

Not to be taken away

# THE WOMAN'S LEADER

IN POLITICS                      IN LITERATURE AND ART  
IN THE HOME                    IN LOCAL GOVERNMENT  
IN INDUSTRY                      IN THE PROFESSIONS

## AND THE COMMON CAUSE

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

**Women's Degrees at Oxford.**

The advocates of equality of the sexes at the older Universities have gained a signal victory by the rejection on Tuesday of two amendments aiming at restricting the customary privileges accompanying the Oxford degree if its recipient should be a woman. The amendments were rejected by large majorities in Congregation, and there is every reason to count on the admission of women as full members of the University within the year. The victory at Oxford should have the happiest influence upon the decision now pending at Cambridge, where women have been for half a century on sufferance, admitted like their Oxford sisters, to examinations, but denied any visible sign of the success they have so brilliantly earned. The matter is not yet finally settled, but two out of the three stages have been accomplished. The preamble of the Statute admitting women to degrees at Oxford having been passed on February 17th without a division, Congregation proceeded on March 10th to determine limitations if any, of the privileges usually accompanying a degree which might be appropriate in the case of women so admitted. Two amendments were proposed to the Statute itself. The object of the first was to disqualify women graduates from membership of University Delegacies and of certain other University bodies. This indicated a very reactionary attitude, for it has hitherto been required by Statute that women should be members of the Delegacy for Women Students and the Delegacy for the Training of Teachers, and one of the University Committee for Fine Arts is a woman. The second amendment proposed to omit the provision that women shall be qualified on the same conditions as men to be appointed as Public Examiners, Moderators, and Masters of the Schools, and as Examiners in any other examinations conducted by, or on behalf of, the University. No amendment was before Congregation with the object of excluding women from membership of Convocation.

**The Next Step.**

If the Statute just passed by Congregation is approved next term by Convocation it is proposed to promulgate three further Statutes dealing with the eligibility of women for membership of the Hebdomadal Council, of Congregation, of Faculties and Boards of Studies. These later Statutes would all have to be subject to the approval of His Majesty in Council. These high matters are for the future; in the meantime, the undergraduates of both Oxford and Cambridge have returned from the war quite prepared to accept women students on equal terms. Six years ago it would have been incredible that Downing College should meet Newnham and Girton in joint debate. The spectacle to be seen last week, when men and women discussed "Ireland and Self-Determination" with passionate eloquence and violent differences of opinion, would have appalled even the open-minded undergraduate of 1914. Not even in jest would he have begun his remonstrance, "When you, Madame Chairman, are Vice-Chancellor of this University —."

**The Federation of Women Civil Servants.**

We are not surprised to hear that the Federation of Women Civil Servants are dissatisfied with the recommendations of the Re-Organisation Committee, and that they attach less importance than their male colleagues to the risks of criticising its findings. At an Executive meeting of the Federation of Women Civil Servants, held on Monday, March 8th, the following resolution was passed:—"The Federation of Women Civil Servants dissociates itself from the recommendations of the Re-Organisation Committee on the grounds that equality of remuneration and equal conditions of service throughout the Civil

Service are not guaranteed. They consider that the time is opportune for the different standards for men and women to be abolished, and the Federation pledges itself to pursue its policy actively to secure this end." The Federation includes the greater number of the women now in the Civil Service, and its opinion is therefore of the utmost importance. We understand that the men, while agreeing in principle with the Federation, feel some hesitation in acting upon their opinion, lest they should endanger the prestige of the newly-formed Whitley Council for the Civil Service. The Temporary Women Clerks have instructed their two representatives, who signed the Sub-Committee's Report, to withhold their signatures when that document is submitted to the Whitley Council. This is a wholesome and salutary impatience with a very unsatisfactory state of things.

**The Status of Sewing Machine Workers.**

The Glasgow Munitions Tribunal has decided that the women working in Singer's sewing machine factory are eligible for the rise of five shillings per week awarded to "women workers in engineering shops and foundries." In their opinion "the nature of an establishment is determined not by the class of people who work in it, but by the nature of the work done in it." This should do something to check the common tendency to give low rates for work, not because it is unskilled or light work, but because women do it. The complaint which called forth this pronouncement was made at the instance of Mr. Robert Climie of the Workers' Union, on behalf of the female workers of Singer's.

**The Dear Loaf.**

The reduction of the Government subsidy on flour will raise the price of the four-pound loaf in April to something between 11d. and 1s. 1d. We shall still be better off than the French consumer, who has to face the complete withdrawal of State aid in paying her baker's bill, and must see a loaf of less than two pounds soaring to ninepence-halfpenny. There are many households whose income has been adjusted to the cost of living who can pay, and indeed ought to pay, the whole cost of their daily bread, but if assistance is withdrawn from them it must also be refused to the thousands of persons, many of them aged and sick, whose narrow means are quite inadequate even now to provide them with sufficient food. It is not improbable that organised Labour will make the increased cost of bread a ground for demanding increased wages, but the unorganised, the pensioner, the woman who lives on small savings, has no such remedy. There are women who have taught for twenty, thirty, even forty years in the elementary schools, beginning in pre-Board School days, and who are now living on a pension of less than £40 and what they have saved out of an annual salary of the same amount. A rise of a few pence in the loaf is a tragedy to these.

**The League of Nations Union.**

The League of Nations Union passed a resolution at its meeting on March 5th recording its opinion that Constantinople and the Straits should, by mandate, commission or otherwise, be under the control of the League of Nations. A further resolution, proposed by Lord Eustace Percy and seconded by Lord Robert Cecil, declared it to be of vital international importance that Turkish rule over the nationalities that were subject to Turkey before the war should be abolished, and that they should be placed under the tutelage of one or more of the Powers as mandatory of the League of Nations.

**Association of Service Women.**

The scheme for forming an "Association of Service Women" which is being promoted by the Marchioness of Londonderry in conjunction with the heads of the different war services, is hailed with delight by ex-service women all over the country. The memory of women's war service is not to grow dim with the passing of the years—that feeling of *esprit de corps* and comradeship that so many thousands of women learnt to know and love during their service career will, we are sure, under the new scheme grow stronger and stronger. That all the Services—Q.M.A.A.C., W.R.N.S., Land Army and Forage Corps should band themselves together so as to form a great and powerful association which will really count for something in the scheme of things and be able to wield an immense influence for good, everybody will be unanimous in thinking is infinitely preferable to each individual corps remaining distinct with its own little association. The Q.M.A.A.C. Old Comrades Association and others already formed have become affiliated to the new Association; in co-operation and unity the several corps will find strength.

**Residential Hostels.**

The Association will, as soon as numbers justify it, apply to Lord Byng's United Services' Fund for a grant, which will enable it to start work straight away. The object of the Association is to help service women—of whom there are about a quarter of a million—in every possible way. There will be a loan fund for training for civil work, with power to advance capital to set up women in business; an employment registry; hospital accommodation; convalescent homes; and hostels and clubs which will be run at moderate charges. This latter is surely the most dire need of all at the present moment. In London and all the large towns women workers in many cases cannot find adequate accommodation for themselves on their often very meagre earnings; a cheap and sordid lodging-house is all the shelter that hundreds of ex-service girls can afford. The Association will be doing work of the greatest National importance if it provides these girl workers with hostels that will be a home in the true sense of the word. Residential clubs, that are not run as money-making concerns, where working girls will have the joys of companionship in happy and peaceful surroundings is such an urgent need that it should be bracketed with the training of women for civil work. Should Association of Service Women enable many of its members to train for civil work and find them suitable accommodation when trained it will prove a boon to hundreds all over the country.

**The Need for Playing Fields.**

In the House of Commons the other day Mr. Briant, the member for North Lambeth, asked the First Commissioner of Works whether, in view of the scarcity of playing fields, he could make arrangements for the provision of cricket pitches in Hyde Park. Although the reply was in the negative, the question raised a very important issue, for the need for more playing fields in London and in the large industrial centres grows daily more urgent. Before the war the problem existed, and like Housing it has become more acute since. During the war every available piece of turf was turned up to make allotments. While in the army young men and women learnt to appreciate their facilities for outdoor exercise; all the majority of them can do now is to go and watch others play. Boys and girls during the long summer evenings must content themselves with playing in the streets near their homes. *The Times*, in a leading article on the subject a few days ago, suggests that the smaller children, whose games entail no danger to the passing public, be allowed to use the parks; and since the matter is so important for the welfare of the country the Government should invite the railway companies to do for the less well-to-do dwellers in towns who want to play games what they still, it is said, do for their own employees. It is only by reverting to the pre-war system of cheap return fares that these country fields can be brought within their reach.

**Output in New Trades.**

Output is the word of the moment, perhaps because the findings of the Court which is enquiring into the Dockers' claim for a minimum wage of sixteen shillings a day seem to depend upon the question of whether the present output can be, or will be, raised to such an extent as to provide the means of paying such a wage without throwing any further charge upon the consumer. Some of the rank and file of the workers in this, as in other industries, still fear that increased output may result in a measure of unemployment. This is a natural, though, we believe, a groundless apprehension, and it is cheering to observe that in the glass industry, where output has been enormously enhanced since the war by the introduction of machinery, employment is exceptionally good, and a great demand for fresh labour exists. The machines which now turn out twenty-four thousand electric globes and similar fittings in an eight-hour shift, need the attention of only two boys and a mechanic. When the work was done by hand a hundred and eighty men could do less than a quarter the number in a week. Yet the industry is asking and asking in vain for a thousand more workers. Women will be glad to know that glass tumblers, long a most expensive luxury, can now be made by machine six thousand times as fast as by the old hand process. We ought to be within sight of the three-halfpenny drinking glass again.

**Drunkenness and Murder.**

The House of Lords gave last week a decision of much importance in its effect upon cases of violent assaults upon women and children committed by men drunk or under the influence of drink. In earlier times, indeed up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, the plea of drunkenness was held to be of no avail in excusing crimes of violence. Lately a different usage has crept into our Courts. The original sentence of death was pronounced on a man found guilty of murder because while in the act of outraging a child he had stifled her in his attempt to stop her cries. The Court of Appeal held that the man's mind was obscured by drink so that he was not conscious that he was doing what was wrong: that he was to all intents insane. The House of Lords, the ultimate Court of Appeal, has laid down that a plea of drunkenness is no defence, if the criminal, while not knowing that he is committing a crime is still aware of what he is doing. If punishment is to be deterrent it is obvious that no one can be absolved from the consequences of his acts on the ground that he has wilfully taken steps to cloud his mind with respect to them. Such a practice in any Court amounts to an encouragement of crime and we may be very glad that we have seen the last of it. The judgment points out that the cases of drunkenness and of insanity are not parallel, but we hope that it will not be overlooked that an insane man may sometimes be responsible for his actions, in which case he should be punished, while if he is really irresponsible, the public safety demands that he shall be under care and prevented from harming his fellows.

**Compulsory Greek.**

The Statute which was passed at Oxford on March 2nd appears to have brought a long controversy to an end and abolished compulsory Greek. The new Statute allows a choice between Latin and Greek; while it opens the door of the University to those who have learned Latin, but not Greek, it equally admits those who have learned Greek but not Latin. For centuries Greek has been tied to Latin in the schools, but it should now be possible for boys and girls to be taught Greek without first making a laborious study of Latin. Latin is learned for utility—doctors and lawyers require it, it is also a good foundation for the study of modern Latin languages, such as French and Italian, but Greek is learned for its *own* sake and the sake of its literature. Oxford no longer closes its doors to those not versed in the Greek language, and the latter is freed from that compulsion which has been so long associated with the study of Greek.

**Argyllshire.**

Sir William Sutherland's election address, so far as it regards women, is a model of Scottish caution. "Though most of the questions affecting Argyllshire," he says, "concern women equally with men, I have taken, and shall take, every opportunity of making myself acquainted with the special point of view of women." This seems to imply that women, because their interests are the same as those of men, might well have been disregarded by any candidate. It holds out, one must observe, no particular prospect that Sir William, having informed himself of women's special point of view, will note it for future action. Doubtless the women of Argyllshire will invite him to be a trifle more precise, especially as he "has every hope" of helping on some other causes and is "keenly alive" to the fact that in other fields much remains to be done.

**Scottish Physique.**

The large blue book detailing the results of the examination of men of military age in 1917 and 1918 by the National Service Medical Boards is depressing reading, but it must be remembered that the men examined were not a fair sample of the population, but were the residue left over when all the fittest and most energetic of their age had already entered the army as volunteers. Taking this into consideration we may somewhat modify the gloom of the verdict upon Scottish towns which had then furnished a large quota to the army, but must regret that "the physique of the younger groups was decidedly below what was expected," that the stature of the young men of Glasgow was "on the small side," and that the percentage of deformities and malformations was large. These and other defects are attributed to the polluted atmosphere, narrow streets, lack of playing fields, and the habit of watching games instead of joining in them. One wonders what would have been the result of a similar enquiry with regard to Scotland's young women.

**Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons.**

The Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh has resolved to admit women as Fellows under the same conditions and with the same privileges as men. Women have been eligible for the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons (London) since 1910, and three medical women can now write F.R.C.S. after their names. The idea that women are physically unequal to the demands of operative surgery is quite untenable after the experience of their work in the war. Long before 1914 eminent surgeons were pointing out that surgery did not mainly consist of cutting off arms and legs, and that in many internal operations the smaller hands and relatively longer fingers of the woman surgeon gave her a positive advantage over themselves, and enabled her to dispense with much use of instruments, greatly saving time and thus minimising risk. In surgery the race is often to the swift, while the battle may be lost by the strong.

**Western Australian Emigration Scheme.**

While we in this country are discussing the question of our million "surplus women," Western Australia is getting rather alarmed about its surplus men, there being six men over in every hundred. In most of the Dominions the population shows a balance on the side of the males—in spite of the fact that their male population has suffered, comparatively speaking, almost as severely as our own during the war. The Women Commissioners sent out to Canada and Australia a few months ago to inquire into the prospects for British women immigrants, brought back anything but reassuring accounts. We gathered from their reports that women were only required in these countries if they were prepared to go as domestic servants. The time was probably ill-chosen, and the Dominions would not commit themselves until they had repatriated their men and re-adjusted themselves to post-war conditions. In spite of the Shipping difficulty the Western Australian Government has just authorised the Agent General in London to take seven hundred war orphans, war widows, with or without children; and an unlimited number of domestic servants and farm workers.

**Suffrage Memorial to General Smuts.**

South Africa is the only country of the British Dominions which has not yet enfranchised its women, and the new Parliament which is about to be elected and which will deal with the problems of reconstruction will be a Parliament representing only the male half of the community. A memorial deploring this fact and asking for the immediate enfranchisement of women is to be presented to the Premier of the Union Parliament. Its two thousand signatories from the Eastern Cape Province, Natal, the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and the Native Territories, have been chosen as representative of the various interests of the South African Nation. They include both men and women, public officials, members of the medical, legal, teaching, and other professions, officials of Trade Unions and similar associations, ministers of religion, and business men. A similar memorial has already been presented by men and women of the Western Cape Province. Woman's Suffrage is the declared policy of three out of four of the parties in the Union Parliament, and it is supported by the Prime Minister himself, while public opinion throughout South Africa is turning strongly in its favour. The memorial demands that the enfranchisement of women shall be considered among the most urgent business of the next Parliament.

**International Woman Suffrage Alliance.**

The eighth Congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance will sit in Geneva from June 6th to June 12th. A mass meeting has been arranged, which will be addressed exclusively by Women Members of Parliament from various countries. A distinguished speaker will be Fru Elna Munch, whose able speech in favour of giving women equality in the Danish Civil Service did much to secure the passing in the Rigsdag of a Bill to that effect. Dr. Pauline Luisi, the leader of the Women's Movement in Uruguay, has been appointed as representative of the Uruguayan Republic at the Congress. The importance of this choice lies especially in Dr. Luisi's widespread work for the abolition of the White Slave Traffic which she has carried on both in Uruguay and the Argentine.

**Women's Suffrage in India.**

The letter addressed to the Rt. Hon. E. S. Montagu by the British Dominions Women Citizens' Union on the subject of Women's Suffrage for India has received a sympathetic reply. Mr. Montagu responds to the suggestion that he shall use his utmost influence to bring about this reform by recommending that the Union shall bring the pressure of public opinion to bear upon the Legislative Councils to which the decision on this matter has been left. We learn that the Union has already communicated with the President and Members of the Imperial Legislative Council, Delhi; with the Legislative Council, Bombay; and has written to two members of the Governor's Executive Council, Bombay.

**Women's Suffrage in Belgium.**

The voting on Woman's Suffrage in the Belgian Chamber on March the third disclosed a curious disposition of parties. The Catholics all voted for the enfranchisement of women, and all the Liberals but two, against it, while the Socialists, divided between a love of equality and a hatred of priestly influence, gave a divided vote. In the result only 37 cast their votes against and 120 for the reforms. In Belgium the use of the vote, once it is obtained, is compulsory upon all enfranchised citizens.

**Policy of "The Woman's Leader."**

The sole policy of THE WOMAN'S LEADER is to advocate a real equality of liberties, status, and opportunities between men and women. So far as space permits, however, it aims at offering an impartial platform for topics not directly included in the objects of the women's movement, but of special interest to women. Articles on these subjects will always be signed, at least by initials or a pseudonym, and for the opinions expressed in them the Editor accepts no responsibility.

**THE SECOND ROUND.**

Since the dawn of history women have been oppressed, and they are still being oppressed. From age to age, the institutions of society, civil, religious, political, economic, have embodied that oppression. From age to age, philosophers, prophets, poets, and statesmen have accepted it and condoned it. Sometimes it takes place on the grand and shameless scale which we associate with Eastern civilisations. Sometimes it is less obvious, and indeed, less flagrant, hidden away for the most part in the home traditions which men and women alike have been accustomed to regard half-consciously as part and parcel of the natural order. It is appalling to contemplate an oppression so bitter, so continuous, or so world-wide as the oppression of women by men which has endured since the days when our first hairy ancestor fought for his acquiescent bride as a dog fights for a bone.

Standing to-day at the opening of the twentieth century A.D., and in the centre of the highest civilisation that the world has ever known, we are tempted to speculate upon the extent to which that oppression has been modified. As regards the world at large, it has been modified very little. Some of its worst manifestations, foot binding, widow burning, child marriage, appear to be, if not obsolete, at least condemned institutions over large areas of the Eastern world. As regards the Western world history has more to show. Here, on balance, the Christian religion has helped things forward. The vital fact of spiritual equality preached by its founder has outweighed the monasticism and the discipline preached by its interpreters; and this has given to women a power which they used sometimes consciously, quite as often unconsciously, when in the course of centuries they first began to organise a fight for liberty. Why that fight was first waged in this country and during the nineteenth century, is a question for political theorists. No doubt it represents a phase in the evolution of democracy, and is therefore naturally associated with the country which took the lead in the practice of democratic government. Anyway, it has been waged for sixty years or so, it is still being waged here and now, and we who are alive to-day have had the privilege of witnessing the first round of it.

If we narrow down our view to this particular country it is not difficult to sum up the concrete gains of the first round. It has brought us a very large measure of educational opportunity. It has brought us the recognition of married women's property. It has brought us the legal right to enter most professions, and it has brought us a free field of public service. Most important of all, it has brought us the badge of responsible citizenship, at the same time a new dignity and a new weapon, the parliamentary franchise. Having summed up its concrete gains, we can, at the same time, sum up its obvious failures. It has not brought us complete political equality, millions of us remain unenfranchised. It has not brought us complete legal equality; for instance, we are not yet the legal parents of our children. It has not brought us a tolerable place in the world of industry; the mass of us are industrially unorganised, pariahs of the labour market, doing the nastiest work for the lowest pay, and on the whole getting cursed for doing it. It has not yet brought us frank recognition of spiritual equality; and our most enlightened ecclesiastics are still nervously debating the conditions under which privileged laywomen should be allowed to speak in church. Indeed, one has only to look at the programme of the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship to see that the women who fought the first round are well aware of all that they have so far failed to achieve. So much for the first round. Let us now take stock of our position and calculate the chances of the second.

In the first place there is the possession of the vote. That, of course, affects our chances incalculably. It is a finer weapon than we have ever possessed; even before we actually held it in our hands we were made to feel its power, and at the moment our consciousness of that power is almost overwhelming. And quite apart from the uses of the vote itself, the experience gained in winning it gives us something which we could not easily spare, a very fair measure of political education, a lesson in the great art of sticking together.

And yet this tremendous and outstanding victory of the first round carries with it a peculiar danger of its own, one which perhaps still overshadows us. It compelled us to concentrate all our force, all our hope, all our enthusiasm, upon a single, narrow front. It immensely simplified the women's movement. And to those of us who grew up under the stimulus of that intense

concentration the ideals of the woman's movement seemed to be summed up in the three words of our battle cry, "Votes for Women." Our cause called for no effort of thought beyond that which was necessary to secure the best possible presentation of a perfectly straightforward case, or that which was necessary to plan the strategy of a circumscribed and perfectly straightforward campaign. We knew exactly what our objective was like and we could see it all the time. We were learning to act, we were learning to give, but we were not necessarily learning to think in correct proportions. To the older women of the movement, in all probability this would not apply, they had themselves already experienced fighting on other fronts, and the very concentration of the movement was the result of their having deliberately thought in correct proportions. But to a very large majority of the younger women the Cause had always meant concentration on Women's Suffrage; to some of them it had only made its appeal through the inspiring justice of Women's Suffrage. And so when at last Women's Suffrage came, it seemed as though the whole battle had been won. It hadn't, of course, it was only the immediate objective that had been won; a brilliant strategic position. And in gaining that we had lost our old forcible concentration. The first phase of our fight brought us immense new possibilities, it brought us also immense new difficulties. We had to make a kind of mental effort which hitherto had not been required of us—we had to think in correct proportions. And this meant that the woman's movement had become, in a relatively greater degree, a problem of thought rather than a problem of action. The change is reflected in recent Council Meetings of the N.U.S.E.C. No problem of policy organisation which its delegates were called upon to face in the old days of concentration required anything resembling the mental effort of selecting from the present heartbreaking tangle of sex injustices, six immediate points upon which to concentrate the activities of their organisation. Here, then, is one of the dangers which overshadow our second campaign: the danger that the fighting forces of the women's movement may fail, owing to the vastness and diversity of their front, to see that front as a whole: the danger that a section may become isolated and in its isolation make a separate peace.

But this is not the only or even the greatest danger. Looming over us at the present time there is the threat that this precious weapon of the franchise, upon whose organisation so many years of concentrated force have been spent, may lose its significance. It is not merely a question of our old enemy brute force discreetly veiled under the name of "direct action" usurping the function of representative government at the moment when real representative government is on the verge of realisation. There is a less sensational danger than this, and one which it is well within our power to meet. It is the danger that this country, in attempting to solve the urgent problem of economic production and distribution, may so delegate the authority of its representative Parliament that control passes into the hands of occupational rather than territorial groups. It is quite easy and not very pleasant to visualise a society in which economic and political power are concentrated in the hands of the producer of wealth by virtue of his contribution to production. It would, of course, at the same time, be a community in which social and political values were determined primarily by the interests of the producers, and in such determination only a minority of women, for the most part unmarried women, would play their part as producers of economic wealth.

We do not want our readers to regard this evil prophecy as involving any condemnation of modern industrial tendencies. It is not our business to express several opinions on the principle which lies at the back of the Guild Socialist programme, and which leads many people to question the efficacy of representative government on the old territorial basis to which we have grown accustomed. But we must realise that transference of political or economical power to the producer by virtue of his or her occupation, has got to carry with it frank recognition of the fact that the vast majority of women are engaged in an occupation which is every whit as important, every whit as laborious, every whit as dangerous as the production of coal, or any other type of economic wealth.

The contemplation of this second danger and the pigeon-holing of an adequate plan of campaign to be developed in the event of its looming greater, constitutes in itself a large enough problem of thought to keep our fighting forces solid. It may be that the worst part of our struggle is still ahead.

## NEWS FROM WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.

Political events crowd one upon the heels of another. Although the greater part of last week was occupied with the remains of D.O.R.A. and with estimates and procedure, matters of larger import were not absent. The little flock of bye-elections, and the imminent Cabinet changes offer food for endless speculation, and once again, as many times before, people are waiting to see whether the Prime Minister will turn to the Right or to the Left.

Private Members' time continues to be filled with matters of great interest to women. On Wednesday Lord Buckmaster introduced a Bill into the House of Lords embodying the Majority Report of the Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce, and on Tuesday Mr. Athelstan Rendall would have moved a motion to the same effect had not the new rules regulating private members time prevented.

On Friday, when this paper has appeared, the Labour Party will bring in a Bill for the better education and training of the Blind, upon which we hope to have a special report next week.

An event, not strictly political, took place in the House of Commons on Monday night, an event of first-class importance and pleasant besides. It was the Dinner given by the Committee for Opening the Legal Profession to Women to celebrate the passing of the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act. This dinner was the occasion for the heads of the great legal profession to welcome their new female disciples, and the warmth of their welcome added greatly to an already happy occasion. The guest of honour was the Lord Chancellor who, as titular head of the Bench and the Bar, held out the hand of friendship to the newcomers. Despite his well-known anti-suffrage past, he said with truth that he had himself always approved the admission of women to his learned calling, and he was glad that the time had come. The subtlety and skill of the Suffrage speakers, in presenting what he used to think was a bad case, gave promise of pre-eminent success at the Bar; but he warned the women entering the profession that it was a life of hard and serious toil, as filled with the chances of failure as with the rewards of success. Major J. W. Hills, who as Chairman of the Committee was the host, in proposing the health of the Lord Chancellor, referred to the generous way in which the law, when it did give in, gave in thoroughly, giving not only equal opportunity but equal pay. Major Hills' own efforts on behalf of women teachers and civil servants are well known to the readers of this paper, by whom his remarks will be as keenly appreciated as they were by his guests on Monday.

The toast of the Bar was proposed by Mrs. Thomson, who, as Miss Bebb, was one of the four plaintiffs who brought the famous action of "Bebb v. the Law Society" in 1912. Mrs. Thomson, who is now "eating her dinners" and reading for the Bar, spoke on behalf of the young women barristers of the future and voiced their determination to observe not only in the letter but in the spirit the traditions of the legal profession. The Attorney-General (Sir Gordon Hewart) responded on behalf of the English Bar, and his words came with great conviction from one who has been a life-long Suffragist, and Miss Chrystal Macmillan answered for Scotland. The Lord Advocate, who was unable to be present, may perhaps be alarmed at this proceeding, but Major Hills, in asking her, said he was asking the future to reply for the present, and all who remember Miss Macmillan's famous pleading before the House of Lords will agree that some high place in the Scottish Bar would become her.

The toast to the Solicitors' branch of the profession was proposed by Miss Nettlefold, another of the four plaintiffs. As former Secretary to the Committee, Miss Nettlefold recalled the many prominent solicitors who had helped the cause, foremost among them Mr. Samuel Garrett, Mr. J. J. Withers, Sir Walter Trower, Sir L. Worthington-Evans, and Mr. Bell. The President of the Law Society, Mr. Sharpe, replied, as did also the President of the Society of Solicitors to the Supreme Courts of Scotland, Mr. T. Liddle, who had journeyed from Edinburgh for the purpose. The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Reading, then proposed the health of the Committee, in a speech mixed of wit and sincerity, and declared that he intended, though scarcely hoped, to remain at the head of the Bench until some of the young women now entering the profession had climbed up to sit beside him. Mrs. Oliver Strachey, in replying for the Committee, asked for donations to the self-renewing fund then opened for loans to help women to enter the profession. Over £150 was subscribed on the spot, and a very delightful evening ended with success. The WOMAN'S LEADER hopes to record many successes of the present Law Students in the years to come.

## THE RED SHAWL.

Last month American women celebrated the centenary of the birth of Susan B. Anthony—that giant among pioneers of the woman's movement. And for this week the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship, an inheritor from Susan Anthony, has convened its first birthday Council Meeting since it set down its own great pilot and sailed forth upon new seas. But what has all this to do with a red shawl? Here is a delightful story told by Miss Lucy Anthony, about her Aunt, the great Susan:—"I am sure there must be those who remember, even yet, the red shawl Aunt Susan always wore at suffrage meetings. On one occasion, after she had been presented with a very beautiful white crêpe shawl, she wore the new one on the platform at a convention in Washington; whereupon the reporters threw down their pencils and refused to work. They had rebellion in their eyes. Aunt Susan, looking down, said: "Boys, what is the matter?" The spokesman said: "Where is the red shawl? No red shawl, no report." And they stuck to it until Aunt Susan sent her niece to the hotel to get the old red shawl. As soon as she put it on they took up their pencils and went to work. A dramatic element was added to the scene when the whole audience arose and cheered as she took the shawl and put it over her shoulders."—(*Woman Citizen*, Feb. 14th.)

The red shawl of this story is a symbol, and the thing of which it is a symbol is the loveableness and simplicity of a great idea interpreted to the multitude by a great personality. Miss Anthony doubtless wore a red shawl to keep herself warm, but the reporters and the public found in the garment the expression of something greater than physical warmth. It is plain that Miss Anthony in her red shawl meant something that was their own, something they could understand and love. The tender fearlessness with which, like children, they demanded that she should gratify their whim, their pretty fancy: that she should remain just what they had learnt to love, the humorous sympathy of her "Boys, what is the matter?" showed that Miss Anthony possessed that ineffable secret of greatness, the magic by which leader and led become one, the leader the equal comrade as well as the inspirer of the led.

To some it seems that the insistence on equality, the insistent call of women for equal citizenship with men, the refusal to accept anything less than the whole of what is implied in their demand, is a narrow and a selfish thing, a symptom of hysteria. Yet the insistences of Susan B. Anthony were instant, in season and out of season, and the more she insisted the more the people understood and loved her, and the more she loved them and understood them. Again and again in history an amazing paradox reveals itself, that those who penetrate most deeply into the inwardness of things, whose claims are beyond the comprehension of an average man in his moods of average-ness, are those whom at last the average man learns to understand and to trust as he never really trusts his apparent peers, the average people around him. Again and again while the small fry on the edge of great movements fritter away energy in mutual recriminations and distrustfulness, the leaders of mankind, even leaders of causes seemingly in widest divergence, recognise each other, and, deep answering to deep, a bond of union is knit between them. And this is true not only of those whom history knows as leaders, but also of those others unknown to history, but happily, countless in number, who possess the features of a child-like heart, for to them also is revealed things hidden from the self-appointed wise and prudent. Thus, surely, the red shawl has its message. The message is that we need never fear that our great cause will lead us into selfishness and narrowness, unless we bring to it selfishness and narrowness, for in the hearts and souls of the greatest of its interpreters there burns a fire that shrivels up all that is small and ignoble. If continuously we ask ourselves, as Dr. Anna Shaw asked, not only when and where will be victory, but—*how are we fighting*, we need have no fear. Instead, we have a glorious hope that in so far as we are true to the greatness of a great cause, we shall find ourselves in closest and warmest touch with all our brothers and sisters who are lovers of great causes, and as the human body has need of all its members so human society has a desperate need of all such lovers. May therefore Aunt Susan's mantle fall on us.

HELEN WARD.

## EQUAL CITIZENSHIP.

A Presidential Address by MISS ELEANOR RATHBONE, delivered at the Annual Council Meeting of the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship, on March 9th, 1920.

Speaking to you for the first time as President, I cannot help feeling myself a kind of usurper. You have done me a great honour in electing me as successor to Mrs. Henry Fawcett, and I am very grateful to you for it. But don't imagine that I do not realise that in a sense Mrs. Fawcett can have no successor. She stands by herself, and no-one else can be to the National Union what she had been, at least while the generation that has known her and served under her remains. The woman's movement is too great to have any one leader. In its kingdom there are many mansions, and each has made its characteristic contribution towards the common cause. But the character of a household is determined by its head, and the special contribution of the National Union under the inspiration of Mrs. Fawcett may be summed up—if I estimate it rightly—in four qualities that are among the most essential to statesmanship—foresight, faith, tenacity, and sagacity. Long before the movement had become popular, or even formidable enough to be unpopular, Mrs. Fawcett saw its possibilities and set herself to the slow task of development. It requires courage to brave misrepresentation, odium, and imprisonment, but it requires an equal and perhaps a rarer courage to plant seeds that will require a generation to grow to maturity, and to spend a lifetime in fostering them. It requires again something better than courage to resist all temptation to quicken the pace by succumbing to the dangerous doctrine that the end justifies the means, and to hold fast to the Kantian maxim of statesmanship: "Act so that the maxim of thy action might become law universal."

Looking backward now, I think we can all see that the lean years of the movement were not wasted. They taught us many lessons in practical politics—to know each other, to work loyally together, to take defeats and rebuffs without rancour. Better still, they built up a sense of solidarity among women of all classes which will never, if we handle our opportunities rightly, be broken down, and that serves as a much-needed corrective to the threatened over-development of class solidarity leading to class warfare. There were some among us—happy innocents—who thought that when the vote was won (though only for some women) the need for sex solidarity was over and we might venture to behave as if we had already reached the place where "there are neither male nor female; neither bond nor free." Surely these dreamers must have had a rude awakening when they realised that one of the first-fruits of the first Parliament elected partly by women voters had been the placing on the Statute Book of an Act which, without once mentioning the word "woman" or "female," has the effect of legally excluding women, for the first time in British history, from nearly every department of skilled industry except a few trades traditionally their own. The Pre-War Practices Act was passed in fulfilment of a pledge given in war-time under very exceptional circumstances, and women in consequence made no resistance to it. But that such a pledge should have been asked for and its literal fulfilment exacted four years later in spite of the intervening

experience of the industrial capacities of women, is only one of many accumulating proofs that when any groups of men, whether grouped together as a political party, a profession, or a trade, accept the formula, "equality of opportunity between men and women," they do so with the mental reservation—"except when it may be inconvenient to ourselves or those we want to please." Fortunately for us, there are in every such group, of whatever party, high-minded men whose sense of justice and belief in fair play is stronger than their sectional prejudices, and their presence in our movement, enormously valuable for the practical help they give, is still more valuable because they are a living testimony to the fact that the movement is not based on sex-antagonism, but, on the contrary, seeks to remove the remaining barriers to a real comradeship.

A Scotch gillie once described an uneventful but abortive day on a trout river as "a day fu' o' great expectations." For women the Session of 1919 has been chiefly "fu' o' great expectations," but the basket is not quite empty. We landed one very fine fish when, by the passing of the Sex Disabilities Removals Bill, the legal profession in both its branches, the Magistrate's Bench and the Jury-box were all opened to women, and the door to the Civil Service was set ajar, but with a door-keeper behind it to see that women do not enter in too large numbers, nor to the choicest places. Another instance of successful group exclusiveness! The present session of Parliament has begun with one of those notable second reading victories which experience has taught us to receive in a spirit of rather chastened hopefulness. More encouraging, however, more significant of the changed spirit of the times than even the acceptance without a division of the second reading of a Bill to enfranchise another five and a-half million women voters, was the attitude of matter-of-fact and almost indifferent acquiescence adopted by the Press. It is evident that even two years experience has convinced the public that the woman's vote is not going to spell either sex warfare or national disaster. To speak frankly, however, the very experiences that have reassured our former opponents are making some of us a little anxious and uneasy. We do not want the woman's vote to be acceptable because it is possible to say of it that it has made no perceptible difference to politics, except to facilitate the removal of a few disabilities directly affecting women. We hoped and we hope still, better things from it than that. We want the contribution of women to national life to be a very distinctive contribution and to make a very great difference. But if it is to do that it must bubble freshly out of the mother earth of women's own personalities, and be impregnated with the salt of their own experience. It must not be a bottled vintage bought at the party wine-shop. That is why we value our non-party women's organisations, where women can meet together to discuss both sides of contentious political questions, and to hammer out the truth for ourselves. That is distasteful of course to the party organisers of all sides. They would much rather keep their flocks of sheep in their own folds, safe from the con-

tamination of goats and the danger, perhaps, of finding out that goats have their good points after all. A prominent Labour woman once explained to me that she did not want the minds of her women members "confused" by being brought into contact with women of another class or party, and that she deprecated the contact particularly when the invaders were women of advanced and democratic ideas, because then the danger of confusion was greatest! One knows that there is even a school of thought that wants all the University teaching that comes to working men and women to come to them through distinctly Labour channels, so that the history and economics taught shall be of the right dogmatic brand; just as it was in the old Tory days of University tests. This cropping out in a fresh place of the old spirit of distrusting freedom and protecting truth seems to me simply deplorable.

A turn of the political wheel may any day bring us back to protection of commodities, but for heavens' sake let us stick to free trade in truth! By all means let every woman who feels an affinity with one of the existing political parties join that party and work in it loyally. But she will lose nothing and gain much, even as a party worker, if her opinions have stood the test of opposition and friction with other minds. We all know the difference between the canvasser who repeats parrot phrases and the one who really knows and feels, and if women aim at ever being better than party hacks, they must not let their minds be put in blinkers by any political leader.

There is one great topic of the day on which one might have expected a great and spontaneous uprush of united opinion among women; yet, so far, it has somehow failed to come, perhaps because we have not yet grown accustomed to expecting to be listened to, except about our own claims. Women are the natural custodians of childhood. That, at least, is part of the traditional rôle assigned to us by men, and one that we have never repudiated. Indeed, the facts of nature are such that it is not possible that we should ever repudiate it. It is, therefore, a strange irony that in the years when women have attained not only here, but over a great part of Europe to a full share of responsibility for public affairs, there is more widespread and intolerable suffering among children than the world has seen, perhaps for centuries. Women certainly are not responsible for the harsh destiny that has made these children, by whose stripes the Allied nations have been healed, the scape-goats of their fathers' sins. But surely a special duty rests on us to insist that everything that can be done shall be done by the co-operation of statesmen, financiers, and philanthropists, not only to stop the famine but to change the conditions that produced it and to ensure, by a better ordering of the affairs of the nations, that those conditions shall never recur. It may be said that so far as that depends on the statesmen of our own nation, it is already being done. If so, then let those men who are guiding the wheel of the State feel behind them the strong driving power of a united women's opinion, so that they may be blown up the Hill of Difficulty as a cyclist is blown by a wind so strong that it is easier to go upwards than to go down. Lord Robert Cecil—one of the best friends the Woman's Movement has ever had—has warned us. Let us beware lest it be said of women in future years that they have thrown away the first and greatest opportunity that has been given to them to justify at once their womanhood and their citizenship.

## SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE

WE hear a great deal said one way and another—or rather one way, and never by any chance another!—about 'nagging women.' And it amazes me to see that we always either deny the accusation or else hurriedly think of a counter-charge to hurl at the Gander, instead of occasionally replying when we are accused of nagging, "And a very good thing too!" For nagging has its points, and on occasion I am thoroughly in favour of the nagging woman. Witness the present postcard campaign against high prices. One printed postcard asking your M.P. the reason why may not have much effect; but no normal man can understand the effect of a nagging succession of postcards, which turn up regularly beside his breakfast plate. Members of the Government stroll into the House one fine day to find themselves bombarded with questions about their liabilities and Parliament is quite lively for once. All the result, pray note, of a few importunate postcards.

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I can't help being a trifle regretful, however, that one of the first items of expenditure that the House got its teeth into and snarled over was the pretty little bill for the Peace Conference typist dances at Versailles. After all, the "Government flapper" has had a bad time lately, and it is comforting to know that there has been a bright side to her career. And, anyway, what about those jolly little dinners, with port and cigars to follow, which no doubt were enjoyed by First Grade Civil Service Clerks when the good old Civil Service regulation took care that no woman was eligible for a place at table?

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Talking about the "Government flapper," I perceive that she is in process of being transferred from the pillory to the pedestal. "Hard-working women dependent on their earnings,"—you would hardly recognise the frivolous flapper of a few weeks back under that definition, would you? Yet there she is, and our daily Press has already begun to protest against her dismissal to make room for the "unscrupulous wives of powerful Government officials." It is all very confusing, and makes life difficult for those who have stores of righteous indignation waiting to be directed against the proper person. For, in the face of the flapper's transformation, how can we unhesitatingly condemn the "unscrupulous wives of powerful Government officials"? May they not suddenly become the loyal help-mates of our devoted Civil Service staff, and so deposit us all gently in the soup once more?

\* \* \* \* \*

One sometimes dreams—but usually one awakens quickly—of a world where the Goose will be held superior to the Gander. Such visions are too dazzling for mortal mind to grasp for long. Nerve yourselves then, dreamers all, to learn that there exists to-day in this England of ours a Government Department which allows first-class travelling expenses to its women officials and only third class to its men!

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The Goose at times flies high! This summer we hope to see in English air our first qualified woman air pilot at work. She is Mrs. Atkey, who has already qualified for her certificate, but has postponed serious flying until the summer. True, America has two airwomen already. Still, good old England is not far behind.

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I have another nice "Peter Ibbetson" story this week of an active little "woman leader" who is a member of the cast. Madeleine Robinson, who plays the part of dream child, is still at school, yet she finds time for acting, for training her two understudies, and even for training other child members of the cast. She has been discovered to have an amazing gift for training children in stage parts. I wonder have we here a pioneer woman producer of coming days?

THE GOOSEGIRL.

## SOCIAL REFORM FOR THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

By B. L. HUTCHINS.

AS women come into politics as voters and as Members of Parliament it may be hoped that their influence will be felt in, among other things, a certain humanising of finance and taxation, which have in the past been largely dominated by merely commercial considerations, and might certainly be adjusted with more regard to human values than at present. And I venture to prophesy that in this particular field women, whatever their political party, will find that for such purposes their best support will be in the Labour Party. The objection is sometimes raised that the Labour Party cuts across the real lines of political cleavage by raising a class issue which is not properly political at all. This is a valid objection for those who see in the Labour Party only an "interest," an organisation for raising wages, shortening hours, and generally making things pleasanter for manual workers. But to me, and I presume to the other middle class sympathisers who have recently joined the Party, it stands for a great deal more than that. It stands, in our estimation, for the human side of politics, as the older parties somehow fail to do. It seems to us to realise that material wealth is a means and not an end; that the end in view must be the building up of a nobler, finer, more humane and civilised society, while the accumulation of material goods or the extension of the British Empire is to be valued in so far as it contributes towards that end. The old parties no doubt correspond to certain profound tendencies, certain discriminations and antagonisms, and for my part I do not believe they are as yet destined to disappear; it is still largely true that every one is born "a little Liberal or else a little Conservative." But the Labour Party has raised new questions, has challenged the moral basis of our civilisation more intimately and searchingly. This is why it is hated, but it is also why it is loved. And it will, I think, be seen that for the same reason women, the new and unknown force in politics, whose demand for the vote has derived its force both from moral and economic motives, will find themselves impelled to claim aid from the Labour Party, even though as individuals they may prefer one of the older parties.

It is unquestionable that the middle classes (using the term to include professional workers other than those whose incomes are so handsome as to place them among the "upper classes," or even the "plutocrats") are at present suffering severely from the heavy taxation necessitated by the war, the rise in prices, the rise in the cost of education, and the fact that their incomes in most cases have not risen in anything like the proportion necessary to meet the increased charges, and in some cases have not risen at all.

They found things difficult enough even in the years preceding the war, and were apt to vent their feelings in grumbling at the rates, especially at the education rate, and in saying all sorts of unpleasant things about the working classes, who in the grumblers' imagination usually figured as the cause of all their woes. This kind of talk was no doubt an immense relief to the feelings, but did no good. I venture to suggest to this much-enduring class of persons that they, or rather we (I happen to belong to it myself) should adopt a new course of action, shed our Ratepayers' Defence Leagues, and try to get something done for ourselves. It will be said perhaps that our numbers are too small and that we can do nothing. But it should be remembered that our numbers are greatly increased through the women's vote, and in certain districts are now considerable; also that we are fairly articulate, and have a power and opportunity of expressing ourselves which is much more than proportionate to numbers. (Do we not write letters to the *Times*, the *Spectator*, and to that already much superior paper, *THE WOMAN'S LEADER*?) We have done a good deal in the past, wrong-headedly, in my opinion, to hinder the expenditure of public money on the public good, and we are

not much the better off for our pains; why not strike out a new line, abandon the old negative attitude, and adopt a constructive policy?

The position is indeed cruel, especially for the parents of young families. Consider the income tax. It is at present in a curious and rather interesting transition stage, having been in some degree humanised by the increased influence of women and of the Labour movement, but still far too much dominated by the old commercial individualism. There is first of all the anomaly, to which a good deal of publicity has recently been given, and which is therefore now fairly well known, that existing regulations actually penalise marriage. If a man and woman each possessed of £130 a year live together unmarried, both are exempt from income tax, but if they marry their incomes must be counted as one and income tax be paid on their joint means—i.e., on the whole amount over and above the exemption limit. Only in the last year or so has an abatement of £50 (which cannot be considered adequate) been allowed in respect of a wife, in the case of incomes not exceeding £800. This penalty on marriage (for that is what it really amounts to) is not the only anomaly, though perhaps it is the one that appeals most forcibly to women. It is only in very recent years that the existence of children has been recognised as a subject for consideration in regard to income tax, and in later ages it will probably appear incredible that in the twentieth century, when the birth-rate had been steadily declining for thirty years, the parent struggling to feed, clothe and educate a young family on a few hundreds a year was still liable to pay the same amount of income tax as the bachelor or spinster living on the same income, who in comparison might be considered almost a wealthy person. In 1909 the first step was taken by allowing an abatement of £10 for each child under sixteen to parents whose income was less than £500. The £10 has since been raised by easy stages to the point of £40 for one child under sixteen, £25 for any other such child, where the income does not exceed £800. Relief may also be claimed in respect of any child over fifteen who is receiving full-time instruction in a university, college, or school, but there is no sign that such relief would exceed the niggardly abatements for younger children.

In this connection the excellent scheme of reform put forward in 1906 in a small book called "How to Pay for the War" (published by the Fabian Research Department, now the Labour Research Department) ought to be studied by all women, whatever their political bias, for its sheer practical good sense, and its sympathy with the woman's position. It will be found a useful exercise to compare the proposals of "How to Pay for the War" with the income tax actually in force as set out in *Whitaker's Almanac* or the *Statesman's Year Book* for 1920. It is evident that the abatements made for children are still insufficient, and that the maximum income to which the abatements apply, i.e., £800, is too low. Little encouragement is given to parents to prolong and extend their children's education, although the tragic destruction of youth and ability in the four-and-a-half years of war made it more than ever necessary that an increasing proportion of boys and girls should receive the best attainable mental training.

There are different ways of meeting the existing difficulty. One suggestion, which I take from the valuable book already quoted, is, that so far as incomes below a certain level, say £2,500, are concerned, the person assessed for taxation should have the right to claim that the whole joint income of the family, and the number of persons living with and wholly or partially maintained by that person, should be considered together, and abatement be allowed for each person so maintained.\* Another

\* Such abatement need not be a flat rate; it might follow the now well known lines of allowances to soldiers' families, and be proportionately more for small numbers and less for larger ones, on the ground that housekeeping is less costly per individual in the larger households.

suggestion, which I personally find attractive, is that all the money spent on children's education should be reckoned in with the portion of income exempted from taxation. This would have the incidental advantage that the parent would probably become more interested in and spend more money on the education of girls, who it is to be feared are still often sacrificed to the (supposedly) more clamant needs of boys. It need not be difficult to fix a limit so as to exclude mere luxurious expenditure on games such as occurs at some schools, and this chiefly concerns the rich, who would not be entitled to abatement.

On the face of it, there would be some loss in revenue, but the Exchequer need not really suffer, for the deficiency in the total could be made up by a higher rate per pound. So great an authority as Mr. McKenna has already suggested that some such

measure to redress the burden of taxation on married couples as compared with single, and on parents as compared with the childless, is the only practical method for getting at the many millions needed for national solvency. It would be easier to raise the income tax to eight, ten, or whatever shillings in the pound may be needed, when this can be done without injuring the children or starving their education.

I had hoped also to say something of the desirability that professional and middle-class people should avail themselves more freely than they do of the educational advantages now provided out of public funds, but this article is already long, and with the Editor's permission I shall hope to return to that subject on another occasion.

## THE HOME IN PARLIAMENT

Because the home-loving woman so often thinks that Parliament is no concern of hers, and, because as a matter of fact Parliament has a great deal more to do with the home than you imagine.

And because, during the present Parliamentary Session in particular, Parliament will be discussing and deciding a number of questions which every good housekeeper must understand:

For these reasons you will find, every week on this page during the session an article about one home question with which Parliament is concerned, showing just how the home comes into Parliament's discussions and debates.

You will find this article because the "Woman's Leader" knows that only the woman who understands how Parliament is dealing with her affairs can be a really responsible citizen and a really reliable home-keeper.

## THE DIVIDED HOME.

This week many thousands of unhappy people will eagerly follow events in Parliament with hope in their hearts; for both Houses will be dealing with a question that to a small percentage of homes may mean happiness instead of misery, though fortunately this question does not touch the majority of homes at all. Now to bring about any reform that does not intimately concern the vast majority of the electors of a country is always a very difficult thing to do—no matter how urgently that reform is needed, and no matter how unsatisfactory and unfair any existing Law requiring reform has proved itself to be. This question of Reform that will engage the attention of both the House of Commons and the House of Lords this week is the amendment of the existing Divorce Law. For very many years now legislators, who have interested themselves in and have administered the existing Law have realised that in many ways it is a very bad one and should be changed. Unfortunately, Divorce appears to be a necessary evil, and every one who admits that we must have a Law to deal with it will also admit that the Law should be a just and equitable one, and not one that is only accessible to the rich and in no way concerned with the poor; a law that treats man with the greatest leniency and is cruelly hard on women; a law that can be easily evaded by unscrupulous people who put forward a trumped-up case, but which is inexorable to men or women who have been callously deserted for many years, and to those who, though they may have been grievously wronged, bear their sorrow in silence rather than face the hideous publicity of our Divorce Courts as they exist at present.

### THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

As far back as 1909 it was fully realised that the present law, which was passed in 1857, was inadequate, for even then it was beginning to dawn on people that in a well ordered State the standard of morality must ultimately be the same for men and

for women—and not as laid down in the Act of 1857. It was in 1909 that the late King Edward VII. appointed a Royal Commission to report on the Divorce Law and to recommend any change it considered advisable. It was some time later, I think in 1912, that the Commissioners brought forward their Report, or rather Reports, for there were two—since three of the members did not entirely agree with the Report issued by the majority. There were twelve Commissioners, nine of whom signed the Majority Report, the other three signing the Minority Report. Those signing the Majority included Lord Gorell, the Chairman of the Commission, Lady Frances Balfour, and Mrs. H. J. Tennant. Now you will no doubt say, if you get as far as this, what can the Majority Report of the Royal Commission of 1909 have to do with present legislation? Everything in the world, because this very same Majority Report is being discussed in both Houses this week. In the House of Lords it has been framed into a Bill by Lord Buckmaster, who is to move its Second Reading on Wednesday, March 10th, and on Tuesday, March 9th, Mr. Athelstan Rendall will move a resolution in the Commons to the effect that the recommendations of the Majority Report be placed on the Statute Book without delay.

### LORD BUCKMASTER'S BILL.

The Bill that comes up for Second Reading on the 10th, if it is eventually passed into Law will do away with all the existing inequalities and injustices. It will make man and woman equal before the law; by establishing Local Courts it will give to poor people practically the same facilities as are allowed to the rich; it will abolish the publishing of sordid and indecent details relating to cases; a man or woman who has been deserted without cause for a term of years will become free; incurable insanity, life-long imprisonment and habitual drunkenness will also become sufficient cause for Divorce.

WINIFRED DUNBAR.

## GERMAN WOMEN AND THE REVOLUTION.

In Germany to-day the women have got the vote. In the new Constitution they are called "Staatsbürgerinnen." They sent women members to the National Assembly at Weimar last summer, and they will vote at the elections for the Reichstag. The German Reich recognises the existence of women.

The German Reich has recognised the women as intelligent political beings, and they have the vote. This makes me realise more than anything else that the pre-war Germany has vanished. Five years ago the ordinary German woman was not thinking of a vote. She spoke aggressively when she said, "Thou art a Suffragette, yes" and she looked hostile. For to her, to want a vote meant not to want a husband. Then she softened and said, "No, no, thou art not really a 'Frauenrechtlerin.'" (Woman's Rights woman). The question of woman's rights was still nonsense and naughtiness, just as it was in England, in the days of crinolines and bloomers and Mr. John Stuart Mill.

There were Women's Suffrage Societies in Germany. On paper there was some amount of feminist activity. That was because there were two Germanys then. There was international Germany—Berlin especially, Munich with its peculiar character, Frankfurt, Hamburg—strongly affected by foreign influences, and strongly lit up by publicity. And there was the great, quiet mass of German Germany—the people of the country and of the towns less than the very largest. In this Germany the furniture of 1840 was still in use. In this Germany girls with flaxen pigtailed still curtsied when they came into the room. In this Germany true old German customs were still to be found, though they were decaying. The women of this Germany had no interest whatever in votes and feminist activity. Most of our own contemporaries in Germany never belonged to any such thing as a Suffrage Society, never heard a political speech, never discussed politics at the dinner-table, most certainly never made a political speech.

### GERMAN GIRLS OF PRE-WAR DAYS.

The way of life was very clear for a middle-class German woman—one who is now thirty or thirty-five. As a girl she went to school, either to a private school or to a public high school. When she left school, at about seventeen, she usually went on with higher classes in literature or English or French; she practised music, learnt dressmaking seriously, and helped her mother to manage the house, cooking and shopping. She visited, went walks and expeditions, and danced, in mixed society, accompanied by her parents or her brother. How she enjoyed the afternoons and evenings! What a rich play of friendships, little loves, successes, and mortifications! They gossiped, they laughed, they had passing interests of the heart—though the mornings, I thought, were slightly boring! Among the girls each little set had fixed meetings at each other's houses—not the English drawing-room meeting for a cause, but little meetings where one girl read aloud to her friends, who embroidered, until Henry or Charles in the book brought in Henry or Charles in real life, and then it was time for cake and jelly and coffee to drink.

At other meetings the "young girls" worked for the poor, managed a little money, and found out how difficult it was to get members to attend. Their mothers managed charities too; typically, charity working parties. Old Germany (now gone) included every degree of forwardness and backwardness. It was Elberfeld that invented the Elberfelder system. That was the part of old Germany that stood out and was known. But what I have described was the less known, wide-spread, average Germany. Typical national figures may be misleading; "Taffy was a Welshman," but perhaps he was a very honest man and grossly libelled; but the German Hausfrau was not a libel, only a caricature. The ex-Empress has never had praise enough for her saying, "Church, Children, Kitchen." Perhaps she might

have left out the Church; but she told two-thirds of the truth.

In a year, or two, or four, or five, the girls married. If they did not they were rather a bother; some went off belated to the University; but they usually married. These women are wives and mothers and widows now—the "Staatsbürgerinnen" of to-day. They had some years of housekeeping and social life; they had telephones on their dressing-tables and summer journeys to Switzerland; they and their children and their husbands and their cooking prospered.

### THEIR ENGLISH CONTEMPORARIES.

Meantime their English contemporaries were growing up too. Some left the high schools and simply "went home," just as the German girls were doing. A large number went into business, where they got some knock-about knowledge of men and women, and some limited experience of good or bad business methods. A large number went to college, lived independently, learnt the strict code of business meetings and debates, and spent the ardour of their adolescence on argument. By the time they were thirty the three classes were mixed in the world. Many were married, and many, married and single, had been drawn into some kind of administrative work. Our local government calls for voluntary workers, and these may be women. In Germany local government allowed of no such thing. The English women were guardians, voluntary workers, members of a Suffrage Society (or an Anti-Suffrage Society), of a Guild, of an Old Students' Association, of a hockey club, or at the least of a nation that was talking politics.

And behind these younger women were the older women, and the oldest, the grey-haired, emphatic women, who have been the first women Councillors, the first women members of School Boards, the first women doctors, the first women Guardians, the first women at the Universities.

By education and opportunity English women have been prepared gradually for the last step. And yet with all that they were slow enough to ask for the Parliamentary vote and to use the municipal vote.

### AFTER FIVE YEARS.

Then the war came. It gave Englishwomen the vote in 1918. It gave German women the vote in August, 1919. God knows what German women have been doing since the war began. In Berlin Rosa Luxemburg led on some wild extremists against Noske's soldiers; she disappeared, battered to death, it's said, but nothing about it is clear. It is not Rosa Luxemburg who matters.

We only know two things for certain about German women since 1914. One is that they have fought hunger in their kitchens, and, on the whole, they have been worsted. Their housekeeping has failed them.

Secondly, they have been plunged into a revolution, a revolution not only political but social, a revolution which has shaken down everything which was thought permanent. Everybody used to obey the old Government. Now, it appears, nobody obeys this Government, which is supposed to be "the will of the people." Now everyone steals; the Government can't see to food, but it comes into your house, tells you you may only have six or seven rooms, and puts another family in on the top of you. A suit of clothes for the man costs the nominal sum of £45, and even a blouse length of woollen stuff is a matter of several pounds: how are we all to be clothed? With all this they give us a vote. Oh, let there be a little more shooting—if only prices came down. The German woman, raw to politics, has got the most difficult political position in Europe as the scene of her first essay. She is in a situation like that of the Russian peasant in 1917. It will be of the first interest to see what she does.

N.N.

## CONSTANCY.

By E. M. GATE.

"It is as pretty a piece of painting as ever I saw," said the lady of Padua. "Who was it did it for thee?"

"An old sweet of this town who liveth under the protection of our house," said the Florentine. "The girl is his daughter. (Look at my dwarf making faces at the peacock! Is he not complete? I snatched him from under the very nose of Beatrice d'Este; she hath the notion that God created these creatures for the special diversion of her and her house; this one was for her sister.) But I am glad my picture pleaseth thee; myself, I think it the fairest thing that hath blest my eyes since I left Florence to follow my lord's fortunes."

The lady of Padua was considering the still features of the woman in the picture who made a third at their little conclave.

"Ye meek saints!" she said. "What pride! Who is this princely painter who hath gotten so fair a daughter?"

The Florentine laughed. "'Tis an old sweet, as I told thee, and a very prince of painters, but that is all the scutcheon that he hath. And pride is born in a woman-child with her first breath, for the express purpose it would seem that the world may break it, and those whom the world spares are commonly broken by their lords and loves. This is one of the few who have not been broken; it is small wonder thou didst remark it. The thing cannot be hid."

The lady of Florence smiled at the face of the painter's daughter as at a sister, without envy, for she too was one of the few who have never been broken.

"And if thou care to hear it," she said, "there is a pretty story to match this pretty piece of paint."

The dwarf had given up teasing the peacock and was basking in the sunshine, a shimmering bundle of gorgeous silks that men had forgotten was a man; the two great ladies sitting in state amongst their cushions were the only other occupants of the room, and the palace perched up on the hill overhanging the sea was so high above the city that the only sound was the rustle of the wind whispering among the leaves which decked the balustrade beyond the open door. Down in the city was sweltering heat; up here cool air and the freedom of vast spaces.

"When my lord first brought me here a bride," said the Florentine, "this same painter dwelt outside the city on a small farm, inherited, I doubt not, from his obscure and prideful parents; and there he and his daughter lived a life according to the antique model of simplicity and virtue, a thing not so easy of accomplishment in a city. The daughter was snugly betrothed to a youth who was her father's assistant and pupil in one, and it is a fair guess that the felicity and prosperity of that household were a perpetual temptation to the gods to interfere. Be that as it may, one fine day behold a young English lord, travelling to Rome under the protection of the Colonna, to see for himself whether all the fine tales of gods and goddesses dug up from the forgetful care of Mother Earth be too good to be true; and before entering the city this same patron of the arts very properly turns aside with but a couple of attendants to visit my old sweet, a report of whose fame had reached him."

The Florentine settled herself more snugly among her purple cushions before proceeding. "But for what I know of the years that followed, I would swear that that young English lord was Messer Mercury come swift out of jealous Olympus, but time proved him a good son of the Church. However, to make a long story short, my young lord discoursing learnedly to the father upon the arts, modern and antique, finds the daughter surpasseth them all and forgets to keep the knowledge to himself, which very shortly brings a jealous lover at his throat, and the two of them to the floor, by bad luck, the lover on top. God save us all! Look at my dwarf—he will break his neck over the balustrade. Lorenzo! Lorenzo! Come here, Magnificent."

The dwarf sidled into the room, casting an apprehensive look at the dog-whip by his mistress's side, but the two ladies exchanging grimaces over his name, he hurried forward and

cast himself down at her feet, fawning over her golden slippers like a little animal. The Florentine stirred him indulgently with her foot. "The creature costs me a fortune," she said. "He is so delicate; I sometimes think they die to spite us."

"But," said she, "I bid ye think if one can lay a finger upon a friend of the Colonna and hope to live long thereafter, even here. The servants lugged forth their maltreated lord and bore him off, half strangled, to the city, promising a quick return; and with the laying of the dust a lively sense of what had happened and what was to come descended upon that household like a bucket of water cast upon the possessed. So much so, that valour went out of that brisk lover, never to return, and laying quick hands on sundry jewels and money of his own he flies to the neighbouring monastery, a chop-fallen and terror-stricken man. The painter and his daughter, in better possession of their wits, made haste by country ways known to them, and entering the city by another gate, flung themselves on the protection of our house."

"Now ye know that at that time we were not held in that consideration which is our due, and my lord was at times put to it against the opposite faction, nevertheless, he was not minded that this divine painter should suffer unjustly, and the upshot was we received the old man and his daughter and concealed them. And in a day or so I sent my steward out with a well-filled wallet to see what might be done and lo! a miracle! The English lord is gone, his servants are gone, complaint lodged hath been marvellously expunged, all are fat, jolly, and discreet; all points to a prodigious greasing of palms."

"Ye cannot grease the palm of a young English lord," said the lady of Padua, drily. "I know the race; they are more than common haughty."

"There is an art in it," said the Florentine, "but it belongs only to great princes, not to poor painters, so we may acquit my old sweet. But this same lord vanished as cleanly, as Messer Mercury, and I, for one had made up my mind he was gone back, his errand accomplished, to Olympus (for he was never heard of at Rome) when news came most strangely which forbade the thought. The very valiant lover of the girl, if thou hast not forgotten him, having tasted the joys of contemplation found they far outweighed the dangerous pleasures of the world, and resolved he would cast off the flesh and be a new man. In plain words, he never recovered from his fright; in his mind's eye, he saw the minions of the Colonna ready to spring from every corner and the footsteps of a gigantic infuriated lord tramped through his brain day and night. The long and the short of it was he became a monk and the gear he had got ready against his wedding day (no small store, the thrifty, striving rogue), went to the dowry of Holy Church. And pat upon that, on the word of my good and special friend the Prior, comes a rich benefaction to the monastery from this same English lord."

"Lord! How I love him!" cried the lady of Padua. "Messer Mercury, being greatly assisted in his affairs by Holy Church and rid of a troublesome rival, shows himself not ungrateful. And what said the girl?"

"Having some kindness for the girl," said the Florentine, "I sent for her, and myself imparted the news. She was then as pretty a creature as ever stepped—round, supple, and rosy, fragrant with life, a thing of delight. I did see delight die within her before my eyes and the joyous soul that was wont to look abroad so frankly retreat to her fastnesses; and there and then came that stillness upon her which amazes ye to see in paint."

The two ladies glanced again at the picture of the girl in her unbroken pride, so lovely, so serene, so withdrawn and remote.

"The perfect thing about my dwarf," resumed the Florentine, "is that almost ye might take him for a man. Look at

the creature adoring my picture; some day I shall surprise him at his prayers before it."

"It is a paragon of dwarfs," said the lady of Padua. "But this girl—was there not stuff here for a broken heart?"

"Of the common sort," said the Florentine. "But my tale is not finished. The girl, then, accompanied her father back to the home, and there they continued to dwell, the father wholly given over to his divine art and his daughter, she disdainful all consolations, though ye may guess she did not lack suitors. And though she was ever tender and kind, yet day by day she withdrew, as it were, into a sort of impregnable seclusion of the soul, much as she looketh in my picture. And so things had gone for some six or seven years, when my good friend the Prior was taken with an unaccountable whimsy, concerning which I spoke my mind somewhat sharply. Briefly, he caused to be executed for the convent a picture of the Mystical Marriage of St. Catharine, and for the Saint he chose this girl and for the artist, lo you! her quondam lover, now a monk of some five or six years standing. A sort of booth was erected outside the monastic walls, and there these two, who had never thought to set eyes one upon the other again, fronted each other as souls risen from the dead."

"Would I could have seen it," said the Paduan. "Did aught pass?"

"Naught," said the Florentine. "Not so much as a look, not a sigh across the gulf. Such is the power of holy obedience and such, believe me, the blessedness of those whose heel is set upon their griefs." And she looked again at the still, beautiful face on the canvas.

"So the picture was begun and finished and I can testify to its merit, but 'tis far inferior to this, for this was painted by the hand of love, and the painter, as I told thee, is a very prince of painters. Now, the summer that followed was, beyond all expression, dry, and the earth gaped and cracked and along the shore fell away into the sea with roars like thunder. One evening the old father goes wandering forth in search of coolness, and not looking whither he goes is suddenly advised by the thunder of the land slipping into the sea of his imminent danger, and, turning to flee, sees the earth gape and crack on all sides. Then begins he to run hither and thither distractedly, and blackness comes before his eyes and sounds deafen his ears, when, as by a miracle, he is whipped up in a pair of stout arms and knows no more."

"Now mark! When he comes to himself what should he hear but the voice of that young English lord who wrought so much sorrow and the voice of the Prior answering, and the two are speaking of his daughter. As in a dream he hears the young lord declaring his great wish that he hath to espouse the girl and the Prior dissuading him. "For," said he, "thou art to me as a son, and I have been busy in thy affairs; true it is she leaneth no more to her old lover, of that I have infallible proof, but no more she doth to thee nor to any man, but keepeth her soul secluded against the Day of Judgment."

"Nevertheless, I will make the attempt," said the voice of the young lord and at that my old sweet opened his eyes, and judge if he was confounded to see that he who spoke with the voice of the young lord is a labourer of the monastery, and they are all three in the parlour thereof."

"This groweth perplexing to dulness," said the lady of Padua.

"Doth it so?" said the Florentine. "Well, this is the end. When Messer Mercury, all those years ago, having wrought as much confusion as possible in the short space of an hour, had recovered somewhat from the mauling so surprisingly got from the girl's lover, he was at first all rage and fury; but in a very short while a sweet remorse and a very sweet recollection of that face before ye, white with terror as he last saw it, infected him, and he gets himself out of the city and on the road to Rome, resolved to trouble the maid's peace no more. And before he budged he spent a very pretty penny to ensure no officious Colonna-carrying busybody should lay so much as a finger on the old man, his daughter, or, marvel of chivalry, her skir-

mishing lover. But a few leagues on his way, he turns aside to the house of an ancient gentleman, learned like himself in antique lore, and there he bides ostensibly to recover from a sunstroke but in reality because he cannot stir foot another inch away from his divinity who enchained his soul as now she enchains thine eyes. Nor will he return, haply to work more woe, so there he bides like a metal between two loadstones and there he hears that the girl hath lost a sweetheart and the Church hath gained a monk. Now I tell ye frankly, these English pass my power to understand. He returned secretly to the town, not to woo his lady but to take hard service on the monastic lands, as though he disdained to snatch another man's lost joys. And he hath laboured for seven years, the mystical and perfect number, to purge his soul of the misery he wrought, and now he would fain reap his desires; and for a good omen he hath saved the life of the girl's father. So, in a manner, ye may say that for one life he sent out of the world into the cloister he hath snatched one back and balanced his account."

"I see it plain," cried the lady of Padua. "She wedded him and left thee this picture in acknowledgment of thy princely goodness."

"She would have none of him," said the Florentine. "He returned to his land alone."

"Well, 'tis a pretty story," said the lady of Padua. "The monk was constant in his vows, the lord to his beloved, and the lady—what in heaven's name was she constant to?"

"To the divine ideal passion," said the dwarf suddenly. The lady of Padua screamed with laughter. "Adorable mannikin!" she cried. "Proceed, expound!"

"The thing is plain to be seen," said the dwarf, his face curiously twisted. "What is love? A flame flickering in all manner of strange vessels. A few adore the flame, but most adore the lamp. If the lamp breaks they look about for a new one, or if the flame dies they cherish the lamp and call it constancy. This painter monk was a poor earthen lamp, quickly broken. What should she do? Peak and pine or curse the lamp that broke and left her in darkness? Not so. She was of the few that love the flame, and are never wholly in darkness, and there the flame burns remote and unprofaned, shining in her faithful eyes."

The lady of Padua stretched herself among her cushions; in her green and gold brocade she looked like a gorgeous lizard.

"Well this is all very fine," she said. "But I am of the opinion she was a thought too good for this wicked world."

"It would seem they are like minded in heaven," said the Florentine drily, "for she is lately dead."

## CREPUSCULAR.

By E. B. C. JONES.

EVENING has stolen abroad,  
The windows grow blue;  
Silence is dropped like a veil,  
And scarcely a sound comes through.

Day has gone by like a dream  
Of scarlet and watchet and gold,  
Like a crowded tapestry-tale  
That grand-dames unfold.

And the coloured gems that we hoard  
And dim, small shapes in the gloom,  
For evening has stolen abroad  
And is filling the room.

## THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISHWOMAN.

By FRANK A. HEDGCOCK.

It is a far cry from Richardson's Pamela to H. G. Wells's Anne-Veronica; the long-suffering and conventionally virtuous heroine of the eighteenth century would certainly be astonished at the ideas and conduct of her great-granddaughter of the twentieth. Yet the two women are blood-relations; their mentality, characteristics and ideals are those which a keenly observant novelist considered typical of their generation. Fill in the gap between them with portraits from Thackeray, Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, Eliot, Meredith and other novelists, and you will have a family album of the ancestresses of modern woman; an album, too, of "speaking" portraits, who can reveal the gradual changes in woman's attitude towards life and life's reaction on her character, so that one can follow the stages of feminine emancipation, see woman rise from slavery, shake off her shackles, one by one, and take her stand, a free and equal partner in life, by the side of man.

It is a French woman-writer, Mlle. Léonie Villard, who has gathered this collection of portraits for us in her recently published *La Femme Anglaise au XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle et son évolution*.<sup>\*</sup> The idea of the book is clever; the execution is thoroughly efficient, backed up by adequate knowledge both of the feminist movement and of English literature, expressed in terse, workmanlike French; the whole forms a most interesting document which elucidates the fundamental causes and inner workings of this great revolution, and which must take an important place in the library of every woman.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century, the one hope of life for a woman was contained in the word marriage; and marriage often meant only a flitting from one cage to another. To secure a mate, found a family, look after their meals and shirt-buttons, to die and be recorded as the faithful wife of John Smith, that was woman's one career. Those who missed it remained as ridiculous old-maids beside the parental hearth, like Aunt Rachel Wardle of Manor Farm; or, less fortunate, became governesses, like Miss Pinch or Becky Sharp. Whole generations of these "Odd Women," as Gissing has called them, must have suffered life-long servitude in other people's houses, despised both by their employers and the domestics, and looking forward to a forlorn old age. The glorious Victorian era, busy making money in the week and praising God for its prosperity on Sundays, had little sympathy for those who failed in the battle of life; and for woman, celibacy was failure.

The "working-woman," it is true, had other openings besides marriage; she could do sewing in the privacy of her own home, like the heroine of Hood's "Song of a Shirt"; or work pleasantly with a few companions, like the seamstresses in *Alton Locke*; or indulge in box-making, surrounded and helped by her young children, like Hannah Perrott in "A Child of the Jago." Do not mention "sweating"; after all, a woman could earn in such ways as much as three or four shillings a week, unless, indeed, she had the misfortune to lack employment. And then there was always the ultimate resource of the street; not that respectable Victorians could read in the novels of such dreadful things; it was left for more daring writers, like Galsworthy, in a more shameless age, to show us a mother reduced to keeping her children by such means.

There was, too, plenty of work outside the home: in the cotton-spinning mills—somewhat bad for the health and liable to reduce one to a consumptive wreck, like Bessie Higgins in "North and South"; or, more respectable and better paid, in factories for india-rubber goods, though there, as Nancy in *No. 5, John Street* found, the poisonous fumes were somewhat annoying, and almost certain in time to bring on lung or nerve trouble. Working-women in the first half of the nineteenth century could not complain that there were no occupations for them. They might, possibly, have complained of the occupations.

<sup>\*</sup> Paris, Henri Didier, 4 et 6, rue de la Sorbonne; 5 francs net.

But there! You must live, even if you have to die to do it. And of what use was it to complain? The voices of those who have no vote do not carry far. Why, might one ask, did not the men protest against such exploitation and press for reform? They were busy shaking off some of their own fetters; and even if they had not been so occupied, it is doubtful whether working-men as a class would have done much for their women-kind. Is there any more overworked slave to-day than the working mother of a working-class family?

But the vast industrial development of England, which brought such torture to some women, liberated others. It gave more leisure to the woman of the moneyed classes, who no longer needed to busy herself at a hundred tasks of making this and preserving that, since the business-world was every day supplying more and more of the household wants. Here were found the forerunners of the coming revolution. Unoccupied at home, such women began to seek other fields of activity. Some turned to art. Florence Nightingale shocked London society by founding and directing a nursing-home—what nurses were before her time can be seen from Dickens's portrait of Betsy Prigg and Sarah Gamp. War favoured the new departure; the Government called on Miss Nightingale to redeem man's muddles in the Crimea and woman won her first great victory as an organiser. Through the half-opened door others began to press out into the world. After the nurse, the missionary and social-worker, satirised at first as Mrs. Jellyby; the intellectual, whose coming Tennyson had foretold in "The Princess." Girton is founded in 1863. What does this mean? That women are to be allowed to have a liberal education, like men? To study for the liberal professions? Yes, to study for them but not to enter them; witness Mrs. Garrett Anderson's struggle, told in Charles Reade's "A Woman-Hater."

Finding this door still closed, many women, like Angela Marsden Messenger in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," or like Mrs. Ward's Marcella, have turned to social problems, examining the slum worlds that man had allowed to grow up in our great towns, asking themselves whether such homes were fit for the mothers and children of a respectable nation, setting themselves to find a remedy. What if some of these pioneers, like Gissing's Miss Lant in "The Nether World" are a little ridiculous in their new-found enthusiasm; others, like Jane Snowden in the same novel, will work with no less devotion and more common-sense.

Now, truly, the door is opening wide! Why, here are sports-women, riding to hounds, donning waders and chasing the elusive salmon, like Kipling's Lady Conant, forsaking archery and croquet for the more strenuous tennis. Where is Ruskin's gentle ideal of the "Queen of the Garden"? Where is great-grandmother, imprisoned in the mighty round of the crinoline and the narrow circle of the home? She has changed into the bright-eyed and supple-bodied Diana of the Uplands. She invades the realms of music with Edith Staines in Benson's "Dodo"; she dares to be a genius like Jane Holland in May Sinclair's "The Creators." She is even entering the sacred and reserved calling of politics; at first, it is true, under male tutelage as a Dame of the Primrose League. But once admitted to a knowledge of the mysteries of law-making, will she stop half-way?

Aye, now begins the real struggle. It is recent history, though its incidents are in danger of being forgotten since 1914. Now come the martyrs and the heroines, like Miss Lenning of Masefield's "Multitude and Solitude," who counted prison as nothing for the cause, or like Phillida Fraquet, in Philip Gibbs's "Intellectual Mansions," ready to affront hostile crowds and horsed policemen. If, judging coolly to-day, now that the heat of the fray is past, we say that there were exaggerations and excesses in certain directions, must we not also declare that

## WOMEN'S WORK IN THE NAVY

By VERA S. LAUGHTON, M.B.E.  
(Late Principal W.R.N.S.)

WOMEN'S work in the Services is still recent enough to be something of a miracle. Even when one was in the midst of it, and so busy that there was hardly time to marvel at anything, the wonder of it all came over one at times. To see women garbed in the uniform of that most conservative of institutions the British Navy, to see them going about the naval ports on their lawful occasions, following the official routine as to the manner born, and most completely at home, gave one quite a lump in one's throat somehow, it was so splendid and so unexpected.

The Women's Royal Naval Service came to an end last December. Many regrets have been expressed that the corps was not organised earlier, but opinion is unanimous in acknowledging the work that was accomplished during its two short years of existence. There was hardly a naval station that had not its quota of blue-uniformed women, and naval bases during the war were very different in number from the few big Home Ports of peace time. These of course had a large complement of "Wrens," but there were in addition naval training depôts, anti-submarine bases, mine-sweeping and mine-laying bases, anti-aircraft defence stations, and a variety of others, which came into existence with the war, and at all of which the women of the Navy played an important part.

The "Wrens'" duties were by no means limited to domestic and clerical work as many people imagine, though these two branches were certainly the largest and most important. At the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, for instance—that sacred spot overgrown by centuries of tradition—the foot of woman was at last allowed to enter in an official capacity, and the whole of the cooking for the young officers in training was taken over with much success by "Wrens." It was here that an old Chief Petty Officer, to whom the Navy had been his whole existence, was overheard confiding to one of like fibre: "Of all the 'orrible things that 'ave 'appened in this 'orrible war the 'orriblest is these women comin' 'ere." But the "Wrens" were treated with the greatest kindness and consideration; one of the beautiful old wings of the College was given over to them for quarters, and as in other places they soon won the confidence of their seniors. At Chatham women bakers entirely replaced men on the day shift, making bread for 6,000 men, and at most stations W.R.N.S. stewards by their good work and enthusiasm converted the conservative members of the Royal Navy to the advantages of women servants.

In the clerical world women were employed on all grades of work, from the decoders, who replaced naval officers, the ledger clerks, who kept the naval ledgers, an art which it was supposed to take years to acquire, confidential secretaries (and they are confidential in the Navy in war-time), down to the routine clerks, who were to be found in every office.

Motor drivers formed the next largest section, and contrary to the expectation of some the substitution of women was found to be entirely satisfactory, even on heavy work. They took full charge of the cars, washing them and doing all running repairs, and standing the irregular and late hours cheerfully and well. W.R.N.S. wireless telegraphists were extremely successful; in their passing out examination they actually beat all records of the training school, and afterwards they were posted to various bases, where they kept the same watches as the men, day and night. Unfortunately now that they are demobilised these skilled operators find that there is no opening for women in this occupation, and they have to train for other work.

Picked women were trained in delicate mechanical work: same learnt to adjust naval gyroscopes, others were employed in maintaining and repairing the different mechanisms used in naval war, from searchlight lamps to hydrophones. Electricians, mine-net and depth-charge workers, boiler-cleaners and store-keepers—these and many others helped to build up the good name of the "Wrens."

The only W.R.N.S. sub-divisions abroad were at Gibraltar, Malta, and a small unit at Genoa. Had the war continued there would have been a very large division in the Mediterranean, Adriatic, and Aegean, and W.R.N.S. members were already on their way to Egypt and to Bizerta, on the coast of Africa, when they were recalled by the armistice. An interesting station in England was at Osea Island, where the "Wrens" are still employed, though as civilians. Here there was always the excitement of wondering whether the tides would permit of some necessary journey to the mainland, and if not whether it was to

those who, by their obstinacy, prejudice or heartlessness, drove women to extremes were more blameworthy than they? But that part of the struggle is over. In 1914, war once again gave woman her chance. Before the devotion to duty, the courage in work and suffering, the capability for directing and organising she displayed, even her most obstinate opponents capitulated and, in the political field, the victory—or shall we say, the outward sign and first pledge of final victory?—was won.

But, though working and voting may do much to make a world, it is love, we are told, that supplies the motive power. When the two sexes meet, attracted by the very instincts that differentiate them, do they meet on equal terms?

The conception which the early nineteenth century held of the relations of man and woman to love was frankly one-sided. "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'Tis woman's whole existence," sang Byron; and his generation believed him. Woman must love but once and remain faithful for ever and in spite of all; man's fancy may range more freely. Thus did Amelia Sedley love her conceited and faithless George; with such obstinate affection did Laura and Mrs. Pendarvis worship that poor thing Arthur. The law reflected society's opinion. Divorce until 1857 was by the cumbersome method of Act of Parliament; wives linked to brutes, like Diana Warwick, could dash themselves in vain against the bars of their cage, until the Divorce Act gave some relief. And that law still favours the husband, giving him the right of divorce against a faithless spouse but leaving the wife tied to a fickle husband, unless the latter adds cruelty to his unfaithfulness. Moreover, the Act became an instrument of revenge in the hands of a vindictive partner, who could refuse to set his or her co-mate free although no affection still bound them. Hence the struggle and death of poor Natalia Dreighton in "One of Our Conquerors." Other women, like Mrs. Radcliffe in Marshall's "Exton Manor," suffered from the antiquated ecclesiastical ban on marriage with a dead sister's husband, until at long length the law was repealed in 1907. The public was very slowly converted to the plain ideal of justice, that woman has the right to dispose of herself and her affection as she pleases, that the only real marriage-tie is the mutual love and consent of the two parties, and that any other union maintained by force is adultery. Mrs. Gaskell's Ruth, refusing, after years of neglect, to allow her seducer to "make an honest woman of her," seemed a curious figure in the middle of last century; Herminia Barton, "The Woman Who Did," standing up, rather awkwardly, for her right to live her own life in her own way, roused opposition near its end; but most sensible people refused to condemn Anne Veronica at the beginning of the twentieth century when she decided to give herself to the man she loved, although he was not legally free to contract a union. In this field, too, much progress has been made, though it is too early yet to say that the sexes stand on an equal footing.

There are in Mlle. Villard's book many other portraits than those referred to; but probably enough has been said to suggest who are to be found there and to indicate how they are commented on. No one interested in woman's cause can afford to leave it unread; and it is to be hoped that some enterprising publisher will soon offer a good translation of it to the English public. The only drawback to the original is a somewhat dry, "Sorbonnic" style; so human a theme might well have received a less objective treatment. Yet the work is a powerful one. In many ways it is a sad book in its record of the callousness of the nineteenth century, which piled up gold with one hand and mountains of misery and vice with the other, turning its gaze on its money-bags in its anxiety not to see sights too shocking for its sensibilities. But it is heartening, too, as it shows woman, ever fitter physically and intellectually, marching on to the modern social battlefield with hands unfettered, ready to take her part in the fight for a better world. God knows the world needs her, as it needs all who possess the virtues of unselfishness, self-control, and conscientiousness, and who, inspired by a passionate love of justice, will be ready to look facts in the face and seek a solution in disinterested co-operation.



be a case of crossing the "hards" by car with a chance of sticking in the mud, or going a long way round by boat.

The official routine varied of course at different stations, but at all the aim was to make the women as much as possible part of the establishment both in work and play. At some bases they were inspected every morning, and to the officer fresh from training the experience was a trying one—it requires an effort at first calmly to tell another woman that you do not like the way she does her hair, or to point out that she has forgotten to clean her shoes! Only the week before you had stood in rank yourself with eyes fixed feverishly "on their own level" while in imagination the shoes you have laboured over got dustier and dustier under the inspecting officer's eagle eye. "I haven't worked so hard to please any man since I was engaged," said one officer in training, a woman nearly fifty, as she applied herself with vigour to her recalcitrant shoes. Small details, perhaps, to be so particular about, but an outward sign of the spirit within, and the women who cared enough for their service to be well-disciplined and smart in bearing were usually those who produced the best work.

There is hardly a woman who "joined up" in the right spirit who did not leave the Service better than when she entered it. Some made sacrifices to join, but as is so often the way with sacrifices, they gained far more than they had given. Physically, those who overworked, and it was not always a matter of choice,

## RABBITS: AN IMPRESSION.

CHLOE, suddenly demobilised from the women's service in which she had served as an enthusiastic junior officer during the war, spent a nightmare month in "tramping the stony-hearted streets of London" in search of work and a lodging. The first want was supplied by the offer of a temporary clerkship in a certain Government Department connected with her work during the war; but the second seemed about as attainable as a Roc's egg. In the meantime she had the use, for one month only, of a disused attic over a mews off the Cromwell Road. There was a narrow camp-bed and a rickety wash-stand; her food she took at Lyons's, A.B.C.'s, and cheap eating-houses.

In spite of diligent search the month was nearly up before she found a lodging within both her slender means and a reasonable distance of her work. The neighbourhood was not enticing, being the most unsavoury part of Pimlico. The approach lay through a labyrinth of narrow, sordid streets, swarming with noisy children, slatternly women, and slouching, aggressive-looking men. Under foot it was foul and slippery with refuse of cabbage leaves, rotten fruit, squashed tomatoes, wrinkle-shells and fish heads. At night it was filled with a strange and overpowering smell, compounded mainly of frying fish, public-houses, trodden refuse, and warm (and unwashed) humanity. It was in one of the adjoining streets, composed entirely of tenth-rate lodging-houses, that Chloë had at last succeeded in finding a room. The house was gloomy and dilapidated, and the dark entry smelt of cats and cooking. The room allotted to her was at the top of the house; it was bare and shabby, but fairly clean.

It was a hot, breathless evening, grey with heat, when Chloë arrived, and made her way to the top of the house, up many dark and somewhat unclean stairs, past various entries and landings, cumbered with cardboard boxes, trunks, and packing-cases. Most of the cases were littered with dirty tea cups, plates, and soiled cutlery, from meals taken in bedrooms. The stairs were shallow at the bottom, so that one had almost to step up two at a time, but at the top they were quite steep, and Chloë, breathless and with a thumping heart, clutched at the bannisters, to find that they were broken and rickety.

A neighbouring street ran almost parallel, and the backs of the houses faced each other over a long, narrow strip of dingy yard. The space between the houses could not have been more than twenty feet, and the back windows of the two streets directly faced each other. In the sooty yards below cats prowled and fought, some dingy washing hung on lines, attracting all the smuts, and getting blacker every minute, and in one yard three wretched hens and the most dejected looking cock in the world squawked miserably in their prison made from an empty orange crate with a bit of wire netting over the front.

The August heat-wave of 1919 was in full swing at the time, and the sun beat fiercely down, drawing the full gamut of smells both from the tall, overcrowded houses and the narrow, dirty yards between. It also absolutely precluded even the idea of shutting a door or a window. So Chloë had a good view of her opposite neighbours, and incidentally the opposite neighbours had an equally good view of Chloë.

naturally did not benefit; but for the women who came from poor homes it was wonderful what a few weeks' training, good food, a smart uniform, cheerful surroundings, and a pride and interest in their work would do. It is not exaggeration to say that sometimes they were unrecognisable. Mentally and spiritually everyone benefited. There was no soul-crushing "militarism," but a strengthening discipline, and in many cases an unaccustomed responsibility which were invaluable in developing character; the life was not an indiscriminate herding together of women, but a joyous comradeship, which battled with past selfishness and made for a happier future; to the vast majority of the women it was the first time that the State had called upon them, and the knowledge that they were doing important work gave them a confidence in themselves which they had never known before. One W.R.N.S. rating said recently to the writer: "It seems such a short time in one's life to have meant so much."

If the feeling that inspired that remark is multiplied by thousands, as it might well be, it would show in some degree the new spirit with which so many women are facing life. That short time that meant so much has opened their eyes, not only to their own capabilities, but to many things around them that with their lesser vision had escaped them. And the increased vision cannot fade; it is more likely that it will grow clearer and stronger as time goes on.

The window which seemed so very near because it was on a level with Chloë's, and jutted out a foot or so beyond the rest, was rather a puzzling one. It was inhabited by a dirty old man and an equally unattractive old woman, who usually wore a dirty lace cap to hide her bald, yellow head that looked like a toadstool or some obscene growth. Either the old man or the old woman was always there, busily doing something behind the withered plants in the window. There was a tin basin, much rinsing in water, and the flame of a small lamp. The old man would often smell his work, and sometimes he could be seen eating greedily. So Chloë decided that the pair must cook either for themselves or the lodgers, and wondered rather nervously who did the cooking in her lodging.

One morning when she got up, however, she saw that on the window-sill of the opposite room lay a bundle of dead rabbits. There must have been nearly a dozen of them, and the sight of the limp, brown bodies and long, flop ears struck her with a swift regret that was a physical pain. Not so much the fact of their being dead, as the incongruity of their presence there; the vision they brought of darkling meadows and dim hedgerows with the shy, dun creatures at play in the summer dusk. All their little lives had been made up of country sights and sounds, they were the incarnation of the quiet, sunny meadows and the shy, brown woodlands of her beloved home; the beloved home that had vanished for ever in the storm of war. Now their dead bodies lay heaped on a dirty Pimlico window-sill, the roar of London surged round their deaf ears, the London soot already soiling their pretty, soft fur, and the brazen London sun blazing on their glazed eyes.

Subconsciously, to her Celtic fancy it seemed more than a pitiful bundle of dead woodland things. It seemed herself that lay there, her life that had been free and lovely and laughing in green places, now stripped of all fair things in the holocaust of war, maimed and blind and unlovely, like a moth fallen from a flame. Her slain youth, her stricken heart, her crucified love, were they not flung, they also, into the heat and dust and turmoil of the great city? As impotent, as friendless, and as incongruous in the common lodging-house as her furry brothers on the dirty window-sill. A may tree in Marloes Road had pierced her heart with the delicate, wistful beauty of its blossoming, and a thrush that sang at dawn by her attic window had burst the barrier of her self-control, and bowed her by her narrow bed in bitter, broken weeping. But never had she felt such a sudden poignancy of anguish as the sight of these poor brown beasts aroused.

Chloë clenched her teeth and flung up her head, fighting the sudden pain at her heart, the rush of tears to her eyes. In these days feelings had to be sternly repressed, fought with to the last gasp. She looked across at the opposite window; unconsciously her slim shoulders set to attention, but her lips were unsteady.

"They're—only rabbits," she said. "Only—rabbits." But she knew it wasn't true.

D. A. WALLACE.

## "THE WOMAN'S LEADER" IN LITERATURE.

**Well-to-do Arthur.** By W. Pett-Ridge. (Methuen. 7s.)

All of us, in our time, have bought, when holiday-making, the little packets of picture post-cards containing "views of the neighbourhood," rejecting the highly-coloured, thickly-glazed variety which paints a Yorkshire village with all the dyes of Arabia, and choosing the sober grey, or sepia, which affects not to flatter. Every card in the packet is impeccably accurate, but, none the less, the packet presents a fairy-tale version of the real village. The dull, new houses, the squalid old ones, and its plain inhabitants are, like the noises, the smells, the high rents, and the local quarrels, absent from the picture. Mr. Pett-Ridge's tales of London life are like this; he has an eye for a scene, and a power of describing it unrivalled by any of his company, or imitators. When tragedy threatens he closes his eyes or readjusts his camera, not because he denies its existence, but because he cannot bear to look at it. It is the same with his reproduction of London dialects; no one knows so well as he that the speech of Winchmore Hill is different from that of Edmonton, and that neither tongue comes naturally to the dweller in Hammersmith. His Arthurs and Perces and Stellas are always dressed in character, but Mr. Pett-Ridge excuses himself from recording their works and ways when these are merely dull, while oaths and objurgations are as absent from his pages as from those of a Blue Book, or of Mrs. Hannah More. He is a selective realist, a novelist who sets himself to tell the truth, but not the whole truth. And since what he leaves out is the exclusive subject matter of whole schools of the younger novelists, we need not regret its omission, but may regard him as somewhat redressing the balance that has lately dipped in favour of those who see everything *en noir*.

"Well-to-do Arthur," who seems to be something between sixteen and eighteen, is the son of a gardener employed by the Borough Council, and of a mother who has belonged to a superior social stratum. Arthur is earning large wages at a munition factory; his father is in France in a Labour Battalion, his mother has, in 1918, just started a little flower shop. She also lets theatrical lodgings. Her adopted daughter, Grace, is engaged to Lieutenant Chalmers; her little daughter, Stella, is at school. Arthur, after contributing his due share to the house-keeping expenses, still has money to burn. Mr. Pett-Ridge tells us how he spends it—in lordly tips to "bus conductors, on a suit of clothes from a Maddox-street tailor, on a holiday at an hotel, which is cut short by his munificence at a Red Cross Sale, on treating Jane Sterry, a girl of his own age, who walks out with him intermittently, and, undazzled by his magnificence, patiently counsels economy and derides his tales of derring-do. By the end of the volume, Arthur has attained all of the three wishes he formulates in the first chapter.

"I sh'd like to be taller."

"I'd like to be older."

"I should like to be always ready with an answer."

His ready answers, indeed, make up most of the fun of Mr. Pett-Ridge's story, and it is with regret that we leave him (risen in the social scale, but reduced to an income of fifteen shillings a week, as clerk to an architect in Albemarle-street) engaged to the demure and caustic Jane, and a little less self-confident than in his gilded days. The real heroine of the story is Arthur's mother, a character but lightly touched in, but with truth and insight shown in every line of the portrait. Jane, when she has grown a little softer, will be just such another.

**Cathy Rossiter.** By Mrs. Victor Rickard. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s.)

Mrs. Victor Rickard's latest book has somewhat the air of a novel with a purpose; though it is not quite consistently directed to demonstrating weak points in our lunacy law, the central idea is the incarceration in an asylum of Cathy, the beautiful, attractive, but rather freakish wife of whom Jack Lorrimer has become a little weary. Cathy has married Lorrimer in a momentary revulsion from the Bohemianism of Ostorov, Barlow, and the anarchist professors of free-love, who had attracted her by their advocacy of equality for the suffering masses. Lorrimer, more than half in love with Monica Henstock, a woman doctor who had set her heart upon marrying him, sees in Cathy an ideal mistress for his country house, and an asset in his political career. But Monica Henstock and Hammersley, Lorrimer's political agent, both find Cathy in their way; she is wilful and

indiscreet, and within six months of her marriage an accident which disappoints Lorrimer of his hopes of an heir gives them a chance to rid themselves of her. Lorrimer is tyrannical and brutal in his rage at Cathy's rash excursion and its disastrous consequences. He allows himself to suspect her of unfaithfulness, he exasperates her by watchfulness and suspicions. The nurse, under Monica's influence, twists her insistence on taking a sleeping draught into an attempt at suicide. Lorrimer, either deceived by Monica, or tempted by her, is persuaded to have his wife certified insane.

The description of Cathy's life in the asylum is excellently done; it is very little overdrawn, if at all, and the horror of her position is attributed much more to association with insane companions than to harshness, or even want of sympathy on the part of attendants and doctors. The author's restraint in this respect is in sharp contrast with the lurid colours in which Cathy's husband and his temptress are painted. Dr. Monica Henstock has no redeeming moral quality to make one forgive her cold cruelty and treachery. Her crime is hardly given adequate motive, for her intrigue with Lorrimer would have been as easy if Cathy had been allowed to leave her husband as when she was certified insane. It is improbable that an ambitious Member of Parliament and a successful medical woman should run frightful risks unless they were blinded by a passion which finds little expression in these pages. But, given the motive and the lack of scruple, Cathy's reputation for eccentricity is easily exploited against her, and once under constraint the most natural desires and repulsions are given a sinister turn. The doctors and attendants are kind in their way, and even an unsuccessful attempt at escape does little to make the unhappy girl's position more intolerable. But the author shows with great skill how useless are the provisions we rely upon to safeguard persons wrongly confined as lunatics. Cathy eventually escapes with the help of some old friends who come to visit her, divorces her husband and marries again. This part of the story is a little perfunctory; the reader, who has seen the outwardly respectable Lorrimer develop into a thorough-paced villain, cannot expect much happiness from Cathy's union with a reformed drug-taker.

Though the book vacillates between being a romance of crime, a novel with a purpose, and a study in morbid psychology, it has a great deal of good stuff in it, and will be much more widely read than if it was confined within the bounds of strict probability. The charm of Cathy in good or in evil fortune and the excellence of the asylum scenes must silence hostile criticism. Though "Cathy Rossiter" is not Mrs. Rickard's most successful novel, it may very likely be the most talked of and the most influential.

**The Englishwoman** for March includes several articles of universal interest. "Cities and Children," as its title implies, is a plea for Housing Reform in our large industrial towns. "Our cities so carry on their life that little children are in constant danger, and are so constituted that mortality of birth, infancy, and childhood flourish there." We learn that the rate of infant mortality for Liverpool, one of our most successful towns, was in 1914 139 per 1,000. Dr. Ethel Smyth's contribution, "The Quotation Fiend," will prove helpful to literary aspirants, and will certainly make them very chary of resorting to quotation when in difficulties. Dr. Smyth divides quoters into two categories—the timid and the people bent on showing off their culture, and is convinced that the majority of readers find quotations a bore. This month brings Miss Beatrice Harraden's account of her journey through devastated France to an end. This last instalment deals with the deportation of the French women from Lille under the German occupation—we hear the heartrending stories of this—one of the blackest of Germany's crimes—from the women sufferers themselves. Bessie Moulton's appreciation of Dr. Montessori makes one long to start one's life all over again and be a Montessori child; the writer considers Dr. Montessori's method of education as among the revolutionary forces of the present world, a mightier force than war, greater even than the awakening of labour. In *Echoes* young women contemplating a Parliamentary career are advised to begin their professional life by some training in law at one of the Inns of Court. The Short Stories, Drama, and Book Reviews maintain that high literary standard we have learned to expect from the *Englishwoman*.

## "THE WOMAN'S LEADER" IN DRAMA

### "John Ferguson" at The Lyric, Hammersmith.

THERE was a block of motor cars in the back street of Hammersmith leading to the Lyric on the first night of "John Ferguson." The policemen were quite flustered with trying to manage the kind of traffic which is expected by their colleagues of Covent Garden or Shaftesbury Avenue in the evening, but which is not expected five miles from Charing Cross. Inside, the theatre was filled with an audience which belongs to the Russian Ballet, the Opera, the Court, not to an obscure suburban theatre.

What had they come to see? Not so much a new play by St. John Ervine as the successor of "Abraham Lincoln," that extraordinary play which had taught them to go to Hammersmith in the evening. The moment the curtain went up it was clear that they had not come in vain. The mantle of Abraham had obviously descended upon John Ferguson, though what proportion of his spirit was not yet clear. There in the middle of the stage was Abraham Lincoln himself. An older Abraham it is true. The poor old man has broken up very fast. He can no longer stride up and down the room—in fact, he can hardly stand, but sits wrapped in old shawls and propped up by pillows. His hair is whitened, his face yellow. He has come down in the world too. He has exchanged the White House for a farmhouse kitchen. He reads the Bible aloud now instead of Shakespeare and Artemus Ward. But it is the same Abraham. He has the same habit of delivering a moral lecture on every occasion, the same piety, the same isolation in the midst of the people round him. It is largely, of course, Mr. Rea. His voice, the carriage of his head, his irrepressible delight in the sound of his own voice, can hardly be disguised, and are at present so inseparably bound up with Abraham Lincoln. But the play itself, though written five years ago, and not in any sense an imitation, would inevitably recall Abraham Lincoln to a London audience, even without the help of Mr. Rea. There is the same severity and simplicity, the same absence of those conventional attractions which one has been led to expect on the stage, the same pre-occupation with moral problems.

But there is one great difference between the two plays. In "Abraham Lincoln" the moral issue is clear. The play is, as one of the reviewers said at the time, "an orgy of hero-worship." "Lonely is the man that understands." But Abraham understands. And we watch him without a moral qualm as he strides his lonely, righteous, understanding way. Equally lonely, equally occupied with what is right is John Ferguson. But does he understand? If he does we do not.

The moral issue is not clear. The question is that of revenge and forgiveness. Whether one should forgive one's enemies and how often. "Until seventy times seven," answers John Ferguson. He urges the wretched Jimmy Caesar to forgive his enemy, Joe Witherow. He forgives Joe Witherow himself, when he tries to turn him out of the house in which he was born on some excuse about a mortgage; he even forgives Joe when he ravishes his only daughter. But John's strong young son and beautiful daughter do not show their father's forgiving nature and principle. The young man kills the ravisher and the daughter approves. The young man goes to give himself up to justice proud and unrepentant, and the daughter goes with him. The old man is left alone with his wife. He reads the Bible aloud: "Absalom, my son, my son."

One does not know what to make of it. Either the old man was right or his son was right, or they were both wrong; they can hardly have been both right. From the summary given above it might be gathered that the old man was right, and the tragedy lay in the loneliness of his wisdom. This is not, I think, the impression given by the whole play. The author and the actors bring so much to bear on the other side. There is the village idiot. He is one of those inspired idiots who talk about the stars and the little winds and play on the flute. A stage figure—and one who according to all stage traditions must be right. He urges Andrew to the murder; he is his only support and confidant in the dreadful fortnight which follows. Then there are the young people. Everything that the writer and actors can do to enlist our sympathies for them is done. They have on their side good looks, unselfish characters, affection for their tiresome parents, and, above all, the noble conduct of the young man in giving himself up to justice lest the repulsive and despised Jimmy Caesar should suffer in his stead.

The behaviour of the young man is indefensible. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, Da." It belongs

to the worst kind of barbarous sentiment, now described in civilised society in England, but apparently still lingering in America. It is based on the assumption that a woman's "honour" is the property of her nearest male relatives. If anything happens to it, it is their duty to avenge it by shooting the offender. It seems hard that such an attractive young man as Andrew should not only hold such theories, but live up to them and swing for them.

Perhaps Andrew and his father are both wrong. One feels this in watching the play. Both sides are fighting under the banner of dead traditions, of out-worn phrases. The real truth lies apart from either. Yet the author gives us no hint that he knows this—no glimpse of a wider view, no word which throws the thing into its real proportions. One feels that he does not know.

But he knows how to get at our feelings. In spite of the weakness of the motive, the whole effect of the play was singularly lifelike and painful. It kept the attention in a painful vice to the very end. The play is far less a one-man show than "Abraham Lincoln," and gave opportunity to several really good and still more promising young actors. Miss Moyna MacGill was excellent as Hannah; Mr. Herbert Marshall was really natural and charming as the young, silent and handsome Andrew; Mr. Kerrigan was quite convincing as Jimmy Caesar, which is a great deal to say for so difficult a part; Miss O'Neil as the mother was rather uneven. At times she appeared amazingly lifelike. She was inclined to be monotonous, though, and in the crisis in the last act almost gave up acting. Miles Malleon was rather disappointing as the lunatic. But it was a silly lunatic, anyhow. The real hero, of course, was Mr. Rea. John has added to his reputation as Abraham.

### "Candida" at the Holborn Empire.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is a singularly cheerless writer, like a crisp lettuce. One pulls off leaf after leaf, but in the centre there is nothing except leaves—a little crisper and fresher than the outside leaves—but still only leaves.

Candida has to choose between a "wretched little nervous disease" and a "pig-headed parson." She chooses the "pig-headed parson," because he is really more helpless than the "little nervous disease," and especially in this, that he doesn't know it. He gives a larger scope for her maternal instincts. The moral is that a woman's love for men is purely maternal, and that men's love for women is half selfish, half merely childish though some of them hide their selfishness and childishness under a pretence of manly protection. But one hardly notices how barren and cheerless and even false it is at the time. It is all so exquisitely funny, so clever.

"Candida," at the Holborn Empire, is, on the whole, much better acted than the "Trojan Women." Three minor, but important characters, were really good—especially Miss Pamela Page as Proserpine Garnett. She hit off the character perfectly, "dowdy and second-rate enough—with the genteel veneer over the best cockney shrewdness and humour of the true typist." Mr. Bruce Winston as Burgess was really funny—though I think he made himself up a little too generously round the middle. Mr. Hugh Bayley had an easy part as the curate—it almost acts itself—and this he let it do very well. The three main characters were less successful. Neither Miss Sybil Thorndike, nor Mr. Lewis Carson had the physique for their parts. Candida is "well-nourished, likely to become matronly later on." A certain latent stoutness is essential for anyone taking her part. This Miss Sybil Thorndike has not—and cannot get. Her Candida has no repose. She is a restless nervous woman who adds to rather than softens the high-pitched rather worrying note of the dialogue. Neither is Mr. Lewis Carson sufficiently robust. One fears that he does not win the daily battle between exhaustion and recuperation "as did the Rev. James Marsh Morrell." He is a clergyman, certainly. But his is the maturity of the "pale young curate," not of the muscular Christian. As for Eugene Marchbanks, what was Mr. Nicholas Hannen to do when told to be "so uncommon as to be almost unearthly." As for what he did do, one has seen something like it at a circus.

## NATIONAL UNION OF SOCIETIES FOR EQUAL CITIZENSHIP.

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### NEWS FROM HEADQUARTERS AND FROM OUR SOCIETIES.

#### PARLIAMENTARY DEPARTMENT.

Report of the Joint Committee of the Whitley Council on the Organisation of the Civil Service.

The Executive Committee of the N.U.S.E.C. considered at its last meeting the Report of the Joint Committee of the Whitley Council on the Organisation of the Civil Service.

It viewed with grave dissatisfaction the differential treatment of men and women in the Report, and proposed to bring what pressure it could on the National Whitley Council to amend it so as to establish equal treatment for men and women throughout the Civil Service.

The points in the Report concerning which the N.U.S.E.C. desires to protest are as follows:—

#### 1. RECRUITMENT.

The N.U.S.E.C. feels that conditions of recruitment should be exactly the same between men and women throughout the Service.

#### (a) The Writing Assistant Class.

The N.U.S.E.C. deplors the principle of keeping this lowest grade of routine work for women only. It believes that much of the work can be abolished by better office organisation, and that the remaining work should be undertaken as a training by all entrants for the Civil Service of both sexes. The simple examination it is proposed to hold as a means of admission to this Class will, in its opinion, have an injurious affect on secondary education for girls.

#### (b) The Clerical Class.

The N.U.S.E.C. protests against the separate examinations to be held at different ages for girls and boys. It feels, and in this matter is supported by the considered opinion of Secondary School Educational Associations, that an examination should be held at the same age for boys and girls, and should be the same examination.

#### (c) and (d) The Executive Class.

The N.U.S.E.C. wishes to protest most emphatically against women in these Classes being chosen by Boards of Selection. As was shown in the Royal Commission on Civil Service, 1914, and other Reports, the practice of choosing Civil Service candidates by Boards of Selection has been thoroughly discredited, and there is no reason to think that they would be more successful in the case of women than of men.

#### 2. PROMOTION.

The N.U.S.E.C. strongly objects to the proposal to have separate establishments and separate ladders of promotion for men and women. It is felt that if women come in by different means, they cannot hope to hold the same positions. Moreover, it appears an unworkable proposition to expect the Government Departments to decide by any satisfactory principle, how many posts they wish to reserve for women. In order that the best person should be chosen for any given post, the N.U.S.E.C. is of opinion that there should be no distinction on account of sex.

#### 3. PAY.

The N.U.S.E.C. protests against the fact that only in the lowest ranks of the Clerical Class is it proposed to give equal pay for equal work. The N.U.S.E.C. declares unhesitatingly in favour of equal pay throughout the Service as a matter of justice, and in order to prevent the undercutting of men by women.

#### 4. REMOVAL OF BAN ON MARRIAGE.

The N.U.S.E.C. wishes to protest against the ban on married women not having been removed. In view of the fact that the House of Commons expressed its opinion in the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Bill that a woman should not be excluded from a post on account of her marriage, the N.U.S.E.C. asks most emphatically that this ban should no longer obtain in the Civil Service.

The N.U.S.E.C. therefore calls upon the Civil Service and National Whitley Council to amend the Report in the directions indicated, not so much on account of the women concerned, as for the sake of the efficiency of the whole Service. Only by giving equal opportunities to both men and women as regards entry, promotion, and pay, is it possible for the nation to make use of the service of its best workers.

#### THE EDWARD WRIGHT AND CAVENDISH-BENTINCK LENDING LIBRARIES.

Delegates to the Council are invited to visit the Library at the Headquarters' Office on Saturday morning, March 13th, any time between 10.30 and 12.30. It is not generally known what a valuable collection of books on feminism of historic and antiquarian interest it contains. A visitor recently told Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck that many of these could not even be found in the British Museum.

Societies are reminded that there is no better way of helping all the N.U.S.E.C. stands for than by increasing the circulation of the one paper in the country which has exactly the same object and policy as our own—to promote a real equality of status, liberties and opportunities between men and women. Societies which have not yet done so are asked to appoint "Woman's Leader Correspondents" who will make it their special duty:—

- To organise the sale of the paper at meetings.
- To secure regular subscribers.
- To induce the railway bookstalls and other newsagents to sell it.
- To see that there are copies at local libraries.
- To send interesting local notes for the N.U.S.E.C. headquarters' page.

#### SPEAKERS.

"We are revising our list of speakers and should be very grateful if members would supply us with the names and addresses of people who would be qualified and willing to speak for the N.U.S.E.C. on any of the subjects included in its programme; or on the subjects interesting to our affiliated Societies and Associations, such as Citizenship, Housing, &c. Details should be given of the qualifications of the speakers and of the conditions on which they are willing to speak. We have a large and increasing demand for speakers and are specially anxious to know of some resident in Scotland, Wales, and the more distant parts of England."

#### PERSONAL.

We warmly congratulate Mrs. Game, Hon. Sec., N.U.S.E.C., on the birth of a daughter. This piece of news will specially interest many of our Societies which have had personal visits from Mrs. Game or who owe much to her helpful suggestions.

### NEWS FROM SOCIETIES.

#### SCOTTISH FEDERATION OF SOCIETIES FOR EQUAL CITIZENSHIP, PAISLEY.

A meeting held in Paisley, on March 2nd, it was decided to form a Paisley Women Citizens' Association, and to affiliate to the National Union of S.E.C.

Miss Eunice Murray gave an interesting address on "Women and Politics." The chair was taken by Mrs. Wallace, who had been an enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Asquith, and the resolution to form the society was seconded by an equally ardent local supporter of the late Coalition candidate. A committee was elected at the close of the meeting, on which Coalition, Liberal, and Labour are all represented, and the first meeting of the committee is to be held on the 12th, when further details for the working of the new society will be entered into.

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**THE DOMESTIC SERVICE PROBLEM**

There are readers who for years past have obtained domestic help through our small advertisement columns. Why? Because we can supply them with the kind of service which is so difficult to find at an ordinary Registry Office. See page 144.

**SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS and mention THE WOMAN'S LEADER when ordering goods.**

**THE ROLL OF HONOUR HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN**

**688, Harrow Road, W.10**  
IS THE  
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**FOUNDED CONTROLLED by WOMEN.**  
It is **MANAGED DOCTORED NURSED STAFFED**

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**EUROPEAN FAMINE.**  
HOW TO RESTORE PROSPERITY.  
Mass Meeting  
**QUEEN'S HALL**  
(Sole Lessees: Chappell & Co.)  
Friday next, March 19th, at 8 p.m.

**Speakers:**  
Lord PARMOOR (Chair), Lord BUCKMASTER (Engagements permitting),  
Sir GEORGE PAISH (lately returned from America),  
Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, Mr. BEN SPOOR, M.P.,  
Miss PICTON-TURBERVILL, O.B.E.

ADMISSION FREE by ticket. Reserved Seats, 5s., 2s. 6d. Unreserved seats, 1s. from Queen's Hall or Ticket Secretary, Fight the Famine Council, Premier House, Southampton Row, W.C.1.  
Telephone: Museum 4594. Doors open at 7.30

**TWO LECTURES**  
ON  
**THE ECONOMIC EFFECTS OF THE PEACE TREATY**  
By **W. E. Arnold Forster.**  
Fridays, March 19th, 26th, at 8 p.m.  
**MORTIMER HALL, MORTIMER STREET, W.**  
Tickets for each Lecture 2/-, from Organiser, Women's International League, 14, Bedford Row, W.C.1.  
TELEPHONE: HOLBORN 5498.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

**THE OUTLOOK IN JOURNALISM.**  
MADAM.—It is fortunate that my article in THE WOMAN'S LEADER of February 20th has elicited, instead of a tame "Just so," an article from Miss Stella Wolfe Murray and a letter from Miss L. Keyser Yates, both of whom have contributed information which is new and valuable. My main statement:—"The position which women occupy on the Press is doubtless a good deal better than it was five-and-twenty years ago; but it is nothing like so much better as it ought to be" is a statement which I would have gladly have seen them controvert. It does not appear to me that they succeed in so doing. They tell us what I was prepared to hear, that some (though only a few) women are occupying a more important position on the general Press than women actually did occupy a quarter of a century ago. My assertion that "The improvement of women's position on the Press is in no sort of correspondence with the improvement of women's position in public affairs and in other professions" they really do not challenge.

Miss Wolfe Murray's statement that seven women were employed as sub-editors by Reuter's for a short time during the war is a particularly cheering one. And though I am not pleased to learn that they were paid at lower rates than men for similar work and that only three have been retained since the war ended, yet I fully recognise that the experience gained by the handling of foreign news will be of lasting service to the women concerned. Miss Keyser Yates says that in the Provinces she found "many" women journalists and one chief editor, and she has noted (as I have also) that most of the big London dailies have at least one woman journalist in their employment and probably in most cases on their salaried staff. To Parliamentary Committee reporting I had myself already drawn attention—the more inevitably, as, if I may say so, my own finger was humbly instrumental in pressing a button which put certain machinery in motion. To be accurate, I pressed two buttons—the first that of a professional society (not, let me assure Miss Wolfe Murray, the Society of Women Journalists) did not work; but the second communicated with the London Society for Women's Service and Miss Strachey who put the affair through with magnificent zeal.

The question at issue, Madam, between your correspondents and me is whether during the quarter-century the progress made by women in the journalistic profession is, compared with the progress made in other professions by women of similar education, such as should satisfy us. If we compare the progress made by women in journalism with the progress made by women in the law, no doubt it should satisfy us amply. But if we compare it with women's progress in teaching or in medicine or in Government departments and the administrative work of public bodies and large societies, it appears to me to be less both numerically and in quality or status.

The chief point of complaint and difficulty is that there are relatively few women on the salaried staff of newspapers. Miss Wolfe Murray herself tells us she is now no longer a salaried worker but is paid "on space," that is by the piece. She says she likes "free lance" work better than staff work and finds it more remunerative. But when the members of a profession look at their affairs from a general point of view they commonly find that it is more to their interest to be paid by salary, whether wholly or in part. The regularly engaged salaried worker suffers less from anxiety, and occupies a more assured economic position than the piece worker. He or she must receive reasonable notice before dismissal and after long service may have a claim to a pension. But the most important point is that collective action can far more easily be based on rates of salary than on piece rates. Accordingly, two of the largest societies of journalists, in framing their demands for higher payments to meet the higher cost of living, take their stand on certain salary minima for which their members are expected to contend. The employer cannot easily dispense with the services of the reliable salaried worker who can be told to do what is wanted each day; but he can do without casual articles and paragraphs if the "free lance" appears to ask a high price for them. It is said, though I do not know how accurately, that there is a tendency at present to put women on space work for the very reason that they cannot then so easily join the salaried men in their demand for higher minimum rates. If this is true, it certainly tends to show that the progress which women have made on the Press so far as general status is concerned has not been so rapid as in some of the other callings I have mentioned.

Looking at the matter simply from the money point of view, neither a high nor low income is any novelty to the woman journalist. My memory unhappily can go further back than that of either of your two correspondents; and in doing so it recalls several instances of women who early in the 'nineties were making handsome incomes by newspaper writing which was clever and good of its kind, though the kind may not have been a high one. Smartly worded eulogies of showy clothes from showy shops on showy people brought in plenty of gold—real gold which bought masses of things as we should think now. And for the unscrupulous (of whom, I trust, there were not many) it also brought the power to obtain a good many things for no other payment than print and paper—a less esteemed form of a currency in those days. Those newspaper years were not leaner years for women than the present. Probably the affluence (for the few who were affluent) was greater.

One does not expect to find much affluence among the workers in any profession just now. But what one does expect is that women, having now obtained a measure of political power, should take a fuller share in a profession which is so intimately associated as journalism is, with legislation on the one side and the everyday life and thought of the people on the other. It is not proved to me that they are taking this fuller share yet; but I confidently hope they will obtain it before we have lived far into the 'twenties.

**THE POSITION OF MARRIED WOMEN IN SPAIN.**  
MADAM.—Having grave doubts as to the accuracy of the statement in THE WOMAN'S LEADER of February 20th, that a special Spanish law gives husbands the right to beat their wives, and that in cases of separation a husband continues to administer his wife's estate, I submitted the paragraph to a Spanish lawyer. I have now received his answer, and with your permission will translate it for the benefit of your readers. He says briefly: "A Spanish wife is better protected than an English one. Not only a husband may not strike his wife, but to do so, or persist in abusive language is a penal offence, and a cause for separation. In cases of separation there is also separation of property, and within marriage a husband is not given a free hand in the administration of the wife's property."  
LEONORA DE ALBERTI, Editor *Catholic Citizen*.

[The Goosegirl will be glad to learn that the cold comfort she offered to unfortunate "chattels" was merely a myth.—Ed. W.L.]

**RE THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.**  
MADAM.—As one who joined the League of Nations Union in its early days I shall be glad of some indication from those at the head of the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship and of the League of Nations Union itself, as to what they think the rank and file should do—in the immediate moment.

There is much to be said for women's societies taking up a militant attitude on behalf of the League of Nations; for my local branch of the League of Nations Union has held just one meeting which consisted of a loud sounding of trumpets followed by profound silence.

But if the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship takes up the question—what are we going to do? Support of the League of Nations has already been affirmed at one of our General Councils, has it not? To merely affirm the principle leaves it as a castle in the air, and that is not enough—now.

I submit that what is needed is for us to obtain some clear view as to what is the most vital next step to be taken. Is it the establishing of an International Court of Justice? or the Government of the Dardanelles and Gallipoli by the League? or is it something quite different, such as the ousting of the Turk from Constantinople? or inviting Germany and Russia to send representatives to the Council of the League of Nations? So far as I can see an International Court of Justice is not a vital necessity immediately, because under Articles XII, XIII, XV, of the Covenant any immediate needs seem provided for, if there should arise a dispute likely to lead to rupture. To settle the fate of the Dardanelles and Gallipoli and Constantinople seems the most urgent first step. Is it best to leave this to the Peace Conference whose decision may be amended later by the Assembly of the League under Article XIX? or ought we to be discussing the question with a view to a decision, and follow up our decision, when reached, by bringing pressure through Parliament on the Council of the League on the Peace Conference? or through Parliament directly on the Peace Conference? or ought we let the decision wait and concentrate our energy on clamouring for the immediate calling together of the Assembly of the League, and insist on that body settling the point and dictating to the Peace Conference?

Unless we can agree as to what is the next step to take we cannot possibly bring effective pressure. We must first decide what step we want taken, and then how to bring the effective pressure—just as we did in "Suffrage Days."

**FIGHT THE FAMINE COUNCIL.**  
MADAM.—Following on the very interesting article in THE WOMAN'S LEADER, dealing with women and internationalism, will you allow us very briefly to draw the attention of your readers to the meeting at the Queen's Hall which the Fight the Famine Council is holding on March 19th, at 8 p.m.

The meeting comes at a specially suitable moment in view of the statement lately made in the press that "the Allied representatives, as economists, have realised that the world can no longer pay the price entailed by the enforcement of the decisions of the Allied representatives as politicians." Famine has focussed the attention of the whole world on economic conditions, and on these highly difficult problems, the people in each country will be called to give judgment. Though the famine is the most pressing question of the moment, there is none on which it has been more difficult to procure information as to the real facts of the situation or to obtain definite statements as to a policy for remedying it.

Since its formation the Fight the Famine Council has pressed for the definition of such a policy, whether official or non-official. With this end in view it called an International Economic Conference in November, in the hope that an agreement might be reached on certain points, especially in relation to the provision of credits, the international distribution of coal and raw material in which there is world shortage, peace with Russia, and the revision of the peace terms.

The Manifesto of the Supreme Council gives hope of practical solutions in many directions and of co-operation on a wide scale, but it still remains necessary to lay out the road and generate the force that will secure the support of the nations.

It is in order to stimulate support for the remedial measures advocated by the Fight the Famine Council for many months that the Queen's Hall meeting is being held on March 19th. May we press on all who feel the suffering abroad and realise the prospect of further suffering in the future to come to the meeting and support it in every possible way?

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CLUBS AND SOCIETIES.

THE PIONEER CLUB.

The Pioneer Club in keeping up its reputation for the variety and interest of its Thursday evenings. The Debates, first started in October, 1892, have gone on without a break during the twenty-eight years of its life, and much that is now a *fait accompli*, and many measures for the improvement of women's conditions were discussed in those early days. The Enfranchisement of Women was always keenly upheld, and despite its avowed opponents, the Debates' Committee could tell many a tale of the difficulties in later days of finding strong and convinced opposers. Many honoured names in politics, art, and literature as well as in Social life, are printed on those early programmes, and the subjects down for discussion show that the Club deserved its name of Pioneer.

The last three subjects in the present session on March 11th, 18th, and 21st carry the names of Mrs. E. M. Field, Mr. Cecil Sharp, and Mrs. Baillie Reynolds as their speakers—viz: “That popular superstitions are not negligible”; Debate, opened by Mrs. E. M. Field, “English Folk Songs, collected in the Southern Appalachians”; Musical Lecture by Mr. Cecil Sharp, illustrated by Miss Maud Karpelis; and “that the modern mind is incoherent, and futile, owing to the lack of a sense of proportion,” opened by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, and opposed by Miss Roberta Rees.

THE COMING MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

The Sutton (Surrey) Women's Local Government and Citizen Association were fortunate in having as speaker at their last monthly meeting (February 27th), Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon, President of the Women Citizens' Association. Her clear, vigorous, and instructive lecture on the above subject was listened to with deep interest by a large and representative gathering of women. Especially striking was her assertion that women are wanted on public bodies, not simply to serve the interests of women and children, but to give the *woman's point of view* on all subjects affecting the community. For this reason there should be several women on every Municipal or District Council; one is not enough to work on the various committees dealing with different subjects. Speaking of parties, Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon said that women must do their *individual* public work in connection with parties; but that the Citizen Association itself should always be *non-party*, and therefore should refrain, as an Association, from running a particular candidate.

Among measures shortly to come before Parliament which Citizen Associations can usefully press on the notice of their Member the following were instanced:—Pensions for Widows, the Bastardy Bill, and Acts raising the Moral Standard.

But when an Act is passed it depends for its effectiveness on the vigour with which it is locally administered. At the present time Citizen Associations should make use of their powers to encourage and guide the administration of the Housing Act, Infant Welfare, and other sections of the Health Act. Also it is very necessary to prepare for the working of the new Education Act, especially in connection with the new provisions for physical and cultural development coming into force next year. Our efforts must be directed to the encouragement of *voluntary* workers in these fields as well as to the stimulation of official authorities.

The study of finance and economics must not be neglected by women citizens. Also *civics classes* in schools are most valuable for the gradual training of young minds to a sense of citizenship.

The vote of thanks passed to the lecturer expressed a very real appreciation of her able and inspiring address on the part of all present, which will doubtless bear fruit in due time.

*Correction.*—In the report of the activities of the Glasgow Society for Equal Citizenship, concerning the Society's work on the Spring Register of Voters, “inquiring if” should read “intimating if,” the Society itself having made all the preliminary inquiries.

COMING EVENTS.

CAMBRIDGE ASSOCIATION FOR THE POLITICAL EQUALITY OF WOMEN.

MARCH 13.  
In St. Andrew's Hall, Annual General Meeting. 3 p.m.  
Business Meeting for Members.  
Public Meeting.  
Speaker: Miss E. Macadam (Acting Hon. Sec., N.U.S.E.C.)  
Subject: “Widows' Pensions.”  
Chair: Mrs. Bethune-Baker, P.L.G. 5 p.m.

PADDINGTON WOMEN CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION.

MARCH 13.  
In the Guardians' Hall, 3, Woodfield Road, Harrow Road.  
Speaker: Capt. G. E. Warburg, O.B.E., M.A., L.C.C.  
Subject: “Public Health as Cared for by Public Bodies.”  
Chair: Miss Marsters A.R.San.I. 8 p.m.  
Admission Free.

CHESTER WOMEN CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION.

MARCH 19.  
In the Town Hall, Chester.  
Speaker: Miss H. M. Cowlin (Director, Liverpool and District Training School for Women Police).  
Subject: “Police Women.” 7.30 p.m.

BRITISH WOMEN'S PATRIOTIC LEAGUE.

MARCH 15.  
In Room 1, Caxton Hall, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.  
Subject: “Thrift and Patriotism.”  
Speaker: Lady Nott Bower.  
Chair: Sir Henry Stone, C.I.E. 3 p.m.

WOMEN'S INDUSTRIAL LEAGUE.

MARCH 15.  
In Conference Hall, Central Buildings, Westminster.  
Speaker: Miss Varley (Organiser, Workers' Union).  
Subject: “The Organisation of Domestic Workers.”  
Chair: Miss Key Jones. 8 p.m.

GUILD OF EDUCATION AS NATIONAL SERVICE.

MARCH 16.  
At 11, Tavistock Square.  
Subject: “The Work of our Continuation School.”  
Speaker: Miss Heaton (Educational Supervisor, Messrs. Harrods, Ltd.), followed by questions and discussions. Admission free. Collection. 5.15 p.m.

WOMEN'S FREEDOM LEAGUE.

MARCH 17.  
At the Minerva Café, 144, High Holborn, W.C. 1.  
Speaker: Mrs. Earengy.  
Subject: “Housing—Woman's Point of View.”  
Chair: Mrs. E. M. N. Clark. 3 p.m.

MARCH 19.  
Speaker: Miss Rebecca West.  
Subject: “Women and Crime.”  
Chair: Miss Anna Munro. 7 p.m.

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S FRANCHISE CLUB.

MARCH 17.  
At 9, Grafton Street, Piccadilly, W. 1.  
Subject: “Nationalism versus Internationalism.”  
Lecturer from the National Party.  
Chair: Miss C. Woolner. 8.15 p.m.

THE WOMEN'S LOCAL GOVERNMENT SOCIETY.


MARCH 18.  
At the Morley Hall, 26, George Street, Hanover Square.  
At Home, to meet the new President, Hon. Officers, and Council.  
Interval for greeting to the Lady Buckmaster, followed by short speeches.  
Speakers: Mrs. Henry Fawcett, L.L.D., Miss Kilgour, M.A., Mrs. Ross, 3 to 5.30.  
B.A.  
Tea from 4.15 (9d).  
Invitations to be obtained from the offices of the W.L.G.S., 19, Tothill Street, S.W.1.

FIGHT THE FAMINE COUNCIL.

MARCH 19.  
At Queen's Hall, Langham Place.  
Great Public Meeting.  
Speakers: Lord Buckmaster (E.P.), Sir George Paish, Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P., Mr. Ben Spoor, M.P., Miss Picton-Turbervill, O.B.E.  
Chair: Lord Parmoor.  
Tickets: 5s. and 2s. 6d. (Reserved), 1s. (unreserved). Admission free by ticket from Ticket Secretary, Fight the Famine Council, Premier House, Southampton Row, W.C.1., or Queen's Hall. Doors open 7.30 8 p.m.

WANTED! A WOMAN.

“I could do it myself if I had time,” I murmured discontentedly. Four firms had given me the same answer. “We are very sorry, Madam, but we cannot undertake any more orders for some months.” I wanted my bedroom walls re-coloured, the chair covers and curtains were disgraceful and I felt a little doubtful of the colour scheme I had in mind. I had always thought how nice it would be if some of the doors could “slide” instead of “open”! I turned with a sigh to my letters. The wrapper of THE WOMAN'S LEADER caught my eye. I tore it open, scanned the advertisements and there was the very thing! (Advt.)

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