now) and worry about them often. It is like putting the cart before the horse you know to be talking always about cooking, and never about how to get things to cook. So many, alas! can't get

them, in this land of plenty, and there must be some

Unreasonable Reason Why. This is just a hint that we women might put on thinking-caps sometimes. That's all.

Recipes.

The Prize of 5s. is awarded this week to Mrs. Mary E. Haughton, 7, Shaw Street, Middleton Junction, Middleton, for her useful hint on the

USES OF GLYCERINE.—Many people who never neglect to keep a bottle of glycerine on their toilet table for purely personal use ever realise how many other needs it can be made to fill besides that of an unguent for the skin. Good cooks know the value of a few drops of glycerine added to the flour in cake-making, in the proportion of a teaspoon to one pound of flour, this making the dough light and feathery, while three teaspooonfuls prevents the fermentation of the sugar owing to insufficient boiling, and obviates all risk of the latter crystallising. Glycerine is likewise used for sweetening purposes in some cases of illness in lieu of sugar, while for colds a mixture of glycerine, lemon, and hot water makes an excellent posset. Even in the laundry a couple of teaspooonfuls of glycerine should be added to a tubful of water to soften it when washing flannels.

APRICOT JAM.—Take 1lb dried apricots to 1 quart of boiling water, let stand 48 hours. Then boil three-quarters of an hour, add 2lb of sugar, fine, after which boil another three-quarters of an hour.—MRS. PARR, Tyldesley.

FOR THE HANDS.—When hands become stained with fruits and vegetables, soak a piece of stale bread (white or brown), well lather hands in warm, soapy water, add little salt, and rub well with bread, stains disappear, and hands become soft and white.—MRS. LANCASTER, Hounslow.

CHEAP FRUIT PUDDING.—Take a basin that will hold a pound of fruit, line it with slices of bread neatly cut, put the fruit on to steam with sugar and enough water for a good syrup. When hot pour over the bread in basin, put aside to cool. Make a good custard, two eggs, pint of milk, sugar, and thin slice of lemon peel. When the fruit is quite cold, put into a glass dish and just before serving pour over the boiled custard.—M. SONDON, Ipswich.

TOMATO SOUP.—1lb tomatoes, or 1/2 tin, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1 Spanish onion, seasoning to taste, 1 1/2 pints of water (less for tinned), 1oz butter, 1oz flour, 1/2 pint milk for thickening. Wipe and cut vegetables, put them in pan with the sliced vegetables and water, stew slowly till tender, then put through sieve; put the butter in pan and mix the flour smoothly with it, add the milk gradually; then put the soup in pan with this thickening and boil for 5 minutes to cook the flour.—MRS. C. M. MITCHELL, Handsworth.

CHEESE PUDDING.—A good and tasty way to use up small pieces of cheese too dry to put on the table again. Three-quarters pint milk, half a pint breadcrumb, small piece of butter, 2oz cheese, grated, 1 egg, little salt pepper, and mustard. Melt butter in milk in saucepan, and pour warm over breadcrumb, cheese, and seasoning. Beat up egg and stir into mixture. Pour into a pie-dish, and bake in oven about 20 minutes. A good supper dish, hot or cold.—MRS. H. W. SHARDLOW, Leicester.

FOR UNBLEACHED SHEETS OR OTHER ARTICLES.—Always rinse in clear water to get a lovely white, as blue water makes them dull and streaky. I've found this a lovely way to get them white quick.—SOPHIE MORRIS, Swindon.

A prize of 5s. is awarded each week to the one who sends the best Home Note (not necessarily a cooking recipe) to Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall, WOMAN WORKER, Worship Street, London, E.C.

To be for ever hunting after the useful befits not the free and lofty soul.—Aristotle.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

It is still holiday time for the schools, but I, like many others, am pent in town, and must content myself with seeing in my Cinematograph pictures of old-time holidays.

T'Witch i' t' Wood.

I wonder if you children would like more of them. One picture I see is "T'Witch i' t' Wood." When first Farm Mollie suggested taking the four little town visitors to "T'Witch i' t' Wood," we were somewhat alarmed. We thought the name referred to the *mistress* of the farm at the entrance to the forest, an old lady with nut-cracker nose and chin, and queer long hairs sprouting out of funny little lumps all over her face, certainly quite agreeing in appearance with our idea of witches.

We did not really believe in witches, of the kind encountered by Hansel and Gretel. She, as you know, fattened up little boys and girls in cages to be cooked for supper in an enormous oven. But we did think that a lady known to her neighbours as "T'Witch" could not be a very nice person to visit.

The Little Busy Bee.

She was so kind to us that we soon forgot our fears. And she had wonderful things to show us. In one part of her wide-spreading garden were rows of bee-hives, like Red Indian wigwams, and on her tea-table we saw, for the first time, honey in the comb, and marvelled at the wonderful architecture of the "little busy bee."

And here I see a very curious picture in my Cinematograph, one we gazed upon in reality from a safe distance. A tree, on which there appeared to be an enormous swelling, as if the poor thing had suffered from tooth-ache. And by it, on a step ladder, "oor Willie," of the forest farm, thickly veiled, and in his general "get-up" resembling a Christmas mummer, or a scarecrow. The swelling was a compact mass of bees that had swarmed, and "oor Willie" was about to hive them.

Fairies and "Boggarts."

Once, chatting with her friend "Margot," Mollie unduly prolonged our stay, and quite late in the evening we stepped out from the dim candle-light of the parlour into dazzling moonlight.

Just the kind of night, thought Peg—who peopled English glade and woodland with the lovely dream-shapes of ancient Greece—when the leaf-crowned Dryads might be seen in the forest. Just the kind of night, too, when Mab and Titania and Robin Goodfellow would be abroad: and where might they find a fitter spot for their revelry than the mossy hollow, spanned by a tree-trunk bridge, which was the short cut through the wood to the high road?

But the suggestion that now was the time to visit the hollow, and see what, as yet, one had only read and dreamed of, was received by Mollie with shuddering horror.

Jinny Hoolet.

And when, suddenly, from the recesses of the forest, came a strange, eldritch screech, four affrighted little people clung together helplessly, fearing they knew not what.

"It were only Jinny Hoolet," said

Mollie, meaning to re-assure us. But as she spoke quaveringly, and advised us to run—taking the youngest by the hand, and setting the example—we judged that Jinny was not considered a desirable person to throw. And we did run.

Safe within the farm kitchen, with enormous bolts drawn across the heavy door, enquiry brought the information that Jinny Hoolet was "a girt bird, w' staring een (eyes) that could see i' t' dark." From which description we recognised the owl. Later, on a tree near the farm, we saw Jinny Hoolet, and found her not at all alarming.

A Garden of Eden.

And "T'Witch i' t' Wood," we learnt, was the name by which the old farmstead at the entrance to the forest had been known for generations.

All the "natives" were, like Mollie, great believers in "gho-asts," and told strange tales of haunted farm and woodland. It seemed strange to Peg that dwellers amid scenes so fair should people them with shapes of ugliness and fear.

She did not believe the Garden of Eden itself could have been more beautiful than was the wilderness garden of the farm—all the more lovely that it gave so little evidence of laying out or arrangement. Rather it seemed that Flora, the Goddess, her arms full of fragrant blossoms, had flung them down carelessly, and they had rooted and spread where they fell.

Immense masses of closely-clustered carnations, great bushes of lad's-love, glowing patches of marigolds, delicate-hued sweet peas and pansies, roses of many varieties. Under the window, on each side the front door, grew the dainty, wee moss-roses which Peg always thought of as rose-babies, and the fairies' favourites, because they only had little green velvet coats. And across the path, facing the windows, were rows of tall-stemmed, gleaming lilies.

To the child coming from a "grim, unlovely factory town, with smoky pall o'erspread," where anything white was speedily smut-specked, the spotless radiance of those lilies, larger and whiter than any she ever saw elsewhere, seemed scarcely of earth.

Babies and Angels.

The moss-roses, as I have said, were petted babes to her, the pansies were bright-faced elves; the carnations gracious ladies shedding sweetness all around; but, to the queer little town girl, the lilies were holy angels.

Glancing out one night when the moonlight flooded the garden, a "grown-up" shivered slightly, and said, "Don't the lilies look ghostly?" And Peg wondered. For the thoughts shaping themselves in her dreamy little mind were something like this:

The sweet rose-babes in their coats of green

Costly nestle the leaves between,
The pansies are drooping their drowsy heads,

The pinks couch close in their fragrant beds,

All the fair, frail things of the garden sleep,

Save the holy lilies,
The angel lilies,
The guardian lilies who night-watch keep.

The farmstead babes in wee white cot
May slumber serenely, fearing not
The shapes of evil that haunt the night;

Witch nor goblin nor harmful sprite
May pass beyond the charmed line,
White vested sentinels divine:
While babes, and birdies, and blossoms sleep,

The radiant lilies,
The holy lilies,
The angel lilies their watch will keep.

Yes! I do not know what the other babies thought, but I do know that one little girl slept all the more serenely for the fancy that, although Mollie's boggarts and witches and other shapes of evil might be peering over the garden hedge, willing all kinds of mischief, yet were they powerless to work it, powerless to pass the "charmed line" of purity and beauty.

The Call of the Cherries.

Up the front of the house grew a large cherry tree; and, waking early in the morning, Peg and her sister sometimes heard a soft little tap-tapping at their small-paned window. Looking up, they saw that the tappers were ruddy-faced, wind-swayed cherries.

And I ask you, my dears, if cherries tapped at your bedroom window, and, peeping in with glowing faces, seemed to say, "Come and eat us,"—and if the window had a little door, the opening of which was just wide enough for an arm to pass through—would you have declined the invitation?

The two little girls of long ago did not. They gathered all the tempting scarlet globes within reach, and had a feast. The old-fashioned four-post bedstead—with its gorgeous curtains covered with brilliant-plumaged birds drawn all around it—served as a banquet-hall.

A Fairy from Leeds.

And now, as I have not space to tell you of the "two-faced apples" and their invitation (another time, perhaps), I will just give you Charlotte Farrar's little rhyme.

TO PEG.

We, the nine little lassies of Leeds,
When we saw in the paper—"Peg pleads,"

Each wrote her a note
Containing a vote
On the things which a Children's Page needs.

Although they were late, Peg was pleased,

And her mind it so greatly was eased
That she set down in verse
How they might have been worse,
And upon their ideas soon seized.

We thank Peg for all her good deeds,
And kind words to the lassies of Leeds.

May we always keep true
As Peg says we must do.
We nine little "Muses" of Leeds.

The little "Muses" have a school paper of their own, which they call the "Magpie." And their teacher tells me of a *Council School Inspector who believes in fairies*. And after that Peg feels that she can believe in anything!

PEG.

THE PALACE OF BEAUTY.

The ancient writers said that the soul of man, embodied here on earth, went roaming up and down in quest of that other world of its own, out of which it came into this, but was soon stupefied by the light of the natural sun, and unable to see any other objects than those of this world which are but shadows of real things. Therefore, the Deity sends the glory of youth before the soul, that it may avail itself of beautiful bodies as aids to its recollection of the celestial good and fair; and the man, beholding such a person in the female sex, runs to her and finds the highest joy in contemplating the form, movement, and intelligence of this person, because it suggests to him the presence of that which indeed is within the beauty, and the cause of the beauty.

If, however, from too much conversing with material objects, the soul was gross, and misplaced its satisfaction in the body, it reaped nothing but sorrow; body being unable to fulfil the promise which beauty holds out; but if, accepting the hint of these visions and suggestions which beauty makes to his mind, the soul passes through the body, and falls to admire strokes of character, and the lovers contemplate one another in their discourses and their actions, then they pass to the true palace of beauty, more and more inflame their love of it, and by this love extinguishing the base affection, as the sun puts out the fire by shining on the hearth, they become pure and hallowed. By conversation with that which is in itself excellent, magnanimous, lowly,

and just, the lover comes to a warmer love of these nobilities, and a quicker apprehension of them. Then he passes from loving them in one to loving them in all, and so is the one beautiful soul only the door through which he enters to the society of all true and pure souls.

EMERSON.

ONE AND TWO.

If you to me be cold,
Or I be false to you,
The world will go on, I think,
Just as it used to do;
The clouds will flirt with the moon,
The sun will kiss the sea,
The winds to the trees will whisper,
And laugh at you and me.
But the sun will not shine so bright,
The clouds will not seem so white,
To one as they will to two;
So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true,
And let the old love go on,
Just as it used to do.

If we who have sailed together
Flit out of each other's view,
The world will sail on, I think,
Just as it used to do;
And we may reckon by stars
That flash from different skies,
And another of Love's pirates
May capture my good prize.
But ships long time together
Can better the tempest weather
Than any other two;
So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true,
That we may together sail
Just as we used to do.

CARLETON.

A REVOLUTIONARY'S ROMANCE.

The review "Italie et France" tells an interesting, and, we believe, authentic, story of Amilcare Cipriani, the revolutionary. Exiled, he spent some years in London until the *coup d'état* of the Fourth of September in Paris made things lively. Old Cipriani could not keep out of the excitement; it was against all nature to remain quietly in England at such a time, so he said farewell to his wife and little daughter and joined the Commune. For this he was sent to penal servitude in Nouméa. When liberty came to him, his wife was dead, and his child had disappeared. Imagine the joy, then, of the old man, when he heard the other day that his daughter is alive and the wife of Jaques Wely, the humorist artist. The lady had lived in Paris for years without suspecting whose daughter she was until her husband discovered that her name was Fulvia, though she was always called Julia. He hunted up her birth certificate, was struck by the curious names, Fulvia Lavinia Italia Roma, and communicated with Cipriani, with the happy result that after years of loneliness the old man is a happy father and granddad. Good luck to him.

The Bill to stop the trade in birds' feathers coming from other lands has been reported on by a Select Committee of the House of Lords, who are quite in favour of it.

Dr. ALLINSON'S FOOD for Babies.

No other food can equal it. THE ONLY KNOWN ROYAL TWINS—viz., those of Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse, who are nephews to King Edward VII.—were reared on it. FOR SUFFERERS from Stomach Troubles, such as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastric Catarrh, Ulcer of the Stomach, and Wasting Diseases, it is the best and cheapest known. It has been the means of many thousands being restored to health, strength, and ability to work. A baby's digestive powers are very limited, and it is therefore one of the primary essentials of robust growth and development that the child should take food which is capable of easy assimilation. The ignorance of this fact is the chief reason for the alarming mortality amongst young children. A long and special study of this great question resulted in the introduction of DR. ALLINSON'S NATURAL FOOD. The great food specialist designed this preparation with a view to imparting the maximum amount of nutrition to children at a minimum expenditure of digestive energy. It is NOURISHING and SUSTAINING in the HIGHEST DEGREE. Makes flesh, muscle, bone and brain.

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THINGS DONE AND SAID.

The Week's News for Women.

WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

Labour and Peace.

A fitting finale to the seventeenth annual Peace Congress was the United Labour Peace Demonstration held on Saturday in Trafalgar Square. A procession, which comprised contingents from over twenty Labour and Socialist organisations, lined up on the Embankment at four o'clock, and marched with their hundred banners through Northumberland Avenue to the Nelson column. The procession was led by fifty little maidens dressed in white, members of the Bow, Canning Town, and Fulham Socialist Sunday-schools, who, when the Nelson column was reached, were ranged along the plinth and sang two peace songs very sweetly.

The Deputy Chief Marshal's duties would have been light had she not had to spend a lot of time trying to find out where the C. London branch of the W.L.L. had hidden itself. She saw members from the Fulham, St. Pancras, and Wood Green branches, but where, oh, where were the ninety-six members of the C. London branch? It is very nice to be modest and retiring, but at a demonstration, you know, you are expected to come and demonstrate.

Hot Eloquence.

The speeches from the plinth were aptly described by a man in the crowd as "hot uns." Mr. Ramsey MacDonald reminded the audience of the last time he had stood there, just before the Boer War. "I was met with rotten tomatoes and open knives instead of applause. Since then you have wiped two small Republics off the map, have spent £250,000,000, and slain 22,000 British soldiers, besides a host of Boers. Put yourselves on the back now for the glorious mafficking you had." Mr. John Ward, M.P., said it was surprising that the Labour men had to come out, in what was described as the most Christian country in the world, and teach men and women the elements and beginning of Christianity. Mr. Ben Tillett was sarcastic. A section of the community, he said, believed in war at any price, and, indeed, made their living out of it. Even the Czar believed in peace, and had backed up his belief by sending a hundred thousand souls to peace everlasting.

Will Thorne, J. O'Grady, Ben Cooper, Mrs. Despard, G. H. Ferris, Baroness Von Suttner, J. F. Green, and other prominent speakers all drove home the message that the democracy must wake up and recognise the necessity of supporting the peace movement at home and abroad.

Most of the speakers referred to the German war scare, and Dr. Quidd, of Munich, said very emphatically: "If your Yellow Press tell you that in Germany there is a feeling against England, and that they are preparing for war, don't you believe it, my friends."

Wanted, Homes for Women.

The usual superficial taunt that woman's place is the home is heard in Austria no less than in England, when woman's voice is raised to ask for a just share in the shaping of her own conditions of life. But there are women who would be only too glad if they had a home deserving of the name. In Schwechat a lady inspector called at 150 dwellings—the homes where woman's place is—and saw things.

The front houses are not so bad; they have never less than four windows looking out on to the main street. It is the tenement dwellings behind that are so terrible. They are without any flooring but boards and tiles laid on the bare earth. Originally they were stables for the most part. Two rooms for each house, all looking out into a yard; sometimes leading a step or two down from it. There is a drain for dirty

water in the middle of the yard. All the houses are damp right up to the ceiling. The rooms were so low that one could touch the rotting beams without standing on tip-toe. In some the windows are on a level with the ground, and when it rains water pours in by both door and windows. It can be imagined what must follow on any failure in the action of the central drain. In one house the floor has been eaten away by rats; in another house the ceiling is full of holes. One has no chimney, but only a hole into next-door, and the smoke only goes through it when the wind is in the west. The rents are high. It follows, then, in a big family, where expenses are already great, some means must be found of obtaining the rent. This is usually done by taking in a lodger. There has been some agitation on the subject of overcrowding, but so far the local authority has callously waved the question aside as one not concerning them.

As in England.

The owner of these houses keeps a famous stable, and will soon be in the House of Lords. Will he ever think of the folk living like animals, who have to cover up holes in the wall with brown paper, and catch drippings from the ceiling in jugs and pails (when they have them); who have but one narrow stair in a dwelling inhabited by some 200 people; who are deprived of light and air and comfort and sanitary convenience?

The worst of it is that this description might do for England or for other countries. Whoever houses are built for the profit of a landlord, and not for the convenience of those who are to inhabit them, the same will be true in greater or less degree.

Surely the women of Schwechat, of Austria, of all lands, will be doing better to forget the personal comfort of men for a few years, and fight to get homes for all.

The W.S.P.U.

The Belfast Women's Labour League met on the evening of Monday, the 27th inst., when Mrs. Morrissey, of Liverpool, addressed the meeting. Mrs. Morrissey, who is an enthusiastic member of the Women's Social and Political Union, gave an interesting account of the early struggles of that society in Liverpool. She encouraged the members of the Women's Labour League to continue its work, however few its numbers, and gave several valuable suggestions as to how new members might be attracted to the society. The League meets at 68, Royal Avenue every Monday at 8 p.m. and the meetings are open to all interested.

Press Eloquence on Sweating.

Trades must yield a living wage or undergo reform.—"Western Morning News."

The system makes for evil in so many ways indeed that the community would gladly welcome any method that could be devised of mending it.—"Newcastle Daily Chronicle."

We may record our conviction that the Committee have made out a strong case for legislative intervention to fix a minimum wage in a particular branch of industry.—"The Standard."

For our part, we are very glad that the experiment is to be tried of a Wages Board working by a minimum wage. Undoubtedly and admittedly it is an experiment; we shall doubtless, sooner or later, be told that it is yet another plunge in the direction of Socialism. What has really happened is that the misery and wickedness of sweating have so stirred the public conscience that men and women of all parties have joined hands to see if something cannot be done to ameliorate the lot of the underpaid home-worker. In doing that there has been a truce called to conflicting theories; the facts are so piteous that action of some kind is imperative.—"Westminster Gazette."

THE SLACK HOME OFFICE.

Women and Children's Work.

The slackness of the Home Office as to factory and workshop inspection was indicted last week in a debate on the Estimates for next year.

Sir C. Dilke said there was an extraordinary agreement among inspectors in all parts of the country and all trades as to the immense increase in the employment of young girl children in factory work. He quoted the report of Miss Paterson in respect of the fish-curing trade. Miss Paterson said that the regulations as to hours are often evaded, and added: "The young girl feels the strain of long spells, and the irregularity of hours is a heavy drawback, as well as the low standard of housing accommodation."

Miss Anderson, the chief lady inspector, said that several inspectors had noted the increased employment of little girls in tending machinery, and had pointed out the need for increased watchfulness over their health and safety. One spoke of factories which looked like schools, filled with little girls with short frocks and long hair. In the villages around Bradford, in seven miles, 243 girls under thirteen years of age worked full time; and the inspector stated that the strain of working in weaving must be very great upon children of such tender age.

These were rather startling facts. They thought they had got rid of this kind of child slavery in the case of boys; it was undoubtedly increasing rapidly in the case of girls.

Another inspector said that in Leeds girls aged thirteen were employed in ironing work, and the work to which the girls were to be put was not disclosed to the certifying surgeon.

There was a recent law for the very purpose of dealing with employment of this kind. That law was not enforced; no prosecutions had been taken under it. The Employment of Children Act, 1903, which defined a child as a person under fourteen, enacted that "a child shall not be employed to lift, carry, or move anything likely to cause injury to the child," and that "a child shall not be employed in any occupation likely to be injurious to the health and safety of the child."

Why were prosecutions not taken under that law?

Turning to the reports of medical officers from the Potteries, he found it reported of Tunstall that the rate of infant mortality was excessively high (188), and that it indicated the baneful factory-employment of married women. At Fenton the rate was 164, including 62 deaths from atrophy.

The medical officer there advised special legislation. Where both the parents were working in lead the children, if born alive, died shortly after birth; there was a high percentage of still-births; and the imbecility of many survivors was notorious. In the first half of 1906 the cases of lead poisoning in the potting trade numbered as many as 70, against 88 in the corresponding half of last year.

Mr. Gladstone replied that the question of the employment of girls was most important, but he was unable to tell the right hon. baronet why the Employment of Children Act had not been enforced. As to the mortality in the Potteries, an inquiry was being conducted now. The hon. member for Bolton had congratulated the Home Office on their decision to increase the staff of factory inspectors. They were increasing the ratio of lady inspectors by 40 per cent.

DRUNKENNESS CURED.

Speedily, permanently, secretly, unknown to sufferers, at trifling cost, at grateful thousands testify. Save those dear to you; you can write certainly. Free sample. —CANTON GUINNESS CO., 10, Guildhall Buildings, Birmingham.

FREE TRADE.

Part of the Social Question.

What the Press call "a great speech" was delivered by Mr. Asquith at a dinner given to the delegates to the Free Trade Congress on Tuesday.

On the international side, said he, Free Trade is bound up with peace, and with friendship among the peoples. Allow it to follow in its unrestricted course along its natural channels, and you will find, sooner or later—sooner rather than later—that it widens and deepens and becomes the parent both of riches and of goodwill. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Winston Churchill followed, speaking with much force; but the most interesting utterances were those of certain foreign delegates.

Dr. Barth spoke for Germany, and spoke in excellent English. He referred to the modern idea of "economic imperialism" that markets are to be conquered, not by the excellence and cheapness of goods, but by the prestige and force of arms of the producing countries. Monopoly, said Dr. Barth, is based upon force. And, therefore, just as there is a logical cohesion between Free Trade and peace, so there is a logical cohesion between Protection and force. There is universally a suspicion that the markets of the world may be closed by England, and that they may have to be opened again by force. That idea, said Dr. Barth, is at the bottom of whatever misunderstanding there may be between Great Britain and Germany.

Mr. Shepherd (Boston, U.S.A.) commented on the remarkable fact that Englishmen, when they leave their own country, become Protectionists. Something more than a mere assertion of the intellectual basis of Free Trade is required. There must be a crusade entered upon animated by the same spirit as that which animated Garrison and the opponents of human slavery.

Prince de Cassano said he came from Italy, a country which was as strongly Protectionist as the United States, and yet whose Protectionism benefited about 3 per cent. of her people.

The Congress, so far as it has gone, has been a great success.

"NO WAR" STRIKE.

Labour Demonstration in London.

In connection with the Peace Congress, a Labour demonstration was held in Trafalgar Square on Saturday. Twenty-one trade organisations were represented, whilst in the procession, which marched from the Embankment to Nelson's Column, over 100 banners were carried.

The proceedings opened with the singing of a special anthem, "The Angel of Peace," by a number of little girls belonging to the London Socialist Sunday School Union. The children were clad in white dresses and white hoods.

Mr. O'Grady, M.P., who presided at one of the platforms, said the working men of the world were beginning to realise that war spelt for them disaster. Organised Labour had made up their minds that, although they disliked strikes, and had adopted the wiser course of Parliamentary action, if over a strike were justified it would be against the possibility of war.

"Don't go to sleep while the country is preparing for war," said Mr. Macdonald, M.P.

Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., said that during ten years the expenditure on armaments had increased by sixty-nine millions, of which the British Government had been responsible for forty-one. The British workers had no quarrel either with Germany, France, or Russia, but there could be no universal peace so long as they allowed landed capital to control expenditure.

At the final session of the Peace Congress, the desirability of early inculcating thoughts of peace in children was urged.

Signor Krantorkraft (Turin) told the delegates that in Italy a society of mothers had been formed for the purpose of abolishing soldier games. The society called upon mothers not to present children with swords, guns, and so on.

M. Thiet (France) suggested that children should be taught to have recourse to arbitration in their quarrels, and habituated to solve for themselves all conflicts.

The foundation of an international institute of pedagogy was proposed by the congress.

THE EXHIBITION GIRLS.

An Appeal to Caterers.

The following letter has been addressed to the Press on behalf of the waitresses and others employed at the Franco-British Exhibition:

Sir,—Various complaints have been received by the legal committee of the Women's Industrial Council as to the conditions of work—especially with regard to long hours and low wages—of many of the women employees at the Franco-British Exhibition.

As three months of the exhibition's life is still to run, we venture to appeal through the Press to those employers who have concessions at the exhibitions where women are employed to give personal attention to the matter, and to remove such grievances as may exist.

The hours are necessarily a difficulty, since the exhibition is open for twelve hours, from 11 a.m. to eleven p.m. each day. In some cases shifts are arranged; in others, the (comparatively) early hour of 9 p.m. sets the employees free on certain evenings, but in others, again, they have to stay long after 11 p.m. to clear away after the visitors have gone.

At present there is no legislative protection for these women against long and continuous hours at their posts, as there is for workers in factories and workrooms. The Government has promised next year to introduce legislation to regulate hours of work in shops, and we hope strong representations may be made to have the conditions of work in exhibitions specially included.—Yours, &c.,

CLEMENTINA BLACK,

President.

M. E. MacDONALD,

(Mrs. J. Ramsay MacDonald),

Hon. Sec. Legal Committee.

L. WYATT PAPWORTH,

Secretary.

Women's Industrial Council,
7, John Street, Adelphi, Strand, W.C.

Hot Work-Rooms.

NOVEL AND IMPORTANT PROSECUTION.

At Hanley the Newhall Pottery Company (Limited) were summoned by Mr. S. Shuter, Inspector of Factories, for having failed to take adequate means for maintaining a reasonable temperature in a room in which persons were employed.

The Inspector said it was difficult to decide where reasonable temperature ended and unreasonable temperature began. In that case, however, there was no such difficulty, as, at the time in question, while the temperature outside was 88deg. Fahr., inside an oven where men were working it was 167deg. All that would be required to make the conditions more comfortable for the men was to allow the oven longer to cool. He was given to understand, however, on that occasion the ware in the oven was "wanted."

When one remembered the dangers to health in the potting industry, which were more or less unavoidable, one was surprised at the lack of consideration shown in this case. He was instructed by the Home Office to ask for such a penalty as would deter other employers.

For the defence Mr. E. Alcock said if the oven was hotter than ovens generally were when drawn it was no fault of the management, but of the head plaster. The Deputy Stipendiary imposed a fine of 50s. and costs, and agreed to state a case on the point of law.

THE CHILDREN.

Belfast Home-Work Scandals.

The report of the Chief Inspector of Irish Factories and Workshops for 1907 contains some examples of what life means to the child workers. Speaking of the home employment of children on drawn thread and similar work, Sub-Inspector McCaghey, of the Belfast district, states:

"On several nights during 1907 I visited a number of dwellings, and found that Dr. Agnew had in no way exaggerated the state of affairs. In what he described as the lower class of houses, not fit to harbour children at any time, I found very young children working after ten p.m.

"On Good Friday I found three brothers, at 12, 9, and 7 years of age, with their mother, drawing handkerchiefs at 8.45 p.m., and they had been working from nine o'clock that morning. The father was given a copy of the domestic workshop abstract, but on a revisit seven months later the same members of the family were found at work at nine p.m. We prosecuted the father for employing a child under 12 years of age, but the magistrates decided by a majority (the Resident Magistrate dissenting) that the work was not carried on so regularly as to constitute the house a workshop, and that, under Section 114, it was exempted.

"The Resident Magistrate expressed what I believe to be the general opinion of medical men, clergy, and school officials, that this system of home employment is injurious to the children. Many of the employers recognise this, and one of them informed me that he noticed a distinct deterioration in the physique of this class.

"Thread drawing was formerly done in this factory, but it gradually drifted into the homes of the workers, and children were then pressed into service. The pay was gradually reduced, until now a woman can hardly count on making more than a penny per hour at the work."

Half-Time in Lancashire.

A special correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian," himself a half-timer when a boy, writes:

However hard the burden at times may seem to the half-timers themselves, they have usually been bred in such a way that they take the task as one of the hard things which has to be. And the adult industrial is apt to have an idea that it is "all the better for the making of the dog." It has always seemed strange that Lancashire fathers and mothers, who love their children so much, sometimes deliberately harden themselves when it comes to dealing with their offspring as half-timers. "I had to do it, an' tha'll ha' to do it, too," is their constant cry, until the half-timer takes it to be so.

Parents even resort to special measures of feeding up the children so that they will pass the factory doctor. "Get some fat into thee, or thea'll ne'er be ready for 't' factory," used to be a common phrase—and it is yet.

Part Time v. Unemployment.

The National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives appeal to manufacturers to mitigate unemployment by allowing their workpeople to share what work there is rather than place any of those who have assisted them in times of plenty in the painful position of walking the streets with nothing to do. Short time for all is suggested as preferable to no work for some.

The monthly report of the Union states that an insidious movement appears to be at work which may undermine the minimum wage principle. Manufacturers are asking young men nearly out of their time to sign agreements to continue in service at wages less than the minimum of the district. This is a distinct violation of the award of Lord James, which states that the minimum wage shall apply to all operatives on reaching 20 years of age.



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The "NUGGET" POLISHES

"STILL STICKING TO THE BEST"

The advertisement features a central illustration of a stout, bearded man in a dark uniform and cap, standing on a cylindrical tin of 'Nugget Furniture Polish'. The man is holding a cane in his right hand and pointing with his left. The tin has the brand name 'The "NUGGET" POLISHES' printed on its side. To the right of the character, the text 'NOW I USE' is written in a simple, bold font. Below this, the product name 'NuggetTM Furniture Polish' is written in a large, stylized, outlined font. At the bottom of the illustration, a small rectangular box contains the slogan 'STILL STICKING TO THE BEST' in a bold, italicized font.