oman Worker

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

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ONE PENNY.

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HIGH JINKS AT HOLBORN.

Or the Parade of the Pioneers.

By Jacobus.

THE manager of the hall looked along the unending queue.

"Gee whiz," said the manager of the

The serried ranks of the Clarion Scouts broke for a moment, that they, too, might see, and a greyness came into even their veteran faces.

"Gee whiz," said the Clarion Scouts. Upstairs the musicians, lightly touching the strings of their matchless music, lightly humming their gay tunes, heard the shuffling of the innumerable feet.

They also noticed that the intelligent committee had forgotten to obtain a

"Gee whiz," said the musicians. Finally the Women's Labour League, which had set out dainty provision for 400 guests, heard that the waiting, snakelike line lay already along the whole length of Clerkenwell.

"Geo whiz," said the Women's Labour

And the committee you say-the intelligent committee! But the intelligent committee was busy having hysterics; incapable even of "Gee whiz.

A truce to this. Let us not spread out our difficulties. There was that in us that mocked at failure. Had we forgotten to engage the hall there is no manner of doubt we should have quickly erected another and not been baulked of our What deeds were done in that

meeting. What deeds were done in that packed half hour!

How Neil Lyons carried a grand piano from Goswell Road; how Mrs. Nodin (who has military blood in her veins) "rushed" several bakers' shops; how the Clarien Scouts their weapons at his "rushed" several bakers' shops; how the Clarion Scouts, their weapons at his threat, wrested the keys from the manager and opened a forbidden hall as overflow; how even the committee recovered temporary possession of its senses—all this will never be told.

Suffice, it was done, and at 7.15 the happy multitude that rolled into Holborn saw only a trace of the precedent toil and

confusion

confusion.

In a little while we had begun, started by the Chairman's blessing.

First Miss Maçarthur, who told stories, and afterwards settled down to a serious plea for a combined movement to make The Woman Worker a paper to which all working women would turn for solace and delight, and a suggestion of the good time coming.

Downstairs Miss Bondfield's fine voice rang out the same note. THE WOMAN WORKER, she said, had a task not less than holy-it was a very sin not to assist

The audience agreed, and with lusty cheers set the Pioneers' hearts a-dancing. Music followed. Songs by Mrs. Hunt, songs by Miss Greta Park, songs by Mr. Levy, recitations by Miss Garnier, 'cello soles by Mr. Jack Snowden, pianoforte solos by Miss Snowden and Madam Pearce, imitations by Mr. Corri Blatchford. Everybody was happy. Rippling and trailing laughter filled the halls and the stairways, and turned upwards the anxious eyes of those without the gates.

The Staff was in great demand. Ethel Carnie and Neil Lyons divided the honours, and, after having been passed round several times for inspection, had to take refuge behind a solid phalanx of Clarion Scouts.

Grayson turned up later, and, of course, made a speech. He said he was more beautiful than Neil Lyons, and the crowd He said THE laughed incredulously. WOMAN WORKER was the only woman's paper worth a rush; and Miss Maloney shook a menacing finger at him. He said it was a symbol of a free and joyous womanhood; and everybody began to shake hands with him, and kept on doing it for an hour or more.

At last the glorious night ended. Lots of names of new pioneers were handed in. Lots of congratulations were inter-changed. Lots of great plans were foreshadowed.

Lastly, everybody said the Women's Labour League was composed of queens and heroes, and Ethel Carnie is to be asked to do a poem in their praise.

For the rest, the pioneers are maturing schemes. Watch this column.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE honour of a loyal boy The courage of a paladin,
With maiden's mirth, the soul of joy,
These dwelt her happy breast within.
From shame, from doubt, from fear, from

As God's own angels was she free; Old worlds shall end, and new begin

To be,
Ere any come like her who fought
For France, for freedom, for the King;
Who counsel of redemption brought
Whence even the armed Archangel's

wing
Might weary sore in voyaging;
Who heard her Voices cry, "Be free!" ANDREW LANG.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

Promised Land Society.

Special "Woman Worker" Report.

after the withdrawal of Mr. Burns. Responding to the invitation of the chair- A Mixed Reception.

Pointing out that the question was not women the vote?" and general disorder. a new one, the speaker said there were many prototypes of Jack Williams in the Old Testament, which, on the whole, was a very good place for them.

L.G.B. Confusion.

hon. friend was suffering from over-strain, and had quoted in error the still hope for the worst.

At the time of going to press

Mr. Bonar Law, who brought with him

a figure of huge dimensions, explained strain, and had quoted in client figures of convictions for sheep steal-

General had promised to find immediate employment for the 14 boys in sticking on stamps. Mr. Haldane was issuing an Tariff Reformers, when he thanked the crder that would make daily shaving compulsory among the officers of the Territorial Army, and by this means out of works could at once obtain employment as barbers, and the result of their activity would be an increased demand for labour in the sticking-plaster and bandage trades. The resolve of the Government to extend the search for Mr.

Mr. Law said home-grown stuffs were of very different quality, and the figure he had brought was the model of a Dorsetshire labourer from whose diet and the sticking of the support of the property of the standard property and secured the figure he had brought was the model of a Dorsetshire labourer from whose diet and the sticking of the said, the said, the said, the specific property and the standard property would be an increased demand of what he had boldly stated several times in his Parliamentary article, viz., that in the sticking of the said, the said home-grown stuffs were of very different quality, and the figure he had brought was the model of a Dorsetshire labourer from whose diet and the sticking of the said, the said home-grown stuffs were of very different quality, and the figure he had brought was the model of a Dorsetshire labourer from whose diet and the sticking of the said home-grown stuffs were of very different quality, and the figure he had brought was the model of a Dorsetshire labourer from whose diet and the sticking of the said home-grown stuffs were of very different quality, and the figure he had brought was the model of a Dorsetshire labourer from whose diet and the sticking of the said home-grown stuffs were of very different quality, and the figure he had brought was the model of a Dorsetshire labourer from whose diet and the said home-grown stuffs were of very different quality, and the figure he had brought was the model of a Dorsetshire labourer from whose diet and the said home-grown stuffs were of very different quality, and the figure he had brought was the model of a Dorsetshire labourer from whose diet and the said home-grown stuffs were of very different quality, and the figure he had brought was the model of a Dorsetshire labourer from whose diet and the said home-grown stuffs were of very different quality. Grayson's dinner bill would absorb at least an additional 2,000.

As, continued the speaker, I intend to Continuing, Mr. Wilson said doubtless

As, continued the speaker, I intend to persist in my refusal to see the Suffragettes, five million of the remainder can be at once sworn in as special constables.

A Near Squeak for Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Freedom League. On their liberation, which entailed the removal of several hundred weight of iron, quiet was restored.

What They are Doing Abroad.

Mr. Percy Alden, who was obviously touched by his friend's emotion, said the proposals of the Prime Minister were members of the League and forcibly sup-Freedom League. On their liberation, which entailed the removal of several

would know that about 300 adults had esting experiments recently carried out in Riotous Ending. still to be provided for. To those, the important thing was not so much food as warmth and comfort, and after consultations with the important thing was not so much food as duced a number of views of Mid-Africa, flicts in the gallery were renewed, and the tion with his friend Mr. Burns, who had experimentally slept on every part of the industrial was proceeding to give other information and were disputing as to the most apof the seats there should be carefully mation when upholstered. In addition, each of the Miss Marie Corelli said in the interests Miss Marie Corelli, said in the interests of public morality she felt bound to interpart of an approved pattern. The outlay on this must, of course, in any case, be considerable, but members would be gratified to learn that it would be winimised by the patriotic conduct of the winds. Burns, who had volunteered to make

for dealing with unemployment before was the occasion of much cheering, catthe society.

Was the occasion of much cheering, catthe occasion of the could calls, cries of "Why don't you give only deal with such language through

windows, Mr. Asquitte said the preservers windows, Mr. Asquitte said the preservers windows at present measuring several of the unemployed, and he hoped to lay a pattern preserver on the table of the House in a preserver on the table of the H figures of out of works, given by the President of the Local Government Board.

The truth, he said, was that his right bon friend was sufficient of the Local Government Board.

The truth, he said, was that his right bon friend was sufficient of the truth of the tru

Stating the correct total at five millions and sixteen thousand adults and 14 News," who contended with an emotion boys, Mr. Asquith said the Postmaster-that at times escaped his control, said he

Mr. Asquith would be abused and called "Socialist," but he might be assured that in these great chest preserver schemes the mighty heart of the Liberal Party would not bother about names.

Awkward Intervent Member of W.L.L.

A member of the We

Continuing, Mr. Asquith said that worthy of him. He would like, however, those who had followed his statement to have greater notice taken of the inter-

man of Shakespeare to urge their rigor-

ous repression.

At the conclusion of her speech, Miss Corelli was affectionately embraced by Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Maud

Bad Behaviour of Burrows.

At this point Mr. Bruce Glasier called attention to the conduct of Mr. Herbert The second meeting of the Promised Land Society, partially reported in our last issue, was continued for some time bubly be kept below forty shillings.

The second meeting of the Promised the 300 chest preservers herself. With Burrows, who was swearing and pulling faces at him. He was also, said Mr. Glasier, endeavouring to stick pins into Glasier, endeavouring to stick pins into Mr. Benson. In reply to the Chairman, the speaker refused to repeat the expressions man, Mr. Asquith rose to lay his plans | The conclusion of Mr. Asquith's speech used by Mr. Burrows, as he said he had asterisks, of which he had unfortunately

that it was not, as might be supposed, a statue of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. It was a model showing to what the average man might attain after a few years of Tariff Reform.

attributed to flannelette, were in them-selves the disproof of certain statements ing.) Mr. Law said home-grown stuffs were of very different quality, and the foreign ingredients had tematically excluded for upwards of three years. When seen about six weeks ago, the labourer was still growing.

Awkward Intervention by

A member of the Women's Labour Mr. Wilson then asked the Premier to League, whose name it is considered unwise This declaration produced the wildest excitement, and a violent struggle broke out in the gallery. After much shrieking and alarm, it was found that Mrs. Humphry Ward and several of her friends had been gagged and chained to the railings by members of the Women's Ergedom Legger. These are Boilers of handsome to disclose, said the results made so much of by Mr. Law could be produced by anyone with a judicious use of self-rising flour. She refused, also, to believe in the railings by members of the Women's Ergedom Legger. These are flowed to disclose, said the results made so much of by Mr. Law could be produced by anyone with a judicious use of self-rising flour. She refused, also, to believe in the railings by members of the Women's Ergedom Legger. She admitted, of course, that he might

propriate torture.

Mr. Bruce Glasier, after vainly com-

A CAUSERIE.

By Julia Dawson.

THE "Clarion" is mis-named. It ought | Another letter to-day from a to be called the "Queer 'un'—for it is queer, the way in which the Editor Woman in Leeds and Staff have secured the comradeship

November 11, 1908

Nunquam was giving me a list lately of all the interesting folk he had heard from during the previous week; including

Ambassador Extraordinary

from Turkey, I think-a veritable Old Turk, who for some sin or other had got dumped down in Bromley.

The modest Editor wondered what in the world he had ever said or done or written to touch the heart of a turbaned

Stranger than that, the other day I that got a letter from a man in the

Darien Gold Mines

of the Panama Republic. Enclosed were of the two who were "Clarion"-less is surroundings. funny indeed to see.

have nice gardens, paint their faces and mind luxuries, but is glad. teeth, and are all right.

They certainly look all right. Straight

out there. To us accustomed to the sober affairs at home, it seems wildly exciting. He met an old veteran Paraguayan the other day who was cleaning his rifle, and asked him if he expected a revolution.

make itself felt at the polls is due undoubtedly to the methods of the Government officials who control them. chief of the Socialist group there is Dr. Alfredo Palacios, and many other medi- Sunless Leeds Slum cal men are associated with the cause.

Which seems just right. Doctors ought long to look at the stars, to see the mysto be able to diagnose and treat every terious beauties in beetles' wings, and to operative possession of the land should

woman Worker and as many more places get the joys. This page is to get for you as I can get into. Now is it not splendid to be wanted? Nothing ever makes me so happy as to know I am wanted. And want, can I? I have to nod because I nothing makes me so miserable as to see | cannot wink! the un-wanted: the unemployed men, women, and the unwanted babies.

All that treasure-trove of humanity born of women's pain to make the world wealthy, not wanted. Like sweet milk When we look back after the battle-smoke

Not merely miserable. The mass of We shall behold that it was victory,

Human Waste

makes me mad.

To return, however, to this interested three photos, including one of the good man and his wife and half-a-dozen Cholo Indians! Four of these latter were hold-Indians! Four of these latter were holding in front of the astonished camera as many "Clarions," and the look of unutterable and despair on the faces readers up out of their most wretched the true are a more "Clarion," less is the true are a more true and the more true are a more true and the more true are a more tr

This woman is poor, but improving. Very picturesque people these Cholos, Her husband's wages have lately sprung Very picturesque people these Choios, and my correspondent says they have from 23s. to 27s., and soon they will be more sense than we, for they will not work. Instead of that they hunt, and the amount on necessaries, and never To lie rememb'ring when the eyes grow

Now to quote:

They certainly look all right. Straight black hair, bronzed skins, bright eyes, sturdy limbs. Oh, they look quite all right. I wish I could reproduce their photo here.

Then, I have another letter this morning from a Devonshire youth whom I last saw in London. He has got transplanted to the Argentina, whither his "Clarion" follows him. He tells me

About Electioneering

Now to quote:

"We do like The Woman Worker, and are glad it comes on Wednesdays, because Friday is a busy day; and who can work when Ethel Carnie (bless her!) and such gems as "Besom Ben" and "A Man Child" and "Barbara West' are with them? I should never do for an author, because I could not make folk unhappy; and I wish Enoch had taken her with him to see the Macdonalds. I wish I knew some people like them. I love a kitchen myself. We have got a dreadful house; no keeping place we off roved, But that through all the tricks of chance and time, From starting on the path, we have been loved.

'Twill not be hard to follow where friends went; Went; The nearing wave may take us where it list, So that it bring us nearer to the hands we have been and down the other. Four houses for one midden (or the other way) s up one side and the other way houses for one midden (or the other way house). We never get a scrap of sun, and I am a real

asked him if he expected a revolution.
"No," replied the old man, "but the elections are next week!"
It was only a small municipal affair, but the number of killed reached fifteen. I cannot help wondering whether that old man went to bed happy—or not.

Socialism in S. America

is a strong force, my friend says. It was probably imported by the Spanish and Italian immigrants. That it does not make itself felt at the polls is due un-

Well, now, if THE WOMAN WORKER can The gouty-rheumaticky life in a

disease, of which poverty is one of the buy books—it can be every bit as proud not be the next step to national posses-worst.

buy books—it can be every bit as proud not be the next step to national possession.—Catherine Webb.

peaceful tribe of Indians known as

Cholos, and even by Impossible Turks!
But—I did not intend to write all the foregoing at all. I wanted simply to tell you that we-you and 1-are going to have a

Page to Ourselves.

Λ sort of "Over the Tea-cups" page.
"Friends in Council"—or whatever we like to call it. Here, we are going to talk; you must ask me questions. tells in a curious way how The Woman me help you in whatever way you want Worker is taking hold—she is good enough to say she wants me in The your joys. Whatever you do, do not for

drawn to be drunk, but corked up in a bottle to get sour and ferment.

Has cleared away, oft where we think we lost.

Knowing the banners which to earth were

Shall stream again before the merry

With brave hearts following still for evermore-That men fail only when they die for

nought.

The bed that waits to hold each weary

Not that we hoarded up excess of wealth,

As for the world we leave, it will go on-For lovers and the ones beloved a heaven! And we have done our duty well if we Ourselves and those that follow us have

'Twas a sweet life—one glistening hour of it make a woman who has to wear out a Was worth ten years with grief-brine grey and wet!

I see no reason why the dream of co-

AN UNGENTLEMANLY JUDGE.

And How to Restore His Dignity.

By Keighley Snowden.

Judge Bacon with his examination, Judge personal despotisms, big or little. Bacon said: "Be quiet, woman. Go A judge cannot be a servant of the red eyes, into whose arms I ran, and away. Women don't know how to behave people and a personal despot. "Despot" begged her pardon from my suffering themselves in public."

spoken to like that.

a woman like that without being some serve in order to rule. how made to smart for it

No judge in England should be able to of him when they please. imagine that the dignity of the law can be upheld by rudeness to the meanest

A judge is a public servant. Properly, he should be the servant of all. The servant of the meanest as much as of criminal court, he should be there to serve the prisoner no less than the prosecutor. A judge should be a servant, not of the law, but of the people-of all

If there is any doubt of this, we Socialists are here to remove it.

Judge Bacon's Good Faith.

That he does so is the most charitable notion I can form of the state of mind in which he insulted a woman.

I do not know and have never seen this judge; so I am not prejudiced by any idea of his tone and manner. What he said may have been thundered, or snapped out, or uttered coldly, or spoken with a sad wagging of his head: I do not a good practice, and one forced unon know, and it does not matter. He said it, and must have meant it.

He had been complaining that it was impossible to make the man hear, and had then remarked, very reasonably, that had then remarked, very reasonably, that deaf people coming into court should bring somebody with them whom they could understand. The wife presented herself. Who better? And Judge Bacon

Be quiet, woman. Go away. Women don't know how to behave themselves in

Let me be clear. I am not concerned with the opinion he expressed of women. I am considering his treatment of this one woman. It is possible that he had been annoyed by something in his morning paper, but I do not want you to say judge and stipendiary magistrate.

The mischief is that these are servants wards when I found it very tender.

means lord, master, ruler: and if, in soul. Now, no Englishwoman ought to be any democracy, a man is to act like one

Given His Head.

woman go with her complaint?

the greatest. Even when he sits in a who appointed Judge Bacon and by whom tea. I saw my mother look at me some he is controlled.

Bacon act for? Who did appoint him?

I think Judge Bacon will not agree with me. He probably takes another view about women. Or he may graciously for his judge's insolence.

But I do not suggest this remedy or these hopes. I am not for curing petty despotisms by re-establishing a big one. than any English king for a hundred years. And his practice with the judges—a good practice, and one forced upon kings by good judges—is not to interfere with them when they have once been "Clara!" Miss Murdstone repeated. "Clara!" Miss Murdstone repeated."

appointed.

Judge Bacon is "given his head," like

This inoffensive, poor woman is help-less. Judge Bacon may insult at his pleasure any man or woman who enters his court.

We might have gone about half a mile, and my pocket-handkerchief was quite wet through, when the carrier stopped short.

PEGGOTTY.

In the morning Miss Murdstone appeared as usual, and told me I was going to school; which was not altogether such news to me as she supposed. She also informed me that when I was dressed I was to come downstairs into the WHEN a deaf man's wife offered to help | for me, that we are not to put up with | parlour and have my breakfast. There I found my mother, very pale and with

"Oh, Davy!" she said. "That you of these, he must do so with the consent | could hurt anyone I love! Try to be No judge in England should speak to and liking of all he acts for. He must better, pray to be better. I forgive you, but I am so grieved, Davy, that you There is no right, but theirs to be rid should have such bad passions in your heart "

> They had persuaded her that I was a wicked fellow, and she was more sorry for Have we this right-we, the people? that than for my going away. I felt it And, if so, to whom should the insulted sorely. I tried to eat my parting breakvoman go with her complaint? fast, but my tears dropped upon my bread-and-butter and trickled into my times, and then glance at the watchful Miss Murdstone, and then look down,

> Let us see, then. Whom does Judge Bacon act for? Who did appoint him?
>
> The King appointed him. He acts for additional many than the set of the second many than the look down, or look away.
>
> "Master Copperfield's box there!" said Miss Murdstone, when wheels were

the King. So she must go to the King.

The King has power to remove him, to rebuke him, or to make him do his duty decently.

He spoke for the King: perhaps the King will repudiate that conjugate the carrier, was at the door; the box was taken out to his cart and lifted in.

'Clara!" said Miss Murdstone, in Ready, my dear Jane," returned my

"Good-bye, Davy. You are going for your own good. Good-bye, my child. You will come in the holidays and be a better

Clara!" Miss Murdstone repeated.

Miss Murdstone was good enough to d," like So are the way that she hoped I should repent before I came to a bad end; and then I got into the cart, and the lazy horse walked off with it.

What restrains other judges, then?
Their good feeling restrains them; and their own respect for the dignity of their
She took me in both her arms, and courts and functions. We have come to squeezed me to her stays until the presa time when that is not enough for every squeezed me to her squeezed m whether his annoyance was just or his opinion either. It is not to my point.

His Offence.

The mischief is that these are servants of the Home Secretary instead of servants of the people—all the people.

wards when I round it very tender.

a single word did Peggotty speak. Releasing one of her arms, she put it down in her pocket to the elbow, and brought out He was despotically rude to a person who offered him help; who offered it when he asked for it; and who had the best of reasons otherwise to think it would be welcome.

The despotism under his rudeness is what I call attention to. I think Judge Bacon assumes, in all good faith, that in his court he has a right to act despotically within the law.

I deny him such a right.

Instead of servants of the people—all the people. Why are they not our servants, then, but our masters, lords, and rulers? Ah, there's the rub! They are not our servants of the people. Why are they not our servants, then, but our masters, lords, and rulers? Ah, there's the rub! They are not our servants of the people. Why are they not our servants, then, but our masters, lords, and rulers? Ah, there's the rub! They are not our servants of the people—all the people.

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Why are they not our servants, then, but our masters, lords, and rulers? Ah, there's the rub! They are not our servants of the people—all the people—

November 11, 1908

By Holbrook Jackson.

THE SLEEP OF THE POOR.

wander up and down the town like

that grinding orchestration of its immense traffic, reduced here to a piping melody that can scarcely hold its own with the cheerful and incessant bicker-ing of the sparrows. The poor have yielded to the calming influences, and they sleep. Busy people pass through the churchyard and look upon the sleepers thurries through the sorry dormitory with a blush on his cheeks. A policeman stands motionless beside the church door, like a new kind of ecclesiastical symbolism; and a grey cat glides suspiciously

the seats and their occupants. On the first are three men—one an old man with a long beard yellow with neglect, and his battered and greasy felt hat resting idly in his lap; next to him, his head resting upon his arm, which lies along the back of the seat, is a decently-clad young man with a face like a death-mask and back of the seat, is a decently-clad young man with a face like a death-mask and a horrible cough; and in the far corner a ruddy and hairy-faced tramp in ragged cordurgys sporing luxuriously.

Suddenly the organ stops and the dancing ceases. Men remove their hats and look thoughtful. A funeral is pass-

are four here, three men, two of whom and an old and wrinkled woman, sitting upright, and muttering in her sleep. Three women occupy the next seat; all are in rags and filth that shame the day. They are awake: two are talking list-

In a little cluster of mean streets packed in between the lower end of Shaftesbury dilapidated bonnet the while, with a piti-fully automatic reminiscence of past a welter of coster stalls loaded with vegetables and fish, reeking eating-houses with creature of about thirty; her tangled bubbling pans of sausage in their win- black hair is streaked with grey; upon dows, and tenth-rate dram shops, stands her feet are a pair of men's heavy boots, the Church of St. Giles, Bloomsbury. Its ridiculously broken and worn, and tied columned renaissance spire, weathered to round the insteps with pieces of faded that rich, shadowy greyness which makes red rag; she wears a rent black skirt and dows. One of them chanced that rich, shadowy greyness which makes the stones of London a joy for ever, rises aloft majestically like a piece of wrought silver. The beauty of its eyes mingles pleasantly with the green of the foliage in the little churchyard, which reposes like an oasis in a desert of brick and asphalt.

The beauty of its eyes mingles pleasantly with the green of the foliage in the little churchyard, which reposes like an oasis in a desert of brick and asphalt.

The beauty of its eyes mingles pleasantly with the green of the meanced to be thrown open at the moment, and a roguish face met his: a face lighted up by the loveliest pair of sparkling eyes that ever locksmith looked upon: the face of a pretty, laughing girl, dimpled and says with vindictive affability, "Ere we are, sir, all a-blowin' and a-growin'."

So I prose of them chanced to be thrown open at the moment, and a roguish face met his: a face lighted up by the loveliest pair of sparkling eyes that ever locksmith looked upon: the face of a pretty, laughing girl, dimpled and fresh and healthful—the very impersonation of good-humour and blooming the face of a pretty laughing and says with vindictive affability, "Ere we are, sir, all a-blowin' and a-growin'."

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So I prose of them chanced to be thrown open at the moment, and a face lighted up by the loveliest pair of sparkling eyes that ever locksmith looked upon: the face of a pretty laughing girl, dimpled and fresh and healthful—the very impersonation of good-humour and bloom-

asphalt.

Across this desert wayfarers are continually passing and repassing—hungry folk and weary, who seem doomed to wander up and down the town like through an avenue of the dead. Hapwander up and down the town like bewildered ghosts. To-day there are more than usual, and as I walk through the oasis of the churchyard of St. Giles I notice the seats are all occupied, but still more weary ones come with starved looks, seeking rest, only to pass on hopelessly with shuffling gait to the bigger oases of the Thames Embankment or the great parks where they are the with the seats are all occupied, but still more weary ones come with starved looks, seeking rest, only to pass on hopelessly with shuffling gait to the bigger oases of the Thames Embankment or the great parks where there are more than usual, and as I walk through the oasis of the churchyard of St. Giles I can see only one other person awake. He is a hopeless man in shiny black, a decayed clerk, probably, and he turns of that accursed party. . . . There she was again, the very pink and pattern of good looks, in a smart little coquettion of that accursed party. . . . There she was again, the very pink and pattern of good looks, in a smart little cherry-oases of the Thames Embankment or the was again, the very pink and pattern of good looks, in a smart little cherry-oases of the Churchyard of St. Giles I can see only one other person awake. He is a hopeless man in shiny black, a decayed clerk, probably, and he turns of that accursed party. . . . There she was again, the very pink and pattern of good looks, in a smart little cherry-oases of the Thames Embankment or the was again, the very pink and pattern of good looks, in a smart little coquettion of the charms increased a hundredfold by a most of the dead. Happliy they sleep, a comfortless sleep, to be a most becoming dress, by a most open charms increased a hundredfold by a most open charms in charms increased a hundredfold by a most open charms increased a hundredfold by a most open charms in charms in ch oases of the Thames Embankment or the great parks, where they can rest within the shadow of royal palaces and the obviously not yet given up hope—he is the one tragic figure of the place, because the with cherry-coloured ribbons, and worn

to live has flickered out of their consciousness; they are indifferent to all sense of cherry-coloured decorations brightened ness; they are indifferent to all sense of cherry-coloured decorations brightened contest, and the desire of conquest is no her eyes, or vied with her lips, or shed more; they have surrendered to circum- a new bloom on her face, she wore such

generally with superior scorn, but some-times they try to avert their faces with as I turn from this human scrap-yard. as I turn from this human scrap-yard. as I turn from this human scrap-yard. Death is such a simple thing compared with this. Besides, they are indifferent to pain, that is it. They are indifferent to pain, they no longer feel the different to pain, they no longer feel the pain of life, therefore they do not think

first are three men—one an old man with a long beard yellow with neglect, and pale, gaunt cheeks; he sleeps like a child, his battared and greasy felt hat resting their heels like a mad rout of elves. They take up snatches of the chorus, and the bright-faced Italian woman who plays the of how their sons had lost their appetites

he is "moving on" some derelicts who have been resting against the railings. I catch a last glimpse of the sleepers—the seats look like open graves, and I feel the whole of society is being affected by their

decay. "Move along, there, move along," I can just hear the officer. But over the gateway of St. Giles' I see an unwritten legend—"Rubbish may be shot here."

DOLLY VARDEN.

AFTER a long and patient contemplation of the golden key, and many such backward glances, Gabriel stepped into the road and stole a look at the upper win-There is a quietness in St. Giles' Churchyard, a religious peace, lulled gently by the eternal song of London, that grinding crehestrations of the will to live.

The places of the Olympians.

one tragic figure of the place, because the sense of contest is still alive, he alone the merest trifle on one side—just enough, in short, to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that are a straw for the contest is still alive, he alone the merest trifle on one side—just enough, in short, to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that are a straw for the contest is still alive, he alone the merest trifle on one side—just enough, in short, to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that are a straw for the contest is still alive, he alone the merest trifle on one side—just enough, in short, to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that are a straw for the contest is still alive, he alone the merest trifle on one side—just enough, in short, to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that are a straw for the contest is still alive, he alone the merest trifle on one side—just enough, in short, to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that are a straw for the contest is still alive, he alone the merest trifle on one side—just enough in the merest trifle on one side—just enough in the merest trifle on one side—just enough in short, to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that are a straw for the merest trifle on one side—just enough in the merest tri stances in the unequal battle for bread and lie here broken, useless, scrapped.

* * * * *

Why do they go on living, I wonder, as I turn from this human scrap-vard. bright-eyed, enticing, bewitching, cap-tivating, maddening little puss in all this world as Dolly! . . . How many coach-makers, saddlers, cabinet-makers, and professors of other useful arts had deserted their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and, most of all, their cousins, for love of her! How many unknown we a new kind of ecclesiastical symbolom; and a grey cat glides suspiciously mong the sleepers.

I pass along unostentatiously, noting the seats and their occupants. On the first are three men—one an old man with first are three men—one an old man with the content and their skirts and down the payement the content and substantial there are shaking their skirts and kicking their skirts are three men—one an old man with the parameter the skirts are three men—one an old man with the parameter the skirts are three men—one an old man with the parameter the skirts are three men—one an old man with the parameter the skirts are three men—one and the skirts are thr organ smiles appreciatively as their shrill and taken to shut themselves up in dark

Further along on the opposite side is another group of human wreckage. There are four here three many three three three three many three t I crossed the road towards Oxford and caring no more for the fifty or sixty

O'ris a fine thing to talk of the humble meal shared together! But what if there be no bread in the cupboard? The innocent prattle of his children takes the sting out of a man's poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is never makes him the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is never makes him the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is never makes him the children of the very poor times. The children of the very poor times. It is none of the least trightful features in that condition that there is no childishness in its dwellings. "Poor people," said a sensible nurse to us omee, "do not bring up their children; they drag them up." The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery in their hovel is transfer above the squalid beings which we take the very heart to bleed to overhear the casual street-talk between a poor woman and her little girl—a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we formed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it; no one thinks it worth while to coax days (fitting that age); of the promised

is fed with milk and praise." But the aliment of this poor baby was thin, unforecast and melancholy providence. It aliment of this poor baby was thin, unnourishing; the return to its little baby tricks and efforts to engage attention, bitter, ceaseless objurgation. It never had a toy, nor knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses; it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper offhand contrivance to divert the child; the prattled nonsense (best sense to it), the wise impertinences, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings and "Millgate Monthly."

Yes, herrings are cheap! And so are some of the lives of those who help to prepare them for human consumption.—

'Millgate Monthly."

The great-great-grand-children on the leaves of those twiggs. Such survived her death should be done in a lively green, the rest (as blasted) in a pale and yellow fading colour. cheaper offhand contrivance to divert the child; the prattled nonsense (best sense awakens the passions of young wonder.

It was never sung to; no one ever told to it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die, as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once thrives.—"Co-operative News."

We cannot get away from the fact that with a system of more permanent employment that it is sweater through unemployment the sweater through unemployment thr

CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

O'TIS a fine thing to talk of the humble meal shared together! But what if there be no bread in the curboard? The innotill it can be the co-operator for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his

it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humour it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten.

It has been prettily said that "a babe it down the prettily said the prettil said the prettily said the prettil said the prettil said the prettil said the pre

We cannot get away from the fact that

A FAMOUS MOTHER.

DAME HESTER TEMPLE, daughter to Miles Sands, Esquire, was born at Latmes in this county; and was married to Sir Thomas Temple of Stow, Baronet. had four sons and nine daughters, which lived to be married, and so exceedingly multiplied that this lady saw seven undred extracted from her body. I speak within compass, and have left myself a reserve, having bought the truth was a new generation of marriageable females just at her death; so that this aged vine may be said to wither, even when it had many young boughs ready to

Had I been one of her relations, and as well enabled as most of them be, I would have erected a monument for her thus erected, the said lady and her husband lying at the bottom or the root thereof; the heir of the family should have ascended both the middle and the top branches; the great-great-grand-children



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24, 126, Regent Street, W.
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THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

By Carra Lyle.

THERE are several phases of the servant | shoes her average husband is not fit to problem, and the wrongest is that of the brush. problem, and the winged and problem, and the winged indignity of service lately dealt with by Bessie Smallman.

November 11, 1908

Now, countless philosophers have told the Mistress us that real freedom lies only in perfect of one maid, or two, or three, are the so long ago, in my native town, each vant problem is the problem of kitchen pitite asserted his or her own primitive work. Kitchen work is dirty work, is idea of liberty by elbowing his or her unceasing work, is monotonously unmenneighbour in grand crushes at the theatre tal work, and kitchen work has always doors, with the result that women in been left to women to do. Men will not out of the crowd. A common obedience heavy and disgusting. Even the scavento an obvious law for common good now ging of the streets is accomplished with ensures that freedom of person one enjoys long brooms. The scavenging of the in an orderly queue. Yet none feels floors and doors and steps, ranges and slavish in yielding that obedience.

Ressie Smallman

scouring, ironing, washing-the-cups, with few rests and little enough thanks, has only entered her working-woman's queenat worst somewhat prematurely. bond. Her married sister, say, has the same duties to perform, with the addition to them of a husband to look after, and Phyllis, and, moreover, Phyllis would not ceaselessly-demanding children to watch like that solution. and pray over. Yet the married sister's state is one aspired to by the "slavey," and filled well or indifferently at the first her "experience" in her "place," her much-practised deft-handedness from familiarity with house duties will make er a better housekeeper, a more successful cook, a consequently more competent wife and managing mother than her married sister who, say, may have been in a shop, or a factory, or a school, or office.

However Small the House is

done; but perfect in a thousand ways, a slavery of womanhood.

most splendid machine-like slave, whose A vote apiece is the only hope.

obedience. Take for ourselves the homely self-same chains that bind the maids. illustration of a patient, orderly queue | The chains are the chains of slavery, and outside a theatre pit or gallery door. Not the slavery is kitchen overwork. The serfaints had to be continually re-carried have it, will not do it; it is too hard and grates, fenders and fireirons, ash-pails and saucepans—well, is it not! And it is not nice work either, and only fool anti-Suffragists would say it is. Women have says: "To say that many (servants) are to do it, and those who can pay other content does not remove their chains." Their chains. To me the servant's chains other women. I know one lazy, poor woman, too, who hardly ever has 30s. a month's pin money, who will yet scrape tress—the identical chains that letter working-class women. The "slavery," at the call of everyone's bell, up early and late a-bed, range-cleaning, breakfastgetting, washing-the-cups, sweeping, polishing, cooking, washing-the-cups, with slides through them every time. She will be the cooking that the cooking washing-the-cups, with slides through them every time. She will be the cooking that the cooking washing-the-cups with slides through them every time. will not do it. But then she is lazy, and salves her conscience by letting the neathanded Phyllis out oftener than is in the

Phyllis's Enfranchisement

and filled well or indifferently, at the first opportunity. Have the "chains" fallen off? Does she now in idleness have liberty? Or has she re-gived her life with living chains that will grow with her growth and become heavier every passing year? From my outlook on life, her "experience" in her "place," her "Votes for Women will have accomplished.

I know of cases, and can cite them to her, where peace and happiness reign in many a household because of the perfect accord that exists between mistress and maid. These cases, however, and alack! will scrap our present time kitchen machinery (!) and stock us with electrics, between mistress can where peace and happiness reign in many a household because of the perfect accord that exists between mistress and will scrap our present time kitchen machinery (!) and stock us with electrics, between mistress can make the machinery in the same keeping as her mistress's.

As her outlook widens, so Phyllis's work will lessen. If Votes for Women do not prove a powerful installation of X-ray plant, that will scrap our present time kitchen machinery (!) and stock us with electrics, Votes for where peace and happiness reign in many a household because of the perfect accord that exists between mistress and maid. These cases, however, and alack! will scrap our present time kitchen machinery (!) and stock us with electrics, between mistress for many a household because of the reign in many a household because of the respect to the machinery of the perfect according to the perfect according to the perfect according to the perfect according to the reign in many a household because of the reign according to the reign in many a household because of the reign according to t wachinery (!) and stock us with electrics, Votes for Women will have accomplished nothing. If the prices of already used there to keep the machinery of the modern household in order, unformed to the second of the sadly lack either

The Cap and Apron

the day's work to be overtaken is enor- uniform, a uniform which in large estabmous, and she who says it is not leaves it undone or gets someone to do it for her. And the woman of to-day who does with—

lishments is not associated with any kind of indignity. Only in the poor starved or something so that young women may be properly trained and qualify to take out a servant rather than add to her already overburdened 16 hours' day the responsibility of looking after another overwork does. Now, overwork is an she will; let her do away with every responsibility of looking after another overwork does. Now, overwork is an she will; let her do away with every untaught pair of hands is a finished product of the twentieth century's slavery— maids leave; overworked wives cannot but let her train girls honestly to work a giant organiser of overwork. There she stands, under-sized a bit; her hands—yes, rather hard; her mind—"a clear, cold, logic engine"?—hardly, full, rather, of many things accomplished, many things accomplished accomplished and the service and the service

ANOTHER VIEW.

By G. Garnier.

In justice, I must seriously protest against the exceedingly biassed tone of Miss Smallman's contribution.

Certainly our cooks and housemaids may have complaints to be heard and grievances to be aired, but how about the employer? Is that person absolutely exempt from all worry and trouble and anxiety directly Miss Smallman's much-abused maid-servant enters her home? I think not. Shortcomings there assuredly are in mistress and in maid, frequently interdependent. Can we find the remedy? I myself know more than one Socialist family who would be only happy were they allowed to treat their general servants, their cooks, their housemaids, as the case may be, upon a footing of perfect equality, if it were permitted. But it is not; and the fault is with the system, or, to be quite correct, with the lack of system.

It is the fool of the family very often (mark me, Miss Smallman, I say very often: I do not say always), the girl who is no good for anything else, the girl who, so to speak, is a general failure, who goes out to service, seeking to bridge over somehow-anyhow-the time between her distasteful career in school and the period when she will be the (unworthy) wife of some (unfortunate) working man, when she will breed still more unfortunate chil-

dren. The pity of it!
I think I am safe in asserting that there are practically no Socialists among them. Once convert these girls to Socialism-Socialism of the right sort: not "Socialism" of our enemies—and a revolution would ensue. Our Socialism means cleanliness of thought and feeling, honesty in word and deed, kindly consideration towards our kind, and friendly

brotherliness to our neighbour.
Now, can Miss Smallman tell us that the present members of the class whose cudgels she so earnestly takes up nearly approach this standard? Can she? I know of cases, and can cite them to her,

that are rare: and why?
tchen Well, I think it is partly because, itrics, instead of the "educated woman" whom there to keep the machinery of the vacuum-cleaners and things remain at their present price, Votes for Women will have accomplished nothing. We want a regenerate kitchen, each of us, and we want Votes for Women to get it. writing an article which can only foster any feeling of embitterment and, in addition, frighten away new and potenperson who might help make this daily life of ours more joyful and beautiful.

No. 7's FATHER.

A Fragment.

By A. Neil Lyons.

ployer-and talked about theatres, was a bachelor." politics, travel, and fathers.

album of pictures what my father took holiday, when he was a young chap." himself with his own machine when he was a bachelor, before he got married."

our book: from Holland or Italy or some and all the rest of them standing outside Uncursed, smiled on to summer, and no such place. Tennyrate, they're wearing a pub. and laughing at him. He says earrings "

Rotter-damsels.' "

"Yes." assented No. 7. "And there's married. Father was a great one for mother still holds by Clapton." pleasure before he got married."

'Like mine," said No. 3.

"He travelled as far as Scotland once." continued No. 7. "He often tells about Scotland. He's got a picture, what he took with his machine, of a man skinning a sheep-getting the wool off, you know. He says they got machinery in Scotland that skins off more than a thousand sheep in an hour. He often teases mother about the Scotch girls. They must be a wild sort of lot if anybody's to believe him. It's where they make the whisky, in Scotland. He says you can "Meaning mother and me, I suppose?" said No. 7. "Oh, we don't mind. We ain't never been nowhere. How eager hands may pluck the fatal buy it in Scotland for a shilling a bottle.

didn't half see some life, I can tell you,

married."

"My father's teetotal." proclaimed 3. "Wouldn't do for him to fall across our old man, then," said 7. "Father FAR, far behind I left the country lanes, He says they bring down wages. He talks a lot about politics, father The city streets were round me, noise of Pity and clear-eyed Reason. Strength does-not that he bothers much about it a bachelor, before he got married. Fragrant remembrance of a perfect day a picture of John Bright with his steps into a chapel, and you can see his overcoat and the back of his head. It comes out very clear. Father says he often wishes he'd still got that machine."

And scarcely opened bloom; for it was

explained No. 7. "He says you can't Deep in the west, a fading opal sea; afford to keep a wife and a camera, too.
We got a picture of a mountain in Wales what he took when he was a bachelor,

sat at a table adjacent to mine in an snow on top quite distinct, and yet it Alphabet Bun Shop and ate smoked was summer time when he took it. He Alphabet Bun Shop and ate smoked was summer time when he took it. He sausage—the mid-day offering of her emdid get about, I can tell you, when he A woman's face gleamed, flowerlike, on

"My father," said No. 3, "went down Then the night swallowed her-the realm

to Norway and back on a herring boat. "We got a halbum, too," said No. 3. We've got a picture of him landing Persephone in Hades! "There's some pictures from abroad in with a kipper or codfish in his hand, "Same as Ellaline Pott in 'The move there to-morrow. But mother says shone,
Passed careless by the ways her feet had that Clapton is good enough for her. Another place that father thinks a lot of others which is nearly black. But I is Devonshire. When he was a young Oh, great Demeter, Heart of Motherthink they come from the Wild Indian man, before he got married, he used to Village what was on show here when go to Devonshire for his holidays. He Where is the wrath that dared Olympus' Village what was on show here when father was a bachelor, before he got says it is grand place for cider. But To hold light's child within the realms of

"Ain't 'e ever took you with him on Oh, mother-hearts, where nestle golden his travels?" asked No. 3, a little wist-

"Me?" cried No. 7. "Why, I wasn't thought of at the time. When he went to all these places he was a bachelor. It's a bit different for him now. I often wonder if he finds it slow in Clapton."

For mother-pain and care to feel the kiss Of answering child-love—will ye have

'A man can always amuse 'isself. 'Ow do Give heed to that old legend!—how too "I don't know," mused No. 3. you find it?"

What you haven't had you don't grieve That would just have suited father. He for. But it must be slow for father. He was such a Lad at one time-when he Hades is on them, and the land of when he was a bachelor, before he got was a bachelor, before he got married."

TO THE MOTHERS.

don't hold with teetotalers at all. Flushed in a long spring sunset—once Join hands, Life-Giver, with the waiting

wheels, Clatter of hoofs, and stir of passing feet.

same as he used to, when he was Clatter of hoofs, and still I held The dusk had fallen now, but still I held When he was a bachelor, he took A wealth of bluebells, tendrils of young

machine. John Bright is going up some And drooping woodland flowers, half

Beneath unheeded stars: and as I passed There flitted, like a ghost, with dreadful

She might, in happier guise, have been

Of spring incarnate. Suddenly she paused Where lamplight glistened on her golden

WAITRESS No. 7, with whom was No. 3, before he got married. You can see the Those hard blue eyes grew misty, soft as

my flowers

"At our house," she said, "we got a coal-mine once, when he was on his Had claimed its own again; but I had

"Our old man," said No. 7, "went Oh, truth in the old tales!—I knew her

a sort of goffered cap and long, twirly that Norway is the finest place of them Fell upon flowery field or blossomed tree all; and if he had his way, we would all While happy women, when the morning

And mother-eyes that watch the little

Dance after birds and butterflies along The guarded paths of childhood, recom-

Lured by life's Spring, the maiden-forms.

So fair and strange-till, unaware, in

Awake, Demeter, for thy children's sake! Spirit of Motherhood that should embrace All children of the earth within thy love! Arise, Demeter! Use thy unproved

strength-That force primeval of the Universe!

with strength, Shatter the whole dark underworld of

So help to rescue them-not her alone, Thy daughter, pale Persephone, but all The weeping ghosts that throng those

dreary bounds. Shut out from joy, and dragged into the

By cruelty, oppression, lust, or fear, Or mankind's chill indifference; till at

"Lost it?" asked No. 3, with feeling.
"He give it up when he got married," Still one long strip of afterglow shone In rays of healing sunlight, and Earth's

A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

All Sorts and Conditions of Women.*

that sounds their praises.

November 11, 1908

leaves me much bewildered. As a child Gladstone. They fill the Holborn Town Hall with a history as you look: fancy-dress assemblage of the most magnificent sort, all of them real and fine and charming: for they appear as men who loved or admired them saw them.

Esmond had left a child and found a woman, grown beyond the common height; and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting that

record has not been passed.

Call not these wrinkles graves; if graves they They were Love's graves, for else he is no

where.
This is Love's timber; youth his underwood,
Where he, as wine in June, enrages blood.

But that is George Herbert on his mother. I can tell you nothing about the marvel but old Fuller's facts. And this merry old dame with soft eyes who keeps close to her-this is Granny. Granny who? I don't know: just Granny. Don't you know James Whitcombe Riley's verse about her?

> Granny's come to our house, And ho! my lawzy-daisy!
> All the children round the place
> Is jist a-runnin' crazy!
> Fetched a cake fer little Jake, And fetched a pie fer Nanny,
> And fetched a pear fer all the pack
> That runs to kiss their Granny! . .

to me.

The great ladies-I keep a reserve with

But Lady Ashburton says witty things and makes a better mock of it. and is kind to men of genius. capricious; one might have to quarrel

her "with a face rosy red, and an eye Is little lik' too many maidens bezide,—
Not brantèn, nor spitevul, nor wild; she've a

Place aux dames! Let the great women | beaming with mirth," when "she would of the past reappear. For here is a book | seize a cup and sing 'Toby Fillpot, glorying, as it were, in her own jollity." It is Mr. E. V. Lucas's, who compiled Dear, good-humoured, hearty, mascu-

who loved or admired them saw them. It is a Triumph of Womanhood.

Courage! The M.C. should not be a shy man. I am to introduce to you as many as possible in ten minutes. The rest you must get to know yourselves.

Dame Hester Temple. On the witness of Thomas Fuller, historian and divine, this lady in the costume of King James the First's time had children, grand-children, and great-grandchildren to the number of 700. Look at her well. The record has not been passed.

And delight at beholding her. In hers there was an delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible: and that night the great Duke was at the playhouse after Ramillies, every soul turned and looked at her, and not at him.

She was a brown beauty: that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark; her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine; except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose the lambing pocket of his shepherd's when to or three are geathered together God when the went of them, and it was the very same Divil that tempted Job that tempte whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen—now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic—there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful.

The lambing pocket of his shepherd's plaid!

Didn't he face "the angry airt," and make her bield his bosom, and into his own room with her, and lock the door, and out with the warm, rosy little wife, who took it all with great composure! There the two remained for three or more hours, making the house ring with their laughters, you can fancy the

Unhappy Beatrix, with the principle of unhappiness in her high-born pride! Touch her hand as kindly as she will let you do, and so pass on.

Kemble to tell you a story:

I remember a very comical conversation with her, in which she was endeavouring to appoint some day for my dining with her, our various engagements appearing to clash. She took up the pocket-book where hers were inscribed, and began reading them out with the following running commentary: "Wednesday—no, Wednesday won't do; Lady Holland dines with me analytic lady won't do; Lady Holland dines with me analytic lady won't do; he and the hound went, shaking themselves in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the following running commentary: "Wednesday—no, Mand fetched a pie fer Nanny,
And fetched a pear fer all the pack
That runs to kiss their Granny! . . .

All's a-eatin' ginger bread
And giggle-un at Granny.

Wouldn't you rather know her than
Mother Eve, with her "sanctitude severe
and pure," and her "coy submission,
modest pride"? She is worth forty Eves
to me,

the following running commentary: "Wednesday—no, Wednesday won't do; Lady
Holland dines with me—naughty lady!—won't
do, my dear. Thursday?" "Very sorry,
Lady Cork, we are engaged." "An, yes, so
am I; let's see—Friday; no, Friday I have
the Duchess of C—, another naughty lady;
mustn't come then, my dear. Saturday?"
"No, Lady Cork, I am very sorry; we are
engaged to Lady D—." "Oh dear, oh
dear! improper lady too! but a long time
ago, everybody's forgotten all about it—very
proper now! quite proper now!"

Conventionality never looked so droll. or gossiped quite so innocently-unless in Lady Dorothy Neville, who is not here

You would like to meet some simpler with her; yet I like her saying that a bore "mustn't be a good man, for the better he is the more hateful he will west Country maid that William Barnes No doubt she has said things just has sung-"The Maid vor my Bride"?

s silly as that was wise.

Crabbe's Miss Waldron, now. You see Ah, don't tell o' maïdens! the woone vor my black eye,

Ah, don't tell o' maïdens! the woone vor my bride

"Her Infinite Variety: an Anthology."
E. V. Lucas. 5s. net, Methuen and To think o' what's right, an' a heart to be

Ov her cheeks is so downy an' red as a peach; She's pretty a-zittèn; but oh, how my love Do watch her to madness when woonce she do

An' when she do walk hwome vrom church

drough the groun',
Wi' woone earm in mine, an' wi' woone
a-hung down,
I do think, an' do think mwore o' sheame

Do meake me look ugly to walk by her zide.

But the dear fellow tells most about "The Open Road" and others, and, sure line and a fox-hunter. We'll have her himself. Simple folk? What do you as I'm a man with likes and dislikes, it on a Christmas card, to send to Mr. say to wee Marjorie Fleming, then-Sir Walter Scott's child-sweetheart? There at my first Chistmas party I felt just so. Ah, and who comes next? Forget her was an old-fashioned woman for you!

Yesterday I behave extremely ill in God's

ring with their laughter; you can fancy the big man's and Maidie's laugh. Having made the fire cheery, he set her down in his ample unhappiness in her high-born pride!
Touch her hand as kindly as she will let
you do, and so pass on.

Here's old Lady Cork, with Fanny

Kemble to tell you a storm.

· Yes, I would rather have played an

Sir Walter was in that house (where she lived) almost every day, and had a key, so in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the lobby. "Marjorie! Marjorie!" shouted her friend, "where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin' doo'?" In a moment a bright, was kissing her all over.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

CHEER O!

When the leaves strew the tracks and the rooks eye the plough, And the wind tries a tune on the bones

of the year, First a sigh and a sough, then a creak

And a shake at the oak-leaves dry and

sere; Then the redbreast peeps with a bold

If the rest are all done, then at least he

A brave, sad song for winter!

BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

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A Drop of Water.

"READ George Meredith," Macdonald had said to Enoch, long ago. "You worry about the way a coarse-minded man like Paine gets on with some women; read George Meredith. You are looking at the black side of things, which isn't helpful to a young mind, Mr. Watson. Or to any mind. He'll bring you ac-Or to any mind. He'll bring you quaint with another kind of woman.

And Enoch had read accordingly-with the result that Meredith's women seemed unreal to him, except in their emotional moments. He had not met such women. 'Hang on," Macdonald had said. "Hang on with your teeth and your eye-

But he seems to think. . . looks as if he thought that men should

let women do as they like."
"Well?"—The philosopher twinkled.
Enoch found himself blushing, and
quite unable to state his own feelings. You will find," said Macdonald, after the necessary pinch of snuff, "that in any civilised society it is what women do. Wouldn't you like to know Diana, or Renée, or one of 'em?''

'I can't imagine them, somehow." turned to his work.

it's to be the salvation of all of us. At waiting for his answer, she was in fear of

present we're mostly savages."

And, thinking that he spoke rather scornfully, Enoch held his peace. He might understand in another five or ten

For some time savages."

him.

Deadly fear. For of love again, now?

For some time present we're mostly savages."

what she had written, in pencil:

'DEAR CON,-Do you remember Barbara West? I have been very ill since March, and find it rather dull all by myself. Will you come to see me again,

I am much changed, have to be waited on a great deal, and am writing this to-day in bed (pray excuse pencil). Mrs. Shuttlewell has been most kind, done all she could, and seems anxious I should recover, but I am afraid 'tis no use, I get so weak; so you must expect to see a scarecrow.

"If you could come on Saturday, any time after three, or drop me a line this? fixing another day.—Sincerely yours,

She had come to love him, and love would excuse himself from coming. had made her ashamed.

may be sure that she had fought against it. You see, she called herself a scare-the ordeal before her. crow. A girl who has been so happy in

ness would not serve?

Before she wrote it, and while she Barbara lost her new-found peace. She lay in the weary flames and called to Sh him for a drop of water to cool her ley, and had heard the birds sing from tongue, sure that he would listen; and rustling woods below the hill-top, and ne them, somehow."

Ay—weel!" And he last angel she would have His arm had been round her. They wished to see her in shame's torment.

Another day, he said: "They're women with brains as well as hearts and faces, sir. Educate the women, educate the women, educate the women, educate the women, educate the women with brains as well as hearts and faces, sir. Educate the women, educate the women, educate the women with brains as well as hearts and faces, sir. Educate the women, educate the women with brains as well as hearts and faces, sir. Educate the women, educate the women with brains as well as hearts and faces, sir. Educate the women, educate the women with brains as well as hearts and faces, sir. Educate the women, educate the women with brains as well as hearts and faces, sir. Educate the women, educate the women with brains as well as hearts and faces, sir. Educate the women, educate the women with brains as well as hearts and faces, sir. Educate the women, educate the women with brains as well as hearts and faces, sir. Educate the women with brains as well as hearts and faces, sir. Educate the women with brains as well as hearts and faces, sir. Educate the women with brains as well as hearts and faces, sir. Educate the women with brains as well as hearts and faces, sir. Educate the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with brains as well as hearts and the women with the wome faces, sir. Educate the women, educate If possible, she would have recalled it; the women. Believe me, Mr. Watson, and for two nights and a day, while

might understand in another five or ten years, perhaps.

Towards the end of February he was one day startled to recognise Barbara's his passionate letters. When she was most hand in the address of a letter. Here is a shamed she had turned to them; for they put her on a pinnacle, and assured a priceless her that she could not be to blame for the ground.

what had happened.

This had made the reading endurable and sweet. She had read them in her chair or in her bed like a spirit aloof from the body and heart of her former pity for that foolish being now defiled and dead there. But out of the selfpity, and out of her full knowledge of the love they breathed, had sprung that impulse to write to him; and with it a regionate pragren to live a little love. self—read them through radiant tears of rassionate prayer to live a little longer. How, indeed, should he imagine all

She was no less humble than the no healing.

Then, alas! aware of all the imagined than the magined than the magine that the magine that the magine that the magine that the magine than the magine that the magin fixing another day.—Sincerely yours,
"Barbara."

"Barbara."

He could not but comply with this

Then, alas! aware of all the imagined comfort lost, her heart cried out from touch the hem of his garment. Her the lowest pit. He could not but comply with this petition, which shocked him.

Of what it had cost her he had, of course, no inkling; but its placid hopelessness in a familiar voice stirred the depths indeed. And he had not supposed her capable of so much courage, as the little note confessed.

No inkling. How could he suppose that at last she loved him?
How was he ever to guess? And, if he did, what then? He could not know this; that the courage required for writness of vileness, at its deepest, made her lover look so nobly pure, that, recalling his tenderness, his intuition of her wish to be good, of her true heart's virtue (cruelly worsted and bleeding now but not relinquished), she felt herself raised and healed.

It did not seem to her, when she wrote, that she would have to make confidence in the lowest pit.

It was daybreak in her chamber; she lay in a trance of misery while the light was growing. Sounds in the room above of Mrs. Shuttlewell rising to the day's work at length aroused her, and in some strange way set her weeping without more grief.

It did not seem to her, when she wrote, that she would have to make confidence in the lowest pit.

It was daybreak in her chamber; she lay in a trance of misery while the light was growing. Sounds in the room above of Mrs. Shuttlewell rising to the day's work at length aroused her, and in some strange way set her weeping without more grief.

"Good-bye," was her thought, murmore grief.

"Good-bye, you patient, loving brother; you will not know, and that is one good on the courage required for writ-

this; that the courage required for writ- queer idea that such an exhibition of the comfort. But, now it can make no

tragical proofs of her folly was owing to him—that in a way it would requite him. But what if he did not understand?

Suddenly she knew that any talk of his old love, any tenderness even, would be

Barbara lay like a bound martyr in the ing to him had been greater than the courage that spoke so quietly of death.

Think of it, and you will see that it had.

Think of it, and you will see that it had.

What a night it was, had made her ashamed.

Barbara thought she had loved him all along. It is so always. Love blames us very unjustly. And her longing to see him again—just once—to be forgiven her rebel wilfulness, her disloyalty, to hear him speak kindly, and to be sure that she had not hurt him like herself, this unguanchable and humble. herself—this unquenchable and humble longing had fed shame's fever. Oh, you she had to wonder what her wish had

Between such bewilderments, which kept good looks as Barbara, and has lost them all as she had done, can only make a little appeal like hers over pride's coffin. recurring, she made up her dozing mind not to see him—to let Mrs. Shuttlewell say she was too ill. But, of course, the The letter was complete surrender. | fear would not be put awa. Odd, is it not, that Heaven's forgive- she knew quite well that, fear would not be put away like that;

once, he would come again and again.

A little blessed sleep refreshed her realised how poor a thing she was become, and what she had thrown away, from a pleasant dream of him, her cheeks

She had been with him again at Kingwere sitting almost as before, but he did

never guessed that she longed for the innocent kiss forbidden him; longed to be much dearer to him, but feared to Deadly fear. For, suppose he talked give him hope; feared, and ah! unkind, and all in vain and doleful-unwisely feared the mire in which a rougher wooer had pushed her down. Con's kisses would have saved her, she thought now.

Yes; she saw herself toying with a love that now could never be possessed, with a priceless cup of life all spilled upon

Why had she driven him away? Because he never thought of doing her any despite. Because he wished to marry her But-but she would some day. have married him!—ah, indeed she would if she had known how difficult-

cold and ordinary—just pleasant. And dismay instructed her that, if she were to act a part with him, there would be

difference, Barb'a West is loving the immense resignation that underlay dealy given her hope of the old tender-

The morning postman brought her a note from Enoch, to say that he was deeply sorry to hear of her illness and would call as suggested. That was all; beginning formally "Dear Miss West,"

It struck a chill. But, as it put an end to her fear of unmanageable ardours, quickly, to escape commiseration: "No, I do that for you?"

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mrs. Shuttlewell's outspoken joy at hearing of the visitor due had made her all right. doubtful of her own sensations; and the But she had a terribly cold bosom. He loss was her look of Barbara. Even her about with evident alacrity while saying read his face of dismay.

no more of it, excited her. She was He was saying, harron bout with evident alacrity while saying more of it, excited her. She was saying, harrowed, "But you with promise haunted him, even her should have let me know of this before, sween this and former visits, and unable Barbara. I had no way of finding out, for him, had been the beautiful very constitutions." to think forward to it.

Sitting up in bed, she made her tollet, in disregard of fatigue, with shaking hands; not much otherwise affected than one may be by the prospect of a surgery hopefully prescribed.

Then exhaustion calmed her awhile.

Substitute of the substitute

knew. Pathetically, her instinct was still to please him. Pity from a cold heart is to be feared; it terribly re- was to talk brightly. Her words cut

heart is to be reared; it terribly resembles contempt.

Barbara had need of all her arts, alas!

Calling herself a scarecrow had not destroyed Enoch's recollection of her "But you said in your letter you had been ill since March," he persisted. "What is it, Barbara? What does the eauty, a beauty which, even in the last | doctor say? view of it at Sheepton, was sovrain still; and, upon parting the curtains of her chamber, he had to conceal a great doctor."

speak, a flutter of imperfect thoughts in Enoch's mind confused perception.

The old superstition of the changeling, common to human hearts the world over the changed, aren't you? "she said quickly, the said quickly the said quickly the said quickly. viction, and checked at her still abun- sure. dant glossy hair, dressed in a fashion he

ments were gone. With a smile he d'd not recognise, of thin lips parted on a girl's look of candour and anxiety to Her hand went out to him, with a

"Oh, how good of you! I hope you weren't going anywhere; is this your week-end off? I've been feeling sorry—
it is so fine and sunny."

He had felt some way.

"Of course it might be different."

He laid his palm upon the slender fingers, thinking how she had always baffled him.

"Dear, you must be different."

such common words. What a piteous cheerful greeting! Her name broke Barbara!"

she could receive him.

The coveted drop of water seemed to be offered with an averted face.

but I'd rather you had fixed your own time. You see, for me it doesn't really matter, I'm always here. Besides, I've grown quite good and patient lately. mured. Won't you sit down?"

He did so, and found words that he

Sure?" she quizzed. "Then that's t

busy doing up of the two rooms in pre-paration for him, which the woman went eyes rested full upon her. So she mis-

tween this and former visits, and unable Barbara. I had no way of finding out, think forward to it.

Sitting up in bed, she made her toilet, but I never guessed this. Ill since He sought her hand again, speech being

His knock, an hour later, summoned all her courage over a panic of the physical heart to appear the Barbara West he if you would come to see me now and

"It is weakness, Con," she had to "There isn't any need of a

Seeing her flush, with a nervous Another face than hers looked at him with shining eyes from the raised pillows there.

As he advanced to take the little slip of a hand held out, and she began to reach a hand held out, and she began to speek a hand held out, and she had a hand held out a

common to human hearts the world over when cheated of a dear image, startled him with a seeming possibility; he noted that trembled. "But I'm taking plenty that trembled." the little brown mole in its place upon the wasted cheek without immediate control of nourishment now. At first, I don't think I did. I ought to get well, I'm

"Still," he pressed, "to be so long ill The face he saw was not unbeautiful; not distressing, for he had been prepared to miss any fulness and colour of health. But the former and dear lineaties.

Stiff, he pressed, to be so long in is a great loss of money! A doctor might save you something." And while she reflected that this was true, he startled her by asking, "Have you written—Do they know at home?"

With the pressed, to be so long in is a great loss of money! A doctor might save you something." The power to struggle from its victim's breast.

Fold thy warm arms about me, mother-earth,

"Con, I couldn't!" she said. "You

please, a poor 'nvalid not Barbara chalenged him with eyes of welcome.

And instantly her known voice, conAnd instantly her known voice, convincing him, made the mask tragical. began to say, "of course it might be different."

"Dear, you must have a doctor," he

ness. "I'll send one when I go," he decided.

'Is there any doctor you would like?"
And she had no heart to prolong the beginning formally "Dear Miss West," and signed "Yours sincerely," with his thought had only been to imply some refull name.

It struck a chill Port

"Oh, what nonsense! Why shouldn't

Why, Barbara could not tell him vet: and her eyelids fell to conceal the tears.
"I know you are very good," she mur-

His firmness and the success of it sur-Argumentum ad Misericordiam.

Barbara was afflicted as the time drew ear with an uncontrollable nervousness.

He did so, and found words that he could use without hurting her. "I came when you said. I was very glad to be forgiven."

He did so, and found words that he could use without hurting her. "I came when you said. I was very glad to be forgiven."

He did so, and found words that he could not be lost appointed eyes that she could not be lost with grief he could relinquish it: his real smile, the placid sweetness of which had been his chief recollection of her which and in the beginning charmed and since

(To be continued.)

THE SUICIDE.

FOLD thy warm arms about me, mother-

And in them let me sleep the endless

life, the great boon thou gavest, is not

The awful struggle to maintain and keep.
Take back thy gift: to thee I come to die, Beneath the arch of a relentless sky.

My sin? The awful crime of Poverty, A poverty that crushed my soul to

Through which men in their depths of

to seek

This sheltered spot, where in the shadowy My mouldering corpse shall own my

courage weak.
Courage? The demon Hunger soon can

And of thy pity let the little leaves, Which in their death seek thee who gave

them birth,

Unknown Which is not worse than this, I pass alone.

Rose E. Sharland.

A rose without a thorn has been grown it is so fine and sunny."

He had felt some unreadiness to come, and this, perhaps, made him sensitive to said gently.

Said gently.

"Oh, I think not, Con." Her glance Heights, Seattle. An old-age text for sermons clean gone!

The circulation of "The Woman Worker" last week reached 27,000

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Why Anty Drudge's Picture Hangs in Her Room.

First Girl—"I say, Jenny, how do you manage to wash all the things you do, in your flat? They won't let me do it in mine. Besides, if they did, I couldn't get boiling water."

Second Girl—"Well, I'll tell you, Mary. I use Fels-Naptha and cold water. I soak my collar-bands, cuffs, handkerchiefs and whatnots for a few minutes or so in Fels-Naptha soap-suds; then they're two-thirds done. All I've got to do is a gentle rubbing and rinse them out. Best of all, bands and cuffs wear two-east long as they used to. You wear twice as long as they used to. You try it. Anty Drudge put me on to the new way of washing. That's why her picture occupies the place of honour in my room."

Folks that wash the Fels-Naptha way with Fels-Naptha soap can iron the same day. You don't use the boiler when you LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS, with which stamped addressed envelopes should be use Fels-Naptha. You don't use hot water either. The white clothes you leave to soak about thirty minutes in cold or lukewarm water.

The coloured things are washed in a heavy Fels-Naptha suds. Then you just rub the clothes a little and rinse very

The work is soon done, the wash is cleaner and sweeter than it ever was names, and on every hand spontaneous before, and the clothes will last longer. offers of assistance.

Why not let Fels-Naptha do it?

Fels = Naptha

will do it. Isn't it worth trying?

THE WOMAN WORKER.

NOVEMBER 11, 1908.

The Last Word.

The success of THE WOMAN Night.

Night.

Night.

Night.

Night.

Normal Reunion at the Holborn Town Hall exceeded the highest hopes of the most sanguine pioneer. Elsewhere the tale is told of the consternation caused by a throng of unexpected dimen-

Under less genial auspices this unlookedfor influx might have created friction, but Mr. Blatchford, a personified bene-icence, radiated fellowship from the cence, radiated fellowship from the hair, and the jumble only seemed to add o the general enjoyment. There were peeches and songs galore, and, in the intervals, we all shook hands with our the hair, and cach other.

many votation.

By the way, Mr. Perry asks me to say that he will be very grateful to receive at once any unsold tickets and all out standing moneys. I hope all concerned will respond without delay.

The gathering left me with feelings of very deep encouragement, renewed confidence in the great future of our paper, and the memory of an entirely delightful evening.

Lyons. sembly was the proprietary ful that it is at an end.

20.000 YARDS NOTTINGHAM LACE diven Away Free; 5 yards with each assorted is. parcel.—TAYLOR, Lace Merchant, ilkeston.

Mr. Neil Lyons had an especially embarrassing time. He was followed by a group of admirers who surveyed him as persistently as the countryman in the "Punch" picture dependent upon it.

surveyed the gorgeous Dragoon outside the Horse Guards. Then when Mr. Lyons moved on, the attitude of some of his admirers seemed to repeat the resentment of that countryman who, it will be remembered met the irritation of the orseman with the scathing comment: I pays for yer. Can't I look at yer?

There remain to say two Thanks things. First, our thanks right hearty to Madam Pearce and the musicians, who gave us of their best.
The members of the Women's Labour League worked like Trojans, and were as merry as birds the while.

Perry-but that is another story.

In Praise wrought as only very of the single-purposed and de-Secretaries. voted persons could, and they found their reward in the number of new pioneers who were

enrolled during the evening.

We received, I am glad to say, many

The other thing is this: We Mean We want the social to have Business. lasting effects upon the Worker. We want those who wished it well at Holborn to help to set up machinery that shall bring it to the notice women everywhere.

By general admission ours is the only woman's paper that has any message for the woman who works, or any power to charm or encourage her to look forward o better things.

It is imperative that every working woman should have this message. We want, therefore, the names of all who cheered at Holborn, so that they may be added to a multitude of other names. We want every reader to make us the offer of at any rate a little service.

Will those, therefore, whose Don't All names have not already been given in please send Speak At Once. them at once to Miss Park or Mr. Perry? All that is required at this stage is names and addresses and a note of the time available

each week. Plans are maturing which will absorb unlimited help, and we cannot have too

The news which comes as I write of the settlement At Last. of the cotton dispute will be hailed everywhere with relief. The tension during the last few One of the most pleasant weeks, especially in the affected districts, has been extreme, and we are all thank-

interest it took in the mbers of our Staff. Mr. Neil Lyons weeks, and has not only brought a loss—

The difference between the ADeplorable masters' original proposal Dispute. and that which has now been accepted is one of a two-months' postponement of the reduction. That such a result should be achieved at the cost of so much loss and suffering gives one food for thought. The employers were in an invincible position. They had a giant strength and tion. They had a giant strength and used it like a giant. From the beginning the operatives were willing to submit to arbitration, but the masters refused. Surely some machinery can be devised to prevent any possibility of the recurrence of so deplorable a situation.

November 11, 1908

The position of the Govern-Be Wise. Asquith!

answer which Mr. Asquith returned to a question from the Opposition Benches.

While repeating that the Government

Perhaps the straight talk indulged in deal of rich wines and expensive chama very large, and possibly very vehement, public opinion. Surely a Government which is likely to have so little to justify the high promises with which it assumed office will be foolish to miss the chance of enacting a sane and necessary measure to which the House of Commons early in

ter of cardinal gravity, and must be argued in the fullest and most responsible To propose to endow Justices of the Peace here and there with power to interdict the employment of considerable numbers of women is as absurd as it is impertinent. If bars are so certainly

TWENTY WAYS OF INCREASING THE CIRCULATION.

Every week articles appear in "The forms. Woman Worker" which have a peculiar acquaintances will be made

The Right Hon. John,

Facilis Burns goes from bad to decensus worse. Not content with decensus worse. Not content with
Averni. being a reactionary influence inside the Cabinet,
he seldom loses an opportunity of libelling
the working classes of our country. Replying to a question a few days ago in

Description of the Manchester City Council. ment in relation to the Sweated Industries Bill plying to a question a few days ago in Parliament, he suggested that the principal difference between the unamplaced of Sweated Industries has been somewhat modified since a week ago by an Mr. Asquith returned to a Mr. Asquith returned to a unemployed he suggested that the average unemployed he suggested that the average of the suggested that the suggested tha working-class family spent 7s. a week on drink. This rule-of-thumb method of drink.

expenses between now and macting a sane and necessary measure which the House of Commons early in session gave a unanimous second ling.

1911, so as to make the largest possible profit before the service is taken over by the Government. Already 1,000 employees have received notice of dismissal, and the management states It is satisfactory to note Barmaids that the Government have Survive. decided to drop the clauses in the Licensing Bill which would have given justices power to prevent women from working as barmaids. Had these clauses survived the Commons they had doubtless perished in another place, and the House of Lords would have had opportunity to pose in its favourite rôle of defender of minorities against democratic tyranny.

dismissal, and the management states that 5,000 more will be discharged during the next three years. From many stand, the post in the next three years. From many stand, the next thre Apart from this, the clauses a right to insist that in the meantime the own movement what it condemns else-

> Women Fray. cipal bodies. Less than a dozen candidates in all went forth to battle, and

> This disinclination to fight may have a soothing effect upon the alarmists who think that, given a vote, women would desert their households and live on plat-

grieve to say that, save two, they all

In the discharge of the functions of interest for particular districts and local government, there is splendid scope for women's abilities. Besides, practically towns. Will readers in those districts all the questions decided by local authorisee to it that specially marked copies are sent to local newspapers? As a more deeply concerned about the housing result of the article being quoted, new problem than the women workers? I hope by another year the Women's Labour

The difference between the detrimental to women as is alleged, the League will take the initiative in bringing out a goodly number of candidates.
All the same, it is to be regretted.

> I am glad to note that one One of the of the successful candi-Victors. dates is Miss Margaret Ashton, of Manchester Her triumph is an acceptable one. Miss Ashton, who stood as an Independent candidate against a Conservative, is a broad-minded supporter of a hundred good

But what shall be said of The Unpar- High Wycombe? The town donable Sin. is in a ferment, and, as is not unusual, a woman is the cause. It appears that the Council

had not yet decided to introduce some such Bill, Mr. Asquith affirmed that the question of sweating was at present before him, and would not be lost sight of.

This rule-of-thumb method of invited Mis Dove, a local scholmistress, to become the Mayor, and that she constituted on drink lays the bulk of the expenditure on sented. Instantly there was tumult and protest. Grave and reverend fathers invited Mis Dove, a local schoolmistress, on the shoulders of John Sinten, or John shoulders of John Sinten, or John shoulders of John Sinten, or John S deal of rich wines and expensive champagne.

Drink the main cause of poverty!

And this is the man who once carried the Miss Dove will discharge her duties with dignity and credit. Her unpardonable dignity and credit. Perhaps the straight talk indusped in by several of the principal London dailies, as well as by some of the provincial papers, has convinced Mr. Asquith that Lord Crewe's answer of a few days ago Red Flag in Trafalgar Square. Facilis in lies in her sex. May I remind High decensus Averni. Wycombe that for many years the British The National Telephone Company has evidently decided to reduce working Monopoly. Company has evidently decided to reduce working wycombe that for many years the British Empire thought a woman fit to be its chief ruler? And where is High Wycombe, anyway?

The Southern Section of An the Women's Co-operative Admirable Guild is holding its Conference in London this week, and I take the option.

A Grave are not defensible. The question of the restriction of women's labour is a mat-It cannot be urged that in the recent municipal elections women made the most of their newly-won right to compete for seats on municipal elections where the receive instruction in social questions, and whenever there is a large issue before the country the country that the country there is a large issue before the country that the country there is a large issue before the country that the country there is a large issue before the country that the country there is a large issue before the country that the country there is a large issue before the country that th the country the Guild may, I think, be depended upon to be on the right side.

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

DAY OF PUBLICATION.

Every week "THE WOMAN WORKER" is now published so as to reach all newsagents on

WEDNESDAY.

until later in the week for it should show this notice.

OUR PRIZE PAGE.

Word Portraits of Famous People.

Some of us yesterday were discussing well-known men and women, expressing our opinion freely on the subject of their charms and peculiarities, and it was amazing how our ideas differed. No two persons see things in the same light. No man, apparently, means to John what he means to Dick. We all have our own private cameras and plates with which we "snap" our fellow-beings, and the results of our various efforts always differ. Having this in mind, and being some-Having this in mind, and being somewhat at sea as to what competition subject would be acceptable this week, and also having a considerable bump of curiosity which makes one "want to know, you know," it has occurred to us that perhaps our respected readers may afford us entertainment and instruction. We ask them confidently for word portraits, or biographies in miniature, of famous men or women in the literary, social, artistic, or political world. The receive one guinea. Address to Prize Editor, Utopia Press, 44, Worship Street, E.C., and let us have your essays by Tuesday morning.

ANIMALS DO THINK!

I am glad to find so many believe, as I do, that animals think. And some of reptiles think, too. I wish this week I had two pages instead of one, for I could quite fill them with delightful selections from the batch I have had sent Well, I have to congratulate A. L. Gardner on winning the prize.

THE PRIZE LETTER.

An Absent-Minded Beggar.

I have known and loved many dogs, and the cleverest of them all was Snap. Like most great persons, he was physically small. So far as I could learn, he was of no particular breed, but he had beautiful, intelligent eyes, and a fine silky coat.

Noting his great intelligence his first master taught him greated trials.

Artful.

Some time ago I was staying in a small farmhouse in Wales. On the farm were some the gravely present it to one. Other accomplishments he had, but his natural drollery was infinitely more amusing.

Of course he begged, and one day I discovered him alone in the kitchen begging before a dish of steak I had left on the care of the police. Did the treatment he then experienced cause him to hate them ever after? He always crossed the road to avoid a "man in blue."

If by chance one came near him, his rage knew no bounds, and, unless compelled, he was "locked up."—A. L. GARDNER, 82, Brunshaw Road, Burnley.

Some time ago I was staying in a small farmhouse in Wales. On the farm were some the gravely never usually allowed to wander at the supply of straw was getting rather low, so the supply of straw was getting

thing. He was having a last look round the scullery when he felt something on his boot and rubbing against his trousers, and looking down beheld Emanuel |-(Mrs.) E. Harfor, 21, Brideoak Street, Cheetham Hill, Man

Comradeship.

head, and on looking found that the tears were coming down her big cheeks to join mine.

She died, and sorrow reigned in the old home.—(Miss) May DUGDALE, 80, Brailsford Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.

Canaries and Larks.

Sweet! Sweet! Me moaned and whined and went out and in, and seemed in sore trouble. The following day it was learned that Fido had not turned up, and on Fido's master asking Jack, "Where's Fido, Jack?" poor Jack began to how! most lamentably.

Fido never did come back, he had evidently been killed; and for months Jack did not stir from home, and was a subdued dog. At the end of two years, when the incident came to may notice, it was only necessary to ask the question, "Where's Fido, Jack?" to send the poor brute into a perfect panie of excitement. He gave, in the liveliest manner, the impression that he is fully aware he is being deceived. I put a small piece of dry bread between the bars, and instantly his singing ceases. He hops to the other side of his perch and sulks until it is removed and replaced by the dip of his favourite meal.

Really, Miss Lee!

notil it is removed and replaced by the dip of his favourite meal.

Sometimes he arouses my attention by shrilly shouting. I go to see what is amiss.—I have neglected giving him his daily bath. I remedy my forgetfulness, and oh, how his dear little throat swells in thanks!

"May I play 'hiddie' with Dickie, Mother?" my little son asks. I consent, setting the door of the cage open. My baby hides under the table and calls out "Hiddie!" Immediately Dickie descends on to the table, popping his little head this way and that, until baby appears.

Then he flies on to the top of his cage, swelling out in silvery notes of gladness, delighted that he has discovered his little playmate.—(Mrs.) Jack Davis, 12, Maribro' Grove, Blackman Lane, Leeds.

Artful.

Some time ago I was staying in a small

Really, Miss Lee!

Some years ago I went to stay with some friends, who kept a cat and a dog. The latter had been taught by his master to beg whenever he wanted anything.

The cat, who had come into the family some time after the dog, discovered that he, through begging, got all sorts of nice tit-bits, while she had no such good fortune. Pussy therefore learnt to beg, and so got as many choice morsels as the dog.

One morning, happening to be the first one downstairs, I saw a very strange sight.

Pussy, who was now the mother of three kittens in a row were leaning against the wall, and with that as a support balanced themselves on their hind legs, while their mother did the same thing in the middle of the room.

the picnic, gives and guesses charades, acts them. She is the stirring element "Bonny," a lovely mare, used to put her nose in the open spout of the old pump, and wait for a drink. The pump went out of the spout and wait in the good old way!

Twenty years after she would still come to the spout and wait in the good old way!

When at work in the fields, and nearing dinner-time, you could see her ears prick up each time she came to the near end of the field, and when at last my mother would give the dinner call, "Bonny" would whinny back.

Bravo! Emanuel.

We had a tortoise, named Emanuel, which had all summer spent most of its time in the back garden. In the midst of our removal, I noticed that "our Emanuel" did not mean being left behind, as he was slowly making his satisfaction, and one might safely make a gentle wager that his solution would present him with the frolic phantom of house to make sure that we had got every-

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

November 11, 1908

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.

price, 6s.

Mrs. Bushell.—If you think a moment you will see it is possible. Sorry you do not

"Heroine in Real Life."

Dear Madam,—I think it would be of service if "Only A Worker" would give us a list of her dietary, say for three days, and also her opinion as to whether she could recommend it for those of us who are penned up in offices all day, and can get comparatively no exercise, and about an hour's city air each day.—Yours truly, A CLERK.

Living and Dying.

Thear Madam,—A woman aged 36 living apart from her husband, dropped on the pavement at the busiest corner of the High Street, Chakham, and was dead when carried to the hospital. Post-mortem showed Bright's disease, no trace of alcoholism. A month before she was refused admission to the infirmary, although her papers were properly signed. The police had afterwards charged her with a certain diffence, to which no defence is entertained at the local Court. She had spent 14 days in Maidstone Gaol, ill all the time; turned out to tramp back to Chatham, where three days of abject misery terminated as follows:

follows:
"Gillingham Parish Magazine.—Burials.—
Laura Ann Friday, age 34 years; William
Friday, age 12 hours."
This woman was living with her husband,

who was employed by a rich farmer and house owner, a well-known member of the Methodist Chapel. The labourer was paid 16s. a week. Chapel. The labourer was paid los. a week. There were eight children; rent about 4s. a week. Under these conditions the woman contracted typhoid fever, was taken to hospital, gave birth to her ninth child, with the above termination.

F. C. Hills. above termination.

Dressmakers' Hours.

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

Dear Madam,—In reply to M. A. Yates letter of October 28, I should like to say that "Pandora" gives quite a wrong impression by stating that clerks' hours were 9 a.m. until 5 or 6 p.m. She was certainly only referring to one class, say those employed in warehouse. These of us employed by shop-keepers would think ourselves very forbunal union of Clerks in Manchester. The secretary is Mr. J. L. McCready, 28, Morston Avenue, Stretford, Manchester, from whom all information can be obtained.

RUTH SLATE.—Thank you very much. Sorry too late.

A WEAKER SISTER.—Your kind words are very welcome.

F. W. STOCKHAM.—"Love is Enough, and Other Poems," by William Morris. Any bookseller will get it fer you. Published price, 5s.

Mrs. Bushell.—If you think a moment you

Unemployed Appeal.

Unemployed Appeal.

C. T. Herringham.—We do not ignore the difficulties: we fight them.

Mimi.—If you will apply to Mr. Elvin, of the National Union of Clerks, 65, Wool Exchange, Coleman Street, E.C., he will be pleased to send literature for distribution in the City houses.

B. Farman (Bringhurst).—Your letter's only fault is excessive length.

J. Tuffman.—If no stamped envelope was sent the MS. would be destroyed. See notice on the editorial page.

Unemployed Appeal.

Dear Madam,—The work carried on by this Council during the Parliamentary recess has produced good results. It has forced the Government to make concessions on the lines we advocated in connection with the necessary amendment of the 1905 Act, and also to give a pledge that permanent legislation shall be proposed early next year.

In our efforts to focus public attention and direct public opinion, we have, since August last, been in communication with upwards of 1,500 Trade unions (head offices).

The Worry of Work.

In a letter to her parents, read at the inquest, Emma Netherstreet, aged nine-town, an assistant foster-mother at a Sidcup children's home, who took her life by drinking poison, said "that the worry of the work had been too much for her."

Hunger and Theft.

"I pin it to buy bread," was the excuse of Eliza Brown, a young married woman, charged at West Ham Police Court with the theft of a schoolboy's overcoat.

250 Trades and Labour Councils. 1,400 Branches of Socialist and Labour

The Sentences on Suffragettes.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—There is one injustice which apparently has escaped attention in the sentences passed on the women charged with "obstructing the police" on October 13.

Among the first who appeared before Mr. Curtis Bennett, two received sentences of two months for a first offence: the others one months. In fact, after a week's remand, it came down in several cases to three weeks.

It seems a mere travesty of justice for a magistrate to deal out sentences in this way for the same offence.

This aspect perhaps looms large to me, as one of the favoured two happens to be my wife.—Yours truly,

32, Wynne Road, Brixton, S.W.

Immediately after the Prime Minister's pronouncements (October 21) this Executive Committee considered that further action was

Committee considered that further action was necessary to test public opinion and stimulate the Government. In order to secure this end, it was decided to:

I, CALL A TWO DAYS' NATIONAL CONFERENCE, to meet in London as early as possible. (The Lord Mayor has been asked to grant the use of the Guildhall.)

2. To follow the conference, A REPRESENTATIVE DEMONSTRATION in the Royal Albert Hall, or some other suitable building

The object of making this communication to you is to invite your active and practical support.

support.

Funds are needed for these latter proposals as well as for the general work of this Council, and we feel we have only to place before you the facts as to what has been done, and

The Worry of Work.

the theft of a schoolboy's overcoat.

She was sorry for what she had done,

Mr. DENNIS HIRD'S NEW STORY

By DENNIS HIRD, M.A., Author of "The Believing Bishop," etc. Grown 8vo, 1s. net. Postage 1 d. London: A. C. FIFIELD, 44, Fleet Street, E.C.

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MYNART & CO., Ltd. (Dept. C.), 71, High Holborn, London, and acquire this bargain. (Agents wanted.)

The Employment Bureau.

Conducted by Pandora. THE WOMAN AS CHEMIST.

It is now some thirty years that a woman applied to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain for leave to sit for a qualifying examination so that she might act as chemist. Many objections were raised, and it was some time before the necessary permission was granted. But granted it was, and now over two hundred women are duly qualified and registered, and are dispensing medicines throughout the

Openings for Work.

A considerable number of hospitals and infirmaries—Miss Buchanan, the President of the Association of Women Pharmacists, estimates it at 80-now employ women, who are in some ways more useful than men in such institutions. Country doctors are beginning to find out that women dispensers are very accurate in their work, and more likely to settle down in a quiet country place than men of equal capabilities. A few enterprising women chemists have already set up in business for themselves, and so far have been quite successful. Of course, a business means capital, and something much more than mere scientific knowledge. Many a woman who would make an excellent dispenser would be a failure as a chemist, and thus those women pharmacists who have a little money should be slow to risk it, unless they feel sure they have business capacities, and can afford Owing to the large number of drug companies, it is becoming more difficult to work up a successful chemist's shop, but there is no doubt that a woman chemist would attract a large number of women customers, especially in poor districts, where the chemist is so often a substitute for the doctor. It is safer, of course, to go as a dispenser at a definite salary, but it is more interesting to have a shop of one's own, although the hours of

Posts Occupied by Women.

Miss Buchanan, who is teacher of pharmacy at the London School of Medicine for Women, and trains pupils, has kindly given me some information about her old students which is most useful and encouraging. Among the posts obtained by her pupils are these: Lecturer on Che-mistry under the Portsmouth County demonstrator at the Pharmaceutical Society's School of Pharmacy, and dispensers at the Grosvenor Hospital, Vincent Square, the Mildmay Mission Hospital, Bethnal Green, Queen's Hospital for Children. Besides these a considerable number of women chemists have gone abroad, some simply to act as chemists, others to engage in missionary work, where a knowledge of drugs is

work, where a knowledge of drugs is a most useful equipment

Salaries.

It cannot be pretended that at present salaries are good, though they do not compare so very unfavourably with other branches of women's work. In institutions dispensers are offered on an average £100 to £120 non-resident, £60 to £80 resident; private practitioners generally offer smaller salaries, but then, it must be remembered, the hours are fewer and the work far less arduous.

PATCHES.—Undoubtedly it is insufficient diet. I hope you will remedy it. You must not, however, mistake me for anyone but X. Y. Z. I feel no doubt but that you will be able to get yourself quite well again by following out your own plan of diet and hygiene.

Kelvin.—The affection may be removed by appropriate treatment, but usually returns. Take warm baths two or three times a week, with bicarbonate of soda, four or five table-spoonfuls, added to the water. Use this ointment: Chrysarohin grains 15, Ung. Petrolati. to one ounce. The only thing to do is to tackle the trouble when it appears, and not worry between times.

The Training Required.

The Training Required.

At least three years must be devoted to training, and a good, sound, general education is a sine quá non, as a preliminary examination must have been taken before the student can enter on her three years' course. At the end of this time she takes her qualifying examination, and may then dispense drugs. These three years must be spent with a chemist or doctor, and consequently the fees vary considerably, according to their status. As a rule, a good suburban chemist will take a pupil for about £20 a year, the fee sometimes including coaching in chemistry, etc., as well as practical work in pharmacy. The work is certainly hard and needs good brains, and, above all, great accuracy. At the end of the three years' training a few months should be spent in a recognised school of pharmacy, for which £15 to £30 is the usual fee. If a girl cannot afford to spend so large a sum of money, she can enter for macy, for which £15 to £30 is the usual fee. If a girl cannot afford to spend so large a sum of money, she can enter for the Assistants' Examination, which requires only a few months' teaching, but does not allow the student to set up in business for herself.

Qualities Required in the Chemist.

A girl who wishes to take up the chemist's profession should be prepared for hard work. There is a considerable amount of drudgery, not only in the preparatory training, but in the work itself. The hours are often very long, and in a score discovery the state of the

The hours are often very long, and in a poor dispensary there is considerable strain on the nerves. Much patience and absolute accuracy are essential qualities, whilst first-class brain power is an invaluable asset. There are no great prospects to hold out before the would-be chemist, so that she must possess a real love of her work if she is to be happy in her life.

All informatives as to the solution of pain is present hot digestion. When the pain is present hot applications externally and the use of carminatives (aromatic substances) internally are the best ways of dealing with it. A good book on this and kindred subjects, hardly suitable for lay readers, I must warn you, is Herman's "Diseases of Women."

All information as to the examinations to be obtained from the Registrar of the Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury Square, W.C. Miss Buchanan, Gordon Hall, Gordon Square, W.C., takes places, and will give information

WOMAN PRISON DIRECTOR.

MR. PICKERSGILL will move the following new clause on the consideration of the Prevention of Crime Bill: "On the occuras to fees, etc., on application.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Women as Librarians (Health).—At present WOMEN AS LIBRARIANS (HEALTH).—At present very few women are employed in the public libraries, though it is probable that later on the number will increase, as the work is eminently suited for women. The best preparation for such work is to go as a voluntary assistant to some public library, to attend the library classes at the London School of Economics, Clare Market, W.C. A good graperal addesting is essential and a long of the state of the s general education is essential, and a lover of books. Miss Petherbridge, 52a, Conduit Street, W., will advise anyone desirous of taking up library work.

[Remainder of Answers next week.]

Talks with the Doctor.

POPPIE.—Give up tea and coffee altogether,

WOMAN PRISON DIRECTOR.

rence of the next vacancy in the office of Prison Commissioner and Director of Convict Prisons a woman shall be appointed to the office, and thenceforward



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HOME NOTES.

By Dorothy Worrall.

Sad Part

was that we could not say we had bought it at Paquin's. However, we bore up

She is an absolute marvel, and so funny about it, too. For she not only trims her hats, but makes them as well. Not in the ordinary way: oh dear, no! but by cutting up two or three old hats and making them into one new one. I once saw her make a lovely "Charlotte Corday" by using the brim of one hat, the crown of another, and a pair of lace sleeves.

What do you think of that for in-

But personally I do not feel as if I ever want to wear a hat again, for I am shut up in the house with a bad cold, and feel cross as two sticks. When the cold first caught me, I flew to my bundle of hints and recipes, for, quoth I, what is their use if I do not benefit by them? But I think it must be a case of

Too Many Prescriptions

"Dear Dorothy,—Do tell us about that big, beautiful hat. The Woman Worver only needs a hat occasionally to make it perfect.—Carre Lyle."

One said: "Immediately you feel a cold coming on, go straight to the fresh air or an open window, breathe long and deeply for two or three minutes, and This postcard came just in the nick of time, while I was wondering what to say to you.

later than Monday morning each week. I hope you will try recipes which seem original, even daring, for those are what But I have a very great friend who puts my attempts at hat trimming quite in the shade.

The women workers want to know about. If they are good they should have the prize sooner than a very well-known recipe. Do you not think so? we women workers want to know about.

Hints and Recipes.

What do you say to Toad in the Hole for my recipe? I have just had some for dinner, and it was good.

TOAD IN THE HOLE .- 11b flour, 12 pint milk, Toad in the Hole—4th flour, ½ pint milk, 1 egg, ½th sausages or cooked meat, seasoning. Put the flour into a basin, add pepper and salt. Beat the egg, pour it into the middle of the flour, stir with a wooden spoon, adding gradually half the milk. Then beat the batter well. When quite smooth add the rest of the milk. Skin the sausages and cut them in halves. If cooked meat is used, cut it up. Place the meat in a greased pie dish, pour the batter over, and bake ¾ hour.—Dorothy.

The 5s. prize goes to Mrs. R. Smith, Clarion Café, Liverpool, for her baked ham recipe. This way is so much easier than the usual method of making a paste to cover the ham, and it really is delicious, as I can well testify.

Spoil the Gure.

I daresay many of them are very good, but you see I did not know which to do

BAKED HAM.—3lb middle cut plain ham. Cut off the rind and lay over the ham. Put it in a meat tin without any dripping. Bake in a slow oven for two hours. Baste well, and turn it over when half done.

Russian Apple Pudding.—2½oz butter, 3oz sugar, 4oz flour, 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls milk, pinch of baking powder, 1lb cooked apples. Mix flour and butter well together, add sugar, milk, and egg. Pour over cooked apples, and bake in a very hot oven for 20 minutes or half an hour. Serve with sweet sauce.—No. 1. Tomaro Pastr.—3 tomatoes, 1·egg, 2oz grated cheese, 4oz bread crumbs, ½oz butter, small onion grated, pepper and celery salt, a little milk if necessary. Method.—Scald and peel tomatoes, cut up into a pan with butter and onion. Stir quickly until it becomes thick. Take off the fire and stir in cheese and breadcrumbs. Put into potted meat pots and cover with melted butter.—No. 2.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—Put the berries into a

only needs a hat occasionally to make it proved.—Carme Yune."

If the posteard came just in the nick of time, while I was wondering what to say to you.

Talk about my hat, forsooth! Well, my dears, there is not really much to say. It is very big, and very blue, and that is about all.

It was bought in quite an ordinary shop in an everyday street, not in one of the famous Parisian shops in the grand boulty and that is about all.

It was bought in quite an ordinary shop in an everyday street, not in one of the famous Parisian shops in the grand boulty and that is about all.

It was bought in quite an ordinary shop in an everyday street, not in one of the famous Parisian shops in the grand boulty and that is about all.

It was asking a French friend of mine the other day why the hats were so dear in these shops. Was there some wonderful difference in the quality?

"Ah, no, it is ze name," she said, with a proud flourish of her arms, for she is a true Parisienne, and glories in her home, and, where you have to pay such a lot of money, just so that you can say that you got your things from the Rue de la Paix or Avenue de l'Opera.

It does seem ridiculous, doesn't it?

Mother and I scarched everywhere for a hat that would suit her, but they were an lat oo dear, so I, becoming desperate, said I would trim one for her. She looked a wee bit frightened at the prospect, but was too polite to say anything, and we went into the Louver—not the museum bought a big black straw her until mental too dear, so I, becoming desperate, said I would trim one for her. She looked a weel in finghtened at the prospect, but was too polite to say anything, and were the town of the cooker column, the second of the free day.

The only

Sad Part

air or an open the day.

Keep prevent my much the feet in the day.

It hink those were the two most opposite, but there were several in the two most opposite, but there were several in the two most opposite, but there were several in the and the two days and that is about all.

It does seem ridiculous

Mrs. Lewis.—Thank you for your very kind letter. I did not know that buttermilk was such a good medicine, but I am afraid that there are very few people who could get it in

towns.

A. Morris.—Do you use an ordinary iron when you gloss the collars with your preparation? I am so glad that you like the "Home Notes" page.

E. CARTWRIGHT.—I wrote that article because to be becoming the fashion not to

it seems to be becoming the fashion not to care about one's home. A good housewife is quite out of date, and although there are many things nowadays to interest us beside our homes, I feel very strongly that we are going too much the other way.

A Prize of 5s.

is given weekly for the best Home Hint or Recipe sent to Dorothy Worrall, office of The Woman Worker, Worship Street,

JACK: I say, your father must be awfully mean! Keeps a shoe-shop, and look at your feet!

Tom: Well, baby hasn't got any teeth.

Your father's a dentist, isn't he?

Oatine

of Catine Cream will be

THE OATINE CO., 260a, Denman St., London, S.E.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Our Youthful Poets.

"remember, remember the Fifth of November" last week, and feared lest any of you should have qualified for the epitaph which, "it is said," may be found

> Do lie, Killed by A sky-Rocket in my eye.

As a statement of fact that may be all But as verse it is-well-ery! Something queer about the You did not know verses had feet! Oh, yes, they have, with which they often cut very curious capers.

Here is a specimen from "stanzas sent in competition for a prize offered for the "Best Lines on General Wolfe":

He marched without dread or fears,
At the head of his bold Grenadiers,
And what was more remarkable—nay, very
particular,
He climbid up rocks that were quite
perpendicular.

I do not know which to consider the more remark able—the feet of the verse, the feat ascribed to the General, or the

It was as a child, in the study of which I have told you, that in my treasure-chest of old books I discovered the one

containing that "gem from the poets."
Now, after those striking examples of grown-up versification, let us see what the little people can do. I offered a prize for the rhymers "by request," but never before have competitors been so few. And all girls! Not a solitary few. And all girls! Not a solitary minstrel boy! Not one "little Tommy Tucker sings for his supper!" Little Jack Horner sits in his corner and scorns our poetical pie! At the mention of verse "Georgie-Porgie runs away," and Little Boy Blue hides under the haystack.
After all the nice things I have said of

The little muses of eleven have done very well indeed, and I take age into consideration. But the verses sent by Nellie Normington (14), 22, Trentham Street, Dewsbury Road, Leeds, are so remarkably good that the prize must go to her:

Through the air the joy of life was ringing, My heart in throbbing gladness answered to

In the trees the gladsome birds were singing,

I turned; beside the hedge a stricken brother Had sought the shelter of a shady oak, His poor blind eyes wide open, yet unseeing, In my heart the joy-string broke!

Then-it seemed I was he-I could not see the

shadows
Creeping softly down the dusty way;
I could not see the sun painting the heavens
To tell the close of day.

A bird's note fell-the fancied scales dropped

from me,
My eyes again were open to the light.
Light for me! Light for the feathered But he was still in night!

ARE you all here to-day, my dears? I did | And there-my head pillowed on the green-

And others light?"

Ah, dear child! Many grown-ups ask that question. Some find no answer; others answer in differing ways. At least we may see to it that there shall be no shadows of our causing. For many sit in darkness of man's own making. And instead of weeping, dear, let us hope and strive for the "wonderful time a-coming" when human love shall flood the world with light.

Nellie's second poem is:

The Company is the first time of the world with light.

And others light?"

Charlotte Farrar has been to "Dreamland," and tells us about it very nicely:

Dreamland.

In Dreamland there are wonderful things, of which our mother so often sings—

Fairies, and toye, and beautiful flowers, and chestnut trees for the birdie's bowers.

Shut your eyes when in bed and you'll so yourself floating.

The Garden of Childhood.

Say the children: "In the Wide-World the red rose blooms,

While here our pink ones are only in the There are fairies in one part and flowers in

See how the wind blows fresh and how the

The winding pathways of the Wide-World flood!"

Oh, but children, you would find the pathway weary.

And the wind blows cold on hearts no longer

And see—the passion-rose that bloomed at noonday, Its wealth of petals to the ground has

'Ah, but we shall be free in the Wide-World," say the children,
"Free as the lark that carols in the sun! see, we would go to gather the red roses,
For lo! a thousand bloom when one is done!"

Ah, no! I cannot keep them, they are gone, Cut through the wicket gate into the sand, And all day long I call and call in vain, As 'midst the rushes by the stream I stand.

Some day I know they will come back again, Holding the remnant of a faded flower. And thrust a thin hand through the gate in

Through childhood's gate they may return

From Grace Nelson's pretty verses I have had to omit one, as only five were

The Sun and the Moon.

Sun: Oh Lady Moon, sweet Lady Moon,
Why do you always go so soon?
Why do you never come by day
To see the children at their play?
The birds and butterflies glancing bright
Across a sunbeam, in my light?
Tell me, oh, beautiful Lady Moon,
Why do a sun beautiful Lady Moon, Why do you always go so soon?

Moon: Oh, beautiful Sun, if I only could

night, When the stars and I shed our gentle light, The flowers and birds are asleep, 'tis

But I think, Grace, dear, that it would be well to change the fourteenth line to "And the weary children are sleeping, too," or something like that. For if only blue eyes were closed, and all the black and brown and grey-eyed bairnies were awake and, therefore, tired out and fretful— at an hour when they should be sleeping, I am afraid the Moon would not say, "Oh, the quiet!" but "My stars! What a riot!" Grace sends also a

distance You'll see that fair Dreamland has an

another,
Everything just as told us by mother,
Tall chestnut trees and beautiful toys,
And everything nice for girls and for boys. There is no naughtiness there at all,

For every-one answers to mother's call.

They always say "Yes!" there is never a When mother tells them to bed they must go.

"Fairies in one part and flowers in another," Charlotte? I should say where are flowers are fairies, and where are fairies are flowers, and sometimes one is the other. Which does sound mixed. But one finds things like that in Dream-

Constance Wharton sends, with a sweet

Baby Marjorie-A Love Song.

My love she is a merry mite
With laughing eyes of azure hue,
Which shoot out warming shafts of light
Like sunshine on the morning dew. Her love is richer far than gold

And better than the purest steel;
From saddened hearts it drives the cold,
And makes the callous think and feel.

She loves her mother, loves her dad,
Her sister and her brother, too. Her sister and her brother, too, Her sunny nature's always glad To love the world, including you. Her temper blows from cold to hot.

And sad to say, as you'll agree,
She sometimes does what she should not—
But then, you see, she's only three.

And "A Grown-up Child "-who plays at teaching in a Council school, my dears, and does it so beautifully that her children do not know they are being "instructed"—sends "The Land of Little People," which I wish there was room to

As so few have entered the "Picture" and "Poem" competitions, I think we

The flowers and birds are asleep, 'tis true,

And the children have closed their eyes of blue,
But ch, the quiet! and ch, the peace! I wish that they would never cease.

I wish that they would never cease. And the children have excepted by the series of blue, But oh, the quiet! and oh, the peace! I wish that they would never cease. The Moon is silver, the Sun is gold, And the beauty of either can ne'er be a tripping, if you will not sing.

A week past the time-limit comes a finetty rhymes (mostly by little).

And the beauty of charge that it is told.

The Sun rejoices in gladsome light, And the Moon in the quiet and peace of night.

Now, is not that very pretty for a little girl of eleven?

A week past the time-limit comes a sheaf of pretty rhymes (mostly by little girls of ten) from the Roundhay Road School, Leeds. Peg is very sorry, dears, but "too late, ye cannot enter now!"

PEG.

WOMEN AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

By William C. Anderson.

the bar of public opinion to be tried by ployment and education in the forefront Judge Democracy, I daresay the indictment will be serious enough. Least of all will the women who, though debarred from voting, are graciously permitted to work be inclined to pity and forgive.

One of the pluckiest of the fights was waged by Miss Margaret Smith, B.A., of women guardians has been more than maintained since 1894, when their quali-

November 11, 1908

credit of a somewhat feeble and faint-hearted Government that it took a step forward in deciding to abolish the disforward in deciding to abolish the dis-abilities which prevented women from seats on local Councils, and there should

The work of municipalities extends every

candidates came forward, and of these, only two were victorious. The mind of the British people is slow-working and conservative, and does not take readily

to change.
Miss Margaret Ashton, standing as an chester. Miss Ashton takes a keen and practical interest in many movements, including that for the suffrage and for the organisation of women workers.

Oxford has returned its second woman ccuncillor-Mrs. Hughes coming third on | pal supply of bread, milk, and coals. To

WHEN next the Liberal Party appears at | the fact that she placed housing unem-

work be inclined to pity and forgive. speaker, a tireless and cheery worker, a For demanding the elementary right to brave fighter for the Labour and Socialist have a voice in shaping laws to which they must needs submit, they have been rudely flung out of meetings, ejected from Parliament, charged by police, cast into prison. The memory of these wrongs will last long and rankle deep.

But it recreates the elementary right to the Labour and Socialist cause. Backed by the Labour organisations, she fearlessly assailed a ward in the fortress of the Chamberlains, her opponent being Mr. W. H. Bowater, chairman of the Distress Committee. Perfect electoral machinery built up by years of last long and rankle deep.

But it may at least be counted to the experience was set in motion to encompass

playing a full part in the affairs of local | be room, as there is pressing need, for government. To some this will seem many more. Our modern problems can-petty and unimportant. To me it marks not be satisfactorily settled unless the definite advance in women's fight for woman's point of view is taken fully into

Look, for instance, at the question of year. The boundaries of municipal enter-prise are constantly widened, because the public appreciate the benefits of a cheap betterment and future progress. As a re-

Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester—and in less degree many of the smaller towns—have carried out housing schemes under the provisions of the Housing of the Working Classes Act. This task still goes on. Councils have to deal with the demolition of slums, the reconstruction of slum areas, the erection of workmen's dwellings. If woman's place—as we are often told—is the home, it might be Independent, wrested a seat from the Conservatives in Withington Ward, Man-kind of homes that should be built.

Local authorities are confronted with intricate tangled problems of housing, education, medical inspection, feeding of hungry children, work for the unempleyed, sterilised milk depôts, a municiple the poll in West Ward. I do not know what her politics are, nor indeed whether she has any in the party sense. But I have heard of her painstaking work on the Board of Guardians. And some insight into her aims may be gained from

CANDICATES FOR TOWN COUNCILS.

MISS LEIGH BROWNE, hon. secretary to the Women's Local Government Society, explains the disappointing response of women under the new Act

Ward committees are composed of men, organisations have to be created, therefore. Many able women are pledged to

œ	abarco bilon .
	In 1889, number of Women Guardians,
	,, 1891 ,, 17 ,,
	,, 1891 ,, 17 ,, ,, 1892 ,, 37 ,, 1
	,, 1893 ,, 33 ,, 1
	,, 1894, ,, 706, ,, 8
	,, 1908 ,, 285 ,, 11
	T G 1: 1 C 1 12

Influential persons of both parties sup-ported Miss J. E. Kennedy and Miss Philpott in their candidature for the Cambridge Town Council. Both came forward as non-party candidates.

Complaints and the Law.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The boundaries of municipal enterprise are constantly widened, because the public appreciate the benefits of a cheap and efficient service as opposed to the inconvenient and expensive service provided by private companies trading for profit.

Hence the problems of local government become increasingly complex, and exercise a potent influence for weal or wee upon the lives of the citizens. Here is a splendid field for the energies of the best men and women, and I heartily welcome the passing of an Act which enables women to sit on borough and county councils.

Since the Act was passed we have twice extered the November elections. Last year about fifteen women candidates were run, of whom six were successful. Let the six towns which did themselves this honour be named—Oxford, Aldburgh, Bewdley, Brecon, High Wycombe, and Reading, Later at a by-election Mrs. Lees, of Oldham, scored a victory.

These women have proved useful and devoted public servants—so much so that in two instances, High Wycombe and Aldburgh, after a year of office, they have been invited by a majority of their fellow councilistory of the town.

At the recent elections fewer women candidates care and in the councils of the council of the

ARON.—I do not quite understand your complaint. If you are an artificial flower-maker, you ought to be given particulars of the price you are going to be paid, when the work is given out to you. If you work in a factory or workshop, this can be done by a clear notice posted up in the workroom. But I gather you are an out-worker. If so, a posted notice is not enough.

not enough.

P. K.—Compensation is payable under the Workmen's Compensation Act for lead-poisoning arising out of the worker's occupation in any trade whatever. If you want any help in

THE GREAT CHANGE OF 1910.

The Reign of the Machine.

By Phyllis Tyne.

great, graceful limbs go swinging by in drivers of horse trams and 'buses.

My fellow-clerks all said it could not

Yes; they have their songs. Droning world. Yes; they have their songs. Droning lullabies, roaring crescendoes of triumph, thunders of assured achievement: a strange race! If I could but hear their secrets as they whisper to one another in the gloom as the power slackens after the long day's work. But I like their purring lullabies best, I think.

And only one man in England knew why, and he said nothing.

I gathered up the copy of "Erewhon" lent me by K. F. Smees, and wandered from the Great Machinery Hall at the Exhibition with wide-open eyes.

Outside, the band was playing "Stop yer Tickling, Jock!" and I knew I was back to civilisation.

At last we were compelled to act as

And these youthful friends of mine, crowding round in the sunlight before the white buildings, where the doves and pigeons coo and play, want to know more of those old days when life went differently from now-how differently!

We, in 1910, knew that the Great Some thought a change in men's hearts—they were the same as yours, my dears—would come about.

tact with the green gas of a comet, air-ships, electricity, and a general strike, as ways by which the world's life would hear it, but he altered and bettered.

But only one man had any inkling of the real determinant—our great satirist who, in those far-off days, was dismissed with "Clever-very clever, but a crank." You know who I mean: Butler—the Butler. It seemed impossible that his warning should have been overlooked, and that for forty years after he had given it men should have gone

Your grandmothers, too, were oblivious. They added to the general confusion in litics their insistent claim for votes. These were pieces of paper to which much prospective value was attached by those without them. The men who had them, and the power of placing crosses against the names of certain men (chosen for them), attached little value to them. But they had so long been bred to distrust and look down on women—yes, they, too, had mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts that they were loth to confer any privi-

A woman's place is her home," was their motto. I used to live in a "home" in those days. But I cannot give you any idea of the reality of such fœtid "home" quarters as those of Rotherhithe and Canning Town which we demolished in 1912. A woman was in charge of the firing party in the Thames that blew them to the four winds.

I could stay here for ever, watching their | City men offered large sums to the they expected to be treated handsomely

he dusk.

Poised, shining, inevitably right; into work, and as for the employers, they scrutable, just, willing creatures; in them I triumph and exult; but sometimes with a question; souls?

To work, and as for the convergence of the

And only one man in England knew

At last we were compelled to act as one body. A Council was formed, including Mr. Asquith, Mrs. Pankhurst, and the Queen.

Before the Council could set to work to consider the nation's peril it had to

receive several deputations.

Mr. Fred Maddison, introducing one, said that as a hard-headed trade unionist Change was soon coming. There was unrest everywhere. Men looked all ways and this one particularly so. However, he, and the real genuine working men he represented, reposed confidence in the Government, and would never listen to Others spake of war, evolution, con- the foolish advice of self-interested

> The Queen said that she was pleased to hear it, but it did not seem to help them

Other deputations suggested many

a sleepy operator at the "wireless" received a message and a shock. The instrument had been silent since the strike began. He transcribed rapidly:

World's Strike Headquarters.

"Niagara, Buffalo." Please take down our ultimatum. Every other country is being furnished with it to-day.

"At our general convention we, the motor, dynamo, locomotive, turbine, stationary, electric, gas, power, and all and every other MACHINE whatsoever, deter-

- "1. As we run the universe, it shall be on our terms that men live
- "2. We run best when worked by careul, competent guardians.
- "3. We object to waste, want of oil, fuel, and consideration. "4. We want 'recognition,' and desire that mankind should share our products-if not equally, at least
- equitably. "5. We may add that our ability to communicate our thoughts is due to the work of K. F. Smees in his experiments on the psychology of

Well, I wander from the Great Change.

It was a Monday morning in June that they went on strike. I was what was called a lady-typist then.

I remember there was no newspaper at breakfast. The stations were closed.

Such an uproar in England! The National Council sent for K. F. Smees, and tersely asked for an explanation. Imploring their pardon, he gave it, and told how, in his numerous experiments, he had hit on this capacity for speech in

machines. "Mind you, I didn't invent it: it was there; but they've become conscious of it, and by my catetelescopic process had learnt to communicate with but they said nothing about

The National Council added him to their number, and gave him plenary powers to accept the strikers' terms, reminding him, too, that, as Englishmen, over the negotiations.

"Here, I say, Miss, Miss! Wake

I gathered up the copy of "Erewhon" lent me by K. F. Smees, and wandered

TRY AT OUR COST

and to your delight and benefit, a new thin Wholemeal BISCUIT, made without yeast, chemicals, or any adulterant. Easily masticated. and excellent with butter, honey, etc. Send your address and we will send a sample of our

things, but nothing came of them. Then, one day, in the Admiralty Office,

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per Packet, of Health Food Stores. Made in an Ideal Factory (see "Woman Worker" for Oct. 23).

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DELICIOUS COFFEE.

WHITE

For Breakfast & after Dinner

THE DEVELOPMENT OF WOMEN UNDER SOCIALISM.

Public Debate.

THE debate between Miss Margaret | become Socialist: first by a gradual bendfield, of the Women's Labour change in which all the nations would League, and Miss Murrell Marris, Unionist and Tariff Reformer, on the proposition "That the full development of women is possible only under Socialism," took place at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, last Thursday, before an audience reflecting all shades of politics.

November 11, 1908

Lady Frances Balfour, in the chair, stated that she was in a pretty independent position; she was a convinced by whilst all they owned was appropriated. Free Trader, and did not think she was Socialists must remember that many people a Socialist, though of the latter she was | thought that the present system should

Miss Bondfield was heartily greeted, had a right to that which they had and in a few moments was laying down a scathing indictment of

The Industrial System

and its effect on the position of her sex. Industrialism, she claimed, destroyed the home and brought misery to the women. The marriage-rate was declining, and the marriage-age rising; the birth-rate was decreasing, and there were signs that the birth-rate was deliberately arrested by people in Suburbia who could afford to keep a servant or two, but not a family.

pressure that led women and young girls to sell their sex power, and referred ironically to the arrangements preceding the "successful" marriages of high Society. There were to-day over 4,000,000 wageearning women, nearly 1,000,000 of whom were married. They found that women's labour was generally sweated and cheap labour. After showing

The Miserable Home Life

of many women as typified in Liverpool's 11,000 cellar dwellings and Sheffield's 15,000 back-to-back houses, Miss Bondfield followed with figures demonstrating the loss of infant life directly attributable to the overwork, disease, and overcrowding accompanying the existence of mothers who slave in the factories. Fine scorn was poured on the Old Age Pensions for the people at 70 by a statement that the average age at death of a Lambeth artisan was 29, while that of the workers generally was 39. Before concluding the speaker briefly analysed the unemployed problem, and wound up by laying it down that poverty could only be removed and the economic position of women assured by a system which sought to produce wealth for the good of the nation and not for the profit

Miss Murrell Marris admitted at the Miss Murrell Marris admitted at the outset that the very sad picture of present-day conditions set forth by Miss Bondfield was only too true, but held that though they would be altered under Socialism they would only be changed for the worst. There were two methods by which it was stated the country would

so gently that it would not be apparent; and secondly, as an alternative, by absolute revolution. Taking the latter proposition first, Miss Marris asked if it was likely that if a revolution was declared that she and her class would stand idly continue, and really believed that they earned. (Loud Socialist applause.)
Turning to the evolutionary method by which it was suggested Socialism would be accomplished, Miss Marris said she had found no two Socialists in agreement as to the results. Every business man knew perfectly well that during the last few years, owing to the dread of Socialist legislation, vast amounts of would be undermined. Mr. Kirkup's contribution to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," wherein he states that there would be an inevitable loosening of the marriage tie, was followed by quotations from Karl Pearson and Schaeffle, both of whom Miss Marris

Capital Had Gone Out of the Country,

keep a servant or two, but not a family. The children actually born all too frequently came from the more thriftless and irresponsible people. Dealing trenchantly and fearlessly with

The Social Evil,

The Social Evil, work under Socialism, and she for one would not object to that—she was sure that a certain amount of work would be good for a good many people, who, to-day, did not know what work was. She was troubled, however, to know upon what basis wages were to be paid in the Socialist State. If they were not paid according to ability—the system that, speaking generally, existed to-day—it would destroy all incentive to men of genius and resource, it would mean a levelling down and not a levelling up. Then with re-ference to the question of necessities under Socialism, people would have to accept the goods that

The Officials of the State

would force upon them. There would be no free choice for a woman, say, in the matter of her dress, such as she has today. She supposed life would be brought down to the level known as the "simple life"—the very least that the people could be a supposed life would be a supposed life. do with. There would be a tremendous army of officials, and if a woman once offended them she would find that, unlike her position to-day, she could not leave the factory and go elsewhere.

In her second speech Miss Bondfield scorned the idea of a physical force revolution, and stated that the Socialists were

anyone else what they had rightly earned; what they were anxious to stop was the robbery of the earnings of the workers. (Applause.) She denied abso-lutely the freedom of choice that Miss Marris said women possessed to-day. That freedom might be granted to some sections of the sex, but it was not true of the great mass of working women. The Socialist point was that the whole wealth of the country could be produced by considerably less labour than to-day, and it was absurd that a country, rich and fer-tile like England, should rely upon foreign imports for her food supply. By bringing waste land into cultivation, and by the adoption of modern methods of agriculture, the country could, according o eminent experts, produce sufficient food for the people.

Miss Marris followed with a number of

quotations from several German Socialists writers, with the object of showing that under a Socialist system the condition of

Married Life and the Family

Schaeffle, both of whom Miss Marris imagined were Socialists. Bebel's "Woman" also yielded several references to the change in the relation of the sexes under Socialism, while Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald was quoted as saying that the permanence of the family was essential to the maintenance of the State. Messrs. Belfort Bax and William Morris were also laid under tribute for a miscel-laneous series of tit-bits on the sex queswould not continue under a Socialist State, and that therefore the marriage ties of to-day would be loosened and the families taken care of by the State in barrack schools.

Another short speech from each of the combatants brought the debate to an end. Miss Bondfield emphasising the fact that no system can be imposed upon a nation against its will, while Miss Marris re-iterated and amplified the passages she had previously given on the sex relations.

A vote of thanks to Lady Frances Bal-

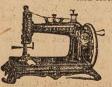
four was carried, and the meeting concluded by the Socialist section of the audience chanting the "Red Flag.

JSM

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WHY MR. JEROME IS A SOCIALIST.

An interesting interview with Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, the humorist and dramatist, appeared in last week's "Christian Commonwealth." Mr. Jerome states he is a convinced Socialist:

Why? How did I become one? Well, through what I saw all around me-the poverty, the misery, the squalor, and the utterly hopeless position of so many thousands of the children, All this made me dissatisfied, and I asked what was wrong. I found that the very things upon which these people lived were all controlled by a few men, and that these few men could use them for their own elfish ends quite regardless of the lot of the people. I found the poorest and the weakest always had to bear the burden of the big profits of the employers, and I asked myself if this were a necessary. Why should not the people own the great means of production, the industrial machinery? Why should not goods be made for the use of the whole community, rather than for the profit of a

And how do you think the ideal of

Socialism is to be attained?"
"By the spread of the Socialist spirit. You can never thrust Socialism upon the people. It must come slowly: it must grow in people's hearts before it can ecome a political fact. To me Socialism The Socialist idea influences the whole outlook I have upon life. The real Socialist looks at everything from the point of view of the whole people. Will such and such an action of the serior energy fluences the whole of work are shown in a large percentage join will be introduced by the Chief whole people. Will such and such an action of these no fewer than 43 died of Tuesday in the month), at 8.30.

convenient the community, or will it be a convulsions, the highest death-rate from any cause; whereas 13 infants, partly breast and partly hand-fed, and only 8 tion every true Socialist asks before any step he takes. Now, you have got to get that attitude, that religious feeling, permeated throughout the community before you can go far along the lines of Socialism. It must come slowly and gradually. Once you have got the people to look at things in that light, then you will be able to go ahead."

The highest death-rate was among the infants of casual out-workers, 38 out of the 251 born having died from this

EMPLOYMENT AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

A London Inquiry.

An inquiry into the employment of women after childbirth instituted by the London branch of the Christian Social Union Research Committee throws fresh light on a subject about which, though nuch is conjectured, little is known.

The inquiry was limited to women engaged in (a) household duties; (b) home ndustries; (c) casual or irregular work as charwomen, office cleaners, occasional anndresses etc

The date at which work is resumed is more important than that at which it is left off. There is the difficulty of getting back to the infant at stated intervals,

the 251 born having died from this cause. The irregularity of the home life of charwomen, office cleaners, occasional laundresses, and other casually employed vomen, must tell very much on the health of their young infants.

Professor Budin proved that if infants

vere fed for the first three months on the breast there was every chance of their living and thriving afterwards. lowever, be clearly understood that this feeding must take place under normal conditions, and the mothers must be helped to lead a quiet regular life during the period of suckling.—British Medical

A PARLIAMENT FOR WOMEN.

THE local Parliament which has just been formed at Claremont Hall (near the Angel) for Islington and Finsbury welcomes women to full rights of me and the injury done by the heated and tired state of the mother if she does succeed in finding time to hurry home.

The evil effects of the early resumption

The and any women are found taking ship, and many women are found taking leading parts in the discussions. The socialist Party has a woman on its committee, and any readers who may care to

ATTRACTIVE ADVERTISEMENTS.

In order to meet a want long felt by readers of The Woman Worker, this page in future will be devoted to attractive advertisements. That is to say, we shall insert in it such advertisements and the insert in it such advertisements. shall insert in it such advertisements as Encouragement, will attract readers by their

Usefulness.

The charges for these advertisements are: 20 words for 9d., or three insertions All such advertisements must be purely personal, and not of a business D MESTIC SERVANT wants to become Cafe That is to say, that whilst we shall gladly accept advertisements from men and women wanting to buy, sell, or exchange articles, business firms so advertising can have space on the ordinary advertisement pages, or else pay 5d. per

Though we cannot accept responsibility for any transaction through this page, or guarantee the good faith of every advertiser, we shall take every care that none but advertisements of a reliable nature are inserted.

May I appeal very specially to women to help to make this page useful by using it? Whether you want to buy or sell or hire, or make inquiries of any sort, use this page.

Cross your postal orders "Woman Worker," and endorse your envelope "A. A." (Attractive Advertisement), Woman Worker Office, Worship Street, London, E.C. Friday in each week is the latest day for receiving advertise-

I insert them here.

JULIA DAWSON.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

B LACKSMITH, with 10 years' good references wants work. Liverpool. 2.

SITUATIONS VACANT. WOMAN, about 40, wanted, who can wash and cook, and who would not object to some fruitpicking in the season; must have good references for honesty and capability; good home. (Durham) 3.

MOTHER'S HELP.—Thoroughly good woman wanted, between 30 and 40; educated and refined; four in family. Great Yarmouth. 11.

HOUSEKEEPER Wanted for Man whose wife is in asylum; one who is physically, mentally, and morally fitted to take charge of four children, youngest 44. Cardiff. 12.

WANTED.—To Borrow, Beg, or Buy copies of "Two Little Girls Chatting Under a Tree,"
"Lost Chord." "The Children's Home," or other songs suitable for use at village entertainment.—S. GRIFFITHS, Burley, Ringwood.

IRL Wanted, respectable and refined, to help with housework and take the twin babies out.

APARTMENTS TO LET.

ments for the following issue.

As this is the first notice of this new feature, no advertisements have been sent in for this page. But the following

OLD CLOTHES, boots especially, for a poor girl of 14 trying to earn a living. London, 6.

WOMAN whose husband is out of work, and who has three children just coming out of hospital after scarlet fever, has no warm clothing for them to put on. Furniture, clothing, bedding, etc., have been seized by landord for rent, and the family are in

MISCELLANEOUS.

A DOPTION.—Couple who have been married nine years and have no children would like to adopt little girl between 2 and 5; references. Manchester. 7.

TOR HAND-MADE WOOLLEN GOODS of all descriptions, including Coats, Jerseys, Shawls etc., at Democratic Prices, call or write MISS E. SELF Church Road, Sutton-Coldfield, Birmingham.

RENCH LADY, experienced, gives FRENCH LESSONS; reading and conversation a speciality. Pupils visited and received.—MILE. AUTRA, 29, Romola Road, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

HOUSE Wanted in London where there is likelihood of obtaining boarders; state rent, rates, accommodation, etc. 8.

FOR SALE.

FRAGRANT WHITE PINKS.—Plant now for June

Replies to above must be addressed acording to number indicated, c/o Woman WORKER, Utopia Press, Worship Street, E.C., and accompanied by extra stamp for forwarding.

Those who have cast-off or misfit clothing to sell should use this page well. It should be also an Exchange and Mart for furniture, books, china, etc., etc.

WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

November 11, 1908

Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

The Central London branch, having been invited by Mr. Asquith to put their proposals about unemployed women in writing, have sent him a letter urging that "although the Act as passed applies to women as well as men, and, although in the United Kingdom, according to the last census, there were between four and five million women wagearners, many of whom are engaged in trades specially subject to periods of slackness, yet, outside London, hardly any systematic attempt has been made by distress committees to provide work for unemployed women.
"In London, a Women's Work Committee was formed in 1906, and since then has kept up three rooms accommodating 116 women employed upon needlework. We feel that this is a hopeful beginning which needs to be extended and enlarged, in order to meet, to any appreciable degree, the needs of London working women dependent on their own earnings.

"We, unfortunately, have evidence that the slackness at present amongst these women is

this discourages others.

"During the coming winter, the extension of the eligibility for work under the distress committees to women who have had Poor Relief will enable a number of hard-working women, especially widows with young children, to apply, upon whom, owing to their poverty, the burden of unemployment weighs most heavily. We welcome this increased elasticity, but it will have to be met by fuller

elasticity, but it will have to be met by fuller provisions for applicants.

"To meet the need we would ask:

"I. That more workrooms should be established in different parts of London—at least one for each borough, in order to increase accommodation, and to save the time and expense of the women in journeying from different parts of London to Poplar, Camberwell, or St. Pancras, as they have to do at present. This would also allow of more variety in the kind of work supplied, and we would suggest that a start should be made by having a room for repairing garments, in connection maked in different parts of London—at least one for each borough, in order to increase accommodation, and to save the time and expense of the women in journeying from different parts of London to Poplar, Camberwell, or St. Pangras, as they have to do at present. This would also allow of more area of the cups as hard as the could go, and there are present. This would also allow of more area of the cups as hard as the could go, and there are present. This would also allow of more area of the cups as hard as the could go, and there are present. This would also allow of more area of the cups as hard as the could go, and there are present. This would also allow of the cups as hard as the could go, and the cups as hard as the could go, and there are present. This would also allow of the grocks made. They should be face of the make the committee should have more freedom than has been allowed them in the disposal of the goods made. They should be face to give garments away through local distress committees and Chidren's Care Committees, which, at present, they are prevented from doing by the statement of the President of the Local Government Board on March 20, last, and that they should be face to give garments away through local distress committees and Chidren's Care Committees, which, at present, they are prevented from doing by the statement of the President of the Local Government Board on March 20, last, and that they should be face to give garments away through local distress committees and Chidren's Care Committees, which, at present, they are prevented from doing by the statement of the President of the Work provided for women of the points already put forward over and owner of the points already put forward over and owner of the points already put forward over and owner of the points already put forward over and owner of the points already put forward over and owner of the points already put forward over and owner of the points already put forward over and owner of the points already put forward over and owner

ing ground. Many women who have been in these workrooms have expressed their readiness to go into a country colony if such were started. We consider that this is a specially hopeful avenue to lead many women back to healthy, well-paid work, as if the scheme were worked in connection with small holdings, the women, after training, would be enabled to set up in the country with their families.

"The general suggestions contained in this letter are not new; they have been repeatedly urged upon the local authorities and upon the President of the Local Government Board. Our apology for bringing them before you is that so little has as yet been done to carry them out that we must, if possible, enlist your active sympathy and co-operation as Prime is the second of the series arranged by the

active sympathy and co-operation as Prime Minister in doing justice to unemployed women.—Yours truly (signed), M. NODIN, Hon. Secretary."

Bottle-Washing.

"In London, a Women's Work Committee was formed in 1906, and since then has kept up three rooms accommodating 116 women employed upon needlework. We feel that this is a hopeful beginning which needs to be extended and enlarged, in order to meet, to any appreciable degree, the needs of London working women dependent on their own earnings. "We, unfortunately, have evidence that the slackness at present amongst these women is greater even than usual. There is less demand for work owing to the general depression, whilst the supply of workers is increased by the fact that wives and daughters of unemployed men are driven to try and earn money for their families. Our knowledge of working women shows us that the numbers who apply to the distress committees do not at all represent the real need for relief work. So little has been done for women that most of those to whom the Act ought really to apply do not realise that they are entitled to any benefit under it, or that they would gain any advantage by registering. The existing workrooms cannot place all the workers who apply, and this discourages others.

"During the coming winter, the extension work and the two will do the bottle-washing in the good time that we are trying to bring about. The Woman Worker Ploneers have settled that. They have assigned the job to the Women's Labour League and got us in good training for it last Wednesday. They told us to prepare food and drink for 400 at most, and then they brought nearly 900 people together—and we had to do the rest. Miss Park was quite radiant at the size of the gathering, and we tried to share her joy. But our feelings were rather like those of the father and mother birds you see slying to and from the nest with worms (only our repast was strictly vegetarian) to fill wide mouths that never are satisfied. The father and mother birds are quite pleased at the end of the day when the mouths are closed in sleep—but it is anxious work getting enough family is nearly 500 bigger than you prepared for. Miss Park and the rest for. Miss Park and the rest of the committee were very kindly grateful, and congratulated us on having the tea always hot. Always hot!! Why, it had no time to cool, except on the long journey from the subterranean vault, where Mrs. Nodin spent her "social" evening boiling water, to the tea table. As soon as the urns appeared they were emptied. Mrs. Middleton cleared a neighbouring shop of its cakes and buns, and brought them back in triumph, but she had not cut the last slice before the plates were empty, and Miss Bidlake, who, I believe, has nearly reached the Psalmist's allotted span of years, though she beats most of us in energy and devotion, beats most of us in energy and devotion, hurried off to rifle another shop. There was Mrs. Bode, our Doctor of Philosophy, one of the most learned Oriental scholars of the day,

on this subject, illustrated by lantern slides, at Chandos Hall, Maiden Lane, Charing Cross, next Tuesday, November 17, at 8 p.m. This is the second of the series arranged by the Central London W.L.L. The chair will be taken by F. W. Jöwett, M.P., whose city of Bradford has taken such a lead in all these matters affecting the welfare of school children.

DEFENCE OF THE LORDS.

SPECIAL police have been told off to defend the House of Lords against a Suffrage raid.

An order was issued by Sir Henry Stephenson that no ladies were to be admitted except peeresses and their un-married daughters, who have a right to seats in the side galleries, and ladies bearing orders from Black Rod.

The Speaker of the Commons admits his lady friends and their friends to a gallery of his own.

LECTURES, MEETINGS,

Notices must reach us not later than SATURDAY Morning.

BIRMINGHAM LABOUR CHURCH .- Annual Meet

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY.—Hackney Branch. SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY.—Hackney Branch.
A Great Demonstration on Tuesday evening, November 17, at the King's Hall, Hackney Baths, Lower Clapton Road, N.E. (five minutes from Hackney Station). Speakers: H M. Hyndman, Herbert Burrows, Mary Macarthur, E. C. Fairchild. Chairman, Bebert Blatchford. Admission free. Doors open 7.30 p.m.; commence 8.15 Reserved seats, tickets, 6d. and 3d. (no seats reserved after 8.15 p.m.). Tickets may be obtained from various S.D.P. branches and at head office, H. W. Lee, Chandos Hall, 21a, Maiden Lane, Charing Cross; or from K. Boris, Hon. Secretary Joint Council Hackney S.D.P., 6. Clapton Square, N.E. Tickets selling rapidly! Early application essential!

MERRIE ENGLAND.

Ву ...

Robert Blatchford.

Bd.

By post, $4\frac{1}{2}d$.

Over 1,000,000 Copies of the first editions of this famous book, which was first published in 1893, were sold. Since the last copy was sold, a demand for its reprint has been gathering force, and we have already sold

50,000 COPIES.

A Cloth Edition at One Shilling will be ready shortly. You can buy the cheap edition in the shops TO-DAY.

POP IN AND GET ONE!!

or write to the

CLARION OFFICE, 44, WORSHIP ST., LONDON, E.C.