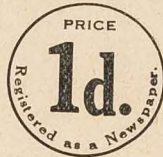


PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT.

THE
WOMAN'S LEADER
 AND
THE COMMON CAUSE

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NOTES AND NEWS

Three Sound Men.

We are delighted with the announcement that Sir John Bradbury has proposed the names of Mr. Montague Collet Norman, Sir Josiah Stamp, and Mr. Reginald Mackenna as British representatives on the two expert Committees set up by the Reparations Commission. We do not feel altogether hopeful with regard to the potential achievements of these Committees. They are a poor substitute for the Committee of Inquiry into the whole matter of reparations, which Mr. Baldwin hoped to achieve with official American co-operation. But though many of our readers do not see eye to eye with these three gentlemen in the matter of domestic politics, we feel that there will be general satisfaction with the choice of them as our representatives in this technical question of international financial reconstruction. For they are all of them men of peculiar distinction in their own field. Clearly the Government is taking the work of these Committees seriously, and giving of its best.

Pensions for Widows—A Foretaste.

Messrs. Cadbury Brothers, of Bournville, have made arrangements to complete their pension schemes by the formation of a fund for providing pensions for employees' widows. This fund will be started on a contributory basis from the 17th inst. In the event of the death of an employee who has attained pension age his widow will be entitled to a pension equal to one-half of her husband's normal pension. The fund will be supported by contributions of equal amount made by the company and by the employees. An employee's contributions to the widows' fund will be at the rate of one-third of his normal contributions to the men's pension fund. The company has agreed to bear the whole cost of the scheme in respect of periods of service prior to the 17th inst. The actuary estimates this cost at a sum of about £95,000, and the company has agreed to pay over this sum as a back service gift. The trustees of the men's pension fund will act also as trustees of the widow's fund.

We note this progressive step with much satisfaction, although

we hope that provision for widows and their dependent children will be safeguarded before long by a national scheme.

P.R.

The General Election has brought the allied questions of Proportional Representation and the Alternative Vote into the forefront of practical politics. Many candidates have emerged, luckless, from three-cornered contests with profound convictions regarding the reform of our electoral machinery. Prominent among them, Sir Alfred Mond has been "given furiously to think." We confess that we are looking forward with eager interest to the controversy, as from the beginning of our existence we have had a peculiar interest in the problems of electoral reform. Incidentally, it will be an excellent training for the electors of this country to be obliged to master the pros and cons of these alternative systems of voting—both as regards machinery and political implications. We wish them joy of their new year's task, and we will do our best to help them in the matter.

Dr. Margaret Boileau.

Dr. Margaret Boileau was not perhaps widely known, but her comparatively early death this year left another empty place in the ranks of the women who worked for the vote. Her life was an unusual one. During its first thirty years she travelled a great deal with her father, Sir Francis Boileau, then at an age when few women begin to prepare for a career, she studied medicine, and took the M.B., B.S. degree of London University. We have before us a little book, *Night Lights*,¹ that she has left behind—"occasional thoughts and meditations" dedicated to her girl friends. It is a collection of little talks of great simplicity and beauty, and its interest is deepened to her contemporaries by the indirect allusions from time to time to the critical events in the world outside as well as in the women's world in the critical period 1916-1921.

¹ *Night Lights*, by Dr. Margaret Boileau, being some of her occasional thoughts and meditations. Norwich: Jarrold & Sons and Goose & Son, 2s.

"The Fad of a few Ladies."

On December 19th the Liverpool City Council was the scene of an animated discussion on the work of the Women Patrols. The Watch Committee recommended a grant of £2,000 to the Committee of the Liverpool Women Patrols "in respect of services rendered by them in the streets and principal thoroughfares of the city." One of the conditions of the grant was that there should be nothing about the uniform of the Patrols to suggest that they were connected with the police force. After Miss Fletcher had moved to increase the grant by £1,000, and Alderman Paris to reduce it by £500, the original sum of £2,000 was carried. This is satisfactory. Less satisfactory, however, is the fact that Alderman Paris described the system of women patrols as "the fad of a few ladies, who, when they found it was getting expensive, threw it on to the rates." It is rare in these days to meet with such profound depths of ignorance concerning one of the most significant social experiments of our time. And it is regrettable to meet it on such an important civic body as the Liverpool City Council.

Well done, Eastbourne!

As a result of action by the National Council of Women, Eastbourne has secured three women magistrates at one fell swoop. They are Miss Alice Hudson and Miss E. M. Thornton, both Town Councillors, and Mrs. A. Kenyon, a nominee of the Labour Party. We congratulate the Borough of Eastbourne.

Three Pioneers.

We have three pioneer activities to record in the arena of women's work. Mlle. Marie Louise Moreau, the first woman barrister in Paris, has received the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Miss E. L. Winterton has been admitted as the first woman associated member of the Institute of Railway Signal Engineers. Mme. Kolontay has been appointed as Russian

Ambassador to Norway. She is the only woman in the world of diplomacy who has attained to an office of this dimension, and we commend the action of the Government which appointed her as worthy of emulation by its more constitutional contemporaries.

Ourselves.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking many to whom we owe gratitude—our readers for their support and encouragement throughout the past year, our contributors for their generous contributions, and not least our guarantors for ensuring our continued existence. We wish them all a happy New Year, and hope they will return the compliment both with deeds and words. To be more explicit, we still want new subscribers, correspondence, advertisers, and good material for publication. In this connexion we wish to point out that postage abroad is now the same as at home, so that for the sum of 6s. 6d. the paper may be sent to any part of the world to friends desirous of keeping in touch with women's questions at home. We begin the New Year with articles by Miss Maude Royden, at one time editor of the *Common Cause*, and Miss Eleanor Rathbone—a good beginning!

We do not wish you to help to increase the circulation of this paper out of kindness. Do not help unless you are convinced that a weekly journal well in the reach of every purse, dealing with non-party politics and equal citizenship, is a valuable form of education as well as the only way of keeping informed from week to week as to the position of women's questions in Parliament.

Do not help unless the paper interests you. We recognize that the circle of those whom it would interest is still comparatively small, but it is widening every day. If you believe the paper has a place of its own as the organ of non-party politics, "Equal Citizenship," help us to double our circulation in 1924.

Begin by sending the WOMAN'S LEADER as a Christmas present to some woman at home or abroad whom it would interest, and sending the WOMAN'S LEADER a Christmas present of a new subscriber.

"PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT," 1923—1924.

We can't help wishing that we ourselves, like the hero in *Men like Gods*, could project ourselves into Utopia and survey the world this last week of the old year from its calm heights. The year to which we now say farewell does not seem to us to have been a very good year, but we are conscious that we are still too much in the thick of its hurly-burly to see the effect of the whole in its correct perspective. Next week, in our New Year number, we will try with greater detail to estimate its gains and losses in the causes for which this journal stands. There are, however, two outstanding matters for rejoicing which encourage us to go forward with unabated faith. The first of these is in connection with the world outside—the reconstruction of Austria. That is an actual fact—a visible achievement of the League of Nations. Is there any reader of this paper with an outlook so insular that the thought of the new hope and new life opening out for that nation does not bring a sense of comfort? For what has been possible in Austria can surely be possible elsewhere. Is it too much to hope that at this time of the year in 1924 we shall be able to view with intense thankfulness the restoration of other European nations still fast in the grip of the "age of confusion."

When we turn to our home affairs, we have minor triumphs to record, but the biggest event in the woman's year is the return of eight women to Parliament. After all, we are progressing more rapidly than we ever would have dared to suspect before the war. It is little over five years since women first used their votes, yet they are already represented by eight of their own sex in the House of Commons. At the recent General Election, when we saw husband and wife going to the poll together, we found it difficult to believe that until 1918

women had no recognized part in the political life of the nation, and when we think of the little group of women so representative and so varied in their experience and ability, we are not too prosaic to rub our eyes and say that some at least of our "dreams and visions" have been granted to us.

We believe in the comparative study of modern history, and we hope that even those of our readers who do not ordinarily indulge in the luxury of *The Times* newspaper will invest in the copy issued for the last day of the year with its always admirable survey of the events of the year. We have also now our own *Woman's Year Book*, which covers a considerable part of the year; we can imagine no more inspiring reading for New Year's Day than Mrs. Fawcett's "Historical Survey" and Miss Eleanor Rathbone's "Future of the Women's Movement," with which the book opens. In looking forward we must necessarily clear our ideas as to the nature of our coming tasks. The Christmas holiday season should bring every one a little free space of time for the necessary duty of tidying one's ideas and aims, whatever one's particular job in life. Those who are working for the objects for which this paper stands even more than others need this annual sorting, if it is true, as Miss Rathbone tells us, that the women's movement is only at the beginning of "the most constructive and practically valuable part of its task."

As we wrote some months ago, changes are waiting for us at every turn. New standards of international co-operation, of war and peace, of democracy, of education, of the family, of class or sex relationships, of religion, are crowding in on us. We must make up our minds what we want, and see that we get it.

UNDER THE YOKE.

We are accustomed to talk very freely of the degradation of women in Eastern countries and under Eastern traditions. The very words "Eastern" or "Oriental" have a sinister sound to feminist ears. But unless from time to time we turn aside from generalizations and examine the actual detailed facts of the case, we may be tempted to understress the ever present horror of the average woman's life under Eastern civilizations. Such detailed facts are presented to us in bare and unvarnished form by Mrs. C. Colliver Rice, whose record of Persian experiences has recently been published in book form.¹ The sub-title of Mrs. Colliver Rice's book is "The Experiences and Impressions of a long Sojourn amongst the Women of the Land of the Shah, with an intimate Description of their Characteristics, Customs, and Manner of Living." This precisely describes its scope. Its author presents to us a mass of descriptive material concerning the everyday lives of Persian women—she presents it with very little adornment of form or style—but so intimate is her knowledge of those whom she is describing, and so ruthlessly photographic is her description, that we who read put down the book with something of the same feeling of intimate knowledge. It is a veritable store-house of information.

But what a picture! Veiled, handed about from man to man, possessed or discarded, spurned, bullied, and suppressed, without part in this life or promise in the next, the Persian woman moves through life with the hopeless gesture of resignation—even the responsible domestic drudgery which both enslaves and ennobs the western woman is denied to her. One incident (selected at random from among many) gives us an illuminating "close up" to the monotonous scene. An English woman doctor had been summoned to the castle of a Bakhtiari chief whose "principal wife" was dying. During her sojourn there, she was treated with great consideration, everything being done for her comfort. On the last day of the visit the "Khan" invited his professional guest to meet his "new wife." "I have taken her lately," he said, "she is beautiful and I want you to see her." Beautiful she proved to be: a shy creature of eleven years old, dressed in "bright and gay silks and muslins . . . wearing a great deal of jewellery." While attempting to overcome the shyness of the "new wife," the doctor became aware of a miserable woman sitting just inside one of the doors, who "constantly put her hands to her eyes, which were very sore, and tried to attract the doctor's attention. The doctor asked who she was, and was told: "She is nobody; take no notice

of her." "But," she said, "she has very bad eyes: I think I can do something for them." "No," said the chief lady, "you must not take the trouble, she is not worth it." Again the doctor asked: "Who is she? Is she a servant here?" "No," she is not a servant; she gets her bread here, that is all. She is nobody."

The doctor then insisted on looking at her eyes, and suggested that she should be sent to the hospital. "Sent to the hospital," said the lady. "Do you think the chief would afford a donkey to send her to the hospital? Send us some medicine, and we will put it into her eyes." At this moment a servant brought the doctor another glass of tea, and while she was handing it she managed to say: "She is a cast-off wife." Then all the story came out. Two years before, this poor woman had been a favourite wife of the chief, not a bibi, but holding a good position, as she had three children. Some epidemic came along, and in a very short time she was childless. She was so agonized by her loss and wept so constantly that her eyes were very much affected. Nothing was done for them, and she soon became almost blind. Then childless, heart-broken, and well-nigh sightless, she was no longer of any use to her husband, who divorced her, and in her place he had just married the child who sat there looking shy and terrified.

This story typifies the status of the Persian married woman—and all Persian women are married women. That is their sole function and end in life. Those who wish to probe more deeply into the matter will of course find much to explain the situation in the pages of the Koran—from which our author quotes freely, though a feeling of extreme delicacy prevents her from including some of the most illuminating passages. Much, too, is to be found in the extraordinary stupidity of the Persian nation, whose superstitions, sanitation, and medical arrangements are incidentally described with hair-raising vividness, in Mrs. Colliver Rice's book. But all the explanation in the world does not make the knowledge of these facts any easier for us to bear. When we remember their existence, their ubiquity, the weakness and loneliness of our Eastern colleagues who are taking arms against them—then we find ourselves able to capture something of the international solidarity which inspired the old socialist slogan "Workers of the world, unite," together with something of the rooted and intractable bitterness with which they shouted that slogan at the ruling class. The moral of Mrs. Colliver Rice's cool-headed and warm-hearted compilation of facts is—"Women of the world, unite."

CHANGES AND CHANCES.²

H. W. Nevinson's name recalls, for readers of this paper, the most turbulent and stirring years of the Suffrage Movement. He was one of the people who helped to invest the militant phase of the agitation with the extraordinary flavour of romance which it undoubtedly possessed. We are told of one of Joseph Conrad's most magical heroines, that she had in her "something of the women of all time." When we read these autobiographical reminiscences of H. W. Nevinson we come away with the impression that their author has in him "something of the men of all time." He is a kind of perpetual knight errant. The slums of East London, the hectic and unsleeping scuffle of Fleet Street, the underworld of Russian anarchy, the operatic campaigning of the Græco-Turkish war, or of the Spanish-American war, Ireland, South Africa, the life of besieged Ladysmith, and later (though the present volume does not carry us as far) the rough-and-tumble existence of the Militant Suffrage movement with its G.H.Q. at Clement's Inn: in all these fields, and others besides, Nevinson went crusading. Human relationships, intriguing personal adventures, political scenes, battles, hills, valleys, plains, mountains, and rivers, crowd higgledy-piggledy across his wide horizon. He actually achieves curiously little; his contributions to literature are of a purely ephemeral kind; most of his solid work is lost to view and memory in the nameless mass of contemporary journalism. All the accumulated capital of his life seems to exist in the perishable form of varied human experience stored up in his own observant and emotional personality—and it is this experience which he shares with his generation in the pages of his reminiscences, under the apt title of "Changes and Chances." Their publication is, he tells us, "an attempt to clutch at transitory time before it whirls into oblivion."

We have said that he seems to have in him "something of the men of all time." On second thoughts we retract that ill-considered judgment, and substitute another verdict. H. W.

Nevinson has in him something of the eternal "Tom o' Bedlam," whose sixteenth-century incarnation sang so gallantly—

"With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander:
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander;
With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
I summoned am to Tourney:
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end;
Methinks it is no journey."

There is no doubt, at any rate, that he is wandering all the time—physically as well as intellectually. Some men, when they record their wanderings, contrive to leave their hearers with the impression that they have some sort of a solid background to their lives which they have not seen fit to describe. Not so H. W. Nevinson; he is a confirmed and essential wanderer. Perhaps the solidest thing in his book is the first passionate friendship (an incident of undergraduate days) which he describes in the fifth chapter. This friendship, he tells us, brought to him "a transfiguration from the commonplace . . . the whole world expanded and sang, as under the sun in May; and as in the Days of Creation, every morning and evening counted a fresh wonder . . . while my friend and I were together, my spirits rose, my powers of mind and body were incalculably multiplied, and all recorded wonders of healing, conversion, and resurrection have since seemed to me no miracles." The friend is never named. There is no evidence that personal contact with him survived the two years of Oxford companionship. Nor, so far as the uninitiated reader can gather, is any further mention made of him during the crowded years which followed. But something of the passion of the eighteen-seventies must have endured until the nineteen-twenties. For how else could Nevinson have found just the right words wherewith to describe this first "Immortal Hour?"

¹ *Persian Women and Their Ways*, by C. Colliver Rice. Seeley Service & Co., 21s. net.

² *Changes and Chances*. By H. W. Nevinson. Nisbet. 15s. net.

WHAT I REMEMBER.¹ XVI.

By MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT, J.P., LL.D.

I have no intention of trying to write my husband's political life nor to give more than a passing glance at the value of his influence and example in putting new heart and courage into those who were called upon to bear the burden of blindness.

Both of these most worthy tasks have been done, and done by master hands; the political life of my husband by his friend Leslie Stephen (*Life of Henry Fawcett*, published by Smith, Elder & Co.), and the story of what his example had done for the blind, by Miss Winifred Holt, now Mrs. Holt Mather, an American lady who has devoted her life to helping the blind to lead lives of active usefulness. Her book, *A Beacon for the Blind*, Constable & Co., was written just before the war; it was the result of many months' work, devoted by the author while she was in England to getting into touch with as many as possible of my husband's personal friends. Her book is thus a personal record full of vivid picturesque touches, and has I know been the means of lifting up many blind men and women from apathy and despair to lives of active usefulness and therefore happiness.

From the early years of our marriage, my husband was constantly urging me to write. Without his perpetual encouragement I certainly should not have embarked on authorship at the age of 21. I was also helped and encouraged by his old friend, Mr. Alexander Macmillan, the head of the publishing firm which bears his name. My first article appeared in 1868, in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Its subject was "The Lectures for Women in Cambridge," which had lately been started by Henry Sidgwick. These lectures proved to be the seed of which, in a few years, Newnham College was the fruit. I mention this little article partly because I received £7 for it. It was the first money I had ever earned. So I made a sort of Feast of the First Fruits, and gave my seven pounds to the fund then being formed for paying Mr. Mill's expenses at the General Election of that year. It was about this time that I began to have business talks with Mr. Macmillan. There were many amusing contrasts between him and my husband. On one occasion after a great talk on all things in heaven and earth, Mr. Macmillan, who had the Scot's turn for metaphysics and philosophy as well as the Scot's eye for the main chance, exclaimed: "I often ask myself—Why am I here?" Whereupon my husband at once rejoined, "Why to publish Barnard Smith's arithmetic, of course." This friendly chaff Mr. Macmillan took in very good part. He was a real friend to both of us. His business experience convinced him that there was a demand for an elementary book as Political Economy, on the same lines as my husband's manual and of J. S. Mill's important work. He was convinced I could write this book, and my husband was of the same opinion. Mr. Macmillan gave me sound practical advice about such matters as the headings of the paragraphs,

in leaded type to draw attention to a new subject, and so on. The little puzzles and the questions at the end of each chapter were a later thought and did not appear until the second edition. They were recommended to me by Mr. E. E. Bowen, of Harrow, and were based upon his practical experience of teaching a class.

From this time onwards until his death in 1896 Mr. Macmillan was among my most valued friends. The little book passed through many editions. It is now in its tenth, and is still in some demand. Writing came more easily to me than public speaking ever did, although for many years work for Women's Suffrage compelled me to do so much of it. When our victory for Women's Suffrage was celebrated in 1918, I had been in the collar as a speaker on its behalf for fifty years, and I own that one of my first thoughts was, "Then I shall never have to make another Suffrage speech!" I could not have kept it up as long as I did if it had not been for the constant fuel my flames received from the Anti-Suffragists, and especially from the quite priceless *Anti-Suffrage Review*.

It was Mrs. Peter Taylor who first gave me a place among the active workers for Suffrage. I joined her Committee immediately after my marriage. She presided at the first public meeting in London in its advocacy, and I was one of the speakers: a humble one, of course, for among the others were J. S. Mill and my husband.

Among my books, one of my most cherished possessions is a copy of Mill's *Subjection of Women* (original edition) given to me by the author. I was terrified by the ordeal, but scraped through somehow. A few days later a then well-known member of Parliament, Mr. C. R. referred publicly in the House to the appearance of Mrs. Taylor and myself upon a platform to advocate votes for women, as "two ladies, wives of members of this House, who had disgraced themselves," and added that he "would not further disgrace them by mentioning their names."

It so happened that a very short time after this my husband and I were spending the week-end in Cambridge, and that most hospitable of men, Mr. James Porter, of Peterhouse, asked us to dine with him. What was my amusement to see Mr. C. R. also among the guests: this amusement was intensified into positive glee when he was asked to take me into dinner. I could not resist expressing condolences with him on his unfortunate position. Should I ask Mr. Porter to let him exchange me for some other lady who had not disgraced herself? But after we had both let off steam a little in this way, I found him quite an agreeable neighbour at the table, and so far as I know he never again publicly held up any woman to contempt for advocating the enfranchisement of her sex. After all, what he had said was very mild compared to Horace Walpole's abuse of Mary Wollstonecraft as "a hyena in petticoats."

RAISING THE WIND.

"Much more could be done were funds available." To how many of us has this depressing sentence acted as a damper to enthusiasm? Funds we must have if our pet schemes are to fructify. Yet how to extract them from a public weary of appeals and dazed with the constant cry of that daughter of the horse-leech known even to Solomon himself: "Give, give?" And yet the money *must* be found; but how are we to set about it? It is with a view to helping if possible towards the solution of this knotty problem that the following suggestions are offered.

The appeal direct for funds, with no corresponding *quid pro quo* offered as a bait touches, alas and alack, but few. Great spirits there are, and for them we rejoice and are glad, who will give for the love of the Cause and ask for no return but a furtherance of its aims. But a wider circle exists of potential givers, from whose more or less unwilling pockets money can be extracted do we but make the return therefor sufficiently interesting and worth while.

The first step should consequently be to appoint a small Sub-Committee (consisting of people who are prepared to give their interest, time and energy to the great work in hand) from the Executive Committee, or the members of the society for whom it is desired to raise funds. Let us, then, consider the first and most obvious way of raising the wind: the

ubiquitous sale of work. One remembers the Vicar of *Punch* who remarked sadly that all honest methods of getting money having been tried, he was compelled to have a bazaar—and many will sympathize with him—but at the same time it is an undoubted fact that bazaars, well organized and stocked with attractive and moderately priced goods, do often succeed in gathering in the shekels. We are now considering, however, the needs of the smallish society—a local W.C.A. or some such body—and it is as well for them unless very strong locally not to attempt anything on too large a scale. A suitable time of year should be selected, avoiding holidays and outstanding local events, and a drawing room or other room of convenient size should be secured from among the society's members or supporters. Small stalls with not too many "table centres," and other forms of obvious "fancy work" should be provided, it being remembered that garden produce, sweets, home-made jam and eatables of all sorts command a ready sale: while baskets, china, and useful household commodities are also undoubtedly attractive. When it is impossible to organize a yearly sale, a respectable amount may be raised by taking advantage of a drawing room or other meeting to install a table or tables with attractive things for sale in the room. The chairman of such a meeting will, of course, make it plain that

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

BY A CASUAL READER.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.¹

Those who, like the writer, did not know Lady Henry Somerset will perhaps be unduly oppressed by the sadness of the story of her life. The table of contents and the headings of the chapters indicate its tragedy and triumph over tragedy. The chapter entitled "Coming out" is followed by "Desolation", and "Desolation" is followed by "Work," and that in brief is the story of her life—the child of promise, the young wife of twenty with a rich and full life in front of her, the misery of her married life leading to a final breach when she herself at the age of twenty-seven, through no fault of her own, was ostracized by society and found stranded in a backwater with empty years of loneliness before her, only to be ended by her own death. But the girl who, when she was thirteen, argued passionately in favour of the North when all her little world, the English aristocracy, was on the side of the South in the American Civil War, the girl who read Mills' essays on Liberty in secret, the girl who was scolded for indecency because in a wishing game she wished for fifteen children, came out of the ordeal, and those who knew Lady Henry almost forgot the tragedy in the triumph of her life. Her instinct to protect the oppressed and her strong maternal instinct gradually found an outlet first in a local Mission and later in the British Women's Temperance Association, the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, and perhaps most of all in Duxhurst, a colony she founded for inebriate women, where her genius for love and sympathy had full scope.

Lady Henry became great; she was fêted and admired on a lecturing tour to America, an adventure which was less ordinary than now. She had a beautiful voice and "standing quite still, without one gesture, could hold an audience of thousands. . . . Nobody guessed that she had been sick with stage fright for hours before the meeting, and that confidence had only come to her when she felt her audience respond." She had a sincere dislike to publicity, and secretly never really relished a strenuous life. Her biographer gives an amusing contrast between her and her friend Frances Willard, to whom she owed much. Miss Willard was a typical "Woman Worker." She took secretaries and typists about with her; telegrams and cables poured in on her. She sent "seed thoughts" to the Press by every post. Lady Henry, on the contrary, had a strong sense of humour; she loved pretty clothes, frivolity, the Society which so unjustly had cast her out, gossip; she positively disliked meetings and committees. Two extracts from her diary will find an echo in the breasts of at least some of our readers.

"Oh, how I hate meetings; they are so bad for the soul, so somehow lowering to catch human thought by much which you know is superficial," and elsewhere, "A fearful day of committee work which I hate more than any other thing in work."

We think Lady Henry's life is worthy of a place among the lives of the gallant band of women who by their human mistakes and failures, as well as by their aspirations, their endeavours, and their achievements, opened the door wider for the present generation. It is a very human record and we think the record of a great woman—a woman who could forgive grievous wrongs "in the spirit of love that suffers and is kind," who could hear torrents of abuse and misrepresentation poured on her public work, and "keep the silence which answers never a word", who could bear the adoration and admiration of the crowd and think "praise the most humbling thing in the world."

THE ELFIN PEDLAR.²

We know a little girl of ten who chose *Come Hither*, by Walter de la Mare, as a birthday present, and a little girl of eight who can repeat poems by De la Mare, Masfield, Shelley, indeed almost anything she hears several times, as if she loved them. Many children who are destined to grow up into stodgy prosaic men and women have an instinctive love of poetry and a gift of imagination which is difficult to account for unless we accept Wordsworth's explanation "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

¹ *Lady Henry Somerset*. By Kathleen Fitzpatrick, 10s. 6d. Jonathan Cape, 11 Gower Street, London.

² *The Elfin Pedlar and Tales told by the Pixy Pool*, by Helen Douglas Adam. Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

for any member of the audience to leave without purchasing something from the stock of goods displayed would be a crime of the blackest dye.

Less trouble to organize, and often very successful, are "American Teas" and "White Elephant Teas." To the former each guest brings some useful or ornamental article and is expected to buy at least one of the wares brought by her fellow guests. The "White Elephants" which, as most people know, are things in good condition but of no use to the owner, should be collected, priced, and placed on a table or stall, and it is amazing to see how quickly the article, whose owner secretly heaves a sigh of relief on bidding it farewell, is eagerly seized and bought by others whose tastes do not tally with her own!

Nor must the jumble sale, beloved of villages and the poorer localities, be forgotten. For this a hall must be hired or borrowed, and care be taken that the sale be well advertised among the class of people most likely to buy. Many helpers are required, who will keep a watchful eye on the goods displayed, and on the dealers who may possibly come to pick up bargains which should rightly go to the poorer women, who see in the jumble sale the chance to buy a decent garment at a nominal price. (It is a curious fact that there is no sale for hats at jumble sales, but undergarments of all descriptions are eagerly snapped up.) The articles should be marked as cheaply as possible, and any things left over can be auctioned at the close.

Bridge tournaments are popular, and not too difficult to run. A hestess (who, if one of the elect, may also give the tea!) must be found, and tables, cards, and markers provided. Bridge-playing members of the society should be asked to be responsible each for a table of four players, and suitable prizes provided, including a booby prize for the lowest score. If the tickets are sold at from 3s. to 5s., a very considerable sum may be raised.

Concerts and dramatic entertainments are excellent, but often beyond the range of a small society. Competitions in connection with a sale are often helpful. A grant of a small sum (say from 1s. to 2s. 6d.) is made to competitors, who each endeavour, by spending the sum on materials and selling the result—continuing the process as far as possible—to bring in a larger sum of money—or goods if preferred—a prize being offered to the person raising the largest sum, or best value in goods, whichever method be chosen.

To each and all of these money-raising attempts success will come if sufficient interest and energy be put into their organization, and the reward of a financial balance on the right side for the society concerned, with its complement of increased activity and usefulness, will amply repay the workers; and the mere fact of the efforts being made will bring more interest and life into the society, thus benefiting it in other ways than merely financially.

F. M. B.

WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE,

55 Gower Street, W.C.1.

THE PROSPERITY OF GERMANY.

It probably has been said to many of us who try to open the hearts and pockets of our fellow citizens for the needy and suffering in Germany: "Germany is very prosperous. I have just returned from a visit there myself. On all sides I saw evidence of prosperity, new factories, much finer than the old ones they replaced, new quays, wharves, and warehouses." These people are honest and obviously believe what they say. What is the explanation of it? It is surely this, Germany has since the War done a great deal of renewing and rebuilding commercial plant and premises with an eye, doubtless, to the commercial development and expansion of the future. If Germany is to pay Reparations she must expand her trade; there is no other way in which she can do it. It is true that these fine new factories and industrial plant do give an appearance of prosperity, but the value could not have been handed over to the Reparations account. The money used in buildings and plant could, it is true, have been expended in unemployment doles, but it is difficult to see how the Allies would have been better off, nor can new buildings, etc., be transferred to the pockets of the Allies. This extensive rebuilding and the existence of a few war profiteers seems to be the cause of the belief in the minds of honest witnesses that Germany is prosperous. They have been misled by outward appearances. They have not looked into the homes and seen the want there, nor even into the faces of many who pass through the streets.

In the *Elfin Pedlar and Tales told by the Pixy Pool* we have a volume of verses written by a child who is now only twelve years old. At the age of ten she was overheard murmuring to her dolly:

I picked her up,
I laid her down,
I went and warmed her nightgown.
I tucked her in and sang so low
That off she went to peep-a-bo.

When asked by her mother if she could repeat some of her verses, she said, "Oh, no, mummy, but I can say some more." Her mother began to write them down until she was old enough to write her own. Up to the age of six, her ideas play with babies and fairies, but even at that early age her little poems show amazing powers of observation and delicacy of expression. Every child will love "Two little stars."

Two little stars fell out of bed
Yesterday night when I was sleeping.
"Dear, oh dear!" the mother moon said,
"Surely I saw my star babes leaping."
Down they fell from the evening sky,
Yesterday night when I was sleeping,
Down and down from the heavens high,
Where poor mother moon was still a-peeping.
A baby was borne on mother's breast,
Round to see it we all came creeping;
But those two star babes had made a nest
In baby's eyes, and were soundly sleeping.

Between ten and twelve she becomes more ambitious, and the little poems called "The Wind is a-Wooing," "The Secret Place," and "War," suggest knowledge and experience far beyond her years. The child writer is not, however, a mere prodigy or a prig. We are assured that she is a very human little schoolgirl, and to readers of this paper who have a family of boys and girls to keep going during the Christmas holidays, we recommend a home performance of *The Elfin Pedlar*, written by Helen for her class at school at a Christmas festival, unless, of course, the children prefer to write their own plays.

We cannot help hoping, however, that this little poet will not see her own Press-cuttings, and that she may have the good fortune to remain as unconscious as possible of the publicity given to her gift by the publication of this book. Otherwise the magic wares of the elfin pedlar may easily become Brummagem.

A SCHOOL OF POETRY.¹

To turn from a book written by a child to books for children, we would like to see a review of the two books, which lie before us as we write, by the youthful poet quoted above. One of these, the birthday choice of our little girl friend, *Come Hither*, was reviewed in this paper last week. The other *The School of Poetry*, by Alice Meynell, is intended for children between ten and fourteen. The two books are too utterly different even to suggest comparison. To quote from the literary supplement of *The Times*, "they differ as a commentary differs from a creation." Mrs. Meynell's anthology is a delightful possession; it brings us back into the company of old friends, and introduces new acquaintances. But we have an uncomfortable feeling that we are at "school," and to quote *The Times* again—

To go to school, to go to school on a summer morn,
O! it drives all joy away.

We think children would feel they were given this book for their good, and that they would find the notes irritating—imagine an explanatory note about "The Walrus and the Carpenter," which indeed seems a little out of place in so dignified a collection. But Mrs. Meynell's book has for all lovers of her own work a special personal interest, because it was one of the last things she was able to do. Her publishers wisely added one of her own most exquisite poems after her death, and we would have valued the book even more if more had been included.

(Continued from next column.)

difficult problems of helping those who greatly need our help, for they are too often the victims of a childhood spent in overcrowded slum dwellings, of drunken or mentally deficient parents, or of physical and mental conditions which should be dealt with in Clinics rather than in Prisons.

Further particulars of this interesting experiment will appear in this month's issue of *The Howard Journal*.

¹ *The School of Poetry*, Alice Meynell. Collins.

THE LAW AT WORK.²

EXPERIMENTS IN PRISONS.

The report of the Prison Commissioners just issued speaks hopefully of various experiments which are being tried with the object of fitting prisoners to re-enter the world as citizens. One is the attempt to make work in prison real work, as hard and as genuine as work outside, and continued for as many hours throughout the day. Some progress has been made, particularly in securing the minimum of eight hours associated labour, but much remains to be done and we read that "Most of the prison population is still employed on industries of a very poor kind, such as sewing mail-bags." The difficulties in the way are paucity of staff, the shortness of the prisoners' sentences, and their low mental and physical condition, together with the want of workshops and machinery which a parsimonious Government has been slow to supply.

Another experiment has been in the "honour parties" of prisoners who are allotted their work for the day and continue it without supervision except for the occasional visit of a warder. They work, of course, within the prison walls and there has been so far no abuse of the privilege.

In connection with conditions in our own prisons it is interesting to read the following account of a foreign prison which has been communicated to us:—

A PENAL FARM NEAR BERNE.

It is generally admitted that the old Penal system of punishment has been a failure—alike from the mental, moral, and spiritual point of view. There has been in the past, little or no inquiry into the surroundings and antecedents of the Criminal; no observation of his health—mental and physical.

Very little thought has been given until the last few years to the effects of solitary confinement, and even in the present day public opinion has no idea of what is best to do with those who, having served their time, should be considered to have paid the penalty; but who have little possible chance when they come out, of becoming decent citizens again, however much they may wish to.

Switzerland has partly solved the difficulty by starting Penal Farms, where the men are working in the open on the honour system. The most successful of these Farms is that of Witywil in the Canton of Berne—near Lake Neuchatel—where a large tract of swamp land has been converted into a flourishing Farm Colony, and the prisoners have and are developing under their own efforts, buildings, orchards, fields of wheat and of sugar beet, and have not lost their sense of responsibility and of comradeship.

From the point of view of the ratepayer, these farms not only support the prison population, but they now pay the Government of the Canton, rent for what was once useless land. From the human standpoint there are naturally some disappointments amongst a population of three to four hundred men, but the majority, I am assured, do well.

Perhaps the most interesting part of this experiment is the little colony on the edge of the estate, where released prisoners who cannot find work may return to work for their living at farming. Those who are thoroughly trained in agriculture rarely fail to find work, it is the townfolk, mostly, who drift back into this colony.

So productive is this farm that they are able to supply vegetables and farm produce to the families of those under sentence—another relief to the ratepayer and preventive of much suffering amongst innocent women and children.

The reduction in the number of recidivists must be enormous. So far there are no statistics to show on this count, but those who deal in this country with the terrible problem of trying to get work for those who have been in prison, will realise the enormous boon of this humane experiment.

Those who leave this outer colony, leave it without any slur, and in fact one does not feel—even in the penal colony—that there is anything like the depression and misery of an ordinary prison, and one realises that these men by becoming far better trained than they have ever been before, are being given every chance of making good and becoming useful citizens.

Those who are making a study of criminology should certainly see the Witywil Colony. They are solving there some of the very

(Continued in previous column.)

² Under the direction of Mrs. C. D. Rackham, J.P., Miss S. Margery Fry, J.P., with Mrs. Crofts, M.A., LL.B., as Hon. Solicitor.

NATIONAL UNION OF SOCIETIES FOR EQUAL CITIZENSHIP.

President: Miss ELEANOR RATHBONE, C.C., J.P. Hon. Treasurer: Mrs. SODDY.
Hon. Secretary: Miss E. MACADAM. Parliamentary Secretary: Mrs. HUBBACK.

Offices: 15 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1.
Telephone: Victoria 6188.

CONFERENCE AND RECEPTION TO WOMEN MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT AND WOMEN CANDIDATES.

A Conference of Women Candidates for Parliament will be held at Church House, Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W. 1, on Wednesday, 23rd January, at 3 p.m. A limited number of visitors interested in the subject will be admitted; application should be made as soon as possible.

This will be followed by a reception in honour of the women members and candidates in the same place at 4.30.

Members of the N.U.S.E.C. desiring to attend are asked to apply for cards of admission as soon as possible, but after 27th December.

ANNUAL COUNCIL MEETING, MARCH, 1924.

Owing to the critical Parliamentary situation and the additional work it is bound to involve at the beginning of the session, the Council Meeting will be held rather later than usual next year. The dates fixed by the Executive Committee are Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 25th, 26th, 27th March.

LECTURES ON ELECTION WORK.

A course of six lectures on "Election Work for Voluntary Workers" will take place on Mondays, beginning 21st January, at Church House, Westminster, at 5.30 p.m. If a sufficient number of names be sent in this will be preceded by a class on "Public Speaking" at 4.15.

Full particulars as to speakers and lecture fees will be issued shortly. It is hoped that the chair on each occasion will be taken by a woman Member of Parliament.

THE CAMPAIGN FOR WIDOWS' PENSIONS.

In view of the need to impress on the Government the immediate urgency of this question, it has been arranged to secure the services of a temporary organiser, Miss R. I. M. Hardy, of St. Hilda's College, Oxford, to help with a special campaign. Miss Hardy is available for engagements to speak on this subject during January, and in and near London after January. Applications should be made to Headquarters as soon as possible after 27th December.

THE ELECTION FUND APPEAL.

We have to acknowledge gratefully two further donations to the Election Fund. Mrs. Edmund Garrett £1 and Mrs. Bell £1 1s., bringing the total to £283 10s. 1d. About £200 of this amount has been spent, leaving a little over £80 to be carried forward for preparations for the next election, which we fear will be on us sooner than we like, or for work at by-elections. A statement of the account will be forwarded to each contributor early in the year.

MATINÉE IN AID OF FUNDS, Tuesday, 5th February, 1924.

Miss Deakin, Chairman of the Entertainments Committee, writes: We should like to remind our readers that the matinee, unavoidably postponed owing to the General Election, is to be held on Tuesday, 5th February, at 2.30 p.m. Sir Philip Sassoon has most kindly lent us his house in Park Lane, and we are very fortunate in having the help of such well-known artistes as Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss May Whiting, Mr. Ben Webster, Miss Athene Seyler, and Mr. Nicholas Hannen. We hope to announce the full list of artistes in next week's issue. Lady Brassey has kindly consented to act as hostess. We earnestly hope our members will support us by buying tickets, 10s. 6d. each, and selling as many as they can to their friends, and make every effort to make the matinee as widely known as possible.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF GIRLS' CLUBS.

MADAM,—We are just making preliminary arrangements for our Annual Club Leaders' Week-end Conference which is to take place from 27th June—1st July, 1924, at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts.

We are urgently in need of the services of a Secretary for this Conference, and it has been suggested that you might be able to make some suggestion whereby we could obtain such voluntary help. The Conference Secretary would have a committee to advise her, and clerical help.

We usually have about 120 delegates at the conference, and the work is of a congenial and interesting kind. If you can assist us in any way to find a worker we should be most grateful to you.

We should be glad to give further details to anybody who is interested in our need.

NELLIE G. LEVY.

THE Woman's Leader

Every Friday.

One Penny.

If you want to keep in touch with current questions affecting the interests of women in politics, industry, the professions or the home, see the *Woman's Leader* regularly.

PLANS FOR 1924:

News from Westminster.

Women's Work in the House of Commons.

Burning Questions.

The Law at Work.

Aspects of Social Work.

Review of Books.

COMING EVENTS.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE CLUB, 55 GOWER STREET, W.C.1.
Club closed from 21st to 30th December.

NATIONAL UNION OF SOCIETIES FOR EQUAL CITIZENSHIP.

EDINBURGH W.C.A. JAN. 9. 8 p.m. Royal Society of Arts Hall, 117 George Street. "The Future of Domestic Service." Speaker: Mrs. R. K. Hannay, O.B.E., J.P., Member of the Committee of Inquiry into Domestic Service.
LEEDS S.E.C. JAN. 7. 5.30 p.m. 18 Park Row. "Story Telling." Opener: Mrs. Firth.

TYPEWRITING AND PRINTING, Etc.

M. McLACHLAN and N. WHITWHAM—TYPISTS.—
4 Chapel Walks, Manchester. Tel.: 3402 City.

MISSVAN SANDAU, 18 Brooklyn Road, W. 12, undertakes
TYPEWRITING in all its branches. Translations:
English, French, German, Italian. Lessons in above languages.

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ENQUIRIES SOLICITED.

WHERE TO LIVE.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mayfield Residential Club, for Pro-
fessional Women and Students (affiliated to National
Council of Women), 60 Harborne Road, Edgbaston. Common
and silence rooms; convenient centre for holidays; vegetarians
catered for.

ISIS CLUB, 79 Fitzjohn's Avenue; two minutes Hampstead
Tube Station. Magnificent reception rooms, central
heating, sunny bedrooms; sandy soil; lectures, dancing,
listening-in; Christmas parties arranged visitors. Telephone:
Hampstead 2869.

GUESTS, English or Foreign, received in Country House
for Christmas. Lonely people. Moderate terms. Taylor-
Smith, Marsh Court, Leominster.

LONDON, S.W.—LADIES' RESIDENTIAL CLUB has
holiday vacancies during December and January. Good
cooking; unlimited hot water; 2 minutes from Tube and Under-
ground. Single rooms, with partial board, 35s. to 38s.—Apply,
Miss Day, 15 Trebovir Road, Earl's Court.

TO LET.

N. DEVON.—Sunny winter quarters. Lady's charming
COTTAGE; every comfort; lovely sea and country;
2½ gns. a week.—Apply, Box 1,032, WOMAN'S LEADER,
15 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1.

PROFESSIONAL.

"MORE MONEY TO SPEND" (Income Tax Recovery
and Adjustment).—Send postcard for particulars
and scale of charges to the Women Taxpayers' Agency,
Hampden House, 84 Kingsway, W.C. 2. Phone, Central 6049.
Estab'd 1908.

LEARN TO KEEP ACCOUNTS.—There are especially
good lessons in book-keeping at Miss Blakeney's School
of Typewriting and Shorthand, Wentworth House, Mauresa
Road, Chelsea, S.W. 3. "I learnt more there in a week," says
an old pupil, "than I learnt elsewhere in a month." Pupils
prepared for every kind of secretarial post.

FOR SALE AND WANTED.

LINEN REMNANTS.—Remnant Bundles of pure Irish
Linen for making aprons. These bundles are made up of
pieces of snow-white linen of strong durable quality for House-
maids' aprons. Useful lengths. 13s. 6d. per bundle. Write
for Bargain List—TO-DAY.—HUTTON'S, 41 Main Street,
Larne, Ireland.

SECOND-HAND CLOTHING wanted to buy for cash;
costumes, skirts, boots, underclothes, curtains, lounge
suits, trousers, and children's clothing of every description;
parcels sent will be valued and cash sent by return.—
Mrs. Russell, 100 Raby Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

DRESS.

MISS MALCOLM'S DRESS ASSOCIATION, 239 Fulham
Road, London, S.W. 3. Bargain Gowns, Evening and
Afternoon, at 21s.

"FROCKLETS." Mrs. Elborough, 6 Lower Regent Street,
W. 1, 4th floor (Lift). Tel. Gerard 908. Children's
Dresses of original and practical design, Coats, Caps, etc., etc.
Smocks a speciality. Fancy Dresses. Open daily (Saturdays
excepted) 10 a.m.-4 p.m., or by appointment.

THE HAT DOCTOR, removed to 52 James Street, Oxford
Street, W. 1, cleans, reblocks and copies hats at lowest
possible price. Renovates furs. Covers satin or canvas shoes
or thin kid with brocade or velvet. Materials and post, 13s. 6d.;
toe-caps, 8s. 6d.; your own materials, work and post, 8s. 6d.,
in three days.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

LONDON SOCIETY FOR WOMEN'S SERVICE.—
Conferences every Tuesday, 4.30 to 7 p.m. Admission
free; Tea 6d.—Wellington House, Buckingham Gate,
Westminster.

THE PIONEER CLUB has reopened at 12 Cavendish
Place. Town Members £5 5s.; Country and Professional
Members £4 4s. Entrance fee in abeyance (*pro tem.*).

THE FELLOWSHIP SERVICES, Eccleston Guild House,
Eccleston Square, S.W. 1: Sunday, 30th December, 6.30,
Miss Maude Royden: "The Meaning of the Cross in the
Twentieth Century."

LONELY? Then send stamped addressed envelope to
Secretary, U.C.C., 16L, Cambridge Street, S.W. 1.

JOIN INTERNATIONAL HOUSE CLUB, 55 Gower
Street, W.C. 1. Subscription, 7s. 6d. per annum. Luncheons,
and Teas in the Cafeteria and in the garden. Thursday Club
Suppers and Discussion Meetings re-opened in September.
Club closed from 21st to 30th December.

HOUSE ASSISTANTS' CENTRE

510 King's Road, Chelsea, S.W. 10.
Tel.: Kensington 5213.

On and after December 14th, 1923, the Employment
Registers of the Centre will be closed and work will be
concentrated on its second and third objects:

"(2) To encourage training and interest in Domestic
occupations."
"(3) To do everything possible to raise the status of
Domestic Service, as Florence Nightingale did that of
Sick-Nursing."

As this will entail much outside work the office will
only be open for interviews once a week—on Fridays
from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m., except by special appointment.

ANN POPE, HON. SECRETARY.
(Member of the American Home Economics
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THE WOMAN'S LEADER can be supplied direct from this Office for 1½d. including
postage. Send 6/6 to the Manager, WOMAN'S LEADER, 15 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1, and the
paper will be sent to you at any address for a whole year. Persuade your friends to do the same.

Please send THE WOMAN'S LEADER to me for twelve months. I enclose 6/6.

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