

THE  
WOMAN'S LEADER

IN POLITICS

IN THE HOME

IN INDUSTRY

IN LITERATURE AND ART

IN LOCAL GOVERNMENT

IN THE PROFESSIONS

AND

THE COMMON CAUSE

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# THE WOMAN'S LEADER

AND  
COMMON CAUSE.

**POLICY**—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 will offer 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.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

### America Once More.

It seems to be no use trying to get to the bottom of American politics. The Suffrage victory, which we have already announced three times in these columns, is still uncertain, that is to say, technically uncertain. We feel no doubt whatever that it is morally safe, but the path is still full of "snags." It appears that the Connecticut Legislature, which ratified the Suffrage Amendment on September 14th, did so illegally. The Governor had convened it for one purpose only, namely, for providing electoral machinery for "all qualified persons," and the too hasty legislators swept passed this restriction and proceeded to define qualified persons. Their ratification is therefore invalid. The legislature has been summoned again to consider the ratification properly, and we presume it will stick to its first opinion. But presumptions are evidently unsafe in this matter. Meanwhile, the Tennessee appeal is still pending, and the anti-suffragists are bringing other actions against the validity of the ratifications in West Virginia, Missouri, and other States. If Connecticut does not re-ratify, or if these actions are pursued in spite of it, the Supreme Court will have to meet at an earlier date to settle the matter before the elections. Nothing however can make us believe that all these tricks will succeed. Votes for all American women have been formally proclaimed by the Secretary of State, and to go back on it now would be a public disgrace to the American system of State and Federal Government. It is curious enough to have all these State Legislatures changing their minds and acting illegally; to have this reflected in Federal matters really would be discreditable, and we are confident that the good sense and good judgment of the American people will not allow it to take place.

### Ireland.

The troubled condition of Ireland is getting worse so rapidly that it is almost impossible to see any hope for the future. We publish this week two contrasted views which have reached us by the same post from Dublin. The one gives a glimpse of the deep unrest and its miserable consequences; the other a picture of the unconcerned life which inevitably goes on in the midst of the trouble. The pictures are contrasted, but not contradictory. In all but the final stages of revolution and revolt, ordinary life must pursue its ordinary way; it is not until the final stages that civil strife is universal, and disorder is everywhere, but from the increasing reports of reprisals and bloodshed it looks as if the final stages were now drawing appreciably nearer. Surely the policy of severity has proved disastrous enough, and the time has come for reconciliation? We cannot see any hope save in a wholesale change of method.

### The Coal Armistice.

The relief of the whole country at the delay of the coal strike and the resumption of negotiations was profound, and the progress of the discussion up-to-date gives reason for still further satisfaction. Not that agreement has been reached, or even foreshadowed; it may be that we shall have the strike after all, and fight it out in the bad old way. But, at any rate, the thing

will be thrashed out first, and the public will know what is the trouble. And, moreover, it will be an industrial fight, turning upon the question of a rise in wages, and not a political affair, if it comes now. And as such we can more easily see our way through it. The miners have certainly gained enormously in public esteem through their action, and even the Government has, for once, not come off so badly. The remaining difficulty seems to be the question of output, which has managed to become a bugbear to Labour and an obsession to employers. To the uninitiated female it seems a pity that this should be so. Surely if it were only properly arranged increased output would benefit everybody all round, even including the forgotten consumer. What the world is waiting for is increased production; we wish there seemed more chance of a start being made.

### The Two-Shift System.

At the end of last session the Bill forbidding the employment of women and children at night and forbidding also their employment on the two-shift system got into difficulties, and its final stages were deferred until the autumn. In the interval a Committee has been appointed to take evidence and investigate the working of the two-shift system for women, and its conclusions are awaited with great interest. The evidence that is being brought before it is of a very interesting character. The National Federation of Women Workers maintains, with great emphasis, that working women themselves do not desire the two-shift system. In view of this assertion, the referendum taken by Messrs. Abraham Lyle (golden syrup manufacturers), of their workwomen is interesting. They were asked whether they would prefer a two shift system, and the one proposed was considerably more arduous than some of those suggested in the Bill. The suggestion put before them was that they should work one week from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m., with half-an-hour off for breakfast, and the next week from 2 p.m. till 10 p.m., with half-an-hour off for tea (except Saturday, which would be a whole day off this shift), the time and piece-work rates being so adjusted that the same money would be earned as during the present week of forty-seven hours. Every woman in the factory voted. 472 were in favour of the two-shift system and 61 against. If this is at all a typical decision, the claim of the National Federation of Women Workers to speak for women workers seems to be altogether unfounded.

### Women in Industry.

Interesting recommendations should result from the Adolescence Inquiry of the National Birthrate Commission. The Bishop of Birmingham is to be president of the inquiry, and a number of well-known social workers have been invited to take part. The "development of young citizens for worthy parenthood" is a wide subject, and the questions raised will be interesting in the extreme and probably of a highly controversial nature. The influence of various industrial occupations on fertility and parenthood will be discussed, as well as the result on the welfare of the race of the modern "masculine outlook of women." The employment of women in industry, and particularly of nursing

and expectant mothers is "a matter of vital concern to the nation, and deserves much more serious attention than it has yet received," and this as well as the provision of sex instruction and the setting before the growing generation of "worthy ideals of citizenship," are among the subjects to be discussed. Conferences of this sort are important and useful; but we must not forget that we want other things besides talk on these questions. The problems of women's employment, for example, have got to be worked out in practice, as well as in theory, and even nursing and expectant mothers have got to live.

### Fares.

The increased fares charged by the London Tube and omnibus companies are, no doubt, justified by the higher cost of maintaining the services. But one may doubt whether they will increase revenue as much as is expected. The institution of cheap omnibus fares in the middle of the day, though a retaliatory measure against the tramways, (which by the same device have attracted to themselves most of the long-distance traffic on routes served by both vehicles) coming as it does almost simultaneously with the rise in ordinary fares, will furnish useful evidence on the vexed point of the superior advantages of encouraging the public to travel or discouraging them by high fares. There are obvious merits in a plan which tends to equalise traffic at all hours of the day, for the provision of extra vehicles during rush hours is strictly limited by the necessity of getting the vehicles back to their starting point at times when passengers are few. The problem of "rush" or "peak" periods is to a certain extent new. Before the eight-hour day became common, the industrial population for the most part travelled at hours when the office population was still in bed or still at work. Now they start their day later, and the office workers end it earlier, and the shoppers, deprived of domestic help, stay at home for the mid-day meal, and are not ready to return till the trains and omnibuses are full. The increase in fares and the inconvenience of the three-halfpenny minimum will not leave the travelling public unmoved. They will either walk much more than has been their custom, or they will travel at cheap hours if these are available, or they will stay at home. If the trams and omnibuses can persuade them to travel at the more convenient season, one may hope that the railways will follow suit, though no British board of directors is likely to face facts as boldly as the Luxemburg steam tram owners who charged a hundred centimes for the journey up-hill and only fifty down.

### Mrs. Partington's Party at Cambridge.

Mrs. Partington's party at Cambridge are still busy with their mops, trying to mop up the tide which will flow in. Unable as they have been in the past to prevent women from studying at Cambridge, from passing the Honours examinations, and from enriching the life of the nation by their knowledge and highly skilled work; unable, even, to prevent women from obtaining the University vote for Parliament, they still strive desperately to prevent women from becoming members of the University on an equal footing with themselves. They have recently sent out a fly-sheet to members of the Senate imploring them to express their "general sympathy" with their own ideas and to pledge themselves, if possible, to vote against "Report A." which would admit women to degrees and membership. This fly-sheet is in the nature of things not a powerful production. The truth is that our opponents have no case, and consequently little to say. If the existence of women students at Cambridge were something unknown and untried, then, indeed, it might have been possible for hostile men to trot forth a procession of imaginary bogeys. But a nightmare devised in daylight frightens nobody. People look about them and see that the nightmare is untrue. Similarly, when our Cambridge monopolists write as though, if women could become members of the Cambridge Senate after they had taken their degree, the life of the young men who have not yet taken degrees would be utterly ruined, they write that which every thinking person must see to be preposterous.

### The Sheltered Life.

For about fifty years young women have studied at Cambridge. Men who are fathers and grandfathers have been at the University with women students. It is no new thing, no untried danger. But the authors of this fly-sheet write as though it were. They point out that "An element of University life, which has been of great value in the past, is the association of men with men in work, sport, and social life. For the half of the year which is spent at Cambridge, men can make the most of a strong corporate life uncomplicated by the admixture of the other sex." These statements refer presumably to undergraduates only, the

majority of whom are unmarried. But how will the admission of women to degrees and subsequently to academic rights alter the position of men undergraduates from what it now is? It may slightly alter the conditions of academic life for the resident graduate who would occasionally meet women on boards and syndicates as well as in the Senate House; but the resident graduate is a mature person and generally married. He does not profess to be wholly contented with the "strong corporate life, uncomplicated," &c.

### The Undergraduate as a Screen.

If we look further into this argument, we shall perceive that those resident graduates who are fighting against women have pushed the undergraduate to the front to act as a screen. Their concern that the undergraduate shall see nothing of women students is obviously fictitious. Some undergraduates meet women students in debating societies and social clubs; and many probably never meet them at all; but the fact that women, already in Cambridge, may eventually take a degree, can hardly multiply the present chances of association. No: the question is not intrinsically an undergraduates' question. It is an economic question and, in a sense, a political question. The opposition springs from an unwillingness on the part of certain university teachers and officials to "dilute" their advantages by sharing them with others. The motive is natural enough, and prevails throughout the whole animal world. When exposed in the nude the motive is seldom admired. Hence the monopolist drapes his motive as skilfully as may be, saying it is not for his own hand he fights, but for the welfare of others. On this occasion the University monopolist would have us believe that he thinks mainly of the poor, helpless undergraduate and a good deal of the misguided woman student, but of himself—oh! not at all.

### Housing Progress.

The Ministry of Health issued its first annual report last week and much of the space is, as is natural, devoted to housing. The information, however, besides being very belated, is not very encouraging. It ends with last March, when, out of the 1,865 local authorities, 1,553 had taken steps towards carrying out some housing scheme, but of that number only 370 had commenced building, or work preparatory to building. The 100,000 houses which, in April, Dr. Addison, with his vivid imagination, saw completed by the autumn, have not materialised, and since a conservative estimate last spring of the number of working houses necessary was, roughly, 600,000, and since it is calculated that, to cope with the growth of population and the natural wear and tear in normal years, 100,000 new houses are required annually, it does not look as if we should ever catch up, unless the Government alters its policy very considerably. The Ministry plaintively acknowledges that "notwithstanding all efforts, it must be admitted that the progress during the year in the actual production of houses was by no means as rapid as could be hoped." But the report is not lacking in excuses and reasons for the delay; the high cost of materials, difficulties connected with finance, and, as usual, labour. The first excuse leaves us singularly unmoved; it is the Government's business to check the power of rings and trusts to raise the prices of building materials, and it does nothing at all effective in the matter. As for the labour difficulty, it does not seem possible, weighing facts against facts, that, two years after the armistice, there should still be hundreds of entirely untrained ex-service men unemployed and, at the same time, a lack of skilled labour in the building trades, coupled with an acute shortage of housing accommodation all over the country. Whatever the difficulties, it ought surely not to be the case that in two years our Government has reached no solution of this problem, that, on the face of it, shows no insuperable obstacle. The financial difficulty is much greater, and we cannot here go into the vexed question of "economic rents," or subsidies, and the increasing burden of rates, which, hand in hand with other forms of taxation, are piling up an almost unbearable burden for the professional and salaried classes, who, with the monthly rise in the cost of living, are obliged to lower their standard of living, and who, although they have not yet been roused into action from their accustomed apathy, are surely being ground between the upper and lower millstone. Still, houses the people must have, and it is up to the Government to find a solution.

### To Obey.

The vow of obedience is from henceforth to be omitted from the Nonconformist Marriage Service. We need not therefore expect to see an increase of domestic discord. Those women who for the last sixty or seventy years have refused to take



the vow of obedience and thus formally abdicate a position of moral responsibility which was undoubtedly theirs, have, many of them, been remarkable for conformity with their husbands' wishes on all points where their consciences left them free. It is time that both Church and State should revise their formulae in recognition of the fact that marriage as a civil contract is a bargain between two equals, neither of whom is "given" by a third person, and that as a sacrament it is also an exchange of promises between equals.

#### New Zealand Marriage Laws.

A Select Committee of the Legislative Committee of New Zealand has lately recommended an amendment to the marriage laws making it a penal offence for anyone to declare that "persons lawfully married are not truly and sufficiently married." This is the result of the recent statement made by the Protestant Churches that the Roman Catholics have questioned the validity of marriages which have not been contracted according to Roman Catholic doctrine. The proposed amendment is, naturally, being fought tooth and nail by the Catholics, who say that if the law is passed, New Zealand will be the first country in the Empire to penalize a religious doctrine, and that they will resist and defy the law and suffer imprisonment rather than pay fines. Are we retrogressing, that we allow ourselves to enter once more into the period of sectarian disputes?

#### Free Secondary Education.

The Durham County Education Committee has decided to free secondary education in its own schools, the pupils being admitted on an entrance examination. The *Journal of Education* points out that such admission should be conditional on an undertaking to remain at school till the age of sixteen. This is a point that has generally been overlooked; the secondary schools, if they are filled with children who will leave at the earliest possible age, will abdicate a great part of their usefulness, they will neither furnish a complete secondary education themselves nor exert an influence upon the private schools which tends to keep up the general standard. Undertakings to remain at school are not easy to enforce, and where the pupil is no longer in extreme youth it would often be unfair to parents to fine them for their child's repudiation of a promise made on his behalf. This is the rock on which articles of apprenticeship so often come to grief. We look forward with interest to the detailed proposals which the *Journal* will, no doubt, expound in due course.

#### Clearing a Court.

During the hearing of an assault case at Newport, Isle of Wight, the presiding magistrate, in spite of the protest of one of his colleagues, ordered the Court to be cleared of women and children, and refused to make an exception in favour of Mrs. Fraser and Mrs. Tilley, representatives of the Preventive and Rescue Society. It is right and reasonable that in cases of this kind the Court should be cleared of persons of both sexes whose presence is due merely to idle curiosity, but justice and seemliness demand that among those who remain there should be some women. The conduct of trials in open court is a safeguard of our criminal administration, and when it is curtailed this should be done with impartiality. We have only to reverse the circumstances, and imagine an innocent man arraigned before a court consisting of women, on a charge of assaulting a child, to realise the appalling injustice of this trial at Newport, where the counsel defending the guilty man was able, by application to the Bench, to shield his client from the shame he deserved and to subject the injured child to her ordeal, unsupported by women who were concerned to lighten it for her as much as might be. The man, found guilty and sentenced to two months hard labour, was appealed for by his counsel on the score that such a sentence would disqualify him for his pension. The mayor, in remitting the hard labour, remarked that they did not "want the man to lose his pension." Why not?

#### Key-Money Again.

We are glad to note that magistrates are imposing adequate fines in cases where landlords have exacted premiums or key-money in defiance of the Rent Restrictions (Removal) Act. At Forest Gate, a landlady has been fined £25 and compelled to pay three guineas costs and to refund the sum unjustly asked in excess of the rent legally chargeable to an incoming tenant. These exactions are not always easy to prove, and if secured by the landlord add very materially to his profits; small fines are not likely to prevent breaches of the law, especially in poor districts, where key-money has long been a crying evil.

## NEWS FROM WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.

In the ranks of the Coalition, as in those of Labour and the Independent Liberals, not many new men have come into prominence. The most powerful body outside the Government remains the small group who sit below the gangway, to which Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. Edward Wood, and Lord Winterton belong; most of them old Parliamentarians, they know the importance of acting together and supporting each other, and on numerous occasions they have changed the course of debate. They have shown initiative and independence, both of mind and of action. But nearly all of them won their positions in previous Parliaments. The only new member, Sir Philip Lloyd Greame, made his mark at once, and his promotion to the Front Bench was a certainty. The group has had infinitely more weight than the more numerous and much advertised Centre Party, who have little or no influence. They are not happy in their spokesman, Sir Ernest Wild, who possesses too florid a style to suit the taste of an assembly which, though tolerant, is extraordinarily critical of excess in a certain direction. Moreover, they will not count for much until they have learnt the lesson that a Parliamentary group must consist of debaters as well as of voters. The old Fourth Party, which only reckoned four votes in the Lobby, is a proof of this, if proof were needed.

Captain Elliott and Captain Cooze are interesting figures. Both of them, but especially the last named, speak for the youngest of those generations who fought in the war. They are often seen acting together, and their speeches, whether you agree with them or not, always stimulate thought. They are on the flank of the Party, loosely attached, and the gap between them and the older Conservatives is indeed a wide one. In the debate on the Home Rule Bill they showed, perhaps more than anyone in the House, that they had recognised the full implications of a Dominion Settlement. Their proposal to give to Northern and Southern Ireland control of the armed forces of the Crown will not appear so extravagant to future generations as it did to an astounded and incredulous House. Captain Elliott possesses, too, a delightful and delicate humour, most agreeable of all gifts. His banter of the Labour Party in the debate on their Women's Enfranchisement Bill will not readily be forgotten.

Mr. Alexander Shaw, an old member, has greatly added to his repute. Possibly his best speech was made on Major Hill's motion on Equal Pay in the Civil Service. Mr. Inskip, a new member, a clear-headed lawyer with a capacity for patient exposition, possesses some of the qualities which brought Lord Cave to the front in 1906. But, altogether, an observer, looking round the House, is struck by the absence of new talent. Where are those who will fill the places of Lord Robert and Lord Hugh Cecil, of Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Devlin? They are not visible at present.

The same criticism applies to the lesser men in the Government. That Government remains supreme because of the existence of three men—the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Bonar Law. Mr. Churchill has never, in all his notable career, been so pre-eminent as now. No one is more detested by the Labour Party; no one would they more gladly destroy; against no one do they think they have so good a case; and yet no one are they more reluctant to attack. In their Press and at party meetings, where they have things all their own way, yes; but in Parliament where Mr. Churchill can answer and overwhelm them, no. Mr. Bonar Law, differently endowed, is in his way remarkable. No one, since Sir Robert Peel, has had such a hold over the House of Commons.

But the Government depends on these three alone. Besides them, except for Sir Robert Horne and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, there are none of first rank, and there are many who can only be classed a very bad second. They count for nothing in the House, which regards them with a good natured tolerance which is more than half contempt. They are placemen, chosen certainly not for their influence in the House, and apparently not for their aptitude for affairs, but on personal grounds. Mr. Lloyd George, with all his great qualities, which have assuredly not been under-estimated in these Notes, seems to have a weakness for using men and methods of which the most charitable thing to say is that they are not first-rate. This side of the present Government, disagreeable though it is, should not be passed over; it is its great weakness, which will ultimately cause its fall, as all personal Governments fall. But this is too big a subject to start at the end of an article.

## THE DRINK PROBLEM.

The forthcoming referendum which will take place over most of Scotland on November 2nd under the Act of 1913, is leading to a great deal of thought and discussion on the question of Drink. We have recently dealt with some aspects of this problem in our controversial columns, but it is impossible not to treat it again, since it is not only a burning controversial question, but also a fundamental social problem.

Whatever we may think the causes, and whatever we may believe the remedy, no one who observes the living conditions of the people of Great Britain can fail to see that Liquor is one of the outstanding difficulties of our social system.

While there is so much drinking and drunkenness as there now is, there will be as much illness and disease. While so much money is spent on alcohol, prosperity will still be far away; and while public-houses remain the sordid and evil influences that they are at present, education and real progress can move but slowly. It is, of course, true that drink and all other social evils are bound up together, being mutually cause and effect. Poverty leads to drink, and drink to poverty; bad houses drive women to drink and drink makes women neglect their houses; illness leads to drink as a comfort, and drink brings illness as a consequence. And the vicious circle gets more vicious at every turn. Nevertheless, while all this is evident, and while it is true that the reform of one side of the problem cannot be carried on alone, it is still perfectly clear that the drink problem is not just a consequence of all the other problems, but is an evil of its own, requiring separate treatment. And if in modifying the drink difficulty we at the same time take a step along the road of other social reform, so much the better.

There are several directions in which drink reform is attempted in different parts of the world. Prohibition, nationalisation, or improvement in the condition of private trade, are the leading proposed remedies, and the opinions of women as well as of men are sharply divided between them. We do not, in this paper, hold a brief for any one of the three, but we do emphatically maintain that some remedy or other ought to be applied to this degraded and degrading malady.

It is generally believed that women support Prohibition. In every country where the struggle for their enfranchisement has had any prolonged difficulty, the "liquor interest" has been found pulling on the other side. In this country notable examples of combined anti-suffrage and pro-trade activity can be thought of, and in the United States the situation has been even more undisguisedly clear. It is, of course, true that women form the bulk of temperance societies of all sorts, and that they form a very large proportion among Prohibition enthusiasts, but it is nevertheless an open question whether they do really stand for Prohibition as a solid whole. The recent experiments in the United States preceded the granting of Woman Suffrage in many States, and were obviously supported by the bulk of the men as well as the women throughout the country. Whether the maintenance of the law has become a sex question since then we do not know, but the fact that the trade fought tooth and nail against the Federal Suffrage Amendment is a proof only that they think so, and not that it is; for indeed the trade is often wrong. But however it may be about Prohibition, it is certainly true, not only in America and here, but all over the world, that women do care more seriously about the drink problem than men do. They care because it is the sort of problem that they understand; they can turn it at once into terms of human suffering and human weakness, and they can see its evils plainly. They can watch—every one of them—its actual effects upon individuals they know, and they can observe for themselves its bearing upon the children they see around them. And all this is concrete and obvious—abominably concrete and distressingly

obvious—so that it seems not politics but life. And women are concerned with life, with the creating of it, the preserving of it, and the care of it.

It is a bad practice to generalise about men and women. There is no particular interest in it, and it provides an unending field for error. If women care more about the drink difficulty than men do, as we believe is the case, we ought to be able to chronicle and note this fact without running off into generalisations about men and women. Nevertheless, we do believe that there must be some kind of a cause for the phenomenon, and some kind of an explanation of it. It may be, as some think, that the statistics of drunkards and criminals, which show so overwhelmingly preponderating a male tendency, go to prove nothing about men and women but their different habits and opportunities. It may be that the temperance reforming zeal of so many women proves nothing more. But, for our part, we believe that it proves other things, too, and that it is natural for women to attach importance to questions of this sort, and to care less for property, and even for individual liberty than for decency and an orderly life. We think, therefore, that in the main the general impression that Woman Suffrage will hasten drink reform is a true one; and being, as we are, advocates of such reform, we rejoice in the fact. For, indeed, our drinking habits need reforming, and this, the root trouble of all our social evils, needs to be healed.

Whether or not the reform that will work best will be Prohibition we are not prepared to say. Pussyfoot and his laws are much advertised and much abused. There is an extreme and sweeping character about this solution which is uncongenial to most Britishers, and we do not expect to see Prohibition here in any great hurry.

The referendum in Scotland, often spoken of as a Prohibition fight, is, in fact, nothing of the sort. The three choices before the electorate are (1) No change; (2) Reduced licences (a reduction of twenty-five per cent. being contemplated); (3) No licence. The third of these is often misunderstood as Prohibition, but it is, in fact, no such thing. In the first place it does not, in any way, affect private drinking, the wholesale trade being untouched; and in the second place it leaves it in the power of the authorities to grant licences to *bonâ fide* restaurants and hotels at their discretion. No one knows how this latitude would work, beyond the certainty that it would not be Prohibition.

To say that the Scottish referendum will be watched with interest is to say far too little. Incomplete as it is, and partial as are the alternatives before the electors, it will undoubtedly be a great test of the general temper of the adult people. That they know the problem to be urgent is clear from the enormous number of districts demanding a poll; and that they will vote in large numbers is a practical certainty; and what they will do is a great matter. Upon the results in Scotland much of the fortunes of the rest of the British Empire may depend.

We would remind our Scottish readers that the responsibility for the result, whatever it may be, will be put upon the women of Scotland. The Act under which the votes are now to be taken was passed seven years ago, before Woman Suffrage was a really serious probability. Few people expected that any but the then women local government electors would have the chance to vote. But things are very different to-day, and the women will have to take the responsibility for whatever happens—whether they vote or not. We believe, however, that the responsibility will largely be theirs, for we expect them to vote in large numbers, and—we wish them wisdom.



## BURNING QUESTIONS.

We call the attention of our readers to the fact that in the topical and controversial matters which we treat under the heading of "Burning Questions" we endeavour to present the principal views on each question held by differing groups of political thinkers. We do not ourselves express an editorial opinion, beyond this, that it is each woman's business first to be well-informed and then to come to her own opinion.

The trouble in Ireland is now so acute that we make no apology in returning to this question in these columns. Our previous articles appeared July 2nd, 9th, 16th.

### FROM THE IRISH FRONT.

By DORA MELLONE.

To understand the present position in this country a brief summary is needed. The Parliamentary and Local Government elections resulted in a decisive majority for the party whose official demand was recognition as an independent sovereign State, but who might have accepted a grant of full self-government. This demand has been met by a certain amount of repression and a proposal to confer self-government on that part of Ireland which did not desire it, and Crown Colony government on the rest of the country, for this is how the Home Rule Bill is understood in Ireland. The campaign of murder and outrage commenced before the introduction of the Bill, was in consequence greatly intensified. The Government then called up reinforcements, took additional Parliamentary powers for repression, and the House of Commons was adjourned, with one section of the "United" Kingdom in a state of war. As had been foreseen, the reinforced troops and the increased powers proved ineffective, in fact, they became a danger. Men, subjected to every form of provocation, including constant danger of assassination, will not always conduct themselves with perfect discipline. Also, many have been through the ordeal of the trenches, an experience which could not fail to harden, even where it did not brutalise. During the last few months, outrage and crime have been encountered, not only by the ineffective efforts of the Executive, but by reprisals on the part of police and military, until the *Unionist Irish Times* asks whether it is not time the Government should define its policy towards reprisals, or whether it is really intended to allow these to continue. Even the officially authorised raids are often conducted with quite unnecessary violence, a regrettable contrast to those carried out by Sinn Fein. These may not invariably be marked by the perfect courtesy shown in a recent instance, where the lady of the house, on opening the door, found the armed and masked party very apologetic, hoping they were not disturbing her. "You are disturbing me, you are dropping candle grease on my carpet. Just wait till I get you a lamp"—and they waited. Another party, after an unsuccessful but quite orderly search of a house, bid the family-farewell, adding, "Don't trouble to see us to the gate."

The apparently unauthorised reprisals are committed with impunity, as, for instance, in a recent case where a factory employing large numbers of women and girls was destroyed. Sir Neville Macready officially warned police and soldiers against this policy, but the warning has proved ineffective. Another method adopted by the Executive was explained in Notes and News of last week. In the case of Dublin, every effort is being made to effect a compromise, even the Public Health Council, a Government appointed body, interviewed the Chief Secretary and urged that the health services at least should be kept out of the theatre of war. Necessary public services will probably have to be curtailed, and another instance will have been afforded of the complete failure of the Executive to consider the inevitable consequences of any proposed line of action. Meanwhile the strength of the Republican party is steadily increasing. Feminists may be interested to hear that the Sinn Fein Courts treat cases of assault on women and children with a severity which may be commended to the magistrate who recently considered a case of assault on a child of seven, which just failed to be of a criminal character, to be met adequately by an undertaking to keep the peace for twelve months, as the offender was an ex-Service man. A man in County Sligo who had attacked his wife with a knife was sentenced by a Sinn Fein court to nine strokes with the cat. A man guilty of indecent assault on a child in another county was sentenced to leave the district for six years, and the sentence was enforced. These sentences are typical, and follow the tradition of the ancient Irish laws, which punished offences against women and children far more heavily than any other. Crimes of violence, apart from those of a political nature, are still infrequent in Ireland, and Protestant Unionists, if un-

connected with the British Government, are as safe in County Clare at this moment as in Devonshire.

Yet the situation grows worse every month, and the futility of the official "repression" becomes more clear. What can be done? Summon Parliament and pass a measure of the fullest possible self-government with safeguards for Ulster. The extremists will not abandon their policy of crime, believing as they do—and with reason, that is the terrible fact—that the Government would then withdraw any concession. The lives of the men whose hard fate it is to serve the British Government in Ireland are not safeguarded, they are in great and increasing peril. The honour of Britain is tarnished by a policy of military outrage which the Executive either cannot or will not suppress, while we, who are intensely proud of our citizenship of the British Empire, look on helpless, angry, ashamed.

### IRELAND REVISITED.

By MRS. VICTOR RICKARD.

I left England on the verge of a national strike, to go to Ireland on the verge of civil war, and the psychological difference between the mentality of the two countries under such conditions, is probably the key to the biggest problem of all.

In London there was a tenseness of feeling which affected everybody, and one man who has been connected with the Labour movement for many years had said to me, "I have never seen things so grim and so ugly in all my experience of Labour troubles in England." So far as I could tell, everyone who knew anything of the conditions felt the situation to be extremely menacing, and was convinced that almost any upheaval might arise out of it. Looking across the Irish Sea the situation appeared, if anything, rather more black and sinister. A rumour, which was stated to be official, had been published in the Press, saying that the wives of officers in the British Army had been notified to leave Ireland, and the suggestion was that an outbreak might be expected at any hour. This general feeling of uneasiness had its compensations, for there were very few civilian passengers by the train from Euston, and the boat also was nearly empty; it was altogether unnecessary to telegraph beforehand to secure a luxurious cabin in solitary state.

With the expectation of finding a tenseness at least equal to the strain which one had left behind in England, the arrival in Dublin was something of a surprise. After a lapse of six years, it is a wonderful experience to come back to any place where, in externals, things are so little changed. The same kindly welcome awaits the stranger, with its distinctive touch of personal interest and geniality, and the first sound that greets your arrival at North Wall, is the echo of the irrepressible laughter which rings in the very air of Ireland.

While houses are being raided by troops and police in half-a-dozen different parts of the city, Dublin goes on its cheerful way. Military lorries, filled with soldiers in service kit, with loaded rifles, thunder through the streets, but they have become an ordinary sight, so that few take any notice of them. The paraphernalia of war pass like the shadows over the Wicklow Mountains; nothing which is essential is really altered by it. The blue hills remain, and the clear, rain-washed sky, with whatever it is which makes Irish people attractive, baffling, and unlike any other race.

Towards the individual English man or woman there is not the smallest sign of hostility, and the absence of all class antagonism is even startling in its conspicuousness, but the propaganda that reports the Irish as a race of murderers has been so successful that this year it has frightened English tourists away. The English visitor is now not to be seen anywhere. I had expected to find that the hotels throughout the country would be suffering in loss of *clientèle*, and that there would be no difficulty in getting rooms at the seaside holiday places. But it is in

## SOME THINGS THAT MATTER.

By HAROLD COX.

[This is the last of the series of controversial articles between Sir Leo Money and Mr. Harold Cox which have been appearing in this column for the last three months.]

It is satisfactory to find some Socialists tardily recognising that the thing that most matters is not distribution but production. It is useless to have an equal distribution of wealth if there is no wealth to distribute. That capitalism produces an unequal distribution is certain, but it does produce the wealth. And it produces so much that in spite of the immense increase in the population, all classes, including even the poorest, are immensely better off to-day than they were a hundred years ago. Doubtless we might have secured better results still. If the population had increased less rapidly the individual standard of comfort would have increased more rapidly. Moreover, the rapid increase in the numbers of the wage-earning classes itself tended to aggravate inequalities of fortune by enabling the capitalist to obtain cheaper labour. It is difficult to over-estimate the improvement which would have been effected in the social being of the people of England if the prudential restraints on parenthood, which are becoming common in most classes to-day, had been practised by all classes a hundred years ago.

The State itself might have contributed to that result if the Government had had the foresight to prohibit child labour in factories at an earlier date and to sweep away sooner the old Poor Law which encouraged parents to bring children into the world without any feeling of personal responsibility. But broadly speaking, Governments have no foresight. Governments are themselves dominated by the mentality of the crowd that governs them, whether it be a small crowd of wealthy landowners and millowners, or a large crowd of moderate-minded, middle-class citizens, or a larger crowd still of trade unionists intoxicated by the growth of their own power. And no crowd, be it large or small, ever looks ahead. It is moved solely by the impulses of the moment. The man who looks ahead is the individual who can cut himself off from the crowd mentality of the moment and think about what is going to happen the day after to-morrow or the year after next.

One of the greatest advantages of the capitalistic system is that it gives direct encouragement to men to look ahead. These are the men who develop mines that will not yield a dividend for half a dozen years, who send travellers to the ends of the world seeking orders for goods to be manufactured months later, who build railways, who organise the utilisation of new inventions such as gas and electric lighting, the telegraph, and the telephone. All these things have been done by private capitalists looking ahead and seeking their private fortunes in the development of public utilities. Some of these services have now passed under the control of the State, but it was the private capitalist who led the way. In no case has the State initiated any new form of enterprise. It is worth recording that the officials of the British Post Office, who were sent to the United States to inquire into the telephone on its first appearance, came back and reported that it was "only a toy."

Moreover, the State, in addition to being dominated by the momentary fancies of the crowd, is subjected to the deadening influence of its own agents—the officials through whom it carried on its work. In order to prevent political corruption it is necessary that Government officials should be employed on a fixed tenure with carefully graded salaries. Consequently they have no personal motive for departing from routine and launching new ideas; they are less likely to be snubbed by their superiors if they wait patiently for promotion. Routine is for another reason essential to Government work; for—as Lord Emmott points out very clearly in his useful little book on the "Nationalisation of Industries" (Fisher Unwin)—members of Parliament must have the power of asking questions about the conduct of State-managed industries, and in order that answers to those questions may be available at any moment, records must be kept on a scale of elaboration practised by no capitalist company, and rules of procedure must be rigidly observed.

For all these reasons the State is incapable either of initiating new enterprises, or even of managing enterprises already established as economically as they are managed by private enterprise. Socialists are fond of pointing out that the waste sometimes occurs from the overlapping of private enterprises; but overlapping is a necessary incident of competition, and competition is a necessary stimulus to effort. It is better to put up with the waste of competition than to submit to the stagnation of bureaucracy. In a sentence, as Gladstone said many years ago, "the business of Government is to govern, not trade." A Government cannot trade well, and the more it attempts to trade the worse it governs.

these holiday resorts that you are brought into touch with a new Ireland. Ireland, like every other country, has her New Rich, and it is they who now fill the hotels to overflowing. Farmers, business people, who have made money and are now learning to spend it. They drive their own motor-cars—not large, opulent cars, but almost exclusively Fords—and with their wives and daughters, make up large family parties together, of an oddly simple, and even patriarchal kind. There is none of the arrogance of the *nouveau riche* in their manner, and they are more like children in their immense enjoyment of games and sport of all kinds. One curious alteration in the social customs of the country is the astonishing increase in the amount of cigarette-smoking among women and girls. Six years ago it was only a small proportion of the Irish upper-class women who smoked, but now the habit is far more general even than it is in England, and young and old smoke without the smallest sign of self-consciousness in public places, and even in the streets. Old ladies who have only lately begun to wear hats instead of shawls over their heads, smoke cigarettes incessantly. They enjoy their new manner of life tremendously, and play cards for hours in the hotels and out of doors.

It is hard to describe Ireland exactly, now, because, in a way, it is the only really democratic country left, and, in another, the proletarian democracy which we know in England is utterly impossible over here. The hotel servants and the guests speak with about exactly the same degree of accent, and class differences hardly exist any longer. The priesthood, which is so much in evidence everywhere in Ireland has probably a great deal to say in keeping open doors between one class and another.

Among these people there is little or no talk of politics. Here in the holiday places they are all out for amusing themselves, and they play golf and cards, and bathe, without troubling their minds with political matters. A raid, with its usual accompaniment of bombs, felled trees and rifle-fire, in the near neighbourhood of the hotel where I am staying, caused no commotion whatever, though one or two people walked up the road to see where the trees had fallen. The only person I met who was in the smallest degree upset by the incident was the old woman Peggy, who brings eggs to the hotel, and who had to go out of her way, a detour of six miles, to arrive at home. She had a good deal to say about it, and wanted, fiercely, to know why the police could not be left alone. She had been accused of "courting the troops," she explained, because when a company of soldiers with rifles had passed her cottage, she hailed them and demanded, "Are you going to shoot me, poor men?"

Her fundamentally sociable outlook on life could square with this new attitude of hostility towards the police-sergeant with whom she used to hold long conversations, "and him not saying a word, unless about the hens and the eggs." But she would not be prevented from exchanging a friendly word with anyone, no matter what his politics, and when an aeroplane, which might or might not have been carrying the Prime Minister, flew over her little garden by the sea, she had called out, "Good-morning to ye, Lord George" so loud that she felt sure he must have heard her.

Ireland has become more entirely Irish than it ever has been since the eighteenth century. With the removal or absence of the cosmopolitan element she is returning to her old traditions. The Ireland of Charles Lever had vanished, and the Ireland of Synge and Yeats was not easy to find, for West Britain had conquered, and upper-class Ireland was not immensely different in speech, tradition, or general effect from England. War brought wide changes, and the political strife that has followed it has brought about a reshuffling of the pack, and once more, Ireland is so Irish that except in the novels of Charles Lever it is impossible to realise the extent of the alteration. There is the same lavishness, the same perpetual gaiety, the same simplicity. The Ireland of the future will be built up out of these materials.

At the extreme crisis of her history, Ireland remains undismayed. A new Ireland has been raised up out of the ashes of the past, the psychology of which is of the most vivid interest, and in this short account of externals I can attempt to give only some small idea of the happiness and laughter which lives over here, and the spontaneous gaiety of a people who have achieved the miraculous act of keeping their faith and their manners in an age when elsewhere both seem to be dead.

Ireland can never be conquered; but if she could, and if England could stamp out the race which she has always so hopelessly misunderstood and scorned as somehow beneath her, where again shall we find in this planet so much that is gracious and beautiful, the same stormy sweetness and the nearness of those "things of the spirit" which are to be had for the taking in this island?



## WOMAN'S PLACE IS THE HOME.

The Housing Problem is one of the most serious of the domestic difficulties which face us to-day. We all know that it is difficult; we none of us know exactly what the difficulties are, or how they can be met. Money is said to be one, scarcity of labour another, scarcity of materials a third, contractors' rings a fourth, Government delays a fifth, and so on. It is high time that women looked into these difficulties to see if they are all real, and if so, to try and remedy them. "The Woman's Leader" proposes, therefore, to publish articles on various aspects of housing during the summer months, in order to suggest to its readers subjects for their own investigations. We shall have articles on policy and on plans, on facts and on failures, and we invite correspondence on any aspect of the question.

### ARE CONTRACTORS SHARKS?

BY ONE OF THEM.

Houses are an impossible price to-day. When we are told that a five-roomed cottage, without any extras, shaped like a box, and ugly as a coal-scuttle, costs at least £1,000 we feel that something is very wrong.

First of all we blame the Government, then we blame Labour, and then we blame the contractors. We think that the Government puts obstacles and delays in the way of all building enterprises, that builders' labourers refuse to work or to allow anyone else to work, and that contractors make inordinate profits. There is probably a great deal of truth in all these thoughts, but as regards contractors, at any rate, there is something to be said. That they make profits is, of course, clear, but whether they make inordinate profits is another matter, and is worth thinking about.

A contractor's business is complicated in the extreme, even more complicated now than it was before the war. It used to be highly speculative, at any rate in the case of small firms. Contractors and builders used to buy land and develop it, tying up their capital on the chance of selling at a profit, and the heavy rates, combined with the land policy of the Government, brought many of them to bankruptcy. Nowadays, however, building is not carried on in so speculative a manner. The demand for houses is so great that anything can be sold at any price, and the danger of bankruptcy which still hangs over contractors comes from a different source.

The difficulty of being a contractor to-day is the difficulty of knowing what anything will cost to-morrow. The price of materials of all sorts, and labour of all sorts, varies almost from week to week, and the contractor who has to give a price at the beginning of his job can never be sure that by the time he is half way through it all his calculations will not be upset. This is certainly a reason why contractors' margins have grown larger than they used to be. It has even become the custom for estimates to be given "subject to advances in prices," and the buyer's uncertainty and distrust of his contractor very naturally increases in consequence.

What does a contractor do to earn his profit? He does many things, but they are none of them particularly straightforward. First of all, if he is giving an estimate for house building he has to understand the architect's plans and relate them to the actual site; he has to judge how much levelling and excavating, road making, pipe laying, well digging, and drain making will be required. He has to estimate the cost of materials for these operations, the amount of labour required and the length of time it will take. Further, he has to estimate the amount of material in building the house, considering not only the foundations, the walls and the roof, but also the innumerable interior fittings that we take for granted and forget about when once the house is built. Fireplaces, stoves, baths, staircases, cupboards, doors, windows, water tank, and all the rest of them, have to be measured, worked out and allowed for. Having estimated what all this will cost to procure, the contractor has then to procure it—an even more complicated job. Having bought it, he has to get it to the site. Having got it to the site, he has to keep it dry until it is wanted, and none of these operations are easy. Then he has to find and supervise the labour he employs, and to try and hurry it along so that the house will be built in the time specified. And if he is running several contracts at once, he has to organise a great deal of overlapping and interlocking in all his arrangements. He has, in addition, insurance to attend to, as well as his regular business troubles of collecting his money and keeping abreast of his correspondence and regulating his business. He has to keep up to date with new developments in his trade, to attend all such things as Ideal Homes Exhibitions, Building Trades Exhibitions, and so forth; and, if he is sensible, to experiment with new contrivances. He has to advertise and secure orders and manage all the confusing

business of getting sanctions from local councils and the Ministry of Health. All this is bad enough, but perhaps the most difficult of all his tasks remain to be mentioned. He has to deal with his architects and customers.

If anybody deserves 20 per cent. profit on the capital it is the contractor.

### EX-SERVICE MEN AND THE BUILDING TRADE.

Early in the year a company was created by Sir Frederick Maurice and Lt.-Colonel C. Macdowell to train ex-Service officers and men in the building trade, and to undertake work and contracts in building and house decorating, employing only ex-Service men. The success of the undertaking has been phenomenal, and the company has proved a very useful adjunct to the Officers' Association, for it gives men who are "down and out" a fresh opportunity, and places them on their feet.

In March, a school and works were established at Hornchurch, in Essex, where fifty-one ex-Service officers and men have been, or are being, trained and employed in the erection of buildings, in the carpenters' shops, in concrete block making of various descriptions, and in *pisé de terre* building. The school is under the control of an experienced staff, and the students are trained by the actual construction of buildings. Close to the works is a hostel, where, besides living as cheaply as it is possible to do in these expensive days, the students have lectures and are given theoretical instruction. Students who are trained at the school are fed and housed free of charge for two months, after which time they are classified according to their ability. If they prove satisfactory they are then paid wages by the company.

There are now over 170 ex-Service men employed by the company, working on contract work for the Government in various parts of England, road making, laying foundations and building houses, and it is expected that the Government, having benefited by the arrangement, will arrange to speed up the building of more houses by supplying the necessary materials and getting the company to supply not only the ex-Service labour, but skilled supervision and management.

In addition to the building land near the school at Hornchurch, building is in progress near Taplow. There has been no difficulty about the supply of labour for everywhere there is the same heart-breaking story of unemployment among the men who gave up so much to serve the country and who have come back to find, not a new world, but the old world at its worst, with its lack of security, with its despairing search for work, and widespread poverty. Two years have elapsed since the Armistice, and still it is necessary to appeal to private enterprise to rescue the men, whom we swore not to forget, from distress and despair. If two years ago the Government had planned and organised a scheme which included thorough training in the building trade, and real maintenance during the period of tuition, there would not now be the growing scarcity of houses coupled with growing unemployment amongst ex-Service men. Numbers of men would by this time have been trained, and could be directly employed by the Government in erecting the houses so urgently needed by the community, without unduly interfering with the legitimate work of the building Trades Unions, who have more than sufficient private work to occupy them for many years to come. When we realise that at the root of most of the social evils of the day is the lack of decent accommodation, it seems incredible that the Government has so neglected its obvious duty, and sown the seeds of unending troubles and difficulties for itself in the future. While the failures of the Government in this direction are depressing, it is comforting to feel that the public spirit of the Ex-Service Company is filling the gap so splendidly, and is so successfully following the tradition of former voluntary effort and pointing the way which the State must eventually follow.

## EMIGRATION FOR WOMEN. ORGANISATION AND CO-OPERATION.

By R. à COURT BEADON.

Thousands of women and girls fled back to England from all parts of the Continent on account of the war. They had been engaged in private teaching in schools, in offices as English correspondence clerks, in the great shops and hotels; but in time war work absorbed them. Now these same women and girls, six years older, are on the labour market once again, and there is no work for them. Some people regard emigration as unfair and impracticable, the sacrifices demanded being so great that it should only be enforced in the direst necessity; but such critics give no alternative method to enable these women to earn their bread and butter. These women have lived a free life, have been independent, with few restrictions; they cannot go back to the old routine.

But in the fruitful valleys of Canada, in the wide open country away from the great cities where the homelands lie, there are vast plains, miles of prairies, thousands of acres of wheat lands, mighty rivers and great solitudes and silence, health-giving air, God's golden sunshine, peace and plenty, and splendid prospects of a clean, honest, happy life and a comfortable old age.

In 1909 I spent six months in Alberta on 320 acres of land I own, which is situated some seventeen miles from Nanton, then the nearest railway station and store. In company with an experienced Canadian I went into what it would cost to start four men on a section of land, that is, an area of 640 Canadian acres. We estimated two thousand dollars would have been enough to provide the necessary stock, tools, and support for these men for two years, when they might reasonably be expected to have become self-supporting. Shacks and stables would perhaps have come to another six hundred dollars. Prices will have risen since the war, but this applies equally to the value of produce.

At the time I am speaking of every man over the age of seventeen was entitled to a homestead of 160 acres, as well as every woman who could show she was the sole supporter of a family, provided they fenced in their homestead with three strands of wire, broke up 60 acres of land, built a shack worth £30, and lived on the land six months out of each year; the Government fee for the grant being £2.

To give an example of what a married couple can do:—A neighbour of mine lived on his homestead with his wife, they kept ten milch cows which the husband milked single-handed; he separated his cream and churned his butter by hand machines, cultivated a kitchen garden, a large plot of potatoes, fed his fowls and a couple of pigs, drew his water, and cut up all the fuel required to feed his stove, and as all this was done by hand, he had no time to be lonely, whilst his good wife looked after the house, kitchen and washing. A big piece of wheat land was cultivated by a more well-to-do neighbour on payment for labour, whilst my friend periodically took his butter into Nanton to exchange for stores and credit. Once a year the cowboys rounded up and cut out the cattle and horses, branding the new colts and calves, for a consideration; and common grazing on the prairies is open to all. Horses can forage for themselves through the winter; cattle, however, require a ton of hay per head put up for them to see them through the severest frosts. Sheep love the snow, and bells fastened round their necks are a protection against coyotes or the prairie wolves, which howl in packs like the Indian jackal, but are timid creatures and will not enter an enclosed sanctuary for small stock at night. The summer is hot, but there never is a month in the year without an occasional frost at night, though the thermometer goes up to 90 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade during the day. The only pests are flies and mosquitoes, but there is no malaria, whilst both flies and mosquitoes are rendered torpid by the cold nights. In the winter the thermometer sometimes goes down to 40 degrees below zero, and in the hills even to 60 degrees below zero, yet it is always a dry cold, and facing it is only a matter of proper clothing, generous feeding, accompanied by proper housing and heating.

Yet these difficulties will be easily combated under our modern conception of co-operation. I would therefore suggest, as a test case, that the Canadian Government should be ap-

proached by a responsible organised company, with a capital of £45,000, and asked for the grant of a township, if available, bordering on Lake Pakowki and the Milk River, a part of Canada which has a great future before it.

The prairies at times suffer badly from droughts, when stock has to be driven up to the hills or left to perish; and water power and water transit are immense assets for the scheme we have under consideration. A township comprises sixteen sections of land, or an estate four miles square. This should be got on the same terms as the Government now gives to individual homesteaders, as a special war concession to our ex-service women, a memorial worthy of the traditions of Canadian chivalry. The company would undertake to pant down at least 250 souls on this land, whilst erecting buildings worth not less than 9,600 dollars within three years, conditional on the land or township becoming the absolute property of the company, and receiving the same privileges and protection as the homesteader. It is obvious that such a contract could not be abused or classified as land grabbing, against which the Canadian Government has rightly set its face. The Government of this township should be entirely under women's control, and no man should have any votes in its affairs. Men should never be allowed to acquire land personally, but their women agents might act for them, and no male should be allowed to inherit land, for this township should be run by women for women and in the interests of women. No man should be eligible to practice either as a barrister, doctor, policeman, or magistrate, to the detriment of women's interests, whilst the Mayor in Council should have arbitrary powers to banish any mere man from the township who was considered, in her opinion and in the united opinion of her Council, as an undesirable resident.

For every section of land one woman should be appointed, by careful selection, as section commander, with not less than four and up to sixteen women workers under her, their first duty being to develop their section under the direction and control of their chief, whose general policy would be the good government of the township and financial prosperity of the company. Every person working for the company should be encouraged to buy shares, however small, in the company, shares also being paid for by labour; and if all the money required to finance the undertaking can be raised by the actual workers, so much the better. After the first five years all administrative posts should be filled by a general election of the workers residing in the township, one worker one vote; but the chief manager and her Council should always be elected every five years by the shareholders, their votes being in proportion to their shares.

All the buildings, including stables, forge, carpenter's shop, bakery, kitchen, laundry, dairy, store-rooms, cellars (not forgetting a frost-proof "root cellar"), refectory, reading room, dispensary, infectious ward, dormitories, bath rooms, a church, with its garden grave-yard, and dead house, should be suitably designed by a woman architect in consultation with Canadian architects, the whole being built in the middle of the township so that the furthest-corner would only be about 2½ miles distant. Consequently, the registration fee would be only £2 instead of £168, whilst the boundary fencing required by Government for homesteaders, would be reduced from 324 to 16 miles. Instead of 64 separate homesteads having to be built and managed, one establishment with one single arrangement for heating and cooking would suffice. Hours of drudgery would be economised by a central power house for heating and driving all labour-saving machinery, besides economising the production in ploughing with the latest power machines. Whole sections under one crop at a time, enabling machines to run a mile without a turn, would economise energy under all heads. In buying all stores in bulk from the cheapest market at trade rates, and selling all superfluous produce through one managing head, the company would reap all the profits now absorbed by the middle man dealing with individual homesteaders.

Space will not let me do more than draft a mere outline of the vast prospects and happiness that awaits such a woman's company in a thoroughly disciplined communal life.

(To be continued.)



## LENS—AND COAL.

By HELEN COLT.

One does not, normally, associate a mining district with attractive scenery. But to face hideousness in its most acute form is certainly reserved for those who visit Lens—the great mining centre of Northern France. Whatever the ugliness of the ordinary coal-pit, we are at least not accustomed to having our coal mines blown up in the fashion which at Lens accompanied the trench warfare during that city's historic campaign. There is, therefore, so to speak, "no comparison"—any more than, in other ways, the war sufferings of France can "compare" with our almost forgotten Zeppelin raids, when judged by present results.

"C'est bien Lens—n'est-ce pas, Monsieur?" I had asked a travelling companion as we came in sight of what appeared to consist chiefly of colossal heaps of brick-rubbish, interspersed with innumerable collections of barbed wire.

"Assurément, Mademoiselle, c'est ce qu'était Lens," he replied drily, as he rose to collect his hand luggage and help me with mine.

I descended and sought the rough wooden shed in which divisions had been defined to some extent for ticket-taking and other railway business. . . . No, there was not as yet any Consigne. But if Mademoiselle would leave her valise in the Bureau, that would be all right.

Guided by one of the nursing staff whom I had the good fortune to meet taking a walk during her time off, I reached the quarters of the French Red Cross whose hospital I was seeking. This hospital represents an admirable centre of influence, in no way limited to its actual benefit for the sick (I was myself bound thither on a mission of inquiry in quite another direction)—and the post-war conditions of Lens have obviously accentuated these needs.

The capable young matron expressed her wish to show me over. She explained with pride and pleasure that the hospital and its complementary "Œuvres" represented her own work from the beginning, in those terrible early days of the war when the authorities had granted her the bare ground, leaving the work of planning, building, and everything else to her initiative and powers of organisation.

And so, in the place of this bare ground, there arose by degrees "Pavillons" of the regulation type, side by side with dispensary, doctors' bureaux, "salles d'opération," "salles de pansement," and an X-ray station, of which last the installation was just being completed by a young French (woman) specialist who had come from Paris for the purpose.

A whole romantic history could always be written of such institutions as these, organised by the Union des Femmes de France or by one of the other two official Societies of the French Red Cross. Such histories are not often written; chiefly because the Frenchwoman is but little disposed to parade the public work she accomplishes, quietly and faithfully, whether in war or peace. Is it, perhaps, significant that the verb "to interview" has only been assimilated, rather than translated into the French tongue?

At déjeuner we recalled our special war experiences of 1918, and I learned that my companions had been evacuated from Fismes. "We were therefore not very far from you," remarked Mademoiselle B—, and I found that they had known the Scottish Women's Hospital at Villers-Cotterets, near which I had been myself stationed at the moment of the German big push. "You accomplished the retreat in *autos*, we, on foot," she added without any sort of "side" in her tone. . . . It had meant a journey of sixty-three kilometres, and they managed it in twenty-six hours, resting, of course, in between. . . . The last batch of wounded had had to be removed so shortly before the Boches were expected that it had not seemed worth while to send back the transport for the *infirmières*—by what process of reasoning I did not myself feel quite clear!

Leaving the hospital for the Mines Association of Lens, where I had to inquire if the raw material of certain artificial fertilisers was to be got in the neighbourhood, I was struck afresh by the awful desolation of my surroundings. Human

life appears here as a truly marvellous struggle against tragedy—for it holds almost every element of irony and bitterness, and yet still valiantly goes forward. . . . The very names of *cafés* and *cabarets*—poor little apologies in wood for former prosperity—give one a queer choked feeling in one's throat. Even so, a "Café d'Espérance" and a "Café de Progrès" are surpassed in their way by the more refined cynicism of the "Café du Nouveau Monde," with which I became familiar among the ruins of Chaulnes on the way to the former battlefields of St. Quentin.

The shops at Lens reflect the same determination of hopefulness, even down (or up!) to their proud announcements of "Ondulations Marcel" by the *coiffeurs*, and of "Confections" by the modistes.

A typical little Mission Church, as we should know it in England, its altars yet undecked, is all that at present can be provided to minister to the spiritual life of the people. A crowd of boys and girls were waiting in the church, unaccompanied by any teacher, to confess before their first Communion. School accommodation is as yet quite inadequate for the children's needs at Lens.

So covered was the ground with huge piles of *débris* that garden cultivation at Lens has been practically impossible. How much this fact means to a people to whom the working of their potager, big or small, comes as part of nature, can be guessed; but to me the situation was pathetically "underlined" in the sight of two tiny strips which their owner—a woman—had contrived manfully to "clear" amid the desolation, and had planted with the essential leeks and cabbage, and the inevitable rows of salad.

One is tempted to regret, for the children's sakes at least, the inalienable affection of the French peasant for his own particular spot of ground. If the war had happened in England—if we had been, in the real and bitter sense, a country invaded, having to endure the sustained torture of those awful years—emigration must surely have solved the post-war problem in an infinite of cases.

But for France the calls of "la terre" and of "le foyer" remain too insistent to be denied; and hence the constant problem of rehabilitation which, at Lens and everywhere else, shows sadly enough either in actual homelessness or in continued bare existence in the cellars and foundations of former houses—with all the atmosphere of depression and demoralisation which that condition implies.

\* \* \* \*

The facts and figures of the hopeless shortage of coal in France owing to the destruction of her mines, as at Lens, and the failure of Germany to make restitution, from the armistice onwards, joined to the present grave situation as regards every source of supply—appear easily disregarded in England in considering her own immediate troubles.

Yet shortage of material—because shortage of transport, because shortage of coal—is a vicious circle which, in a country of demolished cities and homesteads, has a particularly horrible significance.

Such facts and figures rise in ghastly commentary upon a certain signboard at Lens.

It is erected above the heaps of *débris* which have long served to point the scene of destruction of the principal church and public buildings. And its legend reads:—

"LENS VEUT RENAÎTRE."

If England had suffered in the exact way that France has suffered, would coal strikes be really possible here and now?

Cannot a realisation of the economic situation of the ally who during five years stood between our country and destruction speak in favour of continued coal production in England as a debt to France's national life?

Surely, too, it is only by such international generosity that we can hope for our own national preservation in the end.

## THE KNOTTED WILLOWS.

By E. M. GATE.

"This, then, my Lord Abbot, is the whole story," said Maximilian. "And which of the twain was the saviour of the other, I leave to your proper judgment."

The emperor smiled pleasantly at the goldsmith's work upon the goblet he was fingering, and even more pleasantly upon what was therein as he continued: "At the time when the father of the Scorpion cast his eyes upon the lordship of Foletto, the holders thereof had been so long in possession as to think themselves of as good a title as any living. Wherein I think them justified; and that there were a score of others caressing the same notion in no wise detracts; rather it confirms me in my opinion. The knowledge of all this, however, in no wise deterred the old Scorpion, but rather enlivened his reflections. 'For,' quoth he, 'here be twenty petty lords who will not move one finger for the dispossessed, nor in any way bestir themselves to place one of their number in the enjoyment of what all covet.' So he bundled the lords of Foletto out of their barony with as much ceremony as you might use to the cat who usurped your chair."

"Probably less," observed the Abbot drily, for he was attached to his cat.

"And just how he used such of them as he laid hand upon," pursued the emperor, "you, being Italian born yourself, may very well guess. Suffice it that within a reasonable time they were all dead."

The Italian abbot was saved from speech by a providential tilting of the imperial goblet which revealed its emptiness. He filled it, smiling a trifle sourly.

"Be that as it may," continued Maximilian, "all was to the satisfaction of the old Scorpion, who beheld things proceed much as he looked for. So far as the laws of personal courage and military science go, he was as excellent a fighter as ever had the misfortune to be born a Guelph." A sudden ecclesiastical jerk did not escape the emperor, who proceeded blandly: "He established himself with but trifling effort for a man of his parts, and maintained himself with less; so, behold, my old Scorpion, with his wife, a dark, agile lady of as furious a spirit as his own, and a son so like tempered that as a babe he fought with his swaddling bands, in comfortable possession of the spoils, placidly showing his teeth to his neighbours, whom jealousy constrained like hounds upon a leash."

The Italian abbot smoothed his chin with a fine hand, and his eyes took on a grimly merry cast. Maximilian went on: "His complacency, however, did shortly receive a jolt. It happened that just beyond the walls of the castle, enclosed garden-wise, but without the fortifications, there was a fish pond, well stocked so that the lords of Foletto might fast in comfort. And by this fishpond stood two willow trees, grown from slips brought from the banks of Jordan by some crusading lord. They had taken root there and flourished exceedingly, and such was their sanctity that the old Scorpion who had cut off a princely family with as-much emotion as a damozel slicing bread, would as soon have cut off his hand as hew them down. So judge if he was pleased when one fine morning they come running to tell him that one hath been overnight and knotted the twigs of those two willows as it were in a leafy nuptial, and left dangling therefrom a written scroll, with ribbon and seal like the untimely fruit thereof."

"I heard some bruit of it," said the abbot, "and concluded it to be a string of verses from some gallant to his lady."

"There was but one lady within the castle able to read them if it were," said the emperor, "and she was the wife of the Scorpion. And the same notion as thine popping into the head of her lord effectively forbade his first impulse that he had to bid her decipher what was written therein; for the old Scorpion himself was no clerk. So, behold my warrior clutching the blithe fancies of this unknown, gallivanting lover, and totally unable to peruse them; the which decreased his choler, but no wise impaired his wits. Before one could cry 'Snip!' a nimble gentleman of his following is hurrying down the road towards the neighbouring monastery with an easy-trotting mule by his side, charged to bring back with him a monk able to read all languages, living or dead."

Here the emperor, moved thereto by something in the Churchman's face, fairly permitted himself to chuckle.

"Be not troubled for the holy man," he said. "As it fell, he was not required to meddle with the sublime profanities of the antique passion. The portent of the knotted willows shadowed more serious stuff. Briefly, the message, written in a choice Latin and repeated in indifferent Italian, was to the Scorpion himself and couched in most unloving terms. When that stark warrior so competently ejected the Lords of Foletto from their lordship into eternity he overlooked one of their number, a brat of some twelve summers, by name Valentino, absent in the company of a northern lord, his master, at variance with the Venetians. It is this Valentino who hath now reared his head by the fishpond and showed his fangs. 'Vile usurper,' says this mature gallant in both Latin and Italian, so that none may mistake his meaning, 'sleep not too sound of nights, for, as surely as I have tied these willow twigs together, I will come again to untie them and take vengeance for me and my house.' This gentle message was signed gloriously, 'Valentino, Lord of Foletto,' which made the old Scorpion swear more than all beside."

"Now mark the stuff whereof the wife of the Scorpion was made. As soon as she was aware of this, and there was now no reason why the scroll should be kept from her sight, she demanded that fishpond for her privy bathing pool, nor would she be pacified till she got it, willow trees and all. The walls of the fortifications were extended round it, the fish emptied out and found a home elsewhere, and the water rimmed round with white marble. Workmen fetched from Florence, from Rome and I know not where, toiled expensively to execute her pleasure, to carve her benches, make her terraces, and lay white marble for her haughty feet. When it was finished it was a pleasure fit for an empress, and there that resolute dame would sit by the hour together with her monkey and her peacocks, her flashing eyes fixed upon the knotted willows, waiting, as she said, for the snake to strike."

"It was a fruitless waiting, then," said the abbot, "for I heard that the Scorpion died in his bed."

"Most astonishingly, he did," said Maximilian. "Which thing, I doubt not even now, vexes his soul in purgatory. His wife waxed older but never feeble, and his son ruled in his stead and took unto himself a wife."

"Ah!" said the Churchman, with deepening attention. "I think we come to the core of the apple."

"I would," said the emperor, "that I had the workman here who carved this cup." The abbot hastily replenished the bowl with a wine as golden as the metal it kissed, and the emperor sipped it as one tasting the sweets of memory. "She was a daughter of the Ghibellines," he said, slowly, "and of mine own house, a big-boned, glorious woman like all our northern ladies white skinned, very strong, blue-eyed, and of a most sovereign temper." He ran his eyes with a flicker of contempt over the small, slight frame of the Italian ecclesiastic before him. "I saw her but once in the first grace of young womanhood," he went on, "and the sight did make me think upon the ancient goddesses, and in particular upon the divine huntress maid, Diana, whom she particularly resembled, in that she was mighty in the chase."

"Here was the strange choice of a bride for a southern lord," said the abbot.

"Not so strange as appears," said Maximilian. "The young Scorpion had a subtle brain (else had he never got her from her kinsfolk), and I bid thee think upon his lady—mother of untamable spirit. My young lord had a mind to be master in his own house, so he gets him a bride of the opposite faction, and of an unheard of equability of soul to keep the spindle side of his family in order. The which she did without fuss by virtue of her inherent qualities. Small wonder if the young Scorpion loved her."

"Well, she had been wedded close on a twelvemonth and was beginning to have some notion of the man she had married and the folk amongst whom it seemed she would pass the remainder of her life, when one fine afternoon she was sitting by the pool in the privy garden, when she was aware of a rare com-



motion among the willow trees, and a screeching of the peacocks beloved of her husband's mother. She was alone, for that child of a volcano had withdrawn herself from her daughter-in-law's presence as fire recedes before water. So she observed what was toward with great interest, and soon made out a marvellous, pretty youth, with his poignard in his teeth all handy, bristling like a boar, and wrestling with the knotted twigs of the fateful willows; in the years that had passed the twigs had grown in girth and stubbornness, so that now it puzzled the nimble fingers that twisted them together so easily to get them apart once more. My young lady watched him till his olive skin was crimson, and he must needs take his blade out of his teeth to swear, when she hailed him, whereupon he snapped his mouth upon his reflections and was transformed into a bounding devil of energy. He cleared the space betwixt her and the knotted willows, skirting the marble basin of the pool, and stood glowering over her, blade in hand, as though he purposed to skin her alive. "So," said he, softly, "the Ghibelline bride!" She did not so much as shift her seat upon the bench. "Are you not afraid, woman?" says he. "Afraid of thee and thy bodkin, youth?" says she. "Why I could snap the bones of such as thou with my bare hands." And so, indeed, I think she might, for as I told thee, she was most marvellously formed. "And now," she says, "let us have no more brawling and swearing, but tell me straightly what thou doest among my willow trees." "Thy willow trees?" he yells, ready to abandon the body with rage; and then he tells her straightly, as she commanded, all that pretty story, and when he had finished I wot the thirsty steel in his hand looked more beautiful than the nest of thieves and murderers which was her husband's house. "My father was slain," says he, "my brothers were slain, or died of torture or want; my sisters, God save us all, perished, too—after a while—and my mother died raving mad. This was the work of thy husband and thy husband's house. My willow trees that I knotted when I was scarce more than a child I now purpose to untie in token that I come to root out the Scorpion and his brood and utterly destroy them." Now here was pretty intelligence for a twelve-month's bride!

"What did she do?" said the Italian abbot.

"Bade him get on with his business," said the emperor, "for he should have no hindrance from her. And there she sate, as still and quiet as the marble bench she rested upon, while my young gentleman, after one good look at her, turned on his heel and went back to the knotted willows. For a space there was not a sound but the swishing of indignant branches, loth to be parted, when all of a sudden a man pops over the wall, then another and another, and that peaceful garden becomes a yelling inferno fit to scare the soul of Messer Dante in bliss. The Scorpion, riding home from a hunt, hath espied firstly a horse poorly concealed in a thicket, and secondly the tall tops of the willow trees in commotion, and hath sped to the conclusion."

"A Guelph! A Guelph!" laughed the Churchman to himself, rubbing his hands together.

"Forget not the Ghibelline within the fortress," said the emperor maliciously. "My young Scorpion and his men had that pretty youth by the arms and the throat before you could blow your nose, and the blade was raised that was to despatch him when the Ghibelline bride utters a shriek you might have heard at Milan. 'Holy Mother of God!' she cries, 'it is a woman!' which so startled them that they let go their prey and the stranger went sprawling at her feet as she sprang towards them. He had just wit enough left to clasp her skirts and lay his head upon her slippers. Now mark her quality! She took him by the scruff of his poetic neck (it was a marvellously pretty youth) and jerked him to his feet with one hand, then she boxed his ears with the other hand till the garden rang, and the Scorpion and his men roared with laughter. When her hand smarted so sore that she was forced to desist she shook him till his teeth rattled, and bade them summon her ladies. 'To my bower!' says she, when her Swabian maids were called, 'and if I be mistaken about this pretty piece, you may make mince-meat of me.' So saying, she loosens the dagger in the girdle at her waist, and marches the stranger out of the garden at arms length before her, while the Scorpion comes roaring after them. The giggling maids come trooping to heel, but at her bower she says, 'Two and my nurse will be enough,' and slams the door upon her lord, who was left to cool his heels without and listen to the screams of laughter within. Presently out comes a maid and announces that her mistress requires her litter, a palfrey, and an escort; the Scorpion gives the order and the maid withdraws, giggling. Presently the door opens again and out they all come, the stranger in the midst, now properly gowned in kirtle and hood, and looking the most chop-fallen thing on earth. 'Whither now, madam?' says the Scorpion. 'To the nunnery,' says she,

'to bestow this baggage where such belong. 'Tis a brave hussy to thrust a hand in the Scorpion's den, and it would vex me sore she should be hurt.' The Scorpion, thinking on those well-boxed ears, agrees it were a sin a lady should suffer so much as a buffet, lifts his wife into her litter, hoists the stranger on to the palfrey, and away goes the cavalcade, suitably escorted, leaving the Scorpion wiping his eyes and weak with laughter."

"Body of Bacchus!" said the abbot, again replenishing the emperor's cup.

"And that was the last he saw of his wife," said Maximilian. "He found her litter and the dead palfrey, stumbled over them many hours later as he rode furiously by torchlight down the nunnery road. By the glare of the same torches he found all that was left of the escort, also left for dead by the wayside. From the sole one in whom speech remained he learned how they had ridden straight into an ambush, twenty horsemen at least, how the stranger had flung herself upon the Ghibelline, crying out that she should not be touched, and how the last he saw of them was the fair northern woman lifted upon a great war horse, whose bridle was held by a man-at-arms, and that the stranger, whether woman or man, had leapt upon a waiting steed and ridden off a-straddle, petticoats and all, in the midst of the band, the Ghibelline bride alongside."

"Ha!" cried the abbot, "the hand of the goldsmith that carved thy cup, my lord emperor, is less cunning than the brain of a woman."

"So thought the Scorpion, contemplating the knotted willows," responded Maximilian. "And his sole consolation was that they remained untied and he in possession of his lordship. Of his lady he could get no tidings save mockery, though he scoured the country, and even sent his messengers into Germany; so he contented himself with holding that he had and baring his fangs at any who came within a day's march of his borders. For he had a foreboding that if he stirred from Foletto, that instant would his enemies seize to dispossess him; so you may say that the knotted willows held him a prisoner in thrall."

"How did it end?" asked the Churchman.

"Suddenly!" said the emperor. "But not till he was weary with years of waiting. Then, without warning, he was ringed round, his lands overrun, all help cut off, and his castle stormed. He fought like the son of his father, but without avail; the son of the dispossessed had returned in strength. They brought the Scorpion bound into the privy garden and cast him down like a bale of merchandise at the feet of the victor, who was seated on that very bench whence the Ghibelline bride had watched the stranger among the trees. His drawn sword was between his knees, and he rested his hands upon the hilt and smiled agreeably upon the blood-besmeared man before him. Beside him stood a child, a boy of seven years, and when the Scorpion gazed upon these two he well-nigh burst his bonds, for the victor was the stranger who had stolen away his wife, and the fair, big-boned child beyond all question was her son."

"I see you know me again," said the stranger. "Valentino, Lord of Foletto, is my name. Do you know this also?" And thereupon he put his hand in his vest, and drawing therefrom a fine leather wallet, took out a great hank of pale golden hair. Well the Scorpion knew it; it was from his wife's head. (Alas that such should ever be shorn!) "I know it," he mumbled. "Dost know thy son, too?" says Valentino, pushing the child forward, and that was that bloodstained rascal's first knowledge that he had a son."

"Can these things be true?" said the abbot, wonderingly. "Whence had your majesty these tidings?"

"I know them to be true," said the emperor, "for it was to me that Valentino brought the Ghibelline for sanctuary when they escaped out of that nest of vipers. I was at Milan upon the business of my marriage to the daughter of the Sforza, and gave them safe conduct to Germany among my train. There the wife of the Scorpion took refuge in a nunnery, and there the child of the Scorpion was born. When the babe was a year old, she entered the religious life, and all that Valentino ever had of her was her hair when she was shorn, and her babe, whom he took and reared as his spiritual son. And other son will he have never, having sworn devotion to that incomparable lady; so he abides a stainless knight."

"Thus," said the abbot, "are even the unclean passions of unruly men subdued and chastened by the will of God."

"And thus," said Maximilian drily, "will those who live long enough see the seed of the Scorpion even yet in enjoyment of the lordship of Foletto."

"Ah!" said the abbot. "I had well nigh forgotten the Scorpion. What of him?"

"It was concerning him that I sent for thee," said the emperor, "for it were good that he were out of the world, and he hath chosen the cloister rather than the grave."

## DRAMA.

### "The Winter's Tale," at the Old Vic.

The Old Vic claims to be the "Home of Shakespeare." So it is in the sense which a temple is the home of a pagan god—one can be certain of seeing, or at least hearing, him there. Whatever Germans or Americans may say about our neglect of our own demi-god, it cannot be denied that he has in London this permanent temple—or rather, not quite in London proper, but just outside on the south bank of the Thames.

This is a place more sacred to Shakespeare than Stratford itself. For here his plays were first acted, and to please the audiences which thronged its alleys they were written. Then, as now, the Londoner crossed the Thames to a different world. But the south side to which the Elizabethan corporation banished the players was a very different place from the south side through which the electric trams glide homeward in the evening with their burdens of city clerks, and where the Old Vic rears her lighted head. It was a land whose inhabitants were unknown, not merely to wealth and fashion, but to decency and respectability. Unpaved, unlighted, unpoliced, the home of thieves and harlots it was without the pale of the cities of London and Westminster—the open sewer into which they cast their refuse.

Among other things the corporation of the City of London cast out all plays and players. The reason which they gave was that any large concourse of people engendered the plague—the same reason was given for frequent orders shutting up all theatres for weeks, sometimes months at a time. But the real reason lay deeper—the instinctive Puritan distrust of the drama. Puritans were strong on the corporation of the City of London in Shakespeare's time, though they had not begun to make much noise in the world at large. It was not the plays themselves to which they chiefly objected. Some of them were bad enough, but many were very improving, and in any case the Lord Chamberlain inspected them all before they were acted, and he had a very quick eye for anything in the least blasphemous or profane. The real reason was that the theatres were the scene of all kinds of improper behaviour. Not merely were they used for the same nefarious purposes as music hall promenades before the war, but otherwise respectable apprentices and citizens' daughters behaved in the theatre in a way which would not have been tolerated under their fathers' eye. There was, as one writer complains, so much giving of nuts and apples to the young women, so much putting of arms round their waists—such a "manning of them home." Altogether it was better that this kind of thing should go on—if go on it must—outside the city. So during Shakespeare's lifetime those who wanted to see his plays acted had to cross the Thames to the south side—to those derelict regions where the Old Vic now stands. The citizens and their sweethearts flocked across London Bridge. But the lawyers went by boat from the Temple stairs, and the Court gentlemen, and occasionally the ladies, from higher up still—the stairs at Westminster and St. James'. Having arrived at the theatre they sat about on little stools on the stage "as every schoolboy knows," and ate nuts and showed off their silk cloaks to the gaping "groundlings."

They do not often cross the Thames to see Shakespeare now, and the pretty ladies have found other markets. But night after night Shakespeare is played in the Old Vic to a well-filled house. It cannot be denied that the young men of South London "man the ladies home" after the play—they certainly offer them light refreshments during the intervals, and probably hold their hands when the intervals are over. But they do not go to the Old Vic for that. There are plenty of other places for that sort of thing. They go because they really like to see Shakespeare.

Why? For the same reasons that the Elizabethan theatres on the banks were crowded when Shakespeare was being played, though often half empty for the Spanish Tragedy, or Eastward Ho. Partly because there is something about really great art as about all other really great things which is irresistible to simple as to more sophisticated people. Partly because Shakespeare wrote for a popular audience. His plays are as full of life, bustle, movement and variety as any jaded and imaginative office boy could desire. It is often said that Hamlet is the best melodrama ever written, and indeed taken merely as an "exciting" play, "Macbeth," "Richard III.," "The Merchant of Venice"—almost any of Shakespeare's plays are infinitely superior to the "Purple Mask," "The Crimson Alibi," "The Yellow Room," or any other of the highly coloured dramas with which modern dramatists offer to thrill us.

The managers of the Old Vic believe in Shakespeare enough to act all his plays, not merely those few well-tried ones to which producers generally confine themselves. Their first play of this season is "The Winter's Tale"—a play which is rarely acted, and is not, of course, one of Shakespeare's greatest. It consists of an interesting though improbable story, and some superb poetry. The attempt of the Old Vic is more than justified. Perhaps the most attractive scene is that of the country fair in the second part. The Kings of Sicily and Bohemia are played by Mr. Rupert Harvey and Mr. Austin Trevor, who storm and rave in the traditional manner. Miss Mary Barton is a graceful and dignified queen, a little spoilt by her monotonous arm gestures. The most interesting acting is that of Miss Florence Saunders as Paulina, who has real charm and vitality and dramatic gifts.

D. H.

### "La Tosca," by Victorien Sardou, at the Aldwych Theatre.

Sardoodledom was Mr. Shaw's word for this kind of entertainment, and it carries a complete and just criticism. "La Tosca" was written to provide opportunities for the despair, anguish, and hysterics of Sarah Bernhardt, and Miss Ethel Irving makes good use of these histrionic occasions. Personally, I thought her best in her silent horror when the villain is trying to work his wicked will upon her. Mr. Lyn Harding, as the villain, was really admirable. Mr. Gerald Lawrence, as the hero, lived and died *sans peur et sans reproche*; he was wonderfully noble.

As a play "La Tosca" is rich, clotted romance set in Rome in A.D. 1800. There are five scenes, each as unreal as the other, but all redolent of romance—people doing in Rome what, I hope, the Romans never did. In the first we are in church—a smell of incense and a sound of organ music; in the second, at an evening party in a palace—high life and the mob cheering in the square below. Both good, rich scenes, but dull; we have not got to grips with the story yet. The third scene is laid in the hero's secret villa and enlivened by a suicide and a torture; it is—naturally—the hero who is being tortured off while the villain induces the heroine to reveal a secret by telling her all about the progress of the torturers. The hero comes in after this little incident—slightly soiled in appearance and a trifle light-headed; no wonder. The fourth scene is in the villain's den, a room in a castle—with a glimpse of dawn through the window when it is opened. From this window, but mercifully invisible to the audience, can be seen a gallows on which hangs a corpse; next to it is another gallows prepared for the hero. The villain does not fail to explain this view to the heroine, prior to an attempted seduction; he is, of course, killed by La Tosca, since he was foolish enough to leave a knife handy. The last scene, on the ramparts—St. Peter's in the distance—the waters of the Tiber down below. Here it is that the hero is shot—but his final gesture rather spoiled by his being led to suppose that they were only firing blank cartridges at him. The heroine, on discovering he is really killed and not shamming as arranged, throws herself over the ramparts. My instinct told me that the ramparts could only have been there for this purpose, and I congratulate Miss Ethel Irving on the splendid way she went over the top; it was the most convincing moment of the play. How I should have enjoyed all this incredible stuff if I had only seen it when I was ten years old!

For the sophisticated, however, I will reveal a secret way of enjoying this kind of thing; it is to identify yourself with the villain. In "La Tosca" the villain is an excellent fellow, called Baron Scarpia; he is attended generally with a cohort of minor villains, rather given to the habit of whispering. There are many advantages in being in with the villains: they are more efficient than heroes; you are not harrowed but pleased when they cause the death of the would-be sympathetic characters. True, La Tosca does stab Scarpia to death, but she treats his corpse reverently; whereas if you are pro-La Tosca your feelings must suffer, for the late Baron Scarpia was a respecter neither of heroes nor of corpses.

It would be ridiculous, of course, to take a play like "La Tosca" seriously as a counterblast to realistic drama. I am but a lukewarm supporter of realism in the theatre, and would welcome a relief from the all-too-sordid which is the extreme of the naturalistic school of writers, but there is no relief to be found in Sardoodledom.

R. A. A.



## REVIEWS.

**The Triumph of Nationalization.** By Sir Leo Chiozza Money. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)  
**Nationalization of Industries.** By Lord Emmott. (Fisher Unwin. 2s.)

Sir Leo Chiozza Money's book fills a gap and adds considerably to our knowledge, and for this reason alone we should be grateful to him, whatever our private views on nationalization are. We have all of us, during the last year, been drawn into arguments on the success or failure of State control, and we have often, through ignorance, omitted to produce the examples which we knew must exist as evidence of the success of practical nationalization. At this moment especially are the facts important which Sir Leo Money showers on us with so generous a hand. In spite of the miners' denials, it is generally felt that behind the present unrest is the insistent demand for nationalization, and it is a good thing that we should stop and consider once more what the results would be, define what we mean by nationalization, and clear away the vagueness from our talk and from our minds.

The author has certainly written a very convincing book, and when we consider the difficulties with which the Government had to contend during its first venture into the field of industrial control on a large scale, and the far higher standard which we demand from State enterprise than from private effort, we cannot but admit the success of its undertaking.

As for the bugbear of bureaucracy and officialdom, we cannot take the point of view which was perfectly justifiable when J. S. Mill wrote on "Liberty," and painted the dismal picture of an official body "sinking into indolent routine . . . rushing into some half-examined crudity," losing, as the State absorbed the best brains of the community, the "watchful criticism of equal ability outside." Not even the most ardent State Socialist clamours for universal nationalization, even of productive or distributive work. No Government, no matter what its creed is, need ever fear that the "watchful criticism of equal ability outside" will ever fail. The criticism of our friends will be with us, for our good, as long as the world lasts! As Sir Leo points out, the choice before us now is not the choice between individual enterprise and bureaucracy which was before Mill's readers, but is a choice between the officials elected by, and responsible to, the private shareholders of joint stock companies, and the officials "selected by some democratic process, responsible to the nation or to some local authority . . . erected or sanctioned by the nation." In all the recent schemes for nationalization there is an obvious striving to avoid bureaucracy, through devolution and through giving the workers a voice in the control of industry. As for officialdom, there is common to every organisation, whether it be the greater organisation of the State, or the lesser organisation of the joint stock company, a tendency to produce an oligarchy, and an inclination among the men at the top to impose their will arbitrarily on those below them. This, in the case of a nationalized industry, can be countered by the workers' share in the control; in the privately run industry, there is little possibility of combating this tendency.

The most ardent advocates of freedom of enterprise and of the present capitalist system, if they face the facts frankly, realise that most of the arguments used in favour of large-scale enterprise and in vindication of the growth of trusts, are more than applicable to State control; economy of management and direction, economy of plant and capital expenditure, economy of transport, the disbanding of the army of superfluous middlemen, and the elimination of expenditure on advertisements. All this Sir Leo points out, and he gives, as well, startling but unexaggerated accounts of profits and profiteering which no hapless consumer, who has had his eyes opened to the way in which life has been made harder for him by the capitalists, will tolerate in the future.

The new and growing demand for a share in control by the workers has been accepted and acknowledged by nearly every

school of Socialist thought, from revolutionary Communists to the evolutionary followers of the Webbs, and Sir Leo agrees with the Sankey Commission and the Miners' Federation, and joins hands with the National Guildsmen, in including representatives of the consumers in the ultimate controlling body, while he unites with the advocates of vocational representation in co-ordinating the activities of the individual as consumer and producer.

For women readers, the description of the National Factory at Greta, where the "women and girls employed were so carefully trained and protected while at work that, in spite of the terrible danger of the work, there were very few casualties," will be especially interesting, as well as the section on the Government's care of the workers, and the evidence given before the National Birthrate Commission by Miss A. G. Philip, on the special arrangements, and the care and thought for the pregnant women in the nationally controlled factories. We can but regret, with the author, the fact that the factories have now mostly been handed back "to private capitalists, who . . . had so shamefully neglected the health of women working in industry."

The greatest individual liberty can only be achieved through order and organisation, which will give equality of opportunity to all to live freely. We have progressed beyond the old conception of liberty as freedom from restraint, which resulted in liberty for the favoured few to lead their own lives, and which laid a crushing burden on the unfortunate majority; and Sir Leo shows us one of the ways by which we can arrive at a well-ordered community, where the aggregate freedom shall be multiplied tenfold.

Lord Emmott, on the other hand, believes, with most of its opponents, that nationalization is necessarily synonymous with bureaucracy, and it is on this misconception that the whole argument in this book is based. The author himself points out that "nationalization is capable of many connotations," but the definition he gives is not one which can be justified by reference to any proposed scheme put forward by a responsible Labour leader.

The difficulty of the administration of large concerns should not have frightened Lord Emmott, knowing Mr. Justice Sankey's scheme so well, for there, although there is of necessity the ultimate centralised control, yet devolution has been proposed, giving the District Mining Councils complete autonomy in the management in their districts "of the entire coal extraction, the regulation of output, the discontinuance of or opening out of mines, trial sinkings, the control of prices and the basis of wage assessment, and the distribution of coal."

There is no reason to suppose, as Lord Emmott does, that the principal advisers of the Minister need necessarily be civil servants who "could not fail to become bureaucrats." Returning to Mr. Justice Sankey's scheme for nationalization, the National Mining Council is to be composed of the members of the District Council, and the Standing Committee is to be elected from the National Mining Council, so that provision is made in each case for the eventual emergence of the best brains in the industry, proved men who have grown up in the atmosphere of the industry and who know it from A to Z. The obvious thing, and Lord Emmott will, I think, agree, is to separate the industrial activities of Parliament from the political issues. Everyone will acknowledge that questions in Parliament give no real control and that Ministers attain, through long practice (unless instinctively they acquire it on assuming office) a wonderful facility for answering questions without ever revealing anything. This democratic control is illusory, and might quite well be dispensed with, especially as every proposed scheme for nationalization gives a far more real control to the consumer by giving him adequate representation on National and Local Councils.

Although Lord Emmott explains that rational shareholders would never oppose any improvements which would naturally benefit them, and although this would seem to the casual reader hardly to need saying, yet time and again there have been examples of shareholders opposing expensive improvements, the

benefits of which would only be gathered in after many years; and many cases have been known of the criminal waste resulting from the get-rich-quick capitalist who has picked the eyes out of a mine and left it in such a condition that there was nothing to be done but to abandon it. This at least could never happen in a nationalized industry.

As for Lord Emmott's "alternative policy," if real co-partnership and profit-sharing were instituted they might eliminate discontent and provide an incentive for increased production, but with the memory of many spurious attempts at co-partnership, which gave the workers no real share in management, and a very meagre percentage of the profits, it is unlikely that the men will even contemplate the scheme.

And if they did? There are still the old objections that some workers in a concern run by a manager of exceptional ability would be far better off than others who worked equally hard. There is no chance that the workers will acquiesce in any scheme which involves risk-taking and fluctuations of income, unless the guaranteed wage is fixed high enough to make them more or less indifferent to the extra profits; in which case the inducement to increase production is also lost.

The other danger is that an exceptionally successful firm may produce such a real identity of interest between Capital and Labour that their combined action may prove definitely anti-social, and they may decide that their interest lies in exploitation of the consumer. Lord Emmott does not refer to this danger, so that we do not know what his remedy would be.

Destructive criticism is always easy, but it is not because we do not recognise the value of this clearly written little book that we write at such length of its weaknesses. On the contrary, it has much that is admirable in it, and it has none of the technicalities which would detract from its value by confining it to a public well versed in political and industrial economy.  
I. E. W.

**About It and About.** By D. Willoughby. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

Mr. Willoughby, fortunately for us, is one of those critics of persons and things whose opinions cannot be exactly prophesied by the reader who has glanced at his preface or is familiar with the weeklies in which some of his essays have appeared. If he is a Fabian or an Imperialist he dissembles the matter; if there is any man or set of opinions he completely despises he says nothing about them; if he belongs to a coterie he refrains from advertising it. In fine, he misses his opportunities with the best grace in the world. He has not even adopted some decently obscure author of a past generation and made a corner in him and his works. Consequently "About It and About" is a friendly and companionable book, full of unexpected points of view and flashes of insight. Thus in the essay on "Certain Artists" we get an illuminating comment on the physical type perpetuated by the now fashionable Russian, Polish, and Jewish artists:

"The new men from the East are nothing if not iconoclasts. The type of physical perfection which Greece saw in a race not its own is abhorrent to them from memories of repression and victimisation. It is not a freak of the studios, the passing of the golden-haired girl and the blue-eyed boy; it is the end of a dynasty. It is the end of a dynasty enthroned in Europe through the ages we call civilised. These alien artists from the far parts of the earth have a significance which bursts beyond fame and canvas. Socially and politically, the last of them are so ominous that questions about their place in art are impertinencies."

It is a shrewd remark of Mr. Willoughby's that "a person with such a passion for repetition (as Mr. Bernard Shaw) must forfeit his claims to be considered a revolutionary writer." The paper on "Doctors and Nurses" should be read by every woman, for it concerns the amateur as well as the professional tender of the sick. The man who says, "Only from that professionalism which lies ambushed behind stiff bibs and aprons, which would treat me as a case while expecting itself to be treated as a lady, may I always be delivered!" has put in a nutshell, we will not say the besetting sin, but the abiding temptation of the trained nurse. And journalists will not escape a twinge when they hear that "the only fresh fault to be found with them is their belief that everything about a newspaper matters more than what is written in it." And to finish up with let us quote from "The House of Lords": "Cromwell called a unicameral legislature 'the horriddest tyranny that ever was,' but, of course, he had no prevision of the United States Senate."

**Our Women.** By Arnold Bennett. (Cassell & Co. 7s. 6d.)

This aggravating book is no doubt intended by Mr. Bennett to be aggravating, and we must make all due allowances for his attempt to attract attention. But even when all these allowances are made we cannot quite forgive him for treating so sweeping a subject in so tedious a way. Nor, in the year 1920 can we congratulate him on his pictures of Jack and Jill, which are such successful attempts to imitate Mr. Rudyard Kipling at his vulgarest. It seems rather a shame to abuse Mr. Bennett when he sets out to be so good a feminist and tries so hard to be enlightened and up to date, but he reminds us of those exasperating supporters of Suffrage who used to favour the granting of the vote with the proviso that they would never tolerate a woman in Parliament. Books about the sexes in general terms are inevitably stupid, and we think we have seen many of Mr. Bennett's observations before. "Some platitudes must now be uttered," says Mr. Bennett in his fourth chapter, but really we do not see why they must. Surely there are other pot-boilers that could be written in one of Mr. Bennett's happier styles!

The main contention of the book is that while women ought to have freedom and opportunity, they must not forget that they are fundamentally and hopelessly inferior to men in intellectual power. The chief reason that Mr. Bennett puts forward is that women are pre-occupied with their own appearance and its effect in attracting men, and what surplus energy they have goes into sentiment and leaves the eternal verities alone. Everyone, as he admits, forms their own view of the other sex from their own experience, but we think it is odd to find anyone still alive in the present generation who does not observe a little differently. For our part, we are more struck with the common sense of the female sex than with its sentimentality, and as for the effort to attract, that is surely a mutual enterprise.

Mr. Bennett supports his contention of the inferiority of women by a very curious line of argument. They must, he contends with great truth, train for and be prepared to earn their living in some real productive occupation. In this they must behave as if they were men, and though they cannot hope to rise to the dizzy eminence of their brothers, they must at least be professional about it. And then (because of their great inferiority?) they must also take on a second professional training in the business of home making, so that their competitors shall have every chance to live in comfort and ease unworried by the difficulties of domestic life.

It is rather a stiff programme for the ordinary inferior young woman to be prepared to carry on two professions in a professional manner, and we think perhaps that Mr. Bennett has got a little muddled in his conception of the Universe. But we do not like to suspect him of being actuated by any sentiments in the matter!

If we were solemnly criticising Mr. Bennett's work, or thought it a serious contribution to our knowledge of the position of women in society, we should not fail to point out how very partial and incomplete the book professedly is. It deals only with women of the middle classes, and only with some kinds of them, and it does not really go to the roots of any of our present feminist problems. But it touches on them nevertheless, for Mr. Bennett, like the rest of us, sees that the position of the home and the economic position of the women workers are the really important aspects of the feminist struggle to-day. He does not, however, add much to our understanding of them. We put down a book in which we are told that women love to be dominated with the regretful conclusion that it is not Mr. Bennett who is destined to dominate the feminist movement in this country.

**Development.** By W. Bryher. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. or Miss Bryher has read a good deal of Miss Dorothy Richardson's work, "Freeman's History of Sicily," and many volumes of Baedeker. She shows us Rome, Venice, Milan, Luxor, Carthage, Syracuse, and many ancient sites through the eyes of her child heroine, who adores Hannibal and disapproves of English day schools.

"Eyes amorous of beauty, hearts desirous of freedom—all crushed, all stamped into the pattern of the school." These were Nancy's reflections on leaving Downwood, where the headmistress had been so blind to her superiority as to offer her a piece of cake. Her musings were generally less grammatical and more reminiscent of Lempière. At the end of the book she has barely left school, and we are promised a further volume under the title "Adventure." She may grow more cheerful with advancing years, but the reader should not build too much on this hope. She may read Baudelaire and travel in Russia.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## WOMEN AND FREEDOM.

MADAM,—All the subjects in your paper are so very important, and all so well presented, that one may well hesitate to ask your courtesy. But I do.

Men can strike and strike until the life of the nation is paralyzed beyond recovery. Woman has no defence, *i.e.*, she has no defence upon fighting lines. She neither can nor will "fight for her life"—as men do.

What remains when the limit of the sword is reached? When "force" has been used to its utmost and we face annihilation—what remains?

Moral force? Does moral force exist as a potent factor in society to-day? Some of us are inclined to doubt it. As soon as people cannot get what they want some form of compulsion is adopted; often a form that outrages common humanity, and force is the method. Internationally it is guns and bombs and shells and poison gas and such decent and fraternal modes of teaching our brother to obey the moral law. In the national life it is the strike. When men have any sort of grievance, real or imaginary, they involve all sorts of persons who are wholly remote from the point at issue, in disturbance, trouble, loss, inconvenience, and the sense of insecurity which is so nerve-racking. It is just like sailing in an open boat in a mined area. Is it any use to go on pushing our heads into the sand, pretending that we don't see ruin and general disaster ahead?

Is it any use whatever pretending we are "citizens of a free country"? The first liberty to claim is the liberty to live our life—not as boys of sixteen shall decide that life for us, but to live it according to our own capacities and responsibility—in our own sphere of action. Women have "the vote" for which they clamoured. Of what use is it to us if Robert Smillie decides to supersede government (by and through elected persons) by a form of anarchy ruled by unreason and blindness?

I have talked with various persons, and they seem to be in a condition of *paralyzed moral will*. Some draw in their underlip and say, "Isn't it dreadful? What are we coming to?" Others "put it down to the war," and, when they have said that, *their* responsibility ends. So it goes on, and we drift and drift until we shall see a greater anarchy succeed the present. Then, when "force" has failed to assure us of life on a reasoned basis, more force, in the shape of "the military," will be brought into action. We are asked to send help hither and thither, and we ought to help. We are asked to house, feed, and clothe the victims of our wars; and we ought to house the homeless, feed the hungry, clothe the naked. It is the law of Christ. But how can we *justly* fulfil "the law of Christ" in those ways so long as we are uncertain, from week to week, whether we shall have these things to give without robbing the homeless, the hungry, the unclad here? Widespread misery must and will be the result of all the "strikes" and imposed "lock outs" contemplated. Out of misery arises bitterness and hatred! "New life" is not, alas, rising "out of the ruins of the war!"

We are *not* "the women of a free people." God knows! I wish we were. We are slaves—slaves to a totally false view of "freedom" and "Democracy." A "freedom" that puts power in irresponsible hands, used irresponsibly, and a "Democracy" that leaves us at the mercy of the most incapable, incapable of prospective vision and calm reason; and we cannot move a finger to help ourselves—so it seems. Is it true?

I ask, Is it not time to see about restoring the lost balance? Is it not time to take a rapid referendum of all women—and all sane men—upon this question? Do we desire to be done to death by force, the force that slowly strangles the life of the nation? Or do we desire to be governed by the moral force of purified vision and moral will?

I await this referendum and its effect upon the crazed brains of "extremists," with intense interest.

"A."

## THE MINISTRY OF WOMEN.

MADAM,—The report of the Lambeth Conference on the Ministry of Women has been read by many, but even those who are specially interested in seeing the resolutions put into effect have read them and then—have gone on their way rejoicing. May I suggest to such of your readers as have done this that the time of action is here and now. The rejoicing will come later in good time.

We need to remind ourselves that the Lambeth Conference was a deliberative body. The resolutions are merely opinions—weighty, of course—but with no binding power, and concerted action will be necessary before they can be put into operation in the parochial life of the Church. We shall hear much more yet from those who are opposed to the widening of the Ministry of Women in the Church. Probably an opportunity for discussion may be found at the Church Congress in October and in the National Assembly which meets in November.

It therefore behoves those who are anxious to see women qualifying for these new privileges and responsibilities to *join together at once*. Will those who are in *favour* of the Lambeth resolutions relating to women's work demonstrate that union is strength by communicating with me or with the Secretary of the League of the Church Militant at Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster?

LOUIE ACRES, Acting Hon. Press Secretary, L.C.M.

## "HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO OFFER?"

MADAM,—Last year I made an appeal through your columns, and many of your readers, who perhaps were ignorant beforehand that they had much to offer, made the delightful discovery that they were richly endowed. Since they have begun to share their gifts with club members their own lives seem to have become further enriched with joy and inspiration. Perhaps there may be still some others who have a few hours of leisure in their own strenuous lives, and who will visit one of our clubs in London or in any part of the Kingdom.

I can only recapitulate what I said last year, and tell you that if you can teach, sing or recite, play or dance, or even talk sympathetically, if there is the spirit of joy and youth in your heart, whatever your age and however limited your time, will you write to our Secretary, 16, Gordon Square, W.C.1, and tell her that you would like to test our sincerity? Just tell us how much or how little time you have to give, where you would like to work, and what are your chief interests which you are anxious to share with others. You will receive a ready and grateful response.

LILY H. MONTAGU.

National Organisation of Girls' Clubs.

## CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN INDIA.

MADAM,—Under the heading "The Condition of Affairs in India" in THE WOMAN'S LEADER of September 24th is mentioned the Caliphate question, and the importance it is assuming in India, also that the "Muslimans of India regard the Sultan of Turkey as their spiritual head."

I think it should be added that Indian Moslems are divided into two main sects, Sunnis and Shi'ahs, almost equal in number, each of which thinks the other heretical! The Shi'ahs contend that the office of Caliph is for ever vested in the descendants of the Prophet Mahomet through Fatima and Ali, his daughter and son-in-law. They believe Ali to have been unjustly deprived of his rights by the first three Caliphs, and therefore consider the Sultan an impostor and usurper.

Amongst the Sunnis also there is not always undivided devotion to the Sultan of Turkey.

ELEANOR G. SHELLEY-ROLLS.

## THE DANGER OF CHLORODYNE.

MADAM,—A six or seven year old child came into our village shop to buy sweets, and nothing would content her but cough lozenges, presumably containing chlorodyne. "No, I will have those," and she got them. Could not something be done to stop the sale of such "sweets" to children?

JESSIE M. BARKER.


## INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

MADAM,—In her article on the meetings of the International Council of Women recently held at Christiania, Miss Picton-Turbervill has evidently forgotten that the resolution with regard to the child born out of wedlock was very much amended. The amended resolution ran as follows: "That the International Council of Women recommends that legislation should be enacted in all countries, giving the child born out of wedlock the right to his father's name, and providing procedure to find the identity of the father and to secure an adequate maintenance for the child."

ELISE M. ZIMMERN,  
Recording Secretary, I.C.W.

## RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE.

A big three days' International Conference in London has been arranged by the Fight the Famine Council on the restoration of Europe. To be more precise the Conference is to deal with the problems of unemployment and trade depression which are now threatening our own comparatively favoured country. It will take place on October 11th-13th. Eminent economists, commercial experts, and Labour leaders are coming from nearly every country in Europe, Allied, neutral, and late enemy. Some of the greatest political and scientific names in Europe are already on the list of speakers. For each of the six sessions, morning and afternoon, there will be a different chairman, and the names of the chairmen are representative and interesting. They are as follows in order of date: Professor L. P. Jaks, the well-known Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, an eminent philosopher; Mr. Jerome K. Jerome; Sir George Faish, late editor of the *Statist* and one of the highest British authorities on finance and banking who, during the war, was adviser to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Treasury on financial and economic questions; Sir William Beveridge, a well-known authority on economic problems, especially of industry and employment; Lord Parmoor; and Bishop Gore, late Bishop of Oxford. Besides the chairmen of the several sessions, the following are some among the British delegates and speakers at the Conference: Rt. Hon. Earl Beauchamp, Rt. Hon. T. McKinnon Wood, Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir Sydney Olivier, Professor Arnold Toynbee, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, Canon Temple, Mr. Frank Hodges, Mr. C. T. Cramp. (The last two names remind one that coal and transport are among the chief problems before the Conference, and experts on these subjects of all classes and from several countries will take part.) There will be several eminent women speakers, among those from this country being Miss Margaret Bondfield, Miss Maude Royden, Dr. Marion Phillips, Miss Edith Durham, Mrs. Swanwick. Visitors and delegates are coming to the Conference from France, Italy, America, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Holland, Switzerland, and Norway. The Conference itself will be held in the Caxton Hall, and for that tickets must be obtained from the Fight the Famine Council.



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- Privileges 2 and 3 are extended also to individual subscribers of one guinea or more per annum to Headquarters.

### AUTUMN LECTURES: THE ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE OF WOMEN.

A course of seven lectures on "The Economic Independence of Women" will be held at the Women's Institutes, 92, Victoria Street, on Tuesdays, at 5.30 p.m., beginning October 26th, 1920. The lecturers will be—Miss Ashley, Miss Courtney, Mrs. Hubback, Miss Eleanor F. Rathbone, Miss Rosamond Smith, Mrs. Stocks, Mrs. Oliver Strachey. Each lecture will be followed by questions and discussions. An informal reception will be held before each lecture, when the President and members of the Executive Committee will be glad to meet those interested in the programme of the N.U.S.E.C., who may be able to be present. Tea will be provided from 4.45 to 5.30 p.m. A syllabus giving fuller particulars may be had on application to Headquarters. Also tickets (which must be secured in advance from Headquarters) for the complete course, including tea, 15s.; single lectures, 2s. 6d. No payment can be taken at the door.

We hope many who are not in any way connected with the N.U.S.E.C., as well as members of our own societies, will take this opportunity of studying the complicated questions relating to the position of women in the home and in the labour market. We also hope that these informal weekly receptions before the lectures will be an enjoyable way of bringing our members and their friends together, and that they may afford an opportunity of meeting members from other parts of the country, or women from other countries who happen to be in London.

### DISTRIBUTION OF SOCIETIES.

An interesting map of England, Scotland, and Wales has been prepared at Headquarters, which shows at a glance the distribution of our societies. Societies are fairly thickly dotted in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands, and immediately around London, but though we have strong individual societies in Scotland, Wales, and the South-west and Eastern counties, there are many somewhat bare spaces. At the present time we have only two organisers, and we must appeal to our friends scattered up and down the country to help us. There should be in every place of any importance either (a) a society affiliated with the N.U.S.E.C., undertaking active work on behalf of the Equality programme, or (b) a strong group of ten or more persons working for the same, or, failing these, an active Local Correspondent, who will represent us and take action when necessary.

Those who attended the Summer School were all impressed by the fact that there was work to be done—work that is necessary, interesting, and constructive, and are starting a new winter's work with a great deal of encouragement and vigour. If this page should reach the eye of anyone who does not already belong

to our societies and who can help us either by forming a local branch, becoming a local correspondent, or a Headquarters member, we will be glad to give any possible help by literature from Headquarters or putting them in touch with the nearest societies, &c.

### WOMEN VOTERS AND HIGH PRICES.

The following notes of Mrs. McKillop's lectures at Ruskin College have been sent us by Miss Dora Mellone, and as this subject is arousing much interest and many questions are received relating to it, we are glad of the opportunity of printing them on this page as they were not touched on in previous reports.

The lectures on the Economics of Domestic Life, given by Mrs. McKillop, aimed at the provision of facts on which opinion could be based, rather than the supply of such opinions cut and dried. It was pointed out that we are in great need of middle-class budgets, which would give really accurate information as to the balance of expenditure between such items as food, clothes, rent, &c. By this means, it would be possible to arrive at some idea how far the rise of food prices, for instance, has checked consumption. The *Labour Gazette* of last July gives this rise, calculated on an average in different countries, as about 250 per cent. in all the more important articles of food. The question is one of literally vital interest to women, who, by an American estimate, in the case of market foods do 87 per cent. of the buying, and in the case of drapery, 96 per cent. Prices have been rising steadily since 1896, and in connection with the distribution of the burden, the suffering caused by this rise falls chiefly on the working class and on the fixed-salary middle class, while capitalists and business men are encouraged by high prices. Rises in wages and salaries usually lag behind rises in price. The increase in the quantity of currency there is a corresponding rise in prices, as, for instance, during the period from 1896 to 1914, with the extraordinary rise in gold production. Further, varying causes, usually affecting only certain commodities, have during the war affected all—for instance, the world shortage due to decay in agriculture. In dealing with the so-called "vicious circle," it must be remembered that cost of labour is only one element in the cost of production. The smaller turnover, and the increased risk, cause an increase in the rate of profit demanded, and thus the increase in the final cost of the article is out of proportion to the increase in the cost of the labour required to produce it. The rise of prices naturally created a demand for Government control. This is only practicable in the cases where the control can be applied at every stage, from the production of the raw material to the final purchase by the consumer. This can be seen in the case of sugar or of wheat, where there was already a well-organised world market. The case of the German potato control shows how the effort to establish a maximum price for a food which can also be used as fodder simply means it will be diverted to the latter purpose. In other words, it is impossible to force the agriculturist to produce any commodity at what he considers an unduly low rate; the article will disappear if the attempt be enforced. The connection between a low maximum price for milk and the shortage of supply is well known. Again, a maximum price at once becomes the normal price, and differentiation of quality becomes impossible. For control to be efficient, the price must offer an adequate inducement to the producer, and must be accompanied by rationing and expropriation. With regard to shortage of supply, which is another factor in the present high prices, the lecturer was not hopeful. For instance, there is a world shortage of three and a-half million tons in the sugar crop, rather more than one-sixth of the whole. American consumption has increased. It is difficult to see how production can be increased for a long period, unless advantage is taken of the undeveloped land in the Tropics for growing sugar cane. With regard to meat supply, the breeding stock has been so much diminished, and the cost of fodder so much increased, that shortage in this direction also will be of long duration. More capital is needed, more labour, more fertilisers, more machinery, and more intelligence, if the world supply is to be increased.

In conclusion, the question of labour saving in the home was considered. No considerable reduction in price being probable, it is the more necessary to reduce the amount of labour and service required. Women have accepted the hard conditions of domestic life. It is the men who have originated many of the labour-saving devices in use, for instance in America. The initial expenditure required for these machines should not be grudged, but, on the other hand, the work needed to keep them in repair should be taken into account. The conclusion is perfectly clear. If domestic life is to be tolerable under conditions which are not for a year only, or for a few years, but may last a lifetime, the women must seriously study the question in the spirit of these lectures, where the effort was made to ascertain what are the actual facts, and what outlook there is for any mitigation of these circumstances.

DORA MELLONE.

## COMING EVENTS.

- LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION** (22, Buckingham Gate, S.W. 1).  
 The following meetings on League of Nations subjects will be held:—
- OCTOBER 3.**  
 At the Brotherhood, Great Yarmouth. 3 p.m.  
 Speaker: Mr. Bertram Morday.  
 At the London and Districts Trades and Labour Council.  
 Speaker: Frederick Whelan, Esq.
- OCTOBER 4.**  
 At the Red Triangle Club, Ripple Road, Barking. 6 p.m.  
 Speaker: H. Barrs Davis, Esq.  
 At the Hanover Street Church, Batley.  
 Speaker: Lady Lawson Tancred.  
 At the United Methodist Church, Newport Road, Cardiff.  
 Speaker: Captain Morgan Thomas, O.B.E.  
 At the Town Hall, Waterloo. 8 p.m.  
 Speaker: Lord Justice Phillimore.  
 Chair: Lieut.-Col. Buckley, M.P.  
 At the Assembly Rooms, Chichester. 7 p.m.  
 Speaker: E. Everitt Reid, Esq.
- OCTOBER 5.**  
 At the Town Hall, Bootle.  
 Speaker: Miss Maude Royden.  
 Chair: The Mayor.  
 At Alexandra Hall, Crosby.  
 Speakers: Lord Justice Phillimore, E. Gardner, Esq., M.P. 8 p.m.
- WOMEN'S NATIONAL COMMITTEE TO SECURE STATE PURCHASE AND CONTROL OF THE LIQUOR TRADE.**  
**OCTOBER 5.**  
 At the Women's Co-operative Guild, Harborne. 2.30 p.m.  
 Speaker: Mrs. Renton.  
 Subject: "State Purchase of the Liquor Trade."  
**OCTOBER 6.**  
 At the Women Citizens' Association, Leominster. 7.30 p.m.  
 Speaker: Mrs. Renton.  
 Subject: "State Purchase of the Liquor Trade."  
**OCTOBER 7.**  
 At the Women Citizens' Association, Chester. 7.30 p.m.  
 Debate: "State Purchase of Local Option."  
 For State Purchase: Mrs. Renton.  
 At the Ratcliffe Settlement, Stepney.  
 Speaker: Miss Anna Martin, M.A.  
 Subject: "State Purchase of the Liquor Trade."  
**OCTOBER 8.**  
 At the Women Citizens' Association, Birkenhead. 8 p.m.  
 Debate: "Should the Liquor Problem be dealt with by Prohibition?"  
 For State Purchase: Mrs. Renton.
- UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES (UNIVERSITY OF LONDON).**  
 A Course of Ten Lectures on "Some Problems of the Present Day," by Miss E. Macadam (late Director, School of Social Studies, The University, Liverpool), will be held weekly during the Michaelmas Term, on Wednesdays, at 6.30 p.m., beginning October 13th, in the Club Room of the Social Students' Union, 11, Marble Arch (2nd Floor), W.1.  
 Application for admission should be forwarded, not later than October 11th, to the Hon. Local Secretary, Miss D. K. Low, Social Students' Union. Fee for course, £1 1s.
- INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S FRANCHISE CLUB LTD. (For Men and Women.)** At 9, Grafton Street, Piccadilly, W. 1.  
**OCTOBER 6.**  
 Subject: "The Criminal Law Amendment Bills."  
 Speaker: Miss Bertha Mason. 8.15 p.m.  
 Chairman: Dr. E. Knight.
- BRITISH DOMINIONS WOMEN CITIZENS' UNION.**  
 In the Caxton Hall, S.W. 1.  
 Lecturer: A. Yusuf Ali, Esq.  
 Subject: "The Present Position in India." 8 p.m.  
 Chair: Charles Roberts, Esq.  
 Admission Free. Reserved Seats 2s. 6d., to be obtained from Councillor Margaret Hodge, 13, Temple Fortune Court, N.W. 4; or at the door.

## WHERE TO LIVE.

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- WIDOW** (University Woman) with house, garden, servants, wants house-mate who would contribute expenses, finding interests domestic, social. Country town, South England.—Write "A," 4, George-street, Hanover-square, London.
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- INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S FRANCHISE CLUB**, 9, Grafton-street, Piccadilly, W. 1.—Subscription: London Members, £2 2s., Country Members, £1 5s. (Irish, Scottish, and Foreign Members, 10s. 6d.) per annum. Entrance fee, one guinea. Excellent catering; Luncheons and Dinners à la Carte. Bedroom accommodation.—All particulars, Secretary. Tel.: Mayfair 3322.

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