

THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.

Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

No. 1.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21ST, 1914.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

OUR PAPER.

In the preliminary advance number of the *The Woman's Dreadnought*, we announced that it would be a free weekly newspaper with a circulation of 20,000 copies. We have now decided to charge a halfpenny for the paper, because we are sure that its supporters will be glad to feel that they are paying towards the upkeep of *The Dreadnought*, and because by this means we shall be able to circulate it throughout the newsagents as well as by our own efforts. At the same time members of the East London Federation will be asked to distribute a substantial number of free copies each week. The circulation of *The Dreadnought* will never be allowed to fall below 20,000 copies and we know that very soon it will advance far beyond that number.

GREAT PROCESSION TO EVENING SERVICE

AT
WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
SUNDAY, MARCH 22ND,

Form up—
28 Ford Road, Bow, at 3.45 p.m.
March at 4.15 p.m.

ROMAN ROAD, GREEN STREET, CAMBRIDGE ROAD,
ALDGATE, LEADENHALL STREET, CORNHILL, CANNON
STREET, LUDGATE HILL, FLEET STREET, STRAND,
and TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

PROCESSION WILL HALT AT
GARDINERS' CORNER, BANK, LUDGATE CIRCUS,
and TRAFALGAR SQUARE, in order that those
who cannot march the whole distance may
join at these points.

After the service is over the Pro-
cession will re-form, and march
VIA WHITEHALL and NORTHUMBERLAND
AVENUE to CHARING CROSS (Embank-
ment Station).

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

Monday, March 23rd—8 p.m., Bow, Priscilla
Road—Miss Coombs.

Tuesday, 24th.. 8 p.m., Bow, Out and Out
Mission Hall, Tredegar Rd., Miss Toson
Poplar, East India Dock Gates... Miss
Richmond.

Canning Town, Freemason's Road.

Wednesday, 25th.. 8 p.m., Poplar, 319 East
India Dock Road—Miss Thompson,
Bow, Crowder's Hall, 173 Bow Road... Miss
Haarbleicher.

Bromley, Chrisp Street, and Charles Street
—Miss Holmes.

Thursday, 26th.. 3 p.m., Poplar, 319 East
India Dock Road, Women's Meeting—
Mrs. Gow.

Bow, 3 p.m., 28 Ford Road, Women's Meet-
ing.

Limehouse, Deacon's Vestry, Burdett Road
—Miss Haarbleicher.
8 p.m., Canning Town, 124 Barking Road—
Miss F. Canning.

Poplar, outside Council Offices, Woodstock
Road.

Friday, 27th.. 8 p.m., Bow, Ford Road.
3 p.m., Poplar, Piggott Street.
Canning Town, Beckton Road.

Sunday, 29th.. 3 p.m., Victoria Park—Mrs.
Hughes.

WHOM DOST THOU WORSHIP?

"Leave this chanting and singing and
telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship
in this lonely dark corner of a temple with
doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy
God is not before thee!

"He is there where the tiller is tilling the
hard ground and where the pathmaker is
breaking stones. He is with them in sun
and in shower, and His garment is covered
with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even
like Him come down on the dusty soil!

"Deliverance? Where is this deliverance
to be found? Our Master Himself has joy-
fully taken upon him the bonds of creation;
He is bound with us all for ever.

"Come out of thy meditations and leave
aside thy flowers and incense! What harm
is there if thy clothes become tattered and
stained? Meet Him and stand by Him in
toil and in sweat of thy brow."

From the writings of Rabindranath Tagore,
a great Indian poet and philosopher.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE MEETING.

EAST LONDON FIGHTS FOR WOMEN'S VOTES.

I GOT to Trafalgar Square before the
procession arrived, and went into a
shop to wait for it.

When the procession reached the
shop only the rear band was playing,
so that I did not hear it coming in
good time. I hurried out just as the
last of the people had passed the shop.

I was half way across the pavement
when a big burly detective grabbed me
by the arm, and at the same moment
shouted "seize this woman!" At
once I was surrounded and held on
all sides by policemen and detectives,
who were almost lining the Strand
and the edges of Trafalgar Square.
At the same moment several mounted
men rode up. I called "friends," and
the people at the end of the procession
heard me and began running back
towards me.

The detectives turned and rushed
me away towards Charing Cross, a
crowd of them clutching me, and
hanging on to each other with uni-
formed police on horse and foot around
us. I resisted as hard as I could but
what was I against so many?



"Sylvia" recovering after Prison.

"Get her on a 'bus! Get her on a
'bus!" detectives shouted. A motor
'bus was just starting; they tried to
drag me on, but the conductor stretched
out his arms to bar the way, and pushed
them back. "No, no, you sha'n't get
her on here," he said, "I won't help
you to take her!" The 'bus was going
fast now, and we dropped behind.

An inspector hailed an empty stand-
ing taxi, but some of the men from
the end of the procession, who had
rushed on ahead, persuaded him to
drive away.

I was dragged along till we came
to another taxi. What was a fight
around it, but what happened I do
not know; for I was pushed down out
of sight, half on the ground, half on the
step of the cab, and at last hauled in head
foremost. Not many of our friends
can have reached us. It was all so
quickly done; but I am told that one
woman fought very hard to keep the

cab from starting, and was very
brutally used.

With me in the cab were four huge
detectives. The one who had first
seized me said: "This will have saved
a great deal of trouble—a great deal
of trouble and broken heads."
I said, "It is not all over yet."

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

TO LET.—Furnished room, quiet house,
Suffragettes, near station, 1d. from City—
address: Hope, 321 Roman Road, Bow.

WHAT MRS. CAVENDISH BENTINCK SAW.

I did not know there were as many
police in the world as were assembled
last Sunday for the East London Fed-
eration Meeting in Trafalgar Square.
To talk of conscription is nonsense.
I feel convinced that every able-bodied
man is now in the police force!

Happening on a face not altogether
unfamiliar to me, a civilian whose
form looked strong, I not unnaturally
took up my stand near him, and where
he went I followed. This proved
diverting because a tall police in-
spector with a bull neck was writing
little slips of paper, and my friend
had to give them to other civilians
who were waiting with bicycles on
the outskirts of the crowd, and who
sped off with these mysterious
messages.

My silent friend ungratefully en-
deavoured to elude me in various
ways, but every attempt ended in
failure. When little bedraggled
detachments of the East End Pro-
cession arrived, this man would
press through the crowd and scan
each figure attentively. So did I.
For about an hour this went on;
then there was a rush down North-
umberland Avenue. I saw a tiny
speck of gaily-coloured bunting
floating like some uncanny cork in
a black ocean of police. My friend
stood near the tall inspector, and
they appeared to view the scene

with satisfaction, one of them say-
ing something about going to the river
and have done with it! Before me a
woman lay on the ground, and was
being helped up; but whether she had
been knocked down by the army of
law and order, or merely stumbled in
running, I cannot say.

Presently, to my surprise, the whole
mass of blackness surged towards me.
Nothing but this tidal wave of black,
from which a shriek or two arose.
Then I saw a very small working-
woman, I should say an elderly and
feeble woman, being torn to pieces
near to me. Her hat was on one side
—so was she—about twenty men must
have been pulling her one way whilst
as many were pulling the other way,
and the whole black tidal wave seeth-
ing in the rear. Judging that these
madmen were tearing her asunder, I
remonstrated and tried to get in front
of them. My friend seemed about to
grab at her also instead of joining his

remonstrances to mine, so I caught
hold of his arm, and he hit me off
and flung me on to the tidal wave.
Another woman seemed to me being
torn to shreds, and as she screamed I
suppose she was under the same
impression!

The police raised their arms and
did not seem to know on whose heads
they let them fall. I understood why
we pay for such heavy helmets! It is
a case of "Heaven save us from our
friends!" Close to me was a very
young man who was being knocked
about quite savagely. His face was
strangely white and oddly near the
ground. I am under the impression
there were others. I got battered
from one side to another, and then
spied my friend again. As soon as
he saw me he pushed me as hard as
could, and ordered me to "get on to
the pavement."

As he was walking, or rather running,
with an inspector, I asked in my
sweetest voice, "Are you a police-
man?" "No, I am not!" he roared.
"Then why do you order me about?"
I queried in dulcet tones. "Why do
you follow me about?" he shouted,
looking furious. "Because you seem
to know your way about so well, and
appear so nice and strong. That is
why," said I, most affably. "Here,
here!" said he to the inspector, and
then the later and another constable
lifted my friend on to a 'bus without its
(continued on page 2)

Bow West Ward League.

Will all members please rally to meeting
of above League Tuesday, March 24th
next at 8 p.m., at 101 St. Stephen's Road,
Bow, to discuss ways and means for
smashing the enemy in the coming General
Election. Work will win Bow & Bromley
and we've got to win this time.

All who wish to secure

Votes for Women

should at once join the

Labour Representation Committee

Send your name to

J. H. BANKS,
6 Campbell Road, Bow.

Nearly 90 Years' Reputation.



Neave's Food

ensures healthy happy children, stamina to
invalids, and robust old age, by its bone and
body-building qualities. Specially recom-
mended by "The Lancet" "British Medical
Journal," "Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D.,
Medical Officer of Health and Analyst for
Dublin, &c., and other famous Authorities.

Used in Rearing the Royal Children of Russia,
and thousands of all classes testify to its
excellent virtues. For instance: Mrs. KAIN,
6 Rockingham Road, Doncaster, writes:—
"DOCTOR ADVISED ME TO GIVE
MY TWIN BOYS OF SIX WEEKS OLD
YOUR 'NEAVE'S FOOD.' I have never
lost a night's rest, and they have cut their teeth
without any trouble. Your Food also does
away with all need of medicine and castor oil."
22nd August, 1912.

"Hints about Baby" sent free. Sample for 2d. postage,
mentioning "Woman's Dreadnought," to JOSIAN R. NEAVE
& CO., Fordingbridge, England.

stopping, and he squirmed up to the top, casting a terrified glance to see if I were following.

Whitehall was full of mounted police, and more seemed to pour out of Whitehall Court. Then they also produced a fire engine, with what object I cannot imagine, and the mounted police lined up and pushed the whole crowd back into the Square. Hundreds of infuriated women turned round now and again to hurl imprecation at them. One told me a boy had been arrested for saying "Cossacks." Certainly, Cossacks are said to be a rough lot, but what makes these disturbances in London so terrible is just the knowledge that our men are not Cossacks, but by nature, kindly, good-hearted fellows, who work themselves up into what nurses call "a dreadful state" precisely because they know they have got to do things they loathe doing.

They become somewhat hysterical, and from hysteria to brutality is but a short step. I am sorry for them, but still sorer for those they handle when in such a condition. Surely the authorities might remind them that a worn-out, under-sized East End woman, weighing eight stone at most, can easily be taken off to the police station by one of these fourteen-stone giants without any unnecessary display of brute force.

Why must a whole pack of wolves precipitate themselves upon one defenceless lamb? And if it is that they are afraid the lamb may be rescued, why are the police employed to do that which the general public (who pay them after all) disapproves of?

How much simpler to give women the vote!

Yours, etc.,

RUTH C. BENTINCK.

The Woman's Dreadnought.

Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.

CENTRAL OFFICE

321 ROMAN ROAD, BOW, E. Telephone EAST 422.

No. 1. Saturday, March 21st, 1914.

Bravely and Willingly we bear our share of the World's burdens. Why, then, deny us the right to Vote, which would dignify our labour and increase our Power of Service.

HOW SHALL WE GET THE VOTE?

What can we do to quicken the pace? We can make ourselves more formidable. What do the workers do when they want their wages raised? Do they merely talk amongst themselves or hold meetings? Do they merely send petitions to their employers? No! They go on strike. We can do that too! And we can strike against whatever thing we please. We might decide to strike against paying our taxes, but here in London, where we are mostly poor, but few of us pay direct taxes, and so, for us, that kind of strike will not do. We might, as woman, decide to strike against doing our daily work in the home—how often that has been suggested—but that would injure the children, and the Government would not care for that kind of strike in the East End, for it would only make poor homes more uncomfortable, and every Government that ever has been in this country hitherto has been most bent on safeguarding, not the homes of the poor, but the interests of the rich.

Therefore, our strike for the vote must be directed against something which will embarrass the rich, of whom the Governments, in both Houses and of both Parties, are so largely composed, and from whom they draw their immense Party funds. The only thing against which the mass of women can strike effectively is the payment of their rent. The "No Vote, no Rent" strike is the working woman's most powerful weapon. In using this weapon she needs, if she is married, her husband's co-operation. This co-operation should surely be given gladly for the mass of women, whether wage-earners themselves or not, are always ready to back up the strikes of men. The women in the jam, biscuit, tin and other East

London factories, came out in a body to help the transport workers when they were on strike a while ago. The Dublin women came out from Jacob's factory to help the Irish transport workers, and in every strike that ever was, the mothers who usually stop at home, have been ready to go out charring or washing, or to take in homework, to make ends meet. Surely every right-thinking man wants his wife, his mother, and his sisters to have a vote, and will be willing to back them up when the women go on strike.

On Wednesday night, March 11th, I was in my cell weary and despondent, wondering, wondering, wondering what we should do next to get the vote. Wondering and wondering how to increase the power and numbers of our own Federation of the Suffragettes and the general popular movement for the vote amongst both men and women in East London. Wondering, hoping, and perhaps a little doubting and fearing too. Suddenly, I heard a band playing and knew that friends from East London were close by. I heard your voices and knew that your message was "no surrender—pull together—we shall win."

And the moral is that we must never cease to work and strive together, and that we must believe, believe with every fibre of our being, that victory is near—So we shall win!

TO THE ABBEY! This Sunday, March 22nd, we intend to march together to the Evening Service at Westminster Abbey, to pray for Votes for Women Bill. If the Government intends to hang on until 1915, however, we must strive to wrench Votes for Women from them this very year. In that case the strike ought to begin as soon as we are ready. In any case we must be prepared for the right moment when it comes. We do not mean to begin to strike until we have a nucleus of several thousand people pledged to join us. A thousand families in Leeds have struck because their rents were raised. No one has yet been evicted and the strike has continued since January. When the "No Vote No Rent" strike begins we must have, not one thousand persons in scattered districts, as they are in Leeds, but several thousands living not far apart. Then we shall be very safe against eviction. At the same time we shall collect a good bank balance in case of any instances of individual victimisation, just as, since last autumn, we have taken the precaution of establishing a prisoners' families' aid fund for the dependents of those who may be arrested in fighting for the cause.

We pledge ourselves that we will not start the strike until a large number of strikers are ready. It is time that we began to take the names of those who will join the "No Vote No Rent" strike. On the day that it is announced those who will join should fill in this form and bring, or send, it to the Central Office of the East London Federation of the Suffragettes, at 321, Roman Road, Bow, E. The names and addresses will be kept absolutely secret.

WHEN WILL "NO VOTE, NO RENT" BEGIN?

What will be the best time to begin the "No Vote No Rent" strike? If, as it is rumoured, there is to be a general election in May or June, it will be best to start as soon as the election is over, in order that the new Government that will be formed may at once be faced with the "No Vote No Rent" deadlock, and will realise that the wisest course is to put votes for women in the King's Speech right away. It is quite certain that with a strong "No Vote No Rent" strike in progress no anti-suffrage Prime Minister will be allowed to take office. Mr. Asquith will either have to get converted, or be thrown overboard, and the Government will speedily seek to quell the trouble by introducing a Votes for Women Bill.

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Name.....

Address.....

State Yes or No to the following:—

I occupy an entire house.

I am the householder, but let part of the house unfurnished.

I rent unfurnished rooms from my landlord or landlady.

I occupy part of a house which is let off in separate flats.

LODGERS.

CONVERT THE LANDLADY THAT SHE MAY STRIKE WITH THE REST.

STAND TOGETHER!

In fighting for Women's freedom, as for every great cause, there is one important lesson that we, who are in the movement, must assuredly strive to bear constantly in mind. That is love and trust our fellow human beings, to try to be ever ready to warmly welcome outsiders to our ranks. Only if we are zealous to

each other, we shall win!

London factories, came out in a body to help the transport workers when they were on strike a while ago. The Dublin women came out from Jacob's factory to help the Irish transport workers, and in every strike that ever was, the mothers who usually stop at home, have been ready to go out charring or washing, or to take in homework, to make ends meet. Surely every right-thinking man wants his wife, his mother, and his sisters to have a vote, and will be willing to back them up when the women go on strike.

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I PROMISE TO JOIN THE NO VOTE NO RENT STRIKE.

Name.....

Address.....

State Yes or No to the following:—

I occupy an entire house.

I am the householder, but let part of the house unfurnished.

I rent unfurnished rooms from my landlord or landlady.

I occupy part of a house which is let off in separate flats.

LODGERS.

CONVERT THE LANDLADY THAT SHE MAY STRIKE WITH THE REST.

STAND TOGETHER!

In fighting for Women's freedom, as for every great cause, there is one important lesson that we, who are in the movement, must assuredly strive to bear constantly in mind. That is love and trust our fellow human beings, to try to be ever ready to warmly welcome outsiders to our ranks. Only if we are zealous to

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SCOTTISH PEOPLE FIGHT THE CAT & MOUSE ACT.

SCENES AT MRS. PANKHURST'S ARREST AT GLASGOW.

A fierce fight followed the arrest of Mrs. Pankhurst whilst she was addressing a meeting in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, on Monday night. The police drawing their batons stormed the stage, and the women supporters of the militant leader closed round her and defended her with similar weapons. The hall was densely crowded. With dramatic suddenness Mrs. Pankhurst appeared at the back of the hall, and walked to the front of the platform amid great cheering.

She said that few people in the audience, or in the country, knew how much of the nation's money was being spent to silence women, but the wit and ingenuity of women had overcome the power and money of the British Government. The greatest task in the woman's movement was to prove that they were human beings like men. She had only been speaking a few moments when several men stewards rushed into the body of the hall exclaiming "Police."

Simultaneously a side door crashed open, and in rushed dozens of policemen. The hall was in a ferment, and the scene baffled description. Mrs. Pankhurst was surrounded by her bodyguard, other women stepped forward and presented stout white wood truncheons. The police endeavoured to rush the platform, only to find that the flowers edging it concealed barbed wire, and as they tried to scale it buckets of water and flower pots were thrown at them. For a time there was a perfect fusillade of broken chairs, smashed flower pots, tumblers, etc., while the police drew their batons and blows were rained right and left. One woman was bleeding badly from a baton wound on the temple. Two lady doctors were in attendance, and many women were to be seen carrying water in their hats to restore the injured persons. The police, who had thus far been kept at bay, eventually surrounded Mrs. Pankhurst, one reporter asserting that she received a blow which felled her, and when arrested was lying down holding her head. In spite of the efforts of her supporters she was dragged to the door and pushed into a motor in a fainting state. Scores of constables and a number of detectives had been employed to effect this one arrest, and as hundreds of people surrounded the motor, mounted police rushed forward with drawn batons and forced the crowd to the rear.

Within the hall confusion still prevailed, and a woman was able to keep back the police for a long while by firing off blank cartridges.

After a quarter of an hour, during which Mrs. Pankhurst was conveyed to the police station, order was restored, and the meeting continued until ten o'clock.

Afterwards a great crowd carrying banners marched to the Central Police-station, where 100 police were kept in reserve with a body of mounted men. An attempt was made to storm the police station, when large bodies of police poured out of the building to scatter the seething mass of people, and wild scenes again prevailed.

Mrs. Pankhurst was subsequently visited in the police court cells by Dr. Mabel Jones of Glasgow, to whom she complained of the great roughness used in her arrest. The chain round her neck had been broken, and her ribs hurt. She had been pushed and knocked along the passage from the hall by excited detectives each claiming the credit of having got her. They flung her down on the floor of the cab while they sat on the seats, and as she lay there they hit her on the back and jibed at her. She was only allowed to see Dr. Jones in the presence of a woman turnkey or the casualty surgeon, and under these

conditions refused medical examination. Fearing further demonstrations from the citizens of Glasgow the police effected Mrs. Pankhurst's removal to London by strategy. She was carried on a stretcher to a motor which was driven to a wayside Lanarkshire station, where the express for Euston was stopped, and she was placed in the train. In London the train was stopped at two stations before Euston, and she was placed in a motor and driven to Holloway Prison where a great body of police were waiting to receive her.

EYE WITNESSES' PROTEST AT HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On Tuesday, March 17th, a deputation of six eye-witnesses to the brutality of the police at Mrs. Pankhurst's arrest in Glasgow, including Mr. Leonard Gow, Mr. William Thompson (Hutcheson Girls' Grammar School), Rev. David Watson (St. Oswald's), Ex-Bailie Alston, Mr. Ernest Johnson and Mr. Charles Scott, J.P., travelled up to the House of Commons to express their indignation. They were received by Mr. Scott Dickson, K.C., the Member for Glasgow Central, and other Scottish Members of Parliament. They were advised to make their complaint to the Glasgow Town Council.

MCKENNA CONFUTED.

MR. MCKENNA said in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, March 17th, that when Mrs. Pankhurst was arrested in Glasgow, "she was not roughly handled, and when she refused to walk she was carefully carried." Members of Parliament laughed.

The following letter has been sent to the Press by the doctors who examined Mrs. Pankhurst on her release:—

"Having seen the statement of Mr. McKenna in the House of Commons last night, as to the treatment of Mrs. Pankhurst by the police at the time of her arrest, we desire to state that we examined Mrs. Pankhurst six days later, after her release from prison. We then found numerous bruises over her ribs and on her limbs, both ankles were cut, and the left one was swollen and discoloured.

These injuries must have been sustained either at the time of her arrest, or while she was being conveyed to the police station, held down on the floor of the cab among the feet of the six policemen who occupied the seats.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed)—
FLORA MURRAY, M.D., B.S., D.P.H.
HARRY SCHUTZE, M.D., B.S."

PRISON NEWS.

MISS ETHEL MOORHEAD who complained that, whilst she was being forcibly fed in Carlton Prison, her ear was burnt with hot irons, and that she was left at the mercy of young students from the Asylum, and kept on the operating table for the whole of one day, is now gravely ill. Dr. G. R. Cadell reports that she is suffering from pneumonia, as a result of the injection of some foreign substance into the lungs. This, of course, as the doctor says, is some of the food that was poured into her during forcible feeding. The doctor further reports that there are long bubbling sounds over both lungs, and that the patient is suffering from extreme breathlessness and an enlarged heart.

The torture of forcible feeding is still being perpetrated upon Miss Phyllis Brady and Miss Kitty Marian.

HORSE-WHIPPED.

Dr. Devon, one of the Prison Commissioners of Scotland, wrote against forcible feeding when he was in a subordinate position, but now that he has been promoted he has helped to practise it upon Miss Moorhead.

On Monday, March 16th, Dr. Devon was stepping out of his motor car to visit Duke Street Prison, Miss Lambie, of Edinburgh, struck him several times with a horsewhip.

MARY RICHARDSON AND THE "VENUS."

MISS MARY RICHARDSON, who, on Tuesday, March 3rd, smashed the famous Rokeby "Venus" in the National Gallery, the value of which is supposed to be £45,000, has been scarcely out of prison since 7th July last, when she was first arrested in Bow. It will be remembered that when the police came to Bromley Public Hall, to arrest Miss Sylvia Pankhurst on a warrant issued under the musty old Act of Edward III., because she had urged the people to go to Downing Street, Miss Richardson was one of those who fought to protect her, and was taken into custody. As soon as the police had dragged Miss Richardson into Bow Police Station she smashed a window in the charge room. On being sentenced she at once adopted the hunger strike, and was ultimately released under the Cat and Mouse Act, against which she put up a most courageously strenuous fight. Miss Richardson has since then been released and rearrested five times, and each time she has been out on license she has made a further militant protest.

During her last imprisonment, from October 3rd to 24th, she was forcibly fed, and was only released when appendicitis developed. She is now again being forcibly fed, and as the appendicitis is still latent her life is likely to be placed in serious danger.

We must work with all our might to get her out, she is right when she says: "The stones cast against me for this picture are each an evidence of artistic as well as moral and political humbug and hypocrisy." Women are worth more than pictures!

WHO CARES FOR THE HOMELESS PEOPLE AT ROSYTH?

ON Monday Lord Robert Cecil moved to reduce the Civil Service and Revenue Fund by £100, as a protest against the disgraceful state of affairs that obtain at Rosyth. He stated that in 1912 huts had been put up to accommodate 900 men and some women and children. Since then practically nothing has been done, for there is at present only accommodation for 905 men, 82 women and 138 children in the huts, and 144 men in a model lodging house; yet there are 6,000, 2,400 of whom are women and children, people at Rosyth. He spoke of one two-roomed house in which seven lodgers occupy one room, and a husband, wife and four children, the other. As the men work in two shifts, the beds in many houses are occupied both night and day. Rents are high, and sanitary arrangements disgraceful.

It is certainly time that working women had the vote, in order that they may have the power to force men, who are elected primarily to look after the interests of the workers, to attend to their business.

Whilst neither doing anything to remedy this themselves, or forcing their contractor to do so, the Government issued a notice that anyone building houses in the district would be liable to have them removed without compensation. Dr. Macnamara and Mr. McKinnon Wood replied on behalf of the Government, but gave no adequate promise of reform. The motion was not voted on. Where were the Labour Party?

ADVERTISE IN THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT.

Readers are asked to DEAL with our Advertisers.

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Front Page ...	0	3	6
Back Page ...	0	3	0
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Charges per column :—			
Front Page ...	2	2	0
Back Page ...	2	0	0
Other Pages ...	1	15	0
Charges per page and half-Page :—			
Front Page ...	8	0	0
Half Page ...	4	10	0
Other Pages ...	6	10	0
Half Page ...	3	10	0

Classified advertisements (small type) 1s. for 12 words, 3d. a word after. Four insertions for price of three.

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Z. P. EMERSON, Advertisement Manager.

KING CARSON'S SHUFFLING.

SIR EDWARD CARSON, the militant Ulster man who, if justice were done, should be imprisoned under the Act of Edward III., like Sylvia Pankhurst and others, has been shuffling on the question of Votes for Women. Many months ago he promised that women should have the vote under the Provisional Government for Ulster, which he and his friends have threatened to establish by force, should the Home Rule Bill become law. Now that the Ulstermen's preparations for militancy have brought the Government to their knees with an offer to exclude certain counties of Ulster from the operations of the Bill, the women have naturally demanded that Sir Edward shall insist that the Ulster women shall still have the vote. But this he refuses, saying, just as Prime Ministers do, that his party "is not united on this matter." On Friday, March 6th, a deputation from the Ulster W.S.P.U., including Miss Baker, Miss Anderson, Lady Ernestine Hunt, and Miss Dorothy Evans, appeared in London to interview him. He refused to see the ladies, who thereupon encamped on his doorstep until 12.30 on Monday morning, March 9th, when Sir Edward gave in. He told the deputation that he had promised that Ulster women should receive the vote under the Ulster Government, because he regarded this as a mere extension of local government. When he was asked whether, in the event of a separate form of government being offered to Ulster, he would still consider this an extension of local government, and, therefore, one for which women ought to be enfranchised, he found the question awkward, and refused to answer. He had not even an objection to make to the Liberal scheme, that only the men of the Ulster counties shall vote for or against exclusion, and that the women shall have no voice, these women whom he has implored to stand by the Union! Surely the Ulster women will think less of "King" Carson's fine compliments and appeals to their patriotism in the future than they have done in the past. Unscrupulous politician that he is, he is anxious to make the women serve the turn of his party, and is then ready to cast them overboard.

THE PAINTING OF BIRMINGHAM CATHEDRAL.

Early in the morning of Monday, March 16th, the verger found the door of Birmingham Cathedral open, and was "almost paralysed" to find, as he got inside, that "Votes for Women" had been painted, in large white letters, on every available space, including the great Burne-Jones window, the pulpit, the fronts of the organ, the side galleries, and the pillars. The floor and inside walls of the main building were inscribed "Stop Forcible Feeding." The floor of the vestry was lavishly decorated with the words "The clergy must rise on our behalf." It is said that it will take several hundreds of pounds to repair the damage, and that the Cathedral may have to be closed for some time.

To the Editor of

THE WOMEN'S DREADNOUGHT.

I was persuaded to advertise in the first issue of "The Dreadnought," and I am glad to say I have several orders, one of them from a reader in the provinces, showing the paper has a large circulation. Please accept thanks, I shall recommend your advertising columns to all my business friends.

Yours, etc.,

JAMES PAYNE.

Wespeke Boot & Shoe Maker.

28 Ford Road, Bow, E.