

# The Woman Worker

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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 hall.

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 piano.

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

"Gee whiz," said the Women's Labour League.

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 rocked 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 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 Clarion Scouts, their weapons at his throat, 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.

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

First Miss Macarthur, 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 it.

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 solos 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 laughed incredulously. He said THE 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 interchanged. 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 sin,  
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.



## AN UNGENTLEMANLY JUDGE.

### And How to Restore His Dignity.

By Keighley Snowden.

WHEN a deaf man's wife offered to help Judge Bacon with his examination, Judge Bacon said: "Be quiet, woman. Go away. Women don't know how to behave themselves in public."

Now, no Englishwoman ought to be spoken to like that.

No judge in England should speak to a woman like that without being somehow made to smart for it.

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

A judge is a public servant. Properly, he should be the servant of all. The servant of the meanest as much as of the greatest. Even when he sits in a 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 the people.

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

#### Judge Bacon's Good Faith.

I think Judge Bacon will not agree with me. He probably takes another view of his duty. 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 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 deaf people coming into court should bring somebody with them whom they could understand. The wife presented herself. Who better? And Judge Bacon said:

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

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 whether his annoyance was just or his opinion either. It is not to my point.

#### His Offence.

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. It is an elementary principle of life,

for me, that we are not to put up with personal despotisms, big or little.

A judge cannot be a servant of the people and a personal despot. "Despot" means lord, master, ruler: and if, in any democracy, a man is to act like one of these, he must do so with the consent and liking of all he acts for. He must serve in order to rule.

There is no right, but theirs to be rid of him when they please.

#### Given His Head.

Have we this right—we, the people? And, if so, to whom should the insulted woman go with her complaint?

She must go to the person or persons who appointed Judge Bacon and by whom he is controlled.

Let us see, then. Whom does Judge Bacon act for? Who did appoint him?

The King appointed him. He acts for 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 opinion of his about women. Or he may graciously apologise to a poor and inoffensive woman 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. The King is busy enough. He is busier 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 appointed.

Judge Bacon is "given his head," like a horse that can be trusted. So are Mr. Curtis Bennett and Mr. Hopkins—appointed by the Home Secretary.

#### The Mischief.

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

What restrains other judges, then? Their good feeling restrains them; and their own respect for the dignity of their courts and functions. We have come to a time when that is not enough for every judge and stipendiary magistrate.

The mischief is that these are servants of the King and the Home Secretary 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 because they administer laws made, for the most part, to protect property. Property is not a concern of the people: it belongs to persons.

When this is altered, the dignity of Judge Bacon will be restored. But I am less concerned for it than for the helpless liability of one poor woman to be insulted.

## 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 parlour and have my breakfast. There I found my mother, very pale and with red eyes, into whose arms I ran, and begged her pardon from my suffering soul.

"Oh, Davy!" she said. "That you could hurt anyone I love! Try to be better, pray to be better. I forgive you, but I am so grieved, Davy, that you should have such bad passions in your heart."

They had persuaded her that I was a wicked fellow, and she was more sorry for that than for my going away. I felt it sorely. I tried to eat my parting breakfast, but my tears dropped upon my bread-and-butter and trickled into my tea. I saw my mother look at me sometimes, and then glance at the watchful Miss Murdstone, and then look down, or look away.

"Master Copperfield's box there!" said Miss Murdstone, when wheels were heard at the gate.

I looked for Peggotty, but it was not she; neither she nor Mr. Murdstone appeared. My former acquaintance, the carrier, was at the door; the box was taken out to his cart and lifted in.

"Clara!" said Miss Murdstone, in her warning note.

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

"Clara!" Miss Murdstone repeated. "Certainly, my dear Jane," replied my mother, who was holding me. "I forgive you, my dear boy. God bless you!"

"Clara!" Miss Murdstone repeated. Miss Murdstone was good enough to take me out to the cart, and to say on 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.

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

Looking out to ascertain for what, I saw, to my amazement, Peggotty burst from a hedge and climb into the cart. She took me in both her arms, and squeezed me to her until the pressure on my nose was quite painful, though I never thought of that till afterwards when I found it very tender. Not a single word did Peggotty speak. Releasing one of her arms, she put it down in her pocket to the elbow, and brought out some paper bags of cakes which she crammed into my pockets, and a purse which she put into my hand, but not one word did she say. After another and a final squeeze with both arms, she got down from the cart and ran away; and my belief is, and always has been, without a solitary button on her gown. I picked up one, of several that were rolling about, and treasured it as a keepsake for a long time.

"David Copperfield."

## THE SLEEP OF THE POOR.

By Holbrook Jackson.

IN a little cluster of mean streets packed in between the lower end of Shaftesbury Avenue and New Oxford Street, amid a welter of coster stalls loaded with vegetables and fish, reeking eating-houses with bubbling pans of sausage in their windows, and tenth-rate dram shops, stands the Church of St. Giles, Bloomsbury. Its columned renaissance spire, weathered to 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.

Across this desert wayfarers are continually passing and repassing—hungry folk and weary, who seem doomed to wander 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 can rest within the shadow of royal palaces and the gathering places of the Olympians.

There is a quietness in St. Giles' Churchyard, a religious peace, lulled gently by the eternal song of London, that grinding orchestration of its immense traffic, reduced here to a piping melody that can scarcely hold its own with the cheerful and incessant bickering 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 generally with superior scorn, but sometimes they try to avert their faces with a pained look, as though they were accidentally made privy to a shameful thing. A telegraph boy enters the gateway whistling merrily, but stops suddenly and hurries 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 among the sleepers.

I pass along unostentatiously, noting the seats and their occupants. On the 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 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 a horrible cough; and in the far corner a ruddy and hairy-faced tramp in ragged corduroys snoring luxuriously.

Further along on the opposite side is another group of human wreckage. There are four here, three men, two of whom hang limply over the arms at either end, 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-

lessly, one adjusting her grotesquely dilapidated bonnet the while, with a pitifully automatic reminiscence of past coquetry. The third is a half-crazed creature of about thirty; her tangled black hair is streaked with grey; upon her feet are a pair of men's heavy boots, ridiculously broken and worn, and tied round the insteps with pieces of faded red rag; she wears a rent black skirt and a mangy blue woollen coat pinned together and open at the throat, showing a leaden, stringy neck, but no sign of any under-garment. She is eating a faded apple, and as I pass she leers inanely, and says with vindictive affability, "Ere we are, sir, all a-blowin' and a-growin'."

So I pass on. Seat after seat, each with its scrap heap of useless humanity, line the pathway; it is like walking through an avenue of the dead. Happily they sleep, a comfortless sleep, to be sure, but such as it is it brings oblivion. I can see only one other person awake. He is a hopeless man in shiny black, a decayed clerk, probably, and he turns over a bundle of soiled letters, characters, letters of recommendation, maybe, full of ironical praise of his virtues and capabilities. He, hopeless though he is, has obviously not yet given up hope—he is the one tragic figure of the place, because the sense of contest is still alive, he alone amid all those derelict beings is conscious of the will to live.

The rest are alive, but dead: the will to live has flickered out of their consciousness; they are indifferent to all sense of contest, and the desire of conquest is no more; they have surrendered to circumstances 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-yard. Death is such a simple thing compared with this. Besides, they are indifferent to pain—ah, that is it. They are indifferent to pain, they no longer feel the pain of life, therefore they do not think of death. People who are happy or in pain think of death—the rest are dead.

Outside in High Street, Bloomsbury, an organ is playing Mr. Harry Lauder's pretty song "I know a lassie," and a number of ragged but merry children are dancing. Up and down the pavement they go shaking their skirts and kicking their heels like a mad rout of elves. They take up snatches of the chorus, and the bright-faced Italian woman who plays the organ smiles appreciatively as their shrill voices rise over the din of the street.

Suddenly the organ stops and the dancing ceases. Men remove their hats and look thoughtful. A funeral is passing. When it is out of sight the music begins again.

I crossed the road towards Oxford Street, and before turning the corner I looked back at St. Giles. The silver grey spire looks peaceful and beautiful in the sunny autumn noon. The policeman has walked out of the churchyard and

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 windows. One 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 beauty. . . . Never had Dolly looked so handsome as she did then, in all the glow and grace of youth, with all her charms increased a hundredfold by a most becoming dress, by a thousand little coquettish ways which nobody could assume with a better grace, and all the sparkling expectation of that accursed party. . . . There she was again, the very pink and pattern of good looks, in a smart little cherry-coloured mantle, with a hood of the same drawn over her head, and upon the top of that hood a little straw hat trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbons, and worn the merest trifle on one side—just enough, in short, to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that ever malicious milliner devised. And not to speak of the manner in which these cherry-coloured decorations brightened her eyes, or vied with her lips, or shed a new bloom on her face, she wore such a cruel little muff and such a heart-rending pair of shoes, and was so surrounded and hemmed in by aggravations of all kinds. . . . When and where was there ever such a plump, roguish, comely, bright-eyed, enticing, bewitching, captivating, 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 gentlemen—supposed to be of mighty fortunes, if not titles—had waited round the corner after dark, and tempted Miggs, the incorruptible, with golden guineas to deliver offers of marriage folded up in love-letters! How many disconsolate fathers and substantial tradesmen had waited on the locksmith for the same purpose, with dismal tales of how their sons had lost their appetites and taken to shut themselves up in dark bedrooms, and wandering in desolate suburbs with pale faces, and all because of Dolly Varden's loveliness and cruelty! . . . And yet here was this same Dolly Varden, so whimsical and hard to please that she was Dolly Varden still, all smiles and dimples and pleasant looks, and caring no more for the fifty or sixty young fellows who at that very moment were breaking their hearts to marry her than if so many oysters had been crossed in love and opened afterwards.

DICKENS.

## 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 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 none of the least frightful features in that condition that there is no childishness in its dwellings. "Poor people," said a sensible nurse to us once, "do not bring up their children; they drag them up." The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it; no one thinks it worth while to coax 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 is fed with milk and praise." But the aliment of this poor baby was thin, un-nourishing; 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 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

into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labour. It is the rival till it can be the co-operator for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace: it never makes him young again with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no younger times.

It makes 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 have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery-books, of summer holidays (fitting that age), of the promised sight or play; of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear-starching, of the price of coals or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say that the home of the very poor is no home?

CHARLES LAMB.

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

We cannot get away from the fact that with a system of more permanent employment wages would increase, and that it is through unemployment the sweeter thrives.—"Co-operative News."

## A FAMOUS MOTHER.

DAME HESTER TEMPLE, daughter to Miles Sands, Esquire, was born at Latmos in this county; and was married to Sir Thomas Temple of Stow, Baronet. She had four sons and nine daughters, which lived to be married, and so exceedingly multiplied that this lady saw seven hundred extracted from her body. Reader, I speak within compass, and have left myself a reserve, having bought the truth hereof by a wager I lost. Besides, there 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 knit.

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 designed: A fair tree should have been 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 bough thereof. On the right-hand hereof her younger sons, on the left her daughters should, as so many boughs, be spread forth. Her grand-children should have their names inscribed on the branches of those boughs; the great-grand-children on the twigs of those branches; the great-great-grand-children on the leaves of those twigs. Such survived her death should be done in a lively green, the rest (as blasted) in a pale and yellow fading colour.

Thus, in all ages, God bestoweth personal felicities on some, far above the proportion of others. The Lady Temple dyed *anno Domini* 1656.

THOMAS FULLER.

## THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

By Carra Lyle.

THERE are several phases of the servant problem, and the wrongest is that of the indignity of service lately dealt with by Bessie Smallman.

Now, countless philosophers have told us that real freedom lies only in perfect obedience. Take for ourselves the homely illustration of a patient, orderly queue outside a theatre pit or gallery door. Not so long ago, in my native town, each pitite asserted his or her own primitive idea of liberty by elbowing his or her neighbour in grand crushes at the theatre doors, with the result that women in fairs had to be continually re-carried out of the crowd. A common obedience to an obvious law for common good now ensures that freedom of person one enjoys in an orderly queue. Yet none feels slavish in yielding that obedience.

## Bessie Smallman

says: "To say that many (servants) are content does not remove their chains." Their chains. To me the servant's chains are the same chains that bind the mistress—the identical chains that fetter working-class women. The "slavery," at the call of everyone's bell, up early and late a-bed, range-cleaning, breakfast-getting, washing-the-cups, sweeping, polishing, cooking, washing-the-cups, scouring, ironing, washing-the-cups, with few rests and little enough thanks, has only entered her working-woman's quendom at worst somewhat prematurely. Her married sister, say, has the same duties to perform, with the addition to them of a husband to look after, and ceaselessly-demanding children to watch and pray over. Yet the married sister's state is one aspired to by the "slavery," 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-given 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 much-practised deft-handedness from familiarity with house duties will make her 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

the day's work to be overtaken is enormous, 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 without* a servant rather than add to her already overburdened 16 hours' day the responsibility of looking after another untaught pair of hands is a finished product of the twentieth century's slavery—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 done; but perfect in a thousand ways, a most splendid machine-like slave, whose

shoes her average husband is not fit to brush.

## The Chains that Bind the Mistress

of one maid, or two, or three, are the self-same chains that bind the maids. The chains are the chains of slavery, and the slavery is kitchen overwork. The servant problem is the problem of kitchen work. Kitchen work is dirty work, is unceasing work, is monotonously unmental work, and kitchen work has always been left to women to do. Men will not have it, will not do it; it is too hard and heavy and disgusting. Even the scavenging of the streets is accomplished with long brooms. The scavenging of the floors and doors and steps, ranges 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 to do it, and those who can pay other women to do it for them have it done by other women. I know one lazy, poor woman, too, who hardly ever has 30s. a month's pin money, who will yet scrape up more than that sum monthly to pay the other woman who does her kitchen work. The first woman's chains should glue her to a washing-the-cup galley, but she slides through them every time. She will not do it. But then she is lazy, and saves her conscience by letting the neat-handed Phyllis out oftener than is in the bond.

The housework problem would not be solved for that first woman by dismissing Phyllis, and, moreover, Phyllis would not like that solution.

## Phyllis's Emancipation

lies 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 Women will have accomplished nothing. If the prices of already used 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.

## The Gap and Apron

are not indignities. They make a pretty uniform, a uniform which in large establishments is not associated with any kind of indignity. Only in the poor starved mind of the kitchen "general" is it so synonymous with overwhelming, dirty work that it takes on the indignity the overwork does. Now, overwork is an indignity, is an offence. Overworked maids leave; overworked wives cannot leave; but overwork must be abolished, with all its brutalities. Overwork makes the chains of service. True service is free and unchained. Slavery is not that of the servant alone. Kitchen-slavery is the slavery of womanhood.

A vote apiece is the only hope.

## ANOTHER VIEW.

By G. Garnier.

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

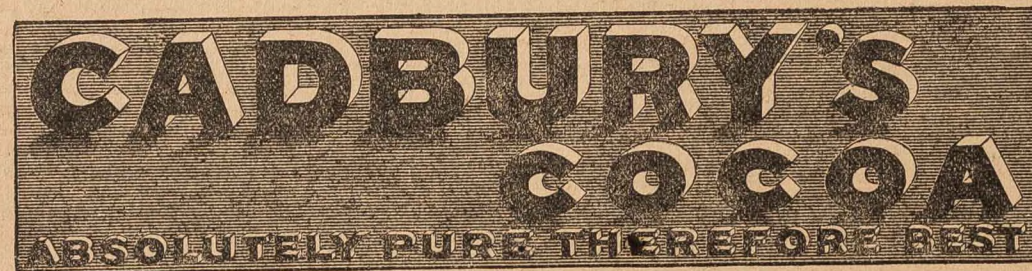
Certainly our cooks and housemaids may have complaints to be heard and grievances to be aired, but how about the employer? Is that person absolutely exempt from all worry and trouble and anxiety directly Miss Smallman's much-abused maid-servant enters her home? I think not. Shortcomings there assuredly 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 children. 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 the "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, where peace and happiness reign in many a household because of the perfect accord that exists between mistress and maid. These cases, however, and slack! are rare: and why?

Well, I think it is partly because, instead of the "educated woman" whom Miss Smallman would have us believe is there to keep the machinery of the modern household in order, unfortunately, these girls often sadly lack either mental, moral, or physical training—sometimes all three. Now, instead of writing an article which can only foster any feeling of embitterment and, in addition, frighten away new and potential readers of our beloved WOMAN WORKER, cannot Miss Smallman—I appeal to her: will she not found a league or something so that young women may be properly trained and qualify to *take their status* in the world as domestic servant or help? Let her call them what she will; let her do away with every ancient badge of servitude, modern as well, but let her train girls honestly to work for an honest wage. I know of an institution carried on in London upon these lines, and should be most happy to indicate its whereabouts to Miss Smallman and to any other benevolently altruistic person who might help make this daily life of ours more joyful and beautiful.



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## 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 country.

### 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 risk. 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 work are very long.

### 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 Chemistry under the Portsmouth County Council, 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 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.

### The Training Required.

At least three years must be devoted to training, and a good, sound, general education is a *sine qua 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 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 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 information as to the examinations is 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 as to fees, etc., on application.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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 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.

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 tablespoonfuls, 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.

POPPIE.—Give up tea and coffee altogether, get a vegetarian cookery book and change your diet gradually to complete vegetarianism. Do not do this too quickly—wean yourself over the period of a month. Eat your meals dry. Eat very slowly, and be sure you chew and taste each mouthful well. D. B.—Probably your occupation had a good deal to do with your ailment, and the effects of years will not pass off quite at once. Be careful about cycling beforehand. Do not on any account continue taking alcohol in any form. Take regular daily baths, get plenty of fresh air, keep your bedroom windows open at night, eat well. When the pain is severe, apply large linseed meal poultices to the stomach, or flannel cloths wrung out of hot water (a quart) to which a tablespoonful of turpentine has been added.

BELOW PAR.—You are run down, and the shoulder pain is caused by your stomach not being able to do its work properly. Take your coffee half milk, knock off bacon and Vi-coocoa. Be sure your midday meal is sufficiently substantial. Eat slowly. If your pains do not soon get better, put yourself on to a diet of milk and slop food for a week, taking nothing heavier than some boiled white fish for dinner, and no vegetables.

A MALE READER.—Your card to the Editor has been handed to me. This species of "sleeping sickness" can best be combated by moral suasion. A sponge filled with cold water and applied to the face or shoulders is all I can suggest in my medical capacity.

ZENDA.—From your account the "convulsions" may be epileptic. It would be wise to take him to one of the big London hospitals to see a nervous diseases specialist.

DISTRESSED ONE.—To effect a complete cure it will be necessary for you to be treated in a hospital or nursing home. Otherwise the disease may persist indefinitely. If you will give me your name and address, I will advise you in detail.

POSITIVE KNOWLEDGE.—Prevention of pain is a matter of general hygiene, particularly avoidance of constipation or any upset of 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."

### WOMAN PRISON DIRECTOR.

MR. PICKERSGILL will move the following new clause on the consideration of the Prevention of Crime Bill: "On the occurrence 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 one Prison Commissioner and Director of Convict Prisons at least shall always be a woman."



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## HOME NOTES.

By Dorothy Worrall.

"DEAR DOROTHY.—Do tell us about that big, beautiful hat. THE WOMAN WORKER only needs a hat occasionally to make it perfect.—CARRE LYLE."

This postcard 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 boulevards, where ladies think nothing of paying

### £10 for a Hat,

big or little.

I 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 homeland, 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 searched everywhere for a hat that would suit her, but they were all too 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 Louvre—not the museum—bought a big black straw hat untrimmed, some black chignon, and a deep red rose.

Then we came home, and I swathed the chignon round the hat, put the rose at the side with a little chignon over to soften it, and it looked fine, and cost less than five shillings.

The only

### Sad Part

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

But I have a very great friend who puts my attempts at hat trimming quite in the shade.

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 ingenuity?

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

#### Spoil the Cure.

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

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 repeat several times during the day."

Another said: "Keep very warm, and in the same temperature, put the feet in mustard and water just before going to bed."

I think those were the two most opposite, but there were several in between.

Now you can see my difficulty. So I am eating toffee, drinking elderberry syrup, and trusting to luck.

One very annoying feature of my cold is that it prevents me from going into the kitchen to cook.

Now this is more serious than you would think, for ever since I took charge of the cookery column, this has indeed been a

### House of Cookery,

for it seemed to me that the only really conscientious way of deciding the prize winner was to sort out the best recipes and try them. But prize giving is a very *teptious* job, and I sometimes feel afraid that I may not do it properly, so I am now going to start

### A New System

which is much fairer, as I am sure you will all agree.

I shall print a number of recipes every week, and instead of awarding the prize myself, I want you to tell me which is the best. In future, therefore, the recipe which has the most votes will secure the prize.

Instead of putting the sender's name at the end of each recipe, I shall put a number, so please let me know which number is the best, and let your votes reach THE WOMAN WORKER Office *not later than Monday morning each week*. I hope you will try recipes which seem original, even daring, for those are what we 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?

### 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.—1½ lb flour, ½ pint milk, 1 egg, ½ lb 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 ½ 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.

BAKED HAM.—½ lb 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.—2½ oz butter, 3 oz sugar, 4 oz flour, 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls milk, pinch of baking powder, 1 lb 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.

TOMATO PASTE.—3 tomatoes, 1 egg, 2 oz grated cheese, 4 oz bread crumbs, ½ oz 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 bread-crumbs. Put into potted meat pots and cover with melted butter.—No. 2.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—Put the berries into a jar, and put them all night in a slow oven: then mix one quart of the juice with three quarts of water, add 4 lb of sugar, a little ginger and cloves, boil three-quarters of an hour, and when cool ferment it with yeast spread upon toast, and let it work two days. then put it into the cask, and bung lightly till the fermentation is over.—No. 3.

CHEAP SPONGE BUNS.—½ lb flour, ¼ oz lard, 6 oz sugar, 1 teaspoonful each of car. soda and cream of tartar, 1 egg, and rind of lemon and milk to mix. Rub lard in flour, add sugar. Dissolve cream of tartar and soda in a little boiling milk. (This is important, as it makes buns extremely light and spongy.) Add egg to milk and beat well. Put in small tins and bake 10 minutes in hot oven.—No. 4.

GOOD CAKE.—½ cup of sugar, 1 egg, piece of butter little larger than a hen's egg, ¼ cup of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, ¼ cup sweet milk, and a pinch of salt. Flavour with lemon extract to taste. *Method.*—Beat the egg and sugar together until very light, sift into this the flour, baking powder, and salt. Melt the butter very soft (almost to a liquid), and add also the milk and flavouring. Bake in a tin about 3 inches square, or in any tin you may have about that size, for 20 or 25 minutes in a hot oven. *Freezing for same, if required.*—Roll out one cup of pulverised sugar and moisten in a bowl with one or two teaspoonfuls of boiling water; flavour with lemon extract.—No. 5.

AN ECONOMICAL PUDDING.—Well butter a pie-dish and fill with stale bread, buns, sponge cakes, or biscuits. Soak in cold water. Strain off water if any remains, and add sugar to taste. Cut up very fine ½ lb of beef suet, or two eggs if desired instead, ½ lb currants, well washed and dried. Flavour with a little piece of candied lemon cut up fine, or orange rind. Then add as much boiling milk as will fill the dish. Bake half-an-hour in quick oven.—No. 6.

### Answers to Correspondents.

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 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, London, E.C.

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?

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## THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

### Our Youthful Poets.

Are you all here to-day, my dears? I did 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 in a Yorkshire churchyard:

Here I  
Do lie,  
Killed by  
A sky  
Rocket in my eye.

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

#### "Excelsior."

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 climbed up rocks that were quite perpendicular.

I do not know which to consider the more remarkable—the feet of the verse, the feat ascribed to the General, or the brilliance of the author's imagination.

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 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 them, too!

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:

#### Dark

Through the air the joy of life was ringing,  
My heart in throbbing gladness answered to the call,  
In the trees the gladome birds were singing,  
The sun shone down o'er all.

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 songster,  
But he was still in night!

And there—my head pillowed on the greenward,

Sobbing I knelt long, long into the night:  
"If there be God—oh, why should some have darkness,  
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 Garden of Childhood.

Say the children: "In the Wide-World the red rose blooms,  
While here our pink ones are only in the bud.

See how the wind blows fresh and how the sun  
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 young,  
And see—the passion-rose that bloomed at noontide,  
Its wealth of petals to the ground has flung!"

"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 vain,  
Through childhood's gate they may return no more!

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

#### 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 you always go so soon?

Moon: Oh, beautiful Sun, if I only could  
Come in the day, I am sure I would,  
But little you know of the beauty of night,  
When the stars and I shed our gentle light.

The flowers and birds are asleep, 'tis true,  
And the children have closed their eyes of blue,  
But oh, the quiet! and oh, the peace!  
I wish that they would never cease.

Poet: The Moon is silver, the Sun is gold,  
And the beauty of either can never be told.  
The Sun rejoices in gladome light,  
And the Moon in the quiet and peace of night.

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

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 pretty verse on "Daffodils." But—we have only one "Page."

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 toys, and beautiful flowers,  
And chestnut trees for the birdie's bowers.

Shut your eyes when in bed and you'll find yourself floating  
Down the River of Slumber as if you were boating,  
Past the island of Rest, till not far in the distance  
You'll see that fair Dreamland has an existence.

There are fairies in one part and flowers in 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 "No!"

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 Dreamland.

Constance Wharton sends, with a sweet little letter:

#### 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 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 print.

#### A Prize.

As so few have entered the "Picture" and "Poem" competitions, I think we must go back to our essays.

For the best on "A Trip in a Train of Thought," not more than 200 words, I offer a book, price not exceeding 5s. Age limit, 14. Time, up to November 18.

And surely, dear boys, you will go a-tripping, if you will not sing.

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; too late, ye cannot enter now!"

Peg,

Peg,

Peg,

Peg,

Peg,

Peg,

## WOMEN AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

By William C. Anderson.

WHEN next the Liberal Party appears at the bar of public opinion to be tried by 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. For demanding the elementary right to 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 may at least be counted to the credit of a somewhat feeble and faint-hearted Government that it took a step forward in deciding to abolish the disabilities which prevented women from playing a full part in the affairs of local government. To some this will seem petty and unimportant. To me it marks a definite advance in women's fight for freedom.

The work of municipalities extends every year. 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 woe 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 entered 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 councillors to accept the position of Lady Mayor of the town.

At the recent elections fewer women 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 Independent, wrested a seat from the Conservatives in Withington Ward, Manchester. 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 councillor—Mrs. Hughes coming third on 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

the fact that she placed housing unemployment and education in the forefront of her programme.

One of the pluckiest of the fights was waged by Miss Margaret Smith, B.A., of Birmingham. Miss Smith is an effective speaker, a tireless and cheery worker, a brave fighter for 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 experience was set in motion to encompass her defeat, and she polled 540 votes as against 1,250 cast on the other side.

At present, then, nine women have seats on local Councils, and there should be room, as there is pressing need, for many more. Our modern problems cannot be satisfactorily settled unless the woman's point of view is taken fully into account.

Look, for instance, at the question of the health and welfare of children—a matter heavy with consequences to race betterment and future progress. As a result of the gains of science, the spread of knowledge, the partial enforcement of Public Health Acts, and Housing Acts, the general death-rate has been steadily forced down. But the infantile death-rate has not yielded to these improvements. It has remained stationary and is appallingly high—more than 150 per 1,000. Many thousands of children are needlessly sacrificed—victims of ignorance, poverty, and slumdom.

Admittedly, the main causes are lack of pure and wholesome food, lack of medical advice and aid, lack of proper treatment and care, homes that breed fever and pestilence.

Would it not be well that in all our councils we should know what women have to say and recommend in regard to this? In respect to medical inspection and improved methods of education, I should back the knowledge of Miss Margaret McMillan against the combined wisdom of, say, forty borough councils.

Housing is also of first importance. Great cities, such as London, Glasgow, 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 valuable to have her opinion as to the 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 unemployed, sterilised milk depôts, a municipal supply of bread, milk, and coals. To the solution of these difficulties, the practical mind of the woman will bring a freshness and vigour of thought.

The sooner we accustom ourselves to the service of women on town and borough councils, the better for the nation.

### CANDIDATES 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, and do not select woman candidates. New organisations have to be created, therefore. Many able women are pledged to other kinds of work, and married women are not eligible (!)

On the other hand, the number of women guardians has been more than maintained since 1894, when their qualification was enlarged—as the following figures show:

In 1889, number of Women Guardians, 72		
" 1890 .....	increase 10 .....	Total 82
" 1891 .....	" 17 .....	" 99
" 1892 .....	" 37 .....	" 136
" 1893 .....	" 33 .....	" 169
" 1894 .....	" 706 .....	" 875
" 1908 .....	" 285 .....	" 1160

Influential persons of both parties supported 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.

**CITIZEN**.—The Employment of Children Act prohibits street trading altogether for children under 11. Consequently, if your neighbour's boy is only as old as you say he looks, she ought not to send him out selling matches. But if he is over 11, and you think he is being badly treated, it would be best to communicate with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (Leicester Square, London). The Employment of Children Act is enforced in some places by the police, and in others by separate inspectors. If you will let me know more details, I will report the case myself, if you prefer. It is possible that your local authorities have issued by-laws raising the minimum age for street trading, as they are empowered to do under the Act. But you do not say where it is you live.

**DAIRYMAD**.—Your friend's hours were probably not illegal. There is a special exception which applies to creameries, under which, during the months of May, June, July, August, September and October, the hours of work of women and young persons may be taken any time between 6 a.m. and 9 p.m., provided that altogether five hours are allowed for rest, including the period from mid-day to 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and provided also that no one is employed for more than five hours at a stretch without a break of at least half an hour. There ought to have been a notice up in the creamery giving the exact hours fixed for work. How long ago did your friend leave? If recently, and she thinks the law was being broken, I should like to report the case to the inspectors.

**ANON**.—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.

**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 getting the compensation due, write again.

**PORTRIA**.

The Rev. Stewart Headlam speaks of the women members of the Charity Organisation Society as "those terrible women"—referring to their attempt to exclude so-called "undeserving" cases from relief.

## THE GREAT CHANGE OF 1910.

### The Reign of the Machine.

By Phyllis Tyne.

I COULD stay here for ever, watching their great, graceful limbs go swinging by in the dusk.

Poised, shining, inevitably right; inscrutable, just, willing creatures; in them I triumph and exult; but sometimes with a question: souls?

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 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 Change was soon coming. There was unrest everywhere. Men looked all ways for a sign. Some thought a change in men's hearts—they were the same as yours, my dears—would come about.

Others spake of war, evolution, contact with the green gas of a comet, airships, electricity, and a general strike, as ways by which the world's life would be 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 on in the old ways.

Your grandmothers, too, were oblivious. They added to the general confusion in politics 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 privilege on them.

"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 '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.

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.

City men offered large sums to the drivers of horse trams and 'buses.

My fellow-clerks all said it could not last. All the workmen seemed anxious to work, and as for the employers, they were thunderstruck. No word of warning or empty boasting had been uttered: work had simply stopped all over the world.

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

It would take a long time to tell how we gradually awoke to the situation of separation from other countries, the breakdown of private enterprise, the oncoming famine as our stores gradually diminished, the probable end.

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 he had always thought strikes an evil, 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 the foolish advice of self-interested agitators.

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

Other deputations suggested many things, but nothing came of them.

Then, one day, in the Admiralty Office, 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, determine that—

1. As we run the universe, it shall be on our terms that men live together.
2. We run best when worked by careful, 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 steel."

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 catetelesopic process had learnt to communicate with me; but they said nothing about striking."

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

"Here, I say, Miss, Miss, Miss! Wake up! It's closing time. Funny place to go to sleep in, I should say. No rock-me-to-sleep-mother-dearest about these things!"

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.

**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

**"P.R."**

**CRACKERS**

Pure, Crisp,  
Nutritious and Delicious.

**5½d.**

per Packet, of Health Food Stores. Made in an Ideal Factory (see "Woman Worker" for Oct. 23). **SAMPLE BOX** more than twenty-five varieties of "P.R." Biscuits sent post free for 1/3. Write, mentioning "Woman Worker," to

**The Wallace "P.R." Foods Co.,**  
465, Battersea Park Rd., London, S.W.  
Phone: 1491 Battersea.

**DELICIOUS COFFEE.**

**RED**

**WHITE**

**& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF WOMEN UNDER SOCIALISM.

### Public Debate.

THE debate between Miss Margaret Bondfield, of the Women's Labour 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.

Lady Frances Balfour, in the chair, stated that she was in a pretty independent position; she was a convinced Free Trader, and did not think she was a Socialist, though of the latter she was not certain.

Miss Bondfield was heartily greeted, 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. The children actually born all too frequently came from the more thriftless and irresponsible people. Dealing trenchantly and fearlessly with

### The Social Evil,

Miss Bondfield denounced the economic 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 wage-earning 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 of the few.

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

become Socialist: first by a gradual change in which all the nations would

### Glide into Socialism

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 by whilst all they owned was appropriated. Socialists must remember that many people thought that the present system should continue, and really believed that they had a right to that which they had 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

### Capital Had Gone Out of the Country,

and it was difficult to imagine how foreign commerce would be conducted if a Socialist Government came to power and adopted the Social Democratic proposals to repudiate the National Debt. She supposed that everyone would have to 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 reference 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 to-day. She supposed life would be brought down to the level known as the "simple life"—the very least that the people could 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 out to

### Convert even the Capitalist.

They had no quarrel with him as an individual—not a few of them were beginning to feel the pinch of the capitalist system themselves in so far as it led to the development of the trust in commerce. No Socialist desired to take away from

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 absolutely 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 fertile 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 to eminent experts, produce sufficient food for the people.

Miss Marris followed with a number of quotations from several German Socialist writers, with the object of showing that under a Socialist system the condition

### Married Life and the Family

would be undermined. Mr. Kirkup's contribution to the "Encyclopedia 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 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 miscellaneous series of tit-bits on the sex question, and Mr. H. G. Wells and the late Dr. Aveling were all requisitioned as proving that women's present position would 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 reiterated and amplified the passages she had previously given on the sex relations.

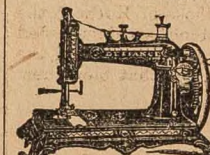
A vote of thanks to Lady Frances Balfour was carried, and the meeting concluded by the Socialist section of the audience chanting the "Red Flag."

J. S. M.

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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 selfish 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 few people?"

"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 become a political fact. To me Socialism is a religion. 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

benefit the community, or will it be a drag upon the people? That is the question 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."

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 much is conjectured, little is known.

The inquiry was limited to women engaged in (a) household duties; (b) home industries; (c) casual or irregular work as charwomen, office cleaners, occasional laundresses, 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, 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 of work are shown in a large percentage of deaths among the infants of women in classes (b) and (c); 227 were breast-fed, and of these no fewer than 43 died of

convulsions, the highest death-rate from any cause; whereas 13 infants, partly breast and partly hand-fed, and only 8 hand-fed infants died of convulsions.

Of the 638 infants of mothers engaged in household duties, 34 died of convulsions, and of the 134 children of mothers working at home industries, five.

The highest death-rate was among the infants of casual out-workers, 38 out of the 251 born having died from this cause. The irregularity of the home life of charwomen, office cleaners, occasional laundresses, and other casually employed women, must tell very much on the health of their young infants.

Professor Budin proved that if infants were fed for the first three months on the breast there was every chance of their living and thriving afterwards. It must, however, 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 Journal.*

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 membership, 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 join will be introduced by the Chief Whip, Mr. P. Paul. The Parliament meets on Tuesday evening (except first Tuesday in the month), at 8.30.

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 as will attract readers by their

Usefulness.

The charges for these advertisements are: 20 words for 9d., or three insertions 2s. All such advertisements must be purely personal, and not of a business nature. 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 line on this.

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 advertisements 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

"wants" have reached me during the last week in the ordinary way of my "Clarion" correspondence, and, as an

**Instruction and Encouragement,** I insert them here.

JULIA DAWSON.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

DOMESTIC SERVANT wants to become Café Waitress. Good references. 1.

BLACKSMITH, 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 fruit-picking 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 4. Cardiff. 13.

WANTED.—To Borrow, Buy, 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.

GIRL Wanted, respectable and refined, to help with housework and take the twin babies out. London. 4.

APARTMENTS TO LET.

FAMILY IN MANCHESTER who have recently had severe losses would be glad to let comfortable lodgings (bedroom and use of kitchen) to a work-girl, shop assistant, or typist; one minute's walk from car; close to Owen's College and Whitworth Park. 5.

CLOTHING.

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 landlord for rent, and the family are in serious plight. London. 10.

WANTED.—Light Covert Coat for boy of nine; second-hand, cheap; good condition. Approval. 13.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

FRENCH LADY, experienced, gives FRENCH LESSONS; reading and conversation a speciality. Pupils visited and received.—MILE, AUTRA, 29, Romola Road, Norwood Road, Heme 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 blooming. 100 strong slips, 2/6; 50, 1/6; carriage paid.—SPRAGUE, Kington, Herefordshire.

Replies to above must be addressed according 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.

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 wage-earners, many of whom are engaged in trades especially 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 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 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 provisions for applicants."

"To meet the need we would ask: 1. 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 with Children's Care Committees, as well as making new ones. We would also ask that the committee should have more freedom than has been allowed them in the disposal of the goods made. They should be allowed to tender for contracts with public bodies, as was successfully done with the Poplar Guardians and then stopped by a letter of the President of the Local Government Board on March 20. last, and that they should be free to give garments away through local distress committees and Children's Care Committees, which, at present, they are prevented from doing by the statement of the President of the L.G.B. that if the work were given away 'it is a question whether the workrooms should be continued or should be withdrawn.' We would also point out that the West Ham Distress Committee has been refused money to carry out a scheme for a workroom for which many women were waiting."

"2. That preparations should at once be put in hand for a country colony where women should be taught lighter work on the land, such as dairy work, fruit growing, bee keeping, poultry rearing, etc. Experience of Duxhurst Inebriate Colony has shown that town women of a more hopeless class than these unemployed women can be taught to do work on such a colony, whilst the wives of the twelve cottagers who are getting on so successfully at Holyeay Bay also give proof of the possibility of such an experiment. The workrooms should be used as a preliminary training 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 Minister in doing justice to unemployed women.—Yours truly (signed), M. NODIN, Hon. Secretary."

Bottle-Washing.

Septics sometimes ask us who will do the bottle-washing in the good time that we are trying to bring about. The Woman Worker Pioneers 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 who see flying 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 worms and getting them quickly, when your family is nearly 500 bigger than you prepared 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 out 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, hurried off to rifle another shop. There was Mrs. Bode, our Doctor of Philosophy, one of the most learned Oriental scholars of the day, and one of the staunchest of comrades, filling the cups as hard as she could go, and cheerfully assuring the thirsty ranks that in time all would be filled if they had faith and patience, and Mrs. Isaac Mitchell, Mrs. Gossip, and ever so many other branch members, were helping, too, while we have to thank the men helpers also who shared our labours. It was all very good practice for the millennium, and we hope everybody understands why we did not do it so nicely as we should have liked. It was all the fault of the Pioneers for being too responsive to the invitation!

Work for Unemployed Women.

At the Guildhall, the Women's Labour League deputation was the first of three that were received. Mrs. J. R. MacDonald urged the points already put forward over and over again as to the need for extension and development of the work provided for women. Mrs. James was to have spoken for us also, but as there were other deputations, only one was taken from each—and Mrs. Murray was heard for the Poplar women, and Mrs. Despard for the Women's Freedom League. The chairman, the Rev. Russell Wakefield, assured us of the sympathy of the C.V.B.; and we assured him and his colleagues that we should continue to stir public opinion outside in order to help that sympathy to crystallise in practical measures. Please Note.—Will any members who have tickets unsold, or money for the Caxton Hall debate, please return them to Mrs. Middleton, 8, Jedburgh Street, Clapham, S.W., that she may make up her accounts?

We Fall to Rise, are Baffled to Fight Better.

Our W.L.L. candidate, Miss Margaret

Smith, did not win in the Town Council election at Birmingham, nor did Mrs. Reeves, the I.L.P. woman candidate at Norwich. But they fought good fights, and we shall win in the end. For our cause is just. Meanwhile we have got to work all the harder and to educate ourselves all the more fully about the work of the Town Councils, and perhaps we may win seats next year.

Medical Inspection of Children.

Miss Margaret McMillan will give a lecture 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. Jowett, 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 unmarried 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, ET CETERA.

Notices must reach us not later than SATURDAY Morning.

BIRMINGHAM LABOUR CHURCH.—Annual Meeting, Hippodrome, Sunday, November 15. Speaker, Victor Grayson, M.P. Chair to be taken at 7 o'clock by Robert Blatchford. Doors open at 6 o'clock. Tickets: Orchestra Stalls, 1s. 6d. (numbered and reserved); Circle, 1s.; Pit, 6d.; Gallery free. From A. Willison, 26, Grosvenor Road, Handsworth.

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. Ryndman, Herbert Burrows, Mary Macarthur, E. C. Fairchild. Chairman, Robert 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, 31a, 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!

THE FRENCH POLISHERS' STRIKE.

A GREAT PROTEST MEETING will be held on

THURSDAY EVENING AT 8 SHARP

at HOLLYBUSH GARDENS, BETHNAL GREEN, to Protest against the Reductions of Women's Wages, amounting to 33 and 50 per cent.

A PUBLIC MEETING

Arranged by

PROFESSIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL WOMEN

In support of

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

Will be held in the

QUEEN'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, LONDON

On

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1908, at 8 o'clock.

Chairman: Mrs. GARRETT ANDERSON, M.D.

ALL WOMEN ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.

Admission FREE. Reserved Seats, 2/6 & 1/-. Apply to Miss ROPER, Miss GORE-BOOTH, Hon. Secretaries, 19, Buckingham Street, Strand.

LONGSIGHT I.L.P.—Special Branch Meeting will be held on Tuesday, November 17, in the Labour Hall, New Bank Street. Business very important. Commence at 8 prompt.

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