

# The Woman Worker

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

[FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

No. 15. [NEW SERIES.]

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1908.

ONE PENNY.

## CONTENTS.

### SEX OR CLASS?

By CICELY HAMILTON.

### IN THE PARK.

By RICHARD WHITEING.

The Women's Cause at Nottingham	J. J. MALLON.
The Last Word	MARY R. MACARTHUR.
To Ladies in Revolt	KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.
On Pleasant Speech	MARGARET McMILLAN.
Peace with Honour— <i>The Boxmakers' Strike.</i>	J. J. MALLON.
Of Human Nature	P. GLANVILLE.
A Woman Worker in Johannesburg	SYBIL CORMACK SMITH.
A Girl on the River Bank	WM. C. ANDERSON.
Sairey Gamp Protests	R. BENTLEY.
A Book of the Hour— <i>"The Sorcery Shop."</i>	K. SNOWDEN.
Home Notes	Mrs. D. J. M. WORRALL.
Short Story— <i>"A Question of Talent"</i>	A. NEIL LYONS.
Serial Story— <i>"Barbara West"</i>	KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.
Readings—	
<i>A Wood Nymph Sings</i>	GEORGE MEREDITH.
<i>Love Shadowed</i>	- Charles Reade.
<i>The Cigar Factory</i>	- Anon.
Verse—	
<i>A Greek Boy</i>	- ETHEL CARNIE.
<i>Virginia's Cry</i>	- GERTRUDE DEXTER.
<i>A Woman's Prayer</i>	- JULIE.
<i>Youth and Age</i>	- "A FOGGY."
<i>Ask Me No More</i>	- Tennyson.
<i>Fantasia</i>	- Wendell Holmes.
Our Prize Page— <i>On Heroes.</i>	
The Children's Page— <i>A Day Dream.</i>	PEG.
Talks with the Doctor	Dr. X.Y.Z.
Complaints and the Law	PORTIA.
Women's Labour League	Mrs. J. R. MacDONALD.
Correspondence— <i>The Appeal for Daisy Lord;</i> <i>The Unfranchised Sex.</i>	
The Week's News— <i>Trade Union Congress.</i>	

## A GIRL ON THE RIVER BANK.

By Wm. C. Anderson.

Plugson of Undershot has triumphed; and still over every industrial centre hangs a black shadow, that of the gathering cloud of unemployment.

In times of booming trade the roar of machinery drowns the cry of the workless. But when trade expansion gives place anywhere to trade depression, and especially when winter, gloomy and comfortless, holds the land in its grip, and bitter days are followed by cold and starry nights, the cry seems more peremptory. Dismal processions of men with halting feet parade their misery; futile flags and banners are displayed.

We know what is happening now. Hard-driven fellows, reckless of what they do, grab land, or smash windows, or go hunger-marching; and break in with harsh, rude speech upon the dull deliberations of City Councils, the municipal entertainment of princes, and the solemnities of cathedral worship. But what of the winter soon upon us?

In Lancashire, in Glasgow, and more or less throughout the country, it will be the worst, apparently, that we have seen.

Relief of a kind will, of course, be attempted; but what is certain, among other things, is that round log fires, that crackle and throw warm light upon the wall, rich and comfortable men will sit behind their cigars and censure the unemployed as chiefly worthless idlers.

As yet reformers plead in vain for the Right to Work; protesting with Carlyle against "a platitude of a world in which all working horses can be well fed, and innumerable working men die starved." The plain fact that enforced idleness blights and withers is ignored. And still and ever it drags the workman down—relaxes the strong muscles, breaks down steady habits, and undermines the self-respect of manhood.

Always in the foreground of the picture stands the workman, a Samson shorn of strength and not respected. But in the background?

In the background, sometimes forgotten, a silent and pathetic figure haunts. Upon the workman's wife and on the working woman the shadow falls still darker.

She seldom demonstrates. And when East London women, with babies in their arms and ragged shawls, went to tell an English Prime Minister their sorrows, he threw up white, helpless hands and answered: "It is very terrible; but what can I do?"

The workman's wife has been forgotten too long.

Is it nothing to the workman's wife? Does it cost her no pang to see the little home go to pieces in the effort to keep it together? Does she "get used to it"? Is it nothing, at last, to see her infant perish for lack of the food her dry breast cannot give?

And what of the wage-earning women? There are some four millions of them. In different parts of the country you may see them adroitly making all manner of articles—cigarettes and iron chains, tinned plates and men's trousers, porcelain jugs and patent pills, white lead and lace handkerchiefs, bricks and fancy bread, Scotch marmalade and phosphorus matches, chocolate creams and dynamite, ladies' hats and looking-glasses, ginger-ale and Directoire gowns.

When unemployment is rife, as now, there cannot be less than from 50,000 to 100,000 workless workwomen.

These are thrown out by a variety of special causes. Many of the industries which employ women are particularly subject to changes of fashion, to seasonal slackness, to labour-saving improvements in machinery, to glutted markets, or to the growth of trusts. And women, like men, are "speeded up" when trade is brisk, only to be cast aside like broken tools.

I think the wageless woman is, on the whole, in a more dangerous and lamentable plight than the wageless man.

We vaunt our manly chivalry and valour. It is an odd sort of chivalry that compels a hungry girl, who has knocked in vain at the factory gate, to choose between her desperate plight and dishonour. It is strange valour that allows her to drift until the dark-flowing river holds out inviting arms.

"Give up the struggle," the river murmurs, "poor hunted sister; battle no more against fate; I promise you peace and the sleep of everlasting forgetfulness."

## A WOMAN'S PRAYER.

I strive in vain to voice the pain,  
And all the pity show,  
Which, like sad shadows in a dream,  
About me come and go.  
Here in the pent and huddled East  
I suffer with the throng,  
And yearn for words like two-edged  
swords  
With which to smite the wrong.  
Soon may God's Son vouchsafe to one  
The gift our souls to know,  
To crystallise the common thought  
And voice the common woe;  
To gather our poor hopes and fears,  
That have lain mute so long,  
The scattered chords, the broken words,  
And weave them into song.

JULIE.

## TO SAVE DAISY LORD.

## VIRGINIA'S CRY.

Spare us the inexorable wrong, the unutterable shame  
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame  
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,  
And learn, by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretches dare.  
"Virginia": Lays of Ancient Rome.

Oh, for the power and passion that in the days of old  
Made strong the souls that God had fashioned in heroic mould!  
Oh, for a clarion voice to reach the farthest bound of earth,  
A voice of strong command to still the revelry and mirth!  
For greater wrongs cry out to-day in our fair English home  
Than by imperious Tiber in the ancient days of Rome:

To-day Virginia, unavenged, is sold to curse and shame—  
Yet burdened with the cruel woe of her dishonoured fame.  
To-day a weeping mother in an English dungeon lies,  
Whose wrongs should pierce the very heavens, bring tears down from the skies;

On her, all frail and trembling, so sorrow-filled and lone,  
Is laid the condemnation of her folly and our own.  
Betrayed and left to suffer—what wrong could equal this?  
Ah! none save His who knew a friend's betrayal with a kiss.

Is this the justice England boasts, the justice stern and great  
That stands beside the balance-scales, an arbiter of Fate?  
No! She would lift the victim up, and hurl the monster down  
Who dared to snatch from womanhood her pure and regal crown.  
Now, men who dare to make the laws we bid us to obey,  
We will not rest in calm content while fiends may mouth their prey!

Come down! Your hands too long have held the sceptre and the sway;  
Come down! Your thrones are all defiled; for juster souls make way!  
The cry of anguished womanhood through centuries has rung  
Profoundly than the bitter cry by Roman poet sung,  
And we will lift the victim up, and bind her wounds that weep,  
And bid her tortured spirit rest, and sing her griefs to sleep.

Oh, shame! oh, shame! a thousand shames that ever doom should light  
Upon a maddened mother and a babe put out of sight!  
Oh, for the power and passion that in the days of old  
Made strong the souls that God had formed in such heroic mould.

GERTRUDE DEXTER.

## THE AGITATION.

FROM THE WOMAN WORKER, or from Julia Dawson, between 200 and 300 petitions for the release of Daisy Lord are asked for daily, and have been now for nearly a fortnight. The appeal has found its way into almost all the news-

papers since Robert Blatchford first made it in our columns.

In support of it the Women's Freedom League has decided to hold a protest meeting in Trafalgar Square on Sunday afternoon.

The "Christian Commonwealth" says: "THE WOMAN WORKER has taken the noble, loving, Christlike stand which represents the best in all womanhood. Here is a case where all the churches in the land should join in an appeal for mercy. The poor, helpless, friendless girl has been wronged far more deeply than she has sinned. What good can her punishment do? And it is inflicted in our name. We hope that every reader will send to Miss Mary Macarthur, Utopia Press, Worship Street, E.C., for petitions."

The following subscriptions for the incidental expenses of the relief movement have been received:

W. Sims, 1s.; Gertrude Pitts, 6d.; "Sincere Sympathiser," 1s.; Amos Woodard, 2s. 6d.; Cobden St. Women's Guild (Burnley), 5s.; M. Whitfield, 2s. 6d.; S. K., 3s.; Elsie Coles, 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; E. Mortimer Ash, 1s.; Mrs. McGregor, 6d.; Mrs. A. Sanderson, 1s.; G. Gregory, 1s.; Mr. W. W. Wilson, £1; A Friend, 6d.; H. F. Crane, 2s.; E. Jardine, 6d.—Total, £2 5s.

## MERCY NOT STRAINED.

A young, respectably-dressed woman was brought up on a charge of having on May 30, in a villa at Motherwell, given birth to a living male child, which she struck on the head, wrapped in a cloth, and placed in a box, whereby it was suffocated; or alternatively, that she concealed the fact that she was pregnant.

Mr. Graham Robertson, who appeared for her, said she pleaded guilty to concealment of pregnancy. She was only nineteen years of age, had neither father nor mother, and he understood was slightly affected mentally. She had been seduced by a man who left her to face the situation alone, and in the circumstances, more especially as she had been in custody for two months, he asked the judge to show leniency towards the prisoner.

Lord Guthrie said he thought the ends of justice would be met by imposing a sentence of two months' imprisonment, which would admit of the girl being at once set free.

[A number of eloquent letters on Daisy Lord's case will be found on our correspondence page.—Ed.]

There are "ignorant mothers" in all classes, and the term is not meant to be abusive. We cannot expect girls to know by instinct how to manage an infant; everybody has to be taught the laws of health and hygiene or learn by sad experience and their own mistakes. Our modern methods of training young girls do not sufficiently take into consideration the fact that the nation requires good mothers, healthy mothers, and wise mothers to cope with this high infant mortality rate, which is a blot upon our civilisation.—ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSEB, M.B.

## ON PLEASANT SPEECH.

By Margaret McMillan.

In the brief essay on voice and good pronunciation that follows, Miss McMillan answers a correspondent (Miss A. F. Swift, of Billingshurst) who wrote to her about the importance of teaching elocution in elementary schools. Aspirates and grammar, she said, if they do not divide the classes, make it difficult for them to blend. Miss McMillan says:

"I would say to Miss Swift that not only the way of speaking, but the voice itself and its inflections, play a most extraordinary part in the matter of antipathy and sympathy. Far off in strange lands one gets to long for the inflections of one's own country people! And nothing overawes and estranges different classes and nations so much as strangeness of inflexion of speech.

"Of course, this is irrational—like most deep-rooted instincts—and sometimes it is conquered all the same. The strong overgrow it, but not by ignoring it. Thus Hugh Millar, a poor stone mason, living on oatmeal and sleeping with rude gangs in ruder barracks, wrote in most fastidious English. He always behaved in a royal way—but he was more than a great geologist. There is a vulgar as well as a noble pride in every class. He hadn't it. He spoke broadly in the rude Scots tongue, and he puts in broad words no Englishman and few Lowland Scotsmen understand; but he learned English—which was very polite of him.

"English is the ruling tongue in these islands. There are women in Skye who speak splendid Gaelic, and have a dozen words for every one that many an English lady has to express phases of feeling; but that doesn't help them to get into many relations with the world of humans. We've all got to learn English. And, after all, we ought to learn it because otherwise we cannot get close to many people.

"The classes are divided to-day, sympathetically, by the absence of baths in the homes of the poor, and by the utter neglect of the vocal organs and their training in some sections of society.

"The rich woman often speaks bad or poor English. But her voice is not coarsened by bad treatment, and in manners she has no chance to be other than spotless, so she becomes fastidious.

"That is not a bad, but a very good thing. One day every one will be dainty, and have a beautiful way of speaking.

"The rich and privileged get these things first—or rather a kind of promise of them. We want them for all. We don't want to go back to the good old days when even the politest classes were so horribly coarse and brutal that the roughest person of to-day would shudder at them.

"Why, in Edinburgh, even in the beginning of last century—but no, I will not tell you what people said and did. Conversation in the courts and salons of 100 years ago was such that one shuts the book and tries—in vain—to forget it.

"Talk of the classes, why, they're close! It's the generations that are wide apart. 'Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward,' says the Time Spirit."

## IN THE PARK.

By Richard Whiteing.

"Holidays" and Bank Holiday both together—the Regent's Park can stand a good deal of wear and tear, but it was almost too much for the Regent's Park.

The children poured in, hot and dusty, from all the neighbouring slums. They came in their thousands, with, as I reckoned it, an average of about ninety square inches of wearing apparel to the square foot of back. I need not tell a mathematician that there should be a hundred and forty-four.

The ground was soon white with the litter of their preparations for luncheon, or, rather, it was a dirty brown, for, it is needless to say, the paper for the wrappers had not reached their first hand. For gourds they carried old medicine bottles or old gin bottles, and cockshied them into fragments when they had slaked their thirst.

## Cricket!

The Park Keeper mopped his brow. "We can't cope with 'em Bank Holidays," he said; "but we don't let 'em know it. That's the only way we manage 'em at all. Look at that lot."

"That lot" was engaged in a game of cricket, with the stem of a huge tree for a wicket, and for a ball, I shame to say it, the foot of an old stocking stuffed with rags. The bat was worse than this—a strip of match-boarding torn from a panel.

There was no defending such a wicket with such a bat. I doubt if Grace himself, with a perfect willow, could have done much against the bowling. The bowler was but five paces from his mark; and there was no missing it, even with one's eyes shut. Wickets fell two to the minute.

The big sister in charge of the whole family was out, first go off, and she relinquished the bat with indignation, declaring she wouldn't play no more. Her place was taken by a small boy, who shared the same fate in a few seconds. Another sister nearly got a run by treating the game as football, and kicking the stocking-foot into the air. But she was caught, so it all came to the same thing.

It was agreed at last to substitute for a tree a heap of clothing, which looked like a job lot in rags at a jumble sale, and to put the bowler further back. It was all the same in the long run: the bowling cowed the game.

That bowler! He was the smallest brother who could keep his feet—I can't answer for the babies. He was bare-foot and largely bare-legged, for he wore nothing in the world but the remnant of a shirt and a pair of old trousers shortened at the knee by one fell swoop of the abhorred shears, and manifestly hand-me-downs from his father's wardrobe. The shirt was lost to sight for a moment at the waistband in the usual way, but it asserted itself again triumphantly as a tail.

## The Park-keeper Tired.

He dominated not only the game but the park-keeper, whose cry of despair was a tribute to his powers.

"I haven't the 'art to interfere with 'em," said the park-keeper; "but I've

got to do it, for by rights they've no business to be on this pitch at all. You see, it's worn threadbare already, and—But there—I've been at it all day hunting 'em from one place to another, and I'm fagged out. Hi, you, there! What—?"

In an instant the camp was broken up, and the whole tribe of nomads in full flight.

"What's the use of follerin' 'em up?" said the park-keeper; "it'll only be the same thing over again. You may take it from me, sir, and I've been out on the frontier in my time, Afghans is a fool to 'em."

"Do you know what I've often thought? If I was the Government, I'd teach 'em how to play. Do you foller my meanin'? If you come to think of it, playing's a sort of art; you can no more do it self-taught than you can do your drill—and I know what I'm talkin' about there. You've got to learn it. There's the laws of the game, as there is in everything else. They've no idea of that here. Umpire—nothing of that sort; a clout with the bat, and then you wonder you've got hooligans when they grow up.

"Why, there was a lady I knew years ago who spent a good part of her life teaching the Board School children games. You've heard of her, I dare say, Honor Morten—head of the poll for all London at the election, and that was her hobby when she got in. She taught the little 'uns to play, evenin's, half-holidays, and such like, and put them through kiss-in-the-ring and puss-in-the-corner in fine style. You mightn't think there was anything to learn there, but there is. There's the old-fashioned way of doing it, which is generally the right way, and there's the meanin' of it, and even the hist'ry, sometimes goin' back hundreds of years, and beautiful at that.

## Honor Morten.

"How she worked at it, and not herself alone; she pressed all her friends into the service, and if she found any of 'em free for one of her nights they had to go down and play with the children. I've seen judges of the land trampin' round with the little ones, and singing all sorts of foolishness, and going to prison, perhaps, in one of the games, instead of sendin' other people there. It was fine sport, I assure you. The children fairly worshipped her, and it did 'em good, not only in their bodies but in their behaviour. You see, it gave 'em an idea of law and order.

"It all came to an end somehow, and I never knew exactly why. I believe she couldn't hit it off with the School Board. They got jealous like, and wanted more time for c-a-t, cat. There's plenty of room for both—that's my way of lookin' at it—and one helps the other. It's all like learning your drill; and you can learn that just as well when you're enjoyin' yourself—perhaps better, I fancy sometimes—than when you're the other way.

"And then it isn't the teaching only. There's what you may call the 'plant.' Games is dear, and you want a lot of tools for 'em. Look at the golfers—pounds and pounds, I've heard say.

Just the same with the children's games—bats and balls and wickets for this 'ere cricket, and so on, with hockey and football and all the rest. How are these children to pay for it? It can't be done.

## A Bit of Heart-break.

"Look at that stuffed stockin'-foot: it's only half a joke, and the other half quite a bit of heart-break if you take it the right way. I picks up some of the things when they've got lost, and takes 'em home with me to show my missis. What do you think of an old cap stuffed with straw for a football, and a big gravy lade for a cricket bat? I call it my museum of curiosities.

"You may think I'm fanciful, but do you know what I'd do if I'd made my fortune? I'd start clubs for the gutter children—regular clubs, in all the poor quarters, where they could find warmth and shelter and indoor games in the winter time, and something to play at, indoors or out, all the year round. Yes, regular clubs to keep 'em out of the street, and regular instructors to put 'em up to the games accordin' to the season, and to see fair play, and a regular little armoury where all the things was stored. No hymns, mind yer, that's for another place, and all quite right in its way, but just play. Why not a games-master in every Board School playground? By the bye, what d'ye call it now? County Council, but it's all the same thing. And why not learn 'em rowin' in the parks in the County Council boats?

## Jack and His Master.

"That's what they do in the schools for the gentry, and see what it does for them. Did you ever see the Eton and Harrow match? And did you never hear talk of the Eton Mission to the Poor—there is such a thing. What a fine sight it would be—an Eton match once a year between an eleven of them young gents and an eleven of this lot.

"And perhaps Jack just as good as his master sometimes, for all we can tell.

"The Government could do it if they liked. See what it's done already for the daughters of the gentlefolks all about this very park. They play cricket now, if you please, and hockey and such like, with a regular pitch out in the open, and one of us to look after 'em and keep off the roughs. It's one of our sights. Well, at first they'd no place to change in, and they memorialised—I believe I've got the word right—the Woods and Forests; and the Government built 'em a shed. You can see the roof over there in the enclosure—between the trees. Well, when once the Government do anything o' that sort they do it prime—basins and towels to wash their 'ands, an' not jack-towels either. I fancy they've got to find their own soap, but that'll come free some day, I dare say. And pegs for their hats and things, ay, and lookin' glasses, too, to smarten themselves up when they're putting 'em on. That's the Government, sir, when it gives its mind to a thing. Why not the same accommodation for the pore?

"Hi, you there!" blowing his whistle at a distant band of malefactors visible only to the eye of faith. "Come out of it; your plot's further on.

"Excuse me, sir, it's that lot ag'in. I must go an' chevy 'em: that bit o' grass is reserved till next spring."

## TO LADIES IN REVOLT.

By Keighley Snowden.

Not a scorner of your sex,  
But venerator, zealous it should be  
All that it might be—

I must needs appeal against some  
warlike maids and matrons. They will  
not take this paper for a friend.

To me, that is a little strange and  
chilling.

THE WOMAN WORKER stands, in-  
deed, in a sense, for all humanity, but  
only as "the woman's cause is man's,"  
and that of both the children's cause.

It looks, no doubt, to a time beyond  
this fighting. The two shall at last—

Sit side by side, full summ'd in all their  
powers,

Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be. . . .  
Then springs the crowning race of human  
kind.

But this paper holds there must be  
fighting first, and victory for women.

It attacks all injustices, not one only;  
and yet knows well that they are man-  
made wrongs, which women should be  
quick to remedy. Therefore it stands  
for women's rights with a measureless  
indictment.

It sees all wrongs to be deeper for the  
weak than for the strong. But it makes  
no class war of women against women;  
looking for ultimate justice first to your  
own ideals, ladies—those of the strong  
women who—

Hold a promise for the race  
That was not at their rising.

### An Ally.

Is not such a paper your firm ally?  
Look at it well, and see how its matter  
is chosen. The purpose is to quicken  
hope and a divine discontent in the  
breasts of hopeless women, for there are  
many.

How do the politicians meet your just  
demand? They say it is that of a few  
women only. To a just demand that is  
a politic and dishonest answer. Politics  
rule the world, alas!—never justice.  
But, crying for justice always, THE  
WOMAN WORKER would one day make  
the answer impossible if you were  
doomed to wait, ladies.

It may be that you will not have to  
wait. Your politics are so superbly  
vigorous. They make it easier to grant  
you justice than to withhold it, and,  
because of your importunity, the unjust  
judges of the time are partly yielding.

But—for whom are you fighting? Are  
you with us, or against us?

With us, I make no doubt. As I am  
old enough to know and honour good  
women, it is to me as sure as the sun's  
warmth that we women and men who  
write and live for the weakest of your  
sex, the veriest slaves of man's long,  
heedless inhumanity, the most oppres-  
sed and tortured, excite in you no  
reasoned jealousy and find no coldness.

### Scouted.

But there are some of your number  
who have not understood.

Proofs of this are beyond dispute.  
THE WOMAN WORKER should have had a  
wider and more immediate welcome. It  
is only now beginning to seem to you  
a friend and no enemy; for, as to  
"Princess Ida," there are those to  
whom—

We seem a nest of traitors—none to trust  
Since our arms failed—this Egypt-plague of  
men.

It is not long ago that workgirls sell-  
ing this paper at Earl's Court on the  
occasion of a Suffrage demonstration  
were threatened with the police and  
turned out. A paper whose contribu-  
tors include Cicely Hamilton, Teresa  
Billington-Greig, Clementina Black,  
Margaret McMillan, Richard Whiteing,  
and Robert Blatchford, and of which  
the warm humanism glows unmis-  
takable on every page, was evidently  
suspect.

And I know that it still perturbs  
heroic souls who fight in the van.

As one who is proud to find himself  
in this and the like company, I re-  
spectfully suggest to you, dear Ladies  
in Revolt, that such undisciplined and  
rash hostility divides your own house-  
hold, and should be ruled as you know  
how to rule it—lest the enemy rejoice.

For it is part of your answer to Mr.  
Asquith that you do speak for all your  
sex.

He will have the Suffrage made demo-  
cratic first; but you say to him, "Give  
us justice, and we will ourselves do jus-  
tice."

### Why?

Believing surely that you will, I stand  
at your point of view to feel the mood  
of that hostility.

Heart and brain on fire there. The  
spirit of Marie Spiridonova, which  
neither shames nor tortures may sub-  
due. No man in whom his manhood is  
not dead can see it and understand  
without emotion; can see it, I think,  
without some noble turmoil in the  
breast, because you stand for Liberty.

Well, so do we; there is fire, too, in  
our hearts. Why is the fellowship felt  
by us not shared by some of you? Why  
did they scout us?

The reason cannot have been that we  
are democratic. In the mouth of Mr.  
Asquith the word may seem to be  
sinister; but, as you are true women,  
the thing is not. You take the women  
workers with you. Who is more elo-  
quent in their cause than you? And  
when your own cause triumphs, you will  
neither desert nor patronise them, will  
you?—as you are true women. How do  
I know this? Because true hearts are  
loyal and pitiful, as well as brave.  
They are such in the same degree that  
courage flames in them for martyrdom.  
That is how Annie Kenney wrote  
"Prison Faces."

### Mystery!

Why, then, were we so strangely  
scouted? Was it because we speak of  
pity more than courage? You know  
yourselves how these go hand in hand,  
I hope. Only the fools and selfish take  
you to be shrews.

But there is this: while standing at  
your point of view, we look beyond your  
objective. Not doubting you, the fore-  
most fighters, but wishing to see that  
courage and pity alive in all women,  
when your assault of a Light Brigade is  
won. Was the reason that, do you  
think?

How could it be?  
Our help is not deferred. It is now  
and busily that we spread the flame  
for you. We do it, indeed, by methods  
not your own; but since we do it we  
clearly should not seem your enemies.  
And since we do it for you as well as for  
all, we cannot be your rivals.

Not to be tedious, ladies, I leave this  
wonder for another week.

### A GREEK BOY.

(Suggested by a Picture.)

A tawny hide hangs o'er the shoulders  
fine;

Dark, daring eyes smile out most  
luringly;

Curls, where the sun-gleams linger,  
loving cling

Thick round a spacious brow. By the  
blue sea

Thousands of years ago he roamed;  
what joy

To have kept free step with him along  
the shore;

Tended on some green turf with him  
the flock

Soft-bleating, in our ears the ocean's  
roar!

That hand, methinks, would ply the oar  
with ease,

The cheek has that warm tint burnt by  
the sun;

No maidish youth was he in love or  
sports,

Swifter than Mercury's his feet would  
run;

Beauty, but 'tis the rock-born eagle's  
grace.

The witchery of a face appeals to me,  
Bridging the flood of years between our  
lives

Because this soul would die for liberty.  
ETHEL CARNIE.

### A NURSE ON HUMAN NATURE.

Giving an interview to the "Quiver,"  
Miss Eva Lückes, the famous matron of  
the London Hospital, took occasion to  
say: "The gratitude of our patients,  
who are mainly drawn from the very  
poor, is simply wonderful and most  
touching. We couldn't go on working if  
we did not think more and more of  
human nature as we see it every year.  
One dear old man said to his nurse,  
meeting her when he had left the hos-  
pital, 'I am sure I don't know where  
they get you ladies from. You're more  
like daughters than anything else.' It  
is a gratitude that shows itself not only  
in words, but in beautiful little deeds.  
Here is one case. Some years ago a poor  
woman's only son died in the 'London,'  
and every sad anniversary she brings us  
a bunch of flowers and a shilling in  
halfpennies."

### THE CLASSES.

Scene, the Oofy Goldbergs' little  
place in Dumppshire. Her Grace:  
"Good heavens! D'you see who've just  
arrived? The Talbot de Vere-Howard-  
Montgomerys! And talking to com-  
pany promoters and soap-kings and I  
don't know what as if they'd been born  
to it! I'd no idea they were getting  
into such good society!"—"Punch."

## SEX OR CLASS?

By Cicely Hamilton

Author of "Diana of Dobson's."

I have always maintained that the  
struggle of women to obtain political  
enfranchisement, so far from being a  
sex conflict, is, fundamentally and es-  
sentially, a class conflict, and only one  
phase of the perennial strife between  
the "haves" and the "have-nots"; and  
that the cause which has driven women  
to demand a share in the government  
of their country is exactly the same as  
that which, at all stages of constitu-  
tional history, has prompted a similar  
demand on the part of different classes  
of men.

That cause I take to be the realisation  
of the principle upon which democracy  
is based—the conviction that no human  
being, or set of human beings (however  
well-intentioned), can be trusted to dis-  
pose, unchecked, of the lives and  
liberties of others.

Democracy, in short, means the  
balancing against each other of all the  
various and varied interests of the com-  
munity.

The aristocratic idea of government,  
on the other hand, is based on the prin-  
ciple that some men, by virtue of posi-  
tion and training, are more fitted than  
others to guide the community aright,  
and that to them alone, and without  
popular interference, the task of so  
guiding it should be committed.

It is not my intention to consider  
which of these two ideals of govern-  
ment is the higher and more desirable  
in the abstract. All I wish to point out  
is that, for several hundred years, the  
forces of democracy have been steadily  
gaining ground in civilised countries,  
the forces of aristocracy as steadily re-  
treating before them.

Gradually (and, as a rule, with ex-  
treme reluctance) those who had, in the  
first place, grasped political power—the  
aristocracy—have been forced to  
admit the outsider to their councils and  
grant a measure of influence to the man  
in a lower rank of life. By the word  
"aristocracy" I do not necessarily  
mean a landed or titled class; I use the  
term in its widest sense—the sense of a  
class privileged above its fellows, a class  
to which the law grants and secures  
rights and powers which to others it ex-  
pressly denies.

### Man as Aristocrat.

In this sense every man in this country  
is an aristocrat, since every man in this  
country may, by complying with certain  
conditions, obtain his share of direct  
political power, while every woman in  
this country is, by law, debarred from  
doing so.

And our attitude towards our  
brethren is precisely that of the barons  
who declined to trust their interests to  
the mercies of King John, or of the  
lower-middle class towards the en-  
franchised minority at the time of the  
Great Reform Bill.

It is worthy of remark that our so-  
called "democracy" replies to the  
woman's demand for political enfran-  
chisement with the old aristocratic argu-  
ment: "You can rely upon us to look  
after your interests. We, in our  
wisdom, know what is good for you a

great deal better than you know your-  
selves."

It is an argument that before now has  
served an autocrat; that is put for-  
ward, no doubt, in all good faith, but  
to which no people struggling to be free  
has ever given ear—because a people  
struggling to be free is one which has  
realised that there is a divergence of  
interests between itself and its ruling  
class.

Men, in the face of such assurances,  
have answered earnestly and obsti-  
nately that they decline to trust their  
welfare to the hands of others; and  
women, with equal earnestness and ob-  
stinacy, are now declaring the same  
thing.

It is as a disfranchised class, not as a  
discontented sex, that they are insisting  
on their share of political power, and  
demanding that those who legislate for  
them shall be responsible to them.

And it is not only right, but necessary,  
that they should so insist.

### The Only Way.

The tendency of the age, the trend of  
modern government, is driving them to  
do so.

The legislation of to-day tends more  
and more to become class legislation;  
that is to say, laws are passed or re-  
jected in the interests of any section of  
the community which is sufficiently  
large and powerful to make its influence  
felt in the Legislature.

Further, the old individualistic prin-  
ciple which restricted State inter-  
ference with the liberties of the citizen  
may be said to have been definitely  
abandoned. It has been replaced by  
the so-called "Socialistic" principle,  
that the State has a right to order the  
life of the individual citizen in accord-  
ance with the welfare of the community  
as a whole, and to subordinate the in-  
terests of any particular group or class  
to those of the nation in general.

That is the theory; but, in practice  
and under our Parliamentary system,  
the interest of the community as a  
whole is usually interpreted to mean  
the interest of the majority of the elec-  
torate. And if the majority of the  
electorate should consider that their in-  
terests are at variance with those of an  
unrepresented class—such as women—it  
is obvious that the unrepresented class,  
however numerous, will have little  
chance of obtaining an impartial hear-  
ing of its case.

Human nature, even at its best, still  
shows an extraordinary aptitude for  
confusing duty with inclination, and  
might with right; and, as I have already  
stated, one of the peculiarities of an  
aristocracy is its firm belief in its own  
capacity for managing other people's  
affairs, even against other people's  
wishes.

### Our Perils.

The danger I have pointed out I be-  
lieve to be no imaginary one.

It is quite possible that the interests  
of large groups of women workers may  
clash violently with those of large  
groups of men workers, and that the

latter, being in a position to influence  
legislation by their votes, may use their  
power to hamper and restrict the  
women, who are pressing them hard in  
the labour market.

Such legislation has been mooted  
more than once of late—notably by Mr.  
John Burns—of course, under the  
specious pretext that it will be an ad-  
vantage to the woman to be prevented  
from earning her bread by certain forms  
of labour.

That, it seems to me, is a question on  
which the person chiefly concerned has  
a right to be consulted; but, under pre-  
sent conditions, such a question, if it  
arose, would be discussed and decided  
by members of Parliament responsible  
only to their constituents—that is to  
say, to a purely male electorate.

Even if no such actual clash should  
ever arise, the women of to-day are  
realising that as long as Parliament re-  
presents only the men of the nation, so  
long will the interests of the men of the  
nation be furthered and considered  
above the interests of its women—and  
so long will every demand of theirs,  
however reasonable, be liable to be put  
aside for the "more important busi-  
ness" of the electorate.

### YOUTH AND AGE.

When I was young,  
And glib of tongue—  
A many, many years since—  
Brave words I said;  
But I have shed  
A many, many tears since.  
I'd win much pelt,  
I felt myself  
Quite competent to do so;  
But then, alas!  
I was an ass;  
Now I'm as poor as Crusoe.  
And yet, God wot  
It matters not  
A jot.

I'd write. From Fame  
I'd wrest a name.  
I'd rifle Fortune's casket.  
Vain boast. Each mag  
And weekly rag  
Consigned me to the basket.  
In Art as well  
I would excel;  
But, curse those critics' strictures,  
The rascals said—  
"Hang him instead  
Of his confounded pictures."  
Yet since my hair  
Turned grey, I swear  
I do not care.

I loved. Ah me!  
Eve's daughter, she  
Too much resembled mother;  
And soon forgot  
The precious rot  
We whispered to each other.  
Her eyes were blue;  
Her heart was true,  
She vowed in accents mellow;  
Instead of which,  
To win the fitch  
She helped another fellow.  
Well, I am old, and thank the gods,  
It makes no odds.

A. FOGEX.

In London alone forty-six persons died  
of starvation last year.

## A WOOD-NYMPH SINGS.

Even as Mr. Pericles was protesting that he was the most mystified of the company, his neck lengthened, and his head went round, and his ear was turned to the sky, while he breathed an elaborate "Ah!" And sure enough that was the voice of the woods, cleaving the night air, not distant. A sleepy fire of early moonlight hung through the dusky fir branches. The voice had the woods to itself, and seemed to fill them and soar over them, it was so full and rich, so light and sweet. And now, to add to the marvel, they heard a harp accompaniment, the strings being faintly touched, but with firm fingers. A woman's voice: on that could be no dispute. Tell me, what opens heaven more flamingly to heart and mind than the voice of a woman, pouring clear, accordant notes to the blue night sky, that grows light blue to the moon? There was no flourish in her singing. All the notes were firm, and rounded, and sovereignly distinct. She seemed to have caught the ear of Night, and sang confident of her charm.

"Let me find zis woman!" cried the prose enthusiast, Mr. Pericles, imperiously.

In the middle of the wood there was a sandy mound, rising half the height of the lesser firs, bounded by a green-grown vallum, where once an old woman, hopelessly a witch, had squatted, and defied the authorities to make her budge: nor could they accomplish the task before her witch-soul had taken wing in the form of a black night-

bird, often to be heard jarring above the spot. Lank, dry weeds and nettles, and great lumps of green and grey moss, now stood on the poor old creature's place of habitation, and the moon, slanting through the fir-clumps, was scattered on the blossoms of twisted orchard trees gone wild again. . . . In the shadows sat the fair singer. A musing touch of her harp-strings drew the intruders to the charmed circle, though they could discern nothing save the glimmer of the instrument and one set of fingers caressing it. . . .

The charm was now more human, though scarcely less powerful. This song was different from the last: it was not the sculptured music of the old school, but had the richness and fullness of passionate blood that marks the modern Italian, where there is much dallying with beauty in the thick of sweet anguish. Here, at a certain passage of the song, she gathered herself up and pitched a nervous note, so shrewdly triumphing that, as her voice sank to rest, her hearers could not restrain a deep murmur of admiration. . . .

Mr. Pericles rallied them by moving forward and doffing his hat, at the same time begging excuse for the rudeness they were guilty of.

The fair singer answered, with a quickness that showed a girl: "Oh, stay; do stay, if I please you!" A singular form of speech it was thought by the ladies.

She added: "I feel that I sing better when I have people to listen to me."

"You find it more sympathetic, do you not?" remarked Cornelia.

"I don't know," responded the unknown, with a very honest smile. "I like it."  
GEORGE MEREDITH.

## ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;  
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,  
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape,  
But O, too fond, when I have answer'd thee,  
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?  
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:  
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!  
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;  
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; thy fate and mine are seal'd;  
I strove against the stream and all in vain:  
Let the great river take me to the main:  
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;  
Ask me no more.  
TENNYSON.

The Church in Russia has forbidden the faithful to send any birthday notes to Count Tolstoy.

## A Woman Worker in Johannesburg.

## II.—EVILS OF THE "PIC-NIC" LIFE.

By Sybil Cormack Smith.

It is evident, now the screw of depression is turned on, that Johannesburg has been the lodestar of a lot of "talent," dubious or not so, that could easily be dispensed with.

To deal with women only, there is hardly a class of workers not overcrowded—and generally overcrowded, I am sorry to say, by the incapables. The country is abused now. Formerly it was overlauded, and the result was a big influx of people looking for ease, for money to be got without much effort, and for a loftier level of society than that to which they were accustomed. The mere fact of a coloured population serves yet as a temptation to the whites who don't want to work.

This is a country of contrasts. In the people, white jostles black and brown both; the sudden night comes after brilliant day without any twilight; storms rise abruptly, a sky of blue radiance grows heavy with thunder; then black clouds vanish as quickly as they came, and the sun dries up the torrents. A man is obscure to-day, and next week has the light of publicity turned upon him; or one known a month ago as a "magnate" is to-day talked of as "shaky," and sensational tales are told of his private life.

## Morals and Motor-cars.

Everyone's affairs are talked about, yet there is no country on earth where the outward show may more totally misrepresent the inward meaning.

A man is judged largely by his means of locomotion and the number of times in a season that his wife and daughter attend dances: which leads to the too-early acquirement of motor-cars and far too much social dissipation.

There is a distinct class that gives all for style, that puts money into show which ought to be put into food; that would rather owe its tradesmen for the monthly supplies than relax an item of gorgeousness—and does owe, too. This class lives on credit, but not in the way that safe, established families do, because they are trusted beyond limit by those with whom they deal; here the credit class lives so because its creditors are afraid to let it "smash," for all would suffer.

Tradesmen go on trusting it, hoping for some wonderful change—one of those sudden upliftings that come in new countries. Each day more of them are ruined; and if change should come, it would only increase the glitter and unreliability. Better that it should not come at all. Hard experience teaches.

Johannesburg is suffering now for the days when it flung sovereigns about as if they were shillings.

## No Home Life.

Like the average working-girl herself, these people live in "rooms." The custom began when rents were prohibitive. It continues because workers have found it much easier, if less comfortable and less solid, to lodge with a "private

family" than to run a house of one's own; and they lead a life of idleness, or of small activities, without a settled plan.

Those who do not lodge take lodgers. There is practically a complete absence of the newly-set-up homes of married people which belong to them wholly, and in which home-life is sacred. And the whole trouble is that tastes fly too high.

Untold mischief results. The fast young married woman, with her male friends, her unauthorised excursions, and her frequent balls and parties, is nearly always a person who lives in apartments. For if the average young man here can afford to marry, he certainly cannot afford to give his wife much "diversion," and with little claim upon her time or energies it is hardly remarkable—given a taste for gaiety and a somewhat obscured moral sense—that the habit grows upon her of dissipation in the company of men who are not her husband.

## Scandal and the End.

The workers watch a tragedy. Soon there is scandal. Either it is the divorce court in extreme cases; or the wife "goes home to her people" in England or at the Cape for a protracted stay; or a state of affairs is evolved which all the world talks about—the husband leading his own life, absorbed in business and perhaps in his own pleasures, the wife following up her round of gaiety without pretence of sympathy between them. It is to be doubted whether separation and divorce are as bad as this divided life.

I know that there are many wives to whom disaster would be next to impossible; but there is a predominating number of the other type.

It is a type distinct—hardly the gay married woman of old civilisations who has too much money to spend, but a type more harmful even, because a type that ought to be helping the middle-class men to forge ahead and to make a home and a future. Lack of money seems no bar to her. She must either be a wonderful manager, or her life gives plenty of opportunity for saving from the indispensable expenses, or else she makes up by accepting "presents."

The presents are notorious. She is always getting something given to her—jewellery, or new gowns or hats, or pretty silver articles, or only motor-rides. It is all part of the awful canker that is eating at the fabric of her being.

Such a state of affairs may last for years; but if it does, that is due to the case and good temper—real or pretended—of the husband, who, passing the tragic stage, has grown negligent. More usually there is a desperate end, a tragic interval, and then the woman reappears in some other sphere—one fears a lower.

Thus the striving after grandeur defeats itself and ends in extinction, sordidly. And half the sinners do not understand, perhaps, until it is too late.

## SAIREY GAMP PROTESTS.

By Robert Bentley.

"Beggin' your pardon, Missus Editor, but bein' a reg'lar reader of THE WOMAN WORKER owin' to a friend of mine 'avin' give me last week's, an' pointin' out that outrageous article by an Inspector, wot I want to say is that I little thought you would aid an' abet those despoilers of widders an' orphans who 'ave conspired to rob us pore creatures of our hard-earned wages.

"Which many's the time I've gone out on terms which was a certain loss an' never could repay, and, Missus Editor, I should like to see the hussy with a suttifket or a dippledomer as could 'ave perduced the families I've 'ad with never a axerdent; no, nor a poorerper fever, karrin' the eighth of Mrs. Gill, who was bandy through a motor 'orn which they always brings 'em on sudder an' is no fault of the nuss.

"Says Mrs. Harris, which is a woman out of a thousand an' a better-hearted never inhabited this wale, notwithstanding she has signed, sealed, and delivered her ninth, an' is as fresh an' hearty as a new-cut radish, which she was always partial to, says she to Mrs. Gill, 'Mrs. Gill,' she says, 'if you want a reliable nuss, send for Sairey. Sairey,' she says, 'is a jool. Her ways is ways of pleasantness, an' all her patients is pleased. 'Ow she does it I don't know.

She's a Royal College of Sturgeons an' a Medical Commin Council all rolled into one. None of your 'ospital nusses for me,' she says, 'with their saucy ways an' their suttifkets. Give me Sairey,' says she, 'an' I will defy the slings an' arrers of the 'ole farmercooper an' all the pills that flesh is heir to.

"Charges little for the job, indeed! Which it's quite true, an' not a thing to throw in our teeth. 'Why,' says Mrs. Harris to me, 'your bills ain't no bigger than the babies, bless 'em. I don't know 'ow ever you keep flesh and blood together.'

"Mrs. Harris,' I says, 'consider the lilies of the field. It's our abstemiousness,' I says. 'We don't want much,' I says, 'an' as long as the food's good an' the drink's reg'lar, it's little we cares about layin' up treasures on earth, where rust an' moth do corrup'. We're not Shylocks Holmes, Mrs. Harris,' I says.

"An' now this black-hearted Inspector wants to 'arry us out of the perffession! Wot next, I wonder! Which everyone knows as a pint of the Brighton Old Tipper for lunch, an' a pint for dinner, an' p'raps a nip in the arfternoon, an' a pint for supper was all Sairey Gamp ever took, exceptin' always 'avin' the bottle on the chimbley in case of accident.

"Mrs. Harris,' I says, 'reg'lar is my habits, an' reg'lar they shall be, like the laws of the Meejean Pershans.' An' don't you go for to think, Missus Editor, as Sairey Gamp's customers will ever desert that inwallable pusson in times of doubt an' xtremity as the prayer-book says, for all the suttifkets in Asia, Africa, Amerikey, an' Europe.

"Trained nusses, indeed! Oh, you snakes! Oh, you wolf in sheep-shanks! You bragian thief, devourin' widders, weeds with your cloaks an' your white bows an' your suttifkets! Betsy, love, 'and me the bottle."

**CADBURY'S**  
**COCOA**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE THEREFORE BEST

## BIRKBECK BANK.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

## 2½ PER CENT. INTEREST

allowed on Deposit Accounts repayable on Demand.

## 2 PER CENT. INTEREST

on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All General Banking Business Transacted.

Almanack with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

## JAEGER

Pure Wool

NEVER ADULTERATED!

The genuine Jaeger goods are often imitated, sometimes with mixtures of wool and cotton, sometimes with wool of poor quality.

The Jaeger Company have never sold adulterated or falsely described goods! The Jaeger name or Trademark is a HALL-MARK of purity and high quality, at moderate prices.

LONDON—126, Regent St., W.  
456, Strand, Charing Cross, W.C.  
30, Sloane Street, S.W.  
102, Kensington High Street, W.  
115, Victoria Street, S.W.  
(Close to A. & N. Stores.)  
85 & 86, Cheapside, E.C.

Illustrated Price List  
& Patterns sent free.

Sold in most towns. Address sent  
on application, Head Office, 95,  
Milton Street, London, E.C.

## OF HUMAN NATURE.

By P. Glanville.

Of all the many inscrutable mysteries that Nature has made for our searching, there is none so baffling as the human heart.

I mean, of course, the secret inner heart—the soul. The mere physical organ that pumps blood is beyond our science; but that silent, invisible, intangible *something* that pumps thought—what is that? Or how can we gauge it?

The doctor comes to the patient and puts a tube against his side, and listens. He tells him that his heart is weak, or diseased—that he has but a month, a year, to live. But there is no such chance for the mind-student. No man will suffer a stethoscope near his soul's pulse.

We can only guess darkly, or reason by analogy and deduction, of what we call human nature; assisting ourselves somewhat in our diagnosis by the disjointed and conflicting testimonies of dead-and-gone philosophers, historians, and novelists.

This judging of character and tracing of motives is so complex and bewildering; the patient keeps his mind hidden behind an immovable or deceitful facial mask.

**Known to Unknown.**

It is like a game of whist, where we must estimate the cards in the opponent's hand by the manner of his lead. But at whist a good and practised player can often guess rightly; in the game of life the sharpest eye and the cunningest head can seldom get so much as a clue.

Talk of the characters of "Richard III." or "Joan of Arc": why, what man knows the mind or feeling of his most intimate friend?

Or, if it comes to that, what man knows enough of his own inmost nature to predict what he will do at a given time under given conditions, or to make sure that his deepest motive for any act of his daily life is wholly pure?

But we may profitably remember that we do not know much about our own relatives and friends, and are obliged to cross-examine our own souls to find out the real wellspring of our thoughts and wishings.

**The Blue Chamber.**

Who has not seen a wife, a boon companion, or a child of his own sitting rapt and silent, with fixed eye gazing at the distant horizon, or the dancing blaze—gazing, yet seeing nothing? He is in a brown study, this friend who has no secrets from you. Ask him of what he thinks, and you will see the set muscles relax, and the brow smooth, and with a little sigh your David turns to his Jonathan again and smiles a demure smile. But he does not tell you what you want to know.

He has been in his blue chamber of mystery, and there is no telling what would be the consequence could you follow him there. So he politely backs you out and pulls to the door, and becomes once more the old familiar, candid, open-hearted David.

For every personality that we know hides a secret personality that we do not, nor ever can, know. Every man

and woman has a private blue chamber of which no friend can ever be entrusted with the key. Hopeless is the effort to peer behind the dark curtain of the outer man, and if we could we should be dazed and baffled by the intricate complexity of mixed motives.

**Mixed Motives.**

This philosophy of mixed motives is beyond the ken of any save the greatest masters. Your third or second-rate novelist or dramatist does not grapple with the problem. Even a Shakespeare is unequal to the full sounding and comprehension of the humblest soul.

But what shall we say of the botched figures offered us by the journeyman playwright and novel-builder? Their characters are not men and women—they are personifications. Their villains are not villains, but vice; vice unhumanised by a single ray of goodness. Their heroes and heroines are not flesh and blood, but virtue—virtue that is, as Disraeli said, "unredeemed by a single fault."

Yet the designers of these travesties on our common humanity are amongst the most intelligent of the ruck of men.

There is no man, probably, made of clay so base but a few threads of gold run through it, nor any whose hearts are of precious metal unalloyed by grit or soil of vice or folly.

**Animal and Angel.**

Complicate masses of nobility and meanness, of animal desires and angelic impulses, are the most of men. Their selfishness, their treachery, their covetousness, envy, and dissimulation are twined and twisted with veins of pity and gentleness and self-abnegation and gratitude, and of innate aspiration after what is best in Nature or beyond it, and it is mere folly to heed the deductions of superficial observers on the characters and motives of our public men.

For us a man's actions are all in all. Them we can see and grasp and weigh. What a man does, not what he is, concerns us, and it would be well if we could bear this fact in mind, and, instead of wasting time upon futile personalities and more or less stupid efforts to comprehend the incomprehensible, devote our strength to the consideration of facts and deeds, and the furtherance of the nation's business, and the advancement of the nation's interests.

It is measures and not men that we can understand, and it is measures and not men that it boots us to consider.

There is, unhappily, in circulation in these days literature that, altogether apart from prudery or any Puritanical prejudice, must be pronounced pernicious to health. There are novels in demand that pander to vicious tastes. There are scurrilous journalistic rags about—one sees them sometimes on the tables of the affluent of sporting proclivities—that should only be fingered by decent people with the tongs while being consigned to flame.—Sir James Crichton-Browne.

## LOVE SHADOWED.

Margaret leaned back and half-closed her eyes, and murmured to Gerard: "What a lovely scene! The warm sun, the green shade, the rich dresses, the bright music of the lutes and the cool music of the fountain, and all faces so happy and gay! And then, it is to you we owe it."

Gerard was silent, all but his eyes; observing which—

"Now, speak not to me," said Margaret languidly; "let me listen to the fountain: what are you a competitor for?"

He told her. "Very well! You will gain one prize at least."

"Which—which? Have you seen any of my work?"

"I? No. But you will gain a prize." "I hope so; but what makes you think so?"

"Because you were so good to my father."

Gerard smiled at the feminine logic, and hung his head at the sweet praise, and was silent.

"Speak not," murmured Margaret. "They say this is a world of sin and misery. Can that be? What is your opinion?"

"No! That is all a silly old song," explained Gerard. "This is a byword our elders keep repeating out of custom: it is not true."

"How can you know? You are but a child," said Margaret with pensive dignity.

"Why, only look around! And then I thought I had lost you for ever; and you are by my side: and now the minstrels are going to play again. Sin and misery? Stuff and nonsense!"

The lutes burst out. The courtyard rang again with their delicate harmony.

"What do you admire most of all these beautiful things, Gerard?"

"What do I admire most? . . . If you will sit a little more that way I'll tell you."

"This way?"

"Yes, so that the light may fall on you. There! I see many fair things here, fairer than I could have conceived; but the fairest of all, to my eye, is your lovely hair in its silver frame, and the setting sun kissing it. It minds me of what the Vulgate praises for beauty, 'an apple of gold in a network of silver,' and oh, what a pity I did not know you before I sent in my poor endeavours at illuminating! I could illuminate so much better now. I could do everything better. There, now the sun is full on it, it is like an aureole. So our Lady looked, and none since her until to-day."

"Oh, fie! It is wicked to talk so. Compare a poor, coarse-favoured girl like me with the Queen of Heaven? Oh, Gerard! I thought you were a good young man."

"I can't help it. I love you. I love you."

"Hush, hush! for pity's sake! I must not listen to such words from a stranger. I am ungrateful to call you a stranger. Oh, how one may be mistaken! If I had known you were so bold—." And Margaret's bosom began to heave, and her cheeks were covered with blushes, and she looked towards her sleeping father.

"THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH."

## A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

The Magic Carpet.\*

What an artist Fate is! You never suspect his plots of their surprises, and yet you are on the stage, one of the actors; indeed, people are seen behaving like part authors—would it be more unkind, or not, to say producers?

The play is too big: none of us can follow it—and there is no rehearsal.

It looks confused and purposeless to our crowded eyes, unable to look over the heads above us, and mostly we exert ourselves to one purpose or another in a kind of panic. There is no other word for our anxious mood, even to those who are strong and calm; at times it worries the strongest of us. And then, one day, whether we worry or don't worry, something happens.

How weird the sensation is! And nobody feels the soft shock of it weirder than those part-author people.

Just now, as I sit writing, the whisper of the gas-burner is enough to give me a tiny shiver. I have been reading "The Sorcery Shop." It is one of the most beautiful books I ever did read, and why should I feel like that? I know the author, and love him. What a strange thrill!

I know why, and yet the strangeness does not pass off. To find such a book is to feel the quiet touch of Fate.

As always, when the touch comes, one looks back at the things one has been lately doing, the other things that have suddenly that they have tended all one way. The strangest is that this quick look into the eye of Fate, startling, like the glist of Stevenson's bottle-imp, is only, as I believe, to be had when you are living, as Henley did, in the conviction that a man is "master of his Fate and captain of his soul."

Everything had prepared me to read "The Sorcery Shop," and yet prevented me from reading it. And now that I have read it, I know that I can never again look at life's confusion with the same eyes.

The world one enters, our own world in the days to be, is real and vivid. William Morris's glimpse of it had the charm of dreams: this is bright with a glassy essence. One sees all clearly, as on a fine day of spring; and the Wizard's commentary proves its utter naturalness.

But there is more than that in the magic.

Some curtain has been lifted. It was a certain that equally hid my friend's mentality and dimmed my own study of imagination, my long-mused notion of the play's development, the actors' motives and their possibilities.

What happens as you open this book? For something happens at once.

I can only compare what happens to the experience of people in Eastern story, who sat down upon the magic carpet of some older wizard, and found themselves at once in other lands. But

\* "The Sorcery Shop: An Impossible Romance." By Robert Blatchford. (2s. 9d., post free. Clarion Press, 44, Worship Street, E.C.)

in Eastern story the magic annihilates only space: it is a greater twinkle of the bedpost to annihilate time and the worst of human folly. Seated in your own armchair simply—but you don't know about the chair until you close the book—you are transported down the ages in the time it takes for blithe child voices in the neighbourhood (or did a rapt ear deceive you?) to sing one bar of "There is a Happy Land."

Well, I have lived for one day in either; which is the air to be breathed by our children's children. Let me complain no more about the faulty lighting of this human stage: black Care is dead.

Mr. Jorkle eyes me stonily, as who should say, "You're another disembodied simpleton if you think so, that's all." Mr. Jorkle saw everything; but none of it agreed with his view of human nature.

I must really give you some idea of Jorkle. To use plain words about him—he won't mind, because beauty doesn't count in his philosophy—he is a corpulent financier of sixty, with watery eyes, thin lips, and a bulbous nose. He belongs to the world of to-day, and, to do him justice, is a part author—knows what he is living for, sir, if you don't.

Mr. Jorkle finds himself in a ball-room:

"And what, Mr. Lascelles," asked the financier, "what, may I inquire, can you see to interest a man of—er—sense?"

"Sense!" Mr. Lascelles repeated. "If you use the word as implying a sense of beauty, I can see a very great deal here to appeal to such a sense."

"Oh!" said Mr. Jorkle, "I've heard of little but beauty all day. I'm not a feminist myself."

"But it seems to me," said Mr. Lascelles, "that it is not a mere question of 'femininity.' There are many beautiful women here, certainly. But the men are worthy of them. And this is a beautiful hall, is it not? And you get beautiful colour, and fine perfume; great banks of newly-cut violets. And the music is sublime. Listen to that waltz. Then look at the dresses. So you have youth, and strength, lovely women, handsome men, noble architecture, light, colour, joy, life, the scent of spring meadows, and the magic of passionate music, all blent together as subtly as the odours of many sweet flowers in a garden. What more can you ask, sir?"

Mr. Jorkle said it was childish triviality. He saw no use in it—and a good deal of immodesty.

Now, Mr. Jorkle is one of those dear old-fashioned people who see immodesty in the most honest joy that women give to men, or men to women; to whom, in fact, the generous beauty of the world, whether it appeals to imagination or to sense, is meaningless and a snare.

"Immodesty?" said the Wizard. "I am not conscious of any immodesty in this room."

"Well, I am, sir; I am," cried Mr. Jorkle.

"But," protested Mr. Fry, "as the ladies are not—"

"You mean if they are ignorant they are not immodest," Mr. Jorkle frowned. "Do you think, then, that the effect of such an exhibition is good?"

"The effect upon whom?" the Wizard asked.

"Upon the men."

"Ah!" said the Wizard, "now you are coming to the point. The effect upon you is bad. Upon the General and me it is not bad: it is good. So that all the immodesty exists in your own imagination."

"Jorkle," said the General afterwards, "is—hah—the kind of man who marries his cook . . . And I'm only just beginning to understand—hah—in my old age, don't you know, how devilish immoral and debasing the Jorkle person is. I have always—hah—loved women, and been—hah—ashamed to say so, and that sort of thing. And—hah—hang it—it was hogs of the Jorkle breed who made me ashamed. Hah! I ought to be kicked, don't you know? I had a mother, and a wife, and—hah—ought to have known better. Hah! Why, it makes me sick to own, but I've been afraid—dammit!—I've been afraid of the Jorkles. Hah! Fry, we are all afraid of the Jorkles. It's as you said, sir, we have forgotten mother."

The stoniness in Mr. Jorkle's eye means that he was not at all impressed by a vision of extraordinary sweetness and light, holding it to be absurd.

Well, for my own part, I have gasped—held my breath sometimes—at the absurdity of what some people call their morals; and the beauty of the world seems to me to ask of us nothing but plain sense in order to make the world appear a new heaven.

But, of course, there must be plain sense, too, in the way we arrange our affairs. Mr. Jorkle saw as unmistakably as I did, or the General, an honest world in a heavenly state of happiness. It puzzled him. The reasons for it were so simple. He will never get over it, and, I'm afraid, may see it again in dying; but even then—the gods being merciful—Mr. Jorkle won't believe what his eyes once looked on, although the Wizard carefully explained.

Ah, the Wizard! It is he who makes all the difference between this book of magic and others. "An impossible romance?" The sub-title is mainly a triumphant irony, which only the Jorkle family can read ungalloped.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

## FANTASIA.

Kiss mine eyelids, beauteous Morn,  
Blushing into life new-born!  
Lend me violets for my hair,  
And thy russet robe to wear,  
And thy ring of rosiest hue  
Set in drops of diamond dew!

Kiss my cheek, thou noontide ray,  
From my Love so far away!  
Let thy splendour streaming down  
Turn its pallid lilies brown,  
Till its darkening shades reveal  
Where his passion pressed its seal!

Kiss my lips, thou Lord of Light,  
Kiss my lips a soft good-night!  
Westward sinks thy golden car;  
Leave me but the evening star,  
And my solace that shall be,  
Borrowing all its light from thee.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

No one ever knew a really admirable man who thought badly of women, and the nature of a woman is suspect who thinks meanly of her own sex.—Elizabeth Bisland, in "The North American Review."

## BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(continued).  
A Rift in the Lute.

For one thing, he could not conceive that Barbara should make so bold as to call for him at a place of business. But it was no other lady. She waited within the glass doors at the foot of the staircase.

He descended quickly, his head in a whirl, and behold! she held out her hand with no difference of manner except a shade of pretty anxiety.

"You're not vexed that I've called?" she questioned. "You shouldn't have run away like that, Con; I wasn't a minute with him, and then you were gone. Why didn't you come this afternoon?"

He not only was abashed, but felt some disposition to cry again. "I thought you were tired of me," he got out.

"Oh, silly boy!" She put up a comic mouth, and he felt her hand come softly about his waist. "Oo know velly well I couldn't do without oo." And, adjusting his tie with the other hand, she gave him a tiny hug.

He covered her glove with kisses. "You'll come to-morrow, then?"

"Come! Oh, my dear, you're far too kind to me."

"Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye—sweetheart." And he ran upstairs absurdly smiling, to be chaffed without minding it.

As for Barbara, she went away content. She had been afraid that he would not see how unkind and foolish he was. Buying some dainties for supper, she said to herself, happily, that her brother Con was a good boy, a treasure; she was getting very fond of him. Of course he did not understand.

In July Barbara got an engagement to play for a week at Blackpool. She was greatly pleased; but at the railway station she wore a sober face, made him promise to write to her daily, and with moist eyes threw a kiss as the train started. Her first letter, too (it began "My dear Brother Con," and ended "with best love to my kind brother"),

gave him a singular delight, though most of it was commonplace—as, that she had found good rooms, and the weather was glorious, the air of Blackpool bracing. Endearments have an extraordinary value when they are first put upon paper for hungry eyes. He took out the letter a dozen times, and fancied that the paper, as he kissed it, had her odour.

So Enoch spent the afternoon in pouring out his heart to her. He had as much more to say the next afternoon; no literary exercise had ever been so easy. How his troubled love flowed out to her! What a warm new confidence he gained, and shared with her!

But on the third day there came no reply to his first effusion. This was a week.

He began to write again directly after breakfast, sitting with his knees pressed together and nipping the pen. His hope was that she had missed a post accidentally, not knowing the Blackpool times of collection; but the shock of disappointment was so great that he could not order his thoughts—until, by chance,

he began "If I should lose you," and then his writing prospered.

But about four o'clock he saw the postman pass his window, and sickened with dismay. So exigent is love, it seems. Then, at the office he found on his desk a telegram, and tore open the red envelope. It read simply:

"Kind letters received. Will write. Great success with public.—BARBARA."

He was dazed. It had seemed to his amorous egotism that what he wrote must affect her like his very presence; by word of mouth he had never been able to tell his love, but with the pen he had been eloquent. He had committed to much paper, proud of the form they took, his purest thoughts of her; had made a plenary confession, worshipped her utterly, acknowledged his unworthiness. Was it possible that this had hardly moved her?

He slipped downstairs next morning after four hours' sleep to see the promised letter. It was not on the mantel-piece, and the landlady said the postman had not called. After asking the time of the next delivery, Enoch said he would get some more sleep, she need not make his breakfast yet; and climbing the stair with a labouring breast he got to the bed and threw himself down on it, smothering his face.

Passion for an hour was very like despair with him. The fact looked merciless, she did not love him; and when, in the depth of misery, he recalled their intimate moments, it was to accumulate the monstrous proofs. Assuaged at length, his grief permitted him to look about again; he felt weak and hungry; and, washing his face, he waited until his glass showed him that he might go down. But he had not the heart for another letter. He watched the clock, and then the window, until four; and his anxiety as the hour drew near was painful.

The postman passed again, and he felt for a moment stunned. Afterwards he was very cold; but he sat down with a lucid mind to take account of his perdition.

He did not impute it to the true cause—Barbara's unromantic nature and busy absorption in what went on immediately about her; but he did suppose that his case was hopeless, and did relinquish her in thought, as completely as if she had refused to see him again. His ugly fancy was that she had found someone else to play with; and it did not affect him feverishly, but rallied his self-respect, so that he went to work almost calm.

But, walking home in the morning, Enoch experienced a great fatigue. He slept both heavily and late.

The day was Friday. He found a letter on his breakfast-table, and opened it without haste, supposing himself the master of his fate:

"My dear Brother Con,—I ought to have written ere this, but have not found time, 'tis so difficult here to be private. Your dear letters received; I was glad to have them; will say more when we meet. I have had a success with the public here, judging by the encores and notices (in Manchester papers. Did you see them?)

"I need not say how pleased I am to be getting on so well, and the attention I receive is also very gratifying. On Tuesday the manager of the Winter Gardens and his wife asked me to drive with them; it was a splendid drive along the coast. The next day I had a carriage and pair offered to myself, the same that was lent to them, by their friend. The manager said I was to accept the use of it, which I did, and took out two other members of the company (married). We went to several places, driving for five hours; it was grand, the air is so fine and the sea superb."

"So you see I have enjoyed myself, and should have liked another week here, but they are booked up, so am coming home Saturday night (train leaves here, I think, eleven-fifteen)."

"Hope to see my dear brother on Sunday as usual.—With best love from your loving sister,

"BARBARA WEST."

Will it be forgiven him that by this bright letter he was further mortified? The tone of it, confessed, he thought, a cheerful apathy. It might have come from another hand in her name, the style was so unlike her speech and looks. Was he not a little hurt that she had done so well without him?

Strange, on Saturday he was happy. She was coming home. Happiness kept a tinkle sounding in his heart like the little silver bell at mass. At such an hour as three or four o'clock in the morning she would be surprised to see him, and he foresaw—delicious prospect!—that he should ride with her in a cab.

At length the train, appearing in a wan vista of morning mist, drew heavily in to the empty station, and a platform began to fill with wan excursionists. Enoch hurried past them to the single guard's van, not seeing Barbara, but sure that he would find her there in quest of her trunk. He was almost too happy to breathe: the secret silver bell ran on like a rill.

Should he catch her in his arms? It was what he boldly determined to do—and he thought that she would like it.

Barbara came to the luggage without seeing him, and button-holed the guard. There was a jostling crowd and a litter. By the time Enoch got round to her a porter had identified her by the labelled trunk, and was giving her a big bouquet, with some explanation to which she listened eagerly.

He reached her in time to prevent this porter from going for a cab; he had himself bespoken one. Then, as well as he could afterwards remember, he said, "Good morning, Miss West," looking at her from out of the jostle with a nervous kind of smile.

She had flushed, but she said, "Con, how you startled me! Do you say you've got a cab? Oh, that was velly thoughtful; I am so tired, dear." And they moved away together. "Isn't this a nice bouquet that Mr. Varley has sent me? I've travelled with such disagreeable people, quarrelling all the way; oh, miserable! I don't know how such people live. How good of you to come and meet me!"

Mr. Varley! He let her bid him good-night as she got into the cab. She was concerned to see how white he looked; but he assured her that he was well.

CHAPTER XXIV.  
Friendly Interest.

Barbara must have been yet more concerned had she known that Enoch, on the way to see her next day, suddenly let his purpose go and took a walk in Alder Park.

His heart had positively and quite suddenly failed him. He wanted to know how Varley had been informed of the time of her return, and how much affection she had kept for Enoch Watson; but he felt that she would only baffle him, and his mind, so long racked by one preoccupation, took a distaste for torture. The sense of pleasurable ease in avoiding it was extraordinary.

In the park he lighted on Macdonald and his wife. Mrs. Macdonald he had not seen, and he instantly admired her. With a clear, direct look from grey eyes, she smiled radiantly in giving her hand.

"So you are the rogue," she cried, "who has stolen half my husband's affection; he talks of nobody else, and I have been jealous of you."

"Don't you go for to believe her!" said Macdonald. "This is the way she flatters me, too."

"But it's true," she said, her eyes opening wider, "and I've wanted to see you ever so. I know all about the time you help him to waste in a morning—and the money in broken windows—oh, yes, and the great scene with that absurd Mr. Ireton. Won't you sit down with us? My husband said you were shy! I believe he thought that if we met I should scold you, he comes home so late."

Nobody would have said that Mrs. Macdonald herself was shy. She stood upright like a man, and spoke and laughed without a trace of affectation, her voice a little noisy. Shy she was, but not lacking in moral courage.

Enoch, without understanding this, was struck by the sheer honesty of her carriage. It put him at ease. This it was that he fell in love with—the idea of her trustworthiness, the strength of a woman; he felt it in the quick grasp of her hand, heard it ring in her speech, and saw it in her pose, in the confident, bantering looks she flung at Macdonald, in the brightness of her skin even—for, if her face had no great beauty of line, the complexion was that of a tomboy. He took her to be about thirty.

When she threatened to scold her husband Macdonald cracked off with a merry laugh. "I've taught you to go to bed, at all events," he said.

"Oh, this horrid journalism!" she cried, and turned again to Enoch (sitting between them). "Never get married, Mr. Watson, unless you are clear of the morning papers. It's a tragedy."

"It is, my dear," drily Macdonald agreed.

"Why, we didn't have a honeymoon even. James is married to his desk more completely than to me—and I, poor soul, pretending not to mind it because he writes noble leaders. . . . Yes, I used to wait up half the night for him, and get so nervous that I had to stand on the doorstep. Ugh! Those winter nights! I wonder they weren't the death of me."

"Especially the first of 'em," said Macdonald.

"Oh, the first! Yes, indeed, the first. My wedding day. What do you suppose your colleague did for his precious bride? He brought me home to a house

without coal in the cellar; and it was Christmas Eve, if you please, a hard frost! Fires lighted by the washerwoman burning cheerfully, oh, quite propitiously; and after tea, when he had gone down to the office, didn't I just get a shock like old Mother Hubbard!"

The guilty husband took up the tale. "You see, I had been buying coal by the sack, and lost count, so to speak. But mark this, Mr. Watson: she scraped a small handful out of the coal-house corners and kept it till I came home at three a.m.; and I found my wife shivering at the garden gate. I had talked hopefully of coming at two, and she naturally thought I'd been garrotted."

"So now he comes at five or six, and sees to the fire each morning."

To have chanced upon the company of this couple, with their breezy rough-and-tumble chaff, gave Enoch the sensation of turning out into a playground. They laughed, it is true, more heartily than he, but this was because he could not always tell how much was joke and how much earnest in their discourse. What delighted him was to see Macdonald so well mated. Afterwards he thought of Shakespeare's line about the marriage of true minds, and doubted how it would have been in his own case with Barbara.

They took him away to tea, and he was further reassured to find the leader-writer living in a house even smaller than he or Barbara lodged in. They had apparently no servant, for it was a latch-key that admitted them, and Mrs. Macdonald who made the tea. Choice, he supposed, had more to do with this than narrow means had, and it fitted in with all the leader-writer's talk against vulgar show; but, in any case, Macdonald explained that his wife was a school-mistress—they had no children of their own, and she liked to go on teaching.

This pair of brain workers lived in a street where the other houses were tenanted by the better sort of mill hands. In the Yorkshire woollen trade, a family in which the father is an over-looker and the other members weave may command an income of pounds a week. Macdonald and his wife earned, if you would know, about six pounds ten shillings—respectively two hundred and sixty pounds and seventy-five pounds a year; but they both had parents to maintain, and they made a point of spending at least twenty pounds each summer on an educational pleasure trip; so that when they had put away a small sum for insurance, and paid their way, little remained against old age or crippling accident.

So much for two great professions. Mrs. Macdonald set a table while her husband talked. "Come, please!" she cried presently, and they found the meal spread in what is called by Yorkshire folk the living-room. "I'm giving you tea in the kitchen," she said; "it saves trouble, and," turning to Enoch, "I'm sure you won't mind."

He laughed. "This is the first glint of home I've had since leaving Sheep-ton."

"Some men profess to like the kitchen."

"I do like it. The kitchen to me is the best place in the house."

"Perhaps they brought you up too much to 'behave nicely' in the room."

"No; but I think the kitchen always smells good, and I like the sound of feet on a stone floor; and then the fireside. Whenever I read of 'hearth and home' I believe it's the kitchen hearth I think about."

She gave him an approving glance. "Good," said Macdonald, pleased by his unaccustomed fluency of speech. "These are my sentiments. The idea of home itself is a plain idea. We are false to it if we live luxuriously."

"Hear, hear!" she cried. "Why did you never say that before?"

"Because," he told her, "I was saying some other things first, my dear." Whereupon, after considering him a moment, she rose and made pretence to box his ears.

"Isn't he sometimes too dreadful?" she appealed.

Macdonald, who laughed under chastisement like an incorrigible school-boy, protested that he had given the only possible answer.

"James, the son of Donald, do you know an interjection from a bull's foot?" said his wife.

"Not always."

"What! You shall write me out the word 'Impudence' seven times."

When the talk turned upon marriage (the hostess leading), and they discussed what was meant by incompatibility of temper, an unconscious avowal trembled on Enoch's tongue, for he would have liked to state a case.

"The worst thing," Macdonald said, "is that one should have any large interest in which the other cannot share, isn't it?"

"Oh, I think there is a worse thing than that," she replied gravely—"that one should feel things more deeply than the other. Just think. If they quarrel the dull one goes on cheerfully while the other may be eating his heart out. Or perhaps it is a woman; I think it's a woman oftenest, because men have more distractions. Suppose even they don't quarrel, they can't agree; opinions are shaped so much by one's feelings. The keen one must find the other shallow, don't you think? and the dull one imagine that his partner is unreasonable. Then, of course, if either be strongheaded—"

She shrugged, looking at her husband with pursed lips.

Macdonald's eye twinkled in response to the implication of her look. "Yes," he said, in the voice of resignation, "it's a discipline at best."

(To be continued.)

## WOMAN IN NEW PLAYS.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new play at the Duke of York's Theatre, a great and delightful success, is the comedy of a clever wife married to a humourless public man. She lifts him from a railway porter's job to a seat in Parliament, and he, poor fellow, never guesses that she has done it.

In the new version of "Faust" presented at His Majesty's, the work of Stephen Phillips and Comyns Carr, Faust escapes damnation because there is a spark of goodness in his contrite love. These are his last words ere the curtain falls:

My eyes behold the end.  
Still I fight upward, battle to the stars.  
The hope of her hath sped me on this flight.  
I shall go past thee, Mephistopheles,  
Up, ever onward, to the woman-soul!

TWENTY WAYS OF INCREASING CIRCULATION.

This journal only requires to be known in order to be bought; only requires to be read in order to strengthen the forces making for human justice.

About 2,000 Labour and Socialist meetings are held every week. Probably not fewer than 700,000 people are addressed. Branches should have a supply of THE WOMAN WORKER on sale, and chairmen of meetings should draw attention to it.

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

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

A copy of the paper will be posted every week to any address, either at home or abroad, at the following prepaid rates:—

Table with columns for HOME and ABROAD, and rows for THREE MONTHS, SIX MONTHS, and TWELVE MONTHS.

Single copies may be had by post on forwarding two penny stamps.

A LIMITED NUMBER OF MONTHLY BACK NUMBERS OF THE WOMAN WORKER

(SEPTEMBER, 1907, TO JUNE, 1908), Three Halfpence per Copy, or Nine Copies for 9d. post free.

Can be had on application from The National Federation of Women Workers, Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

SPECIMEN "WOMAN WORKERS."

A packet will be sent carriage paid to anyone who will promise to distribute them to advantage. Please state how many copies are required.

A CONTENTS BILL will be posted weekly to any newsagent willing to display it.

Send a Post Card to BUSINESS MANAGER, "WOMAN WORKER," Utopia Press, Worship Street, London, E.C.

WANTED, VOLUNTEER HELPERS to sell "The Woman Worker."

If you are willing to sell this paper at meetings in London or Provinces, send us your name on a postcard. Tell us the days and hours you are free to do this work.

INDIGESTION

Is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS arouse the stomach to action.

Ask for WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS. And remember there is NO PILL "JUST AS GOOD." Is. 14d. of all Chemists. 8341

THE SKITTLES INN, LETCHWORTH.

FELLOWSHIP, REST, RECREATION, SUSTENANCE. MEALS. No Intoxicants Sold. GAMES.

FRENCH Lady, experienced, gives French lessons; reading and conversation a speciality; pupils visited and received.—Mlle. Autra, 29, Romola Road, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

LANDUDNO.—Comfortable, homely apartments; near sea and station.—Mrs. Stockton, The Hollies, 16, Clifton Road, L.L.P.

Anty Drudge Entertains the Sewing Circle.

Mrs. Domanie—"I declare, Anty Drudge, your table linen is whiter than snow. You must put something in your wash besides elbow grease. Our maid rubs until her knuckles bleed, and then her white clothes look yellowish."

Anty Drudge—"I don't even use elbow grease. Don't even boil the clothes. And they last twice as long. I use Fels-Naptha and lukewarm water. No boiling, little rubbing, and done in half the time."

It is quite certain that no woman would deliberately make any part of her work twice as hard and take twice as long as is necessary.

Yet that is practically what the woman is doing who clings to the old-fashioned, wash-boiler, hard-rubbing way of washing clothes.

Of course, she doesn't do it knowingly. It's because she doesn't know Fels-Naptha soap.

Fels-Naptha can do all the hard work—can get the dirt out of the clothes without any boiling, without any hard rubbing, and in half the time.

Why not let Fels-Naptha do it?

Fels = Naptha

will do it. Isn't it worth trying?

LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS, with which stamped addressed envelopes should be enclosed, may be directed to THE EDITOR, THE WOMAN WORKER, UTOPIA PRESS, WORSHIP STREET, E.C. Care will be taken to return declined MSS., but the Editor cannot accept responsibility for their loss or damage. Letters having reference to Advertisements or other business should be directed to THE MANAGER, at the same address. Cheques and Postal Orders must be crossed. Telephone, 340 Central.

THE WOMAN WORKER, SEPTEMBER 11, 1908.

The Last Word.

The Case of Daisy Lord. There is no sign of abatement in the sympathy and interest which the case of Daisy Lord has aroused on all sides.

Applications for petition forms continue to arrive in hundreds at the offices of THE WOMAN WORKER, and I shall be grateful if any London readers will volunteer clerical assistance, so that applicants may be more speedily supplied than is at present possible. Over a thousand petition forms have already been dispatched.

At the Glasgow High Court the other day, a young Falkirk girl of eighteen was charged by her employers with the embezzlement of £1,200, whilst acting as cashier and book-keeper at a salary of 5s. a week, raised at intervals

to the maxim of 8s. 6d. The jury came back three times to court, each time with the finding of "Not guilty," and a rider attached that the girl had undoubtedly committed some defalcations, for which the loose system of book-keeping was largely responsible. After the third time Counsel for the Crown intimated that in the circumstances he would not move for sentence, and the girl was dismissed, amidst loud cheers.

It is difficult to find An Incentive words to stigmatise the to Dishonesty, conduct of a firm which would put so young a girl in so responsible a position at so miserably inadequate a wage, and then prosecute her for embezzlement.

I am afraid there are many firms who have still to learn that the best way to secure honest service is to pay decent wages.

In case any proud Sassénach imagines that such ridiculously low wages are only to be found in Scotland, I would point out that there are hundreds of girl cashiers in the cafés of London and provincial English towns who receive as little as 7s. 6d. or 10s. a week. To pay so inadequate a wage to a girl handling large sums of money is a direct incentive to dishonesty.

A Decided Victory. Considering all the circumstances, the settlement of the Summerstown dispute is a decided victory for the strikers.

All the girls—including two who were dismissed as "ringleaders"—have been guaranteed re-installment before the end of this month. The majority have already returned to work, the first to resume being chosen not by the employer but by a ballot of the workpeople.

A Singular Discrepancy. The only reductions imposed under the settlement are on the rolling and cutting of one class of work—incaandescent mantle tube boxes.

The workers say they had already agreed to these reductions before the dispute—the strike was a protest against further reductions of 33 per cent., 50 per cent., and 75 per cent. on ordinary plain work. The manager, however, maintained at the conciliation proceedings that none of the reduced rates were intended to apply to ordinary work.

Apparently he had forgotten his admission to me, at an earlier stage of the dispute, that the reductions were excessive, and were merely a pretext to get rid of the girls.

Mr. Stevenson's attitude throughout the strike was delightfully summed up at the meeting held at Summerstown on Wednesday night to confirm the settlement, by Mr. Mallon; who likened the young manager of the Corriganza factory to an Irishman who was sued by a neighbour for damage done to a borrowed kettle.

The Irishman defended his case on three counts. He maintained, first, that the kettle was already damaged when he borrowed it; Second, that it was not damaged when he returned it; Third, that he had never had the kettle!

The Position of Mary Williams.

The girls are, as I have indicated, satisfied on the whole with the settlement. Indeed, some of the improvements which, at the conciliation meeting, the firm promised should be introduced will, they believe, enable some of them to earn a higher average wage than formerly. Their general gratification is, however, tempered by the fact that the popular forewoman, who was dismissed after sixteen years' service for protesting against the revised scale of prices, does not return with them to the factory.

Miss Mary Williams informed the conciliator that in the circumstances she did not desire to continue to work for the firm; and her position, therefore, could not be discussed at the conciliation proceedings.

An outside sympathiser sent me a cheque for £10 to be given to Miss Williams to assist her while she is seeking fresh employment.

The Lesson of the Strike.

The Summerstown girls are not likely to forget the lesson taught them by their four weeks' struggle. They are all now members of the National Federation of Women Workers and, I trust, will never again be taken unawares by any employer who is seeking to effect similar economies. Had the boxmakers been organised, the dispute might very easily have been averted.

But I hope the lesson will not be confined to Summerstown. Thousands of unorganised women workers throughout the country watched with interest the progress of this strike. Surely the moral must be obvious to them, as well as to those who were more immediately concerned.

Thanks to Our Friends.

It only remains now to thank once again all the friends who came so generously to our aid. We are especially indebted to the Board of Trade for its timely intervention; to Miss Sophy Sanger, who put the case for the strikers at the conciliation meetings; to the Press for the publicity given to the facts of the dispute; and to the readers of THE WOMAN WORKER and the "Christian Commonwealth" for much monetary help.

When all the women have been re-installed the Strike Fund will be closed, and a balance-sheet published. It is probable that there will be a considerable surplus, and a statement on the subject of its disposal will be made later.

A Congress Contrast.

Last year the Trades Union Congress met in a charming old country town, with an atmosphere so historical that every stone seemed to tell a story of old-world customs and manners. Can one imagine a greater contrast than that between beautiful Bath and Nottingham—this city of commercial supremacy, with its slums and alleys, its half-starved, half-clad children, its countless thousands of pallid women and girl boilers?

I sat in the great Congress Hall and listened to the words of welcome to the delegates from the Mayor, the

Sheriff, and the Conservative and Liberal Members of Parliament.

"We are proud of our fair city," said the Mayor; and the others echoed his pride.

Fair city! I thought of unspeakable streets within a stone's throw, and rejoiced, later, when the turn of the Labour member came. Mr. Arthur Richardson showed the other side of the shield, an exposure which I hardly think was relished by all the distinguished people on the platform.

It is not my intention to attempt in these notes to give a descriptive account of the Congress. That, fortunately for our readers, is in more capable hands. If I do have any impressions, they will be found in next week's issue. So far the main event has been Mr. Shackleton's presidential address.

That was thoroughly characteristic of the man—straightforward and by no means extreme. I was glad that in alluding to the necessity for the development of international understanding he paid a tribute to the work of the British section of the International Association for Labour Legislation. As readers of these columns know, I feel that the unostentatious and little-known work of this organisation is of inestimable value to the cause of Peace.

Need for Organisation.

A public meeting, to which the women workers of Nottingham were specially invited, was held in the Circus Street Hall on Tuesday night. There is undoubtedly great need for organisation. In one large factory at present girl machinists are employed from 8 o'clock in the morning till 10 at night three nights a week, from 8 till 8 two nights a week, and from 8 till 4 on Saturday.

Scandalous Conditions.

I stood at the factory late one night, and watched them as they trooped out, a pale and worn company. Some carried bundles of work to be done at home. One wondered when Most of them were too frightened to talk of their conditions, but I heard enough.

They told me of their hours of toil, and added that often they were compelled to work in the meal hour, and threatened with dismissal if they refused.

A Subtle Difference.

Although he apparently has no scruples about filching the time of his girl workers, this employer has extremely strict views about their punctuality in the morning. If five minutes late, a girl is fined a quarter of an hour's pay; if she is a quarter of an hour late an hour's pay is deducted; and for being half an hour late half a day is forfeit.

Seven Accidents in a Fortnight.

Nor is the occupation without risk. During one fortnight no fewer than seven girls were caught in the shafting, although only one of these was very seriously injured.

And the wages! Some of the girls,

smiled rather bitterly when I tentatively suggested ten shillings.

But the standard of wages is not high in Nottingham. One day last week I engaged in conversation with a band of rather more boisterous girls in another part of the city.

"Do you earn good 'Good Wages.' wages?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! Quite good at our place," was the ready reply. "In some places the pay is poor; but our factory's very fair."

"How much do you make, then?" I ventured. "A pound?"

They stared at me. "Go on, miss," said one of the girls with grave irony.

"Well, fifteen shillings?" I queried.

"Who are you a-getting at?" was the half-angry response. "Of course, we don't make half that."

Good wages, they had said.

So there is work to be done; and instead of waiting writing any more about it I think I had better go out and try to do some. Next week I hope to be able to tell you the result of our efforts.

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

Complaints & the Law.

A very sad case which has just been brought to my notice shows the necessity of warning women workers against accepting lump sums in settlement of their claims for weekly compensation, unless they have advice on the question of whether the sum offered be really sufficient.

All agreements for lump sums have now to be registered at a county court, and if a sum seems inadequate the registrar may refuse to register the agreement. But in many cases a small lump sum seems to hold so many possibilities that the workers themselves are anxious to settle their cases that way.

So ask for advice before you accept. Portia is always here, ready to help.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C. (Stamford Hill).—I know of no law determining how children should contribute in a case such as you mention. But I should say the fairest arrangement would be for each of the brothers and sisters to contribute in proportion to their wages. The sister who looks after your mother, and the one who does the house work, may reasonably be regarded as paying their share that way. You should fix upon a sum large enough to keep the home, and then divide it out. The brother who lives at home would, of course, pay for his board as well as his share towards your mother's maintenance. I hope this suggestion may be of use to you.

A COLLIER.—I am afraid I must ask you to be more explicit. I want to know to what the person has bound himself, and what kind of an "instalment" he is now required to pay.

FRIGHTENED.—You are quite right to report the apparent danger of the machinery. The inspectors may, as you say, not think it dangerous, and in this case no harm will have been done. It is very wrong to let lives be imperilled through a mistaken idea of not getting your employer into trouble. Often employers do not themselves realise the dangers of their machinery, and are glad when they are warned by an experienced inspector.

PORTIA.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The publication of letters in this column is not to be understood as implying that the Editor is in sympathy with what may be said by the writers.

Letters are most likely to obtain publication when brief.

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

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. P.—Will see if this can be done.

ELLA P.—We do not know, and have no means of finding out. Thanks for your letter.

P. F.—See the announcement on our Notes Page.

A. E. B. (Upper Newington).—It seems to us too sad and silly to discuss. That is what the head-line was meant to convey!

## The Appeal for Daisy Lord.

Dear Comrade,—It is with a deep sense of shame that I direct to you this letter—shame that we, who boast of our splendid civilization and high educational propensities, are yet devoid of common decency, not to say of forbearance towards fallen humanity.

One is inclined to think with Olive Shreiner that "there is no justice—all things are driven about by a blind chance. If you will take the trouble to scratch the surface anywhere you will see under the skin a sentient being writhing in impotent anguish."

Surely it is a glaring insult to our Christian consciousness that such callous indifference exists in our midst—that so young a girl should be sentenced to death, and then that, while she was preparing herself for that ignominious relief, such mercy (!) was extended to her.

Ah, the terrible reflection thrown back upon society! How can we but pity her, when we realise the condition in which she was placed and the motives which brought about the regrettable circumstances?

But twenty-one years of age—a year older than myself, though far more unfortunately stationed.

As a believer in justice, I gladly offer my meagre service to do that which I can to bring about a reduction of the sentence passed on Daisy Lord. Though only a collier lad, I cannot let this opportunity pass without an expression of appreciation of your untiring labours.—Yours fraternally.

DAVID J. WILLIAMS.

Pontardulais, September 3.

First let me thank you for so fine a paper as THE WOMAN WORKER. When I get disheartened with work among the poor, five minutes with THE WOMAN WORKER puts gunpowder into me. (I might say that I am one of the voluntary inspectors for infantile mortality, and president of the Heaton Socialist Sunday School.)

I have a daughter who is 20 years old. I wonder if Daisy Lord has a mother.

Oh, women of England, let us join hands and say that we shall not have men alone to judge us! There is not a man living who could judge a woman. Men have not learned to understand us yet.

I, as a mother, never will believe that she took her baby's life in her right mind.—Yours very sincerely in the cause,

(Mrs.) M. E. FAIRLESS.

Manningham.

The case touches a chord of deepest pity in every true woman's heart. (Mrs.) SOPER. Littlehampton, Sussex.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—When will the horrible unjust law be repealed that women are punished while men in these cases are allowed to go free? I do hope that if women get their rights, this will be one of the first things they will fight for.

Imagine such poor girls standing before a crowd of men who are often no better than the offender who escapes! I cannot help saying this, because we know that if they were good men they could never bear to see the poor things dragged to prison alone. They would feel such indignation and shame of their own sex that they would set to work to have this thing stopped.

Is it not possible that some appeal of this sort might be sent to Parliament?—Yours faithfully, (Mrs.) G. REEVES.

Kirkcaldy, September 2.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—I am returning petition filled, and like Oliver Twist I ask for more! Please forward four; I have met with such encouragement from friends.—Yours sincerely, LIZZIE BERRY.

Hebden Bridge, September 4.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—I received my 5s. prize this morning, and I herewith enclose 2s. 6d. as promised for the expenses of Daisy Lord's petition.—Yours truly,

M. WHITFIELD.

Hessle, E. Yorks.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—Will you please forward me a petition? When are we going to let reason and justice be the code of conduct for man and woman alike?

Too long has cruelty been law, and kind living justice unknown or sacrificed.—Wishing you all success in this noble endeavour,

BELLE SMALL.

Knightsbridge, S.W.

Dear Madam,—I have placed one Daisy Lord petition with a West End specialist, to be signed by him and his colleagues. I am now writing to appeal in your columns to any girl who is well enough to tramp about to canvas personally all the more important medical men and women.

Don't let her be baffled by the Harley Street man's manner. He will as likely as not say, "What do I know about obstetrics? You'd better go to the chap across the road." She should also not make emotional speeches, but simply take with her a copy of the petition, accompanied by the signing paper, and should ask the doctor point blank if he "considers a human being under the influence of greater pain to be in her (or his) normal mind."

Should he answer "No," he has no alternative but to sign for Daisy Lord's release. If (as very likely) he should say "Yes," ask him why he has the precaution taken of having "a patient's hands held when her (or his) wounds are dressed."

The petition should be marked where it says: "The young laundress was confined in the room she called her home, and was entirely without the aid of doctor or nurse." For this particularly appeals to the vanity of medical men.

They are very fond of pictures of the Madonna and Child with a large jar of lilies underneath, as decorations for their consulting rooms; but we women, in our inmost hearts, know that there will be Daisy Lords instead of Madonnas as long as thousands of our sisters are compelled to bring forth, under barbarous conditions and in savage surroundings, the life that should be as sacred to them as their own souls.

The crime of any uneducated, helpless girl

who, in her pain and shame, rids herself of what can only appear to her distorted eyes a blood-stained burden, cannot be called murder.

Had you nursed your unhappy victim back to health and beauty, sweetness and sanity, and she had then killed the little pink, dimpled, cooing bundle of mystery at her breast, it might have been time to cry "Away with her to prison."—Sincerely yours, A TIRED LOOKER-ON.

## Refugees from Russia.

Dear Comrade,—Thirty-two Russian political refugees, with the wives and children of several, making forty-five in all, have reached London from Roumania. All the men belonged to the Russian battleship Potemkin, and took part in the famous mutiny.

Detained at Ratibor on the German frontier, as emigrants not possessing the necessary funds, they were helped by the German Social-Democratic party, and arrived in Hamburg. When, again, the Hamburg-America Line declined to bring them to England, possibly fearing difficulties under the Aliens Act, two delegates of the party provided them with money to exchange their tickets for the Flushing and Queenborough route, and safely conducted them to London.

They are now in the care of friends, but practically penniless, and it is estimated that about £300 will be needed to carry them to one of the Colonies. There is no doubt about their being desirable settlers—thirty-two men, strong, vigorous, healthy, all under thirty years of age, and all good agriculturists.

Their return to Russia is out of the question. All of them would be hanged.

We accordingly appeal for funds to arrange their settlement. Contributions will be gladly received by J. F. Green, 41, Outer Temple, Strand, W.C.—Yours fraternally,

J. FREDK. GREEN (Friends of Russian Freedom).

H. W. LEE (S.D.P.).

J. RAMBAY MACDONALD (I.L.P.).

Edw. K. PEASE (Fabian Society).

## The Unenfranchised Sex.

Dear Madam,—I should like to express my sympathy with the opinions so plainly declared by your correspondent, Frances E. Thomas, and I sincerely hope they are shared by many other readers.

The sex qualification for political power is as much more vital and fundamental one than the property qualification. Consequently the agitation for Women's Suffrage, which aims at the removal of sex disability, strikes far deeper at the roots of social problems than anything connected with property or wealth. Those who either fail or refuse to see this are like blind leaders of the blind.

Some of the most terrible tragedies of human life are caused not so much by distinctions of poverty and riches as by the awful chasm which the law puts between men and women. The case of Daisy Lord is only one of thousands.

Sooner or later, women must realise that they do possess the power to prevent such occurrences, and that the only possible way to exert it is by loyalty to each other.

It is very unfortunate that there should be any dispute among women themselves as to the best, quickest, and surest means by which they may assert their power, and that some, by their misguided efforts to kill two evil birds with one stone, are missing the best possible chance to destroy one of them—the most formidable.—Yours truly,

B. SPENCER,

Brixton, S.W.

## Getting New Readers.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—I should like to say to my fellow-women: "Don't mind being thought odd. Think of your children's future and your neighbour's when you speak to them. People are often got at in this way who would not go out of their way to listen to a lecturer." I have got two constant readers, and hope to get more.—Yours sincerely, GERTRUDE PUGH.

Edinburgh.

## OUR PRIZE PAGE.

## "THE SORCERY SHOP."

## A Review.

Your criticisms of "News from Nowhere" were so clever and so interesting that we feel we cannot do better than ask for more.

This time the book is "The Sorcery Shop," by Robert Blatchford. The best "appreciation" or criticism will be awarded a prize of One Guinea. Send your papers to The Prize Editor, Utopia Press, 44, Worship Street, E.C., not later than Wednesday morning, and do not use more than 200 words.

## HEROES.

We have greatly enjoyed this competition. It has shown us—that we already suspected—that our readers are also thinkers, and that it is a great mistake for any pessimistic person to believe that the literary "tone" of our paper could ever be too high for women workers.

## THE PRIZE LETTER.

Heroes! I let my thoughts stray for a moment, and before me arises a throng of faces. What a crowd is there! Too many to enumerate, but all dear friends, tried, and true, and well-beloved. Here and there one stands out among the rest. Cœur de Lion, bold and fearless; Marcus Brutus, sad and stern; bright King Hal; David Copperfield, earnest and faithful; Sydney Carton, reckless and gloomy; Sir Lancelot, gallant and chivalrous. And then, in a flash, beside Sir Lancelot I see the best and noblest of them all—King Arthur.

"We needs must love the highest when we see it."

O, Arthur! kingly man and manly king! You who dreamed, as some of us are dreaming now, of a glorious land and a virtuous people of high equality; who would have had all men pure and strong, and all women beautiful and good; who had charity for the fallen and pity for the oppressed. Could any one wish for higher ideals or nobler thoughts than yours?

"Thou art the highest and most human too."

Poor king! You saw your plans wrecked, your love betrayed, and the "fair beginning of a time" you hoped for fading into darkness. May our own dreams have a better realisation!—AVON LEIGH, Stratford-on-Avon.

## Dan'l Pegotty.

According to Carlyle, the essence of heroism is sincerity. Accepting this for the moment, what finer hero in fiction can be found than Dan'l Pegotty, in "David Copperfield"?

The rude home of the bluff Yarmouth boatman was a refuge for the widow and the orphan. His patience and unflinching kindness under the complainings of Mrs. Gummidge, his rugged honesty and sincere frankness, and the unassuming dignity of his behaviour upon all occasions, make us admire him as one of Nature's gentlemen.

His pure delight in the love of Ham and Little Em'ly, the passionate humanness of his grief on hearing of Em'ly's fight, the unflinching directness of his resolve to follow and find his strayed niece because it was to him the obvious duty his love imposed upon him, make us love as well as admire him. The uncomplaining and unrelenting devotion

of his search, his confession of having misjudged Martha, and his splendid atonement confirm us in our admiration and love.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Pegotty laid down his life by living it for love's sake. He is my favourite hero, because he adds to the sincerity demanded by Carlyle, the love demanded by humanity.—(Mrs.) ETHEL DRAKE, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

## Dick Helder.

I liked him instinctively—"the very nicest way of liking": consequently when I am asked for reasons I have to think.

He was no conventional hero, but just "a plain, blunt man" who knew what he wanted and went straight for it. He stood by his friend, he revered the woman he loved, and he did good work—no mean record.

He had courage. He had enough to tell the ugly truth to Torp when a lesser soul would have kept silence; ay, and he even dared tell the unflattering truth to the woman (he loved her, and good work, too well to lie) when she turned out mere prettiness and called it Art. When "The Light" failed, and the work for which he had given up so much was no longer possible, he never cried out; when his dream of love vanished he didn't whine. And when, last blow of all, the work he had done and found "damned good" was destroyed for sheer spite, his chief thought was to spare Torp.

Oh, yes, he drank hard. (Dare you blame?) And swore. He wouldn't have been Dick otherwise.

He was what I call a man.—"THE RED-HAIRED GIRL," Shipley.

## NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

## THE WOMEN'S CAUSE AT NOTTINGHAM.

By Mary R. Macarthur.

## TO LADIES IN REVOLT.

By Keighley Snowden.

## THE TEACHER AS NATIONAL SERVANT.

By Catherine M. Pickford.

## WORK FOR WOMEN UNEMPLOYED.

By Wm. C. Anderson.

## Captain Dobbin.

I open a faded volume, well rubbed, broken-backed, with a sprig of something once fragrant pressed here and there against heart-haunting words in certain hallowed places, and I light upon the magic words "Captain Dobbin."

He is my hero because he never posed as one; neither did his author describe him as such. Dear old Dobbin! Ungainly, shy, graceless, commonplace—but a man.

Finer and more brilliant heroes preceded and succeeded him, but none cast in a nobler mould. Martyr on the altar of self-sacrifice, clothed in the vestiture of the man in the street. Such is my literary paramour.

The enthralling pages that surround him were my index to all romance, the keynote to character of creatures real and unreal, the specially-prepared food of my newly-born imagination, the close companion of awakening senses.

I have married Dobbin, divorced him, buried him, dug him up, and begun a fresh courtship over and over again—long ago; yet now, after many amours among fiction heroes, I return to my first love. He is still to me "dear Dobbin."—"WINIFRED," Norfolk.

## Marius.

I have loved passionately—and often—many heroes in fiction; but when at the age of eighteen I made the acquaintance of Marius in "Les Misérables," from the pen of Victor Hugo, I gave him my heart, and almost wept to think of the affection I had lavished on the heads of his inferiors. For quite a period afterwards I compared him with all my male friends—to their great disadvantage.

I loved him because he was shy, and could blush at the vile jest of his coarser mates. Also because he had courage to walk away, though they poked fun at him, and could give up the wealth that was his as the petted grandson of an old French aristocrat because he loved his father when he discovered him, even though he had been trained to think a Revolutionist a demon. Because he loved the stars, and the green grasses in the garden of Luxembourg, where he met Cosette (how I envied her!), and twenty times walked past the seat she graced before he dare speak.

Gentle, brave, chivalrous! If ever I meet his equal in real life—I'll marry him! If—if he would have me.—E. CARNIE, Harwood.

## David Copperfield.

My hero is just a dear, warm-hearted, lovable fellow.

He has his share of the joys and sorrows of life—more than a fair share of the latter perhaps. He is essentially Socialistic; he makes other people's troubles his own. He weeps with the sad ones and makes merry with the joyful. Ever ready, wherever possible, to give happiness to others at any cost.

During his life he associates with practically all classes of people, but the poor have his heart, and he treats them with a respect which is almost reverence.

Simple and sincere in all he undertakes; a steadfast friend and ideal lover; compassionate and gentle, yet severe and stern in his condemnation of anything selfish, hypocritical or mean, and a brave champion of the weak and oppressed.

He has a strong sense of the humorous, too; and heartily appreciates a joke, even when against himself. This happy faculty enables him to take a healthy and hopeful view of life.

Above all, my hero possesses such a deep love for the beautiful in both Nature and character as only an honest, manly soul can.

In fact, because he is so very human, David Copperfield is my hero.—(Miss) VIOLA NIMMO, Lewisham.

## Falstaff.

Come, my lusty yokels, choose! Heroes need a lot of sieving—Keep on rattling till you lose Those who cut throats for a living.

Many a hero, bruised and bled—Worthier of a nation's glory—Just to give his children bread—Dies in unrecorded story.



Give me those who think and feel  
Pathos, humour—kindly spoken!  
Give me hearts that softly steal  
Into hearts that man has broken.

Give me Falstaff, sack and song,  
Merry jest, and love and laughter;  
Life is short, and death is long—  
Love is now and not hereafter.

Let me clasp the fleshy hand  
Of this Bounder of the nations—  
I've a heart for every land,  
And a throat for deep potations.

"Those who win can laugh," they say:  
Then I know some day we'll all laugh,  
Like the merry wives who play  
With my hero, Sir John Falstaff.

—"H.," Liverpool.

#### Adam Bede.

Of all fictitious heroes, is there a nobler, braver, truer-hearted gentleman depicted than Adam Bede? Yes, gentleman—it is the only term applicable—though humble his occupation and surroundings, one of Nature's creations!

What strength, what manliness, what powers of endurance, combined with the tenderness and patience of a woman! Where else in fiction do we find so grand a character as in George Eliot's immortal work?

How regretful one feels that he loved a girl with so warped and frivolous a nature! And his love for Hetty Sorrel was almost worship. Poor Adam! His awakening is terrible—his very manhood is shaken; but this bitter trial reveals the true nobility of his character. He bears Hetty no resentment—his heart is filled with a great yearning pity towards her, and his anguish is intolerable that he cannot help her in her distress.

From the very beginning, when he champions his brother Seth, down to his pathetic farewell of Hetty and his stern forbearance with Donithorne, he seems to stand out among a world of people—well enough in their way—that serve to show the strength and beauty of his nature.

No finer character has been drawn in English fiction.—(Miss) G. E. SCRIVEN, Stroud.

#### Amyas Leigh.

As an all-round manly specimen Amyas Leigh, of "Westward Ho," has much in his favour.

He was handsome, strong and healthy; an affectionate and dutiful son, a devoted brother, a single-hearted lover, a staunch friend, an honourable foe, a good master, and a credit to his profession. Fearless in danger, chivalrous to woman, contemptible of hardship, courteous and considerate, and not without humour, he was a fine type of Englishman; and if in the matter of religion he was somewhat "narrow," that was more the fault of his environment than of his disposition.

The spirit of revenge which possessed him in the latter part of the story was really the outcome of his intense affection for his brother and the lady of his heart, hardened by fierce fires of persecution and warfare into a keen determination to bring retribution to those whom he deemed to be the authors of the wrong.

Just the sort of man we need to-day to fight the battles of the woman worker.—"ALICIA," Stockport.

#### Blind and Deaf Scholars.

The London County Council has special schools provided for blind and deaf children. It is stated in a return that 56 per cent. of the blind and 72 per cent. of the deaf children of London attend these schools as day pupils.

There is a blind boy of nine in St. Albans Workhouse who shows such musical genius that the Guardians are preparing him for the examinations of the Royal College of Music.

#### The Railway Crisis.

Things look bad in the railway world, and as though worse times are coming.

Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., made serious allegations at Nottingham on Sunday of overwork for some workmen, accompanied by discharge of others, and has thereby excited railway men all over the country.

In the "Daily Chronicle" we find the last returns of the Board of Trade:

"Five thousand two hundred and twenty-four passenger guards, on ten companies, worked thirteen hours or more each day on 2,364 days.

"Passenger enginemmen on sixteen companies, 12,712 in number, are returned as having worked 3,477 days of thirteen hours or more per day.

"Goods guards and brakemen on twenty-one companies, 15,970 in number, worked 6,672 days of the same length; and

"Goods enginemmen on twenty companies, 39,572 in all, worked 22,324 days of thirteen hours or more.

In view of the meeting of the Conciliation Board next month, says the "Westminster Gazette," the Great Eastern railwaymen are holding a mass meeting on Sunday at the Town Hall, Stratford. A notice has been given to the men that it is imperative that every man off duty shall attend to show determination to have the improved conditions asked for in May.

£10,000 and five houses have been bequeathed to her housekeeper by a Mrs. Jane Churton, of Chester.

For stealing a few plums when he was hungry—his first offence—an old Brentford man of seventy-five has just been imprisoned. The cruel sentence apparently robs him of a pension, and Mr. Wilford Firth, a Brentford solicitor, is, therefore, taking counsel's opinion on it.

## A Question of Talent.

By A. Neil Lyons.

I was standing in a puddle, lately, waiting for an all-night tramcar. The night—or was it morning?—was thick and damp and greasy, and the air thereof possessed a relish as of soot and mildew mingled, which so destroyed my natural urbanity that when an unexpected nightfarer lurched out of the blackness and made an arm-rest of my shoulder I withdrew that object from circulation. This heartless action so inconvenienced the nightfarer that he lost his balance and fell, making a great clatter and scattering much mud. Also he struck my legs with what appeared to be a heavy stick.

He lay on the ground and breathed hard for a little while. Then he spoke. "What a life!" he said. And I stooped to help him, and I saw that the thing which had struck me was a cripple's crutch, and that the man on the ground was a poor little twisted thing with a wooden leg. His assets, consisting of penny match-boxes, were scattered all around him.

"I say!" I cried, aghast, "I am sorry!"

"Sorry, mate? What for?" said the man on the ground.

"For letting you fall," I explained.

"Oh," said the man, "I'm used to that!"

So I assembled his parts and re-erected him.

And I offered him apologies and the use of my shoulder, and we limped to the kerbstone and took refuge by a lamp-post. "What a life!" said the man again, as he rubbed his muddy hair. And I wondered what to say to him.

Suddenly I bethought myself of Arthur's coffee-stall, the lights of which were winking dully through the murk beyond the tram-lines. The more heartening sorts of liquor were not to be got at that dead hour.

"How about a cup of coffee?" I said. The man rubbed off another patch of mud and answered me without enthusiasm. "Corfee?" he said, "why, certainly. I can drink nigh anything!"

So we took to the greasy tram-lines again, the man still clinging to my shoulder. "I'm a bit outer sorts," he explained. "Got me foot wet and caught a chill. I got a sorter giddiness in me 'ead. I got a 'eadache. Bein' a cripple ain't 'arf the cop it useder be."

"You surprise me!" I observed.

"It's a fact," said the man. "The public's bin too much imposed on. People's got shy in these days. It's bein' imposed on what's made 'em so. They got 'ard-earted—through bein' imposed on."

"I should have thought," your servant ventured, "that a misfortune such as yours couldn't very easily be counterfeited."

"Beggin' your pardon!" said the man. "Meanin' to say?"

"That I don't see how it is possible to perform these impostures. From the nature of the case, it is—" I broke off, seeing by the wonder on his face that he made no sense of indirect allusion. So I cast aside all decency and tapped his wooden leg. "How can impostors imitate a thing like that?" I asked.

"I foller you now," said the man. "Me 'ead is a little stoopid s'evenin', 'long o' the chill what I got through gettin' me foot wet. You see, young man, it ain't the leg what they impose on you. No man can't come it all that wide, not in these days when the public is so educated. It's the 'istories what they pretend about."

We had come to the coffee-stall by this time, and Arthur, its president, hastened to slake our thirsts. "Why, Joe," said he to my cripple, having shaken hands with me, "I 'ardly knowed you in your noo complexion wash. 'Ad a fall, mate?"

Joe, who was thus publicly gazetted as a friend of the management, nodded gravely. The light from Arthur's big brass lamp shone full upon him, and he blinked in a curious manner. "Ad one or two to-day," he said.

Steadying himself against the zinc-bound counter of the stall, he brought round his crutch, and, fixing it at a convenient angle, rested his elbow on it while he slowly sipped his coffee.

"This," he remarked, with an analytical expression, "is O.K. It's got a tang to it. What is corfee without a tang?"

"About them imposters," he continued. "You see, young fellar, it is like this—no man can fake 'is limbs, not in these days, when people are so intelligent. But any man can fake a 'istory. It was a fire in a jute ware-ouse what sent me into this business. The floor come down, ye see. So me leg got nipped. See this twist in me neck? The burns done that. That's my 'istory, gentleman, and I ain't afraid to own it. But it's a pore sort o' 'istory to trade with. There's folks'll tell you 'more fool me—why don't I make up a better one?"

But the truth o' the matter is, gen'l'men, I 'aven't got the talent. Bein' a cripple is right enough for some people, no doubt, but it is no good to any man without 'e's got talent. Do you foller my meanin', young man?"

"You see," continued the cripple with a patent pride in his expert knowledge, "what the public looks for is to be imposed on, same's what it's been taught to expect. A fire in a jute factory ain't no sort o' 'istory whatever, not in these days when people are so advanced in their ideas. What the public looks for nowadays is somethink more uncommon—more pungent, if you understand my meanin'. A bloke as

was nipped in the jute works along with me, 'e kerries a board in the West End with writin' on it. 'Battleship Explosion: Both legs blown away!' is what 'e's got wrote on the board, and 'e ain't known no want for twenty years. But then 'e's got the talent—talkin' talent, if you understand my meanin'.

"It ain't sufficient to get your board wrote up. Any man can get a board to-day, when people are so educated and 'andy. But a board ain't any good to nobody unless you got talent to talk to people when they talk to you. You got to impose on the public. I got a board wrote out meself once. 'Scalped be Red Indians!' was wrote on it; but when the people spoke to me I got confused; and then, again, I've found out since as it ain't correct for a man to be scalped in 'is leg. I got no talent, I ain't. Grr! but it's cold! I—"

Suddenly Joe stopped. His crutch had slipped upon the greasy kerbstone, and he fell against the stall and hit his chin upon its ledge. And scalding coffee flowed on to his hand and blistered it.

"What a life!" he said.

#### DIVORCE IN NORTH AMERICA.

The primitive North Americans used to free themselves easily. Among the Santees, says Dorsey, a wife's mother could take her from her husband and give her to another man. Among other Plains tribes, if the man was kind, the dreadful mother-in-law never interfered. But if he became unkind, the wife herself would say, "I have had you long enough—begone!" Or the father or elder brother would suggest to the husband, "You have made her suffer; you shall have her no longer." If she married him in spite of warnings, they punished her by making her live with him.

There seems to have been no need for divorce-suits and expensive proceedings. When parents separated, law—or rather custom—had a provision in every case. The children might be taken by the mother, by her mother, or by the father's mother. The husband might lay claim to them, in which case she had no redress. Each consort might re-marry, though the parties were not always delighted to hear of each other's re-marriage—"Women of all Nations."

Margaret McKillop, head of the Women's Department at King's College, advocates a University Degree in Household Science.

## SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

By  
THE VENERABLE  
ARCHDEACON COLLEY,

with reproductions of the Archdeacon's spirit photographs.  
GET IT NOW.

## THE SAFEST MEDICINE

For Bilious and Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Wind, Nervous Depression, Loss of Appetite, Irritability, Lassitude, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Lowness of Spirits, Giddiness, &c.

AS A GENERAL FAMILY APERIENT MEDICINE

# Dr. SCOTT'S PILLS

ARE UNEQUALLED.

Composed of the Finest Drugs. Gentle and Tonic in their action. Certain in their Curative effects. They can be taken at any time, without inconvenience.

They cleanse the Stomach from all impurities. They Stimulate the Liver to healthy action  
They Strengthen the Nervous System, restore and preserve

HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND VITALITY.

Sold by all Chemists in Boxes, 1/11; and three times the quantity, 2/9.

## A FREE SAMPLE BOX

Will be sent to all who write, enclosing a penny stamp to cover postage (mentioning this paper), to

W. LAMBERT, 258, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

## THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

## A Day-Dream.

I sit under a wide-spreading oak on a wooded hillside.

A little way below, a shimmering streamlet softly ripples over many-coloured pebbles and small, moss-grown boulders. Facing me the rock forms a stairway, which, last time I saw it, was draped in a glittering garment of heavily-falling water. Now, after weeks of dry weather, drops only filter through the moss, and stream from the edge of every step like a fringe of diamonds on a green-hued tapestry.

On the other side of the brook the hill, aglow with golden gorse and pinky-purple heather, rises to a height that shuts out the sky. On my side is a tangle of bracken and bramble, and behind me a thick screen of woodland.

**A Temple of Peace.**

Here, lulled by the murmurous music of wind-swept leaves and gurgling waters, with the fragrance of meadow-sweet rising like incense, one thinks of the whole wide world as a holy temple of peace and gladness.

But—I know if I cross the brook and clamber upward, as I must later, I shall see, quite near, inky-cloaked factories, rows of tall, black chimneys pouring out fire and smoke, streets of grimy houses huddled together—all the unwholesome, unnatural ugliness of a "manufacturing town."

Well, I will try for a time to forget it. The trees at the foot of the hill bend toward the brook, their lower branches caressing the silvery water. There is a sound as of soft kisses and tender whisperings. If I listen, I may hear something for my children.

I listen and hear.  
"Long, long years have I dwelt on this hillside," says the oak nearest the stream. "Long hast thou, old friend, smiled in the sunshine or crooned cheerily through shadow and storm. To thee, running in one groove, to me, rooted to one spot, closed in by hill and woodland, the years bring little change save that of the seasons. But what may be beyond those circling hills?"

**Books in the Running Brooks.**

"Beyond the hills the world is wide," murmured the brook, "and many have been the generations of human-kind upon the earth since first was hollowed out for me my appointed channel.

"Long years ago, men fierce and wild as the beasts then roaming the forest came down to quench their thirst, or lave their hairy limbs in my waters. Like the beasts they fought with each other, like the beasts they lived and died.

"Generations passed, and the few, stronger and more cunning, tamed their fellows to servitude. Gurth, the swine-herd, his iron collar welded on his neck as a badge of slavery, roamed these hills, brooding sullenly with hatred in his heart, yet enduring silently. On the

hill-crest was the frowning fortress of the baron who was lord of the lands around, and of the living creatures who dwelt thereon. Then the birds who flitted over my breast brought strange tales of feud and warfare; of cruelty and oppression; of serfs who, for small offence or none, at their lord's caprice might be flung from the castle battlements, or strung up on the trees around.

**The Earth-Mother.**

"Yet was not all sadness. Despite their serfdom and suffering, the 'common people' of those days were children of Nature and dwelt with their mother. Gurth, tending his herds, galled by his iron collar, felt the soft caress of the breeze, held up his face for sun-ray kisses, and was thereby comforted. Joan and Cicely laved their linen in the streams, the weavers bleached their webs on the greensward. The poorest of craftsmen, the most down-trodden of slaves, whatsoever else they lacked, had at least no dearth of air and sunshine."

The oak waved his branches bathed in golden light, all his wind-swayed leaves a-quiver. "Air! Sunlight!" he said. "Surely they are still free to all!"

**A Hive of Industry.**

The streamlet crooned a sadder strain.

"Ah, nay! Have you not marked the difference between the race of men who now visit us, and their forefathers?"

"The birds who fly afar, as they dip their beaks or cleanse their wings in my waters, tell of a place called a city, beyond this heather-clad hill. Meadows have been built over, woodland and orchards despoiled and uprooted, to make room for factories and workshops, for 'homes' in narrow courts and alleys, crowded so closely that the blessed sunshine and the purifying breeze may never enter.

"There, half stifled by noisome vapours, deafened and bewildered by the ceaseless whirr of wheels and whizzing of machinery, the 'common people' wear their lives out.

"Sometimes they may come here for a few hours' breathing space. They are not ruddy of cheek, strong of arm, aglow with life, as were often even the serfs of old—but pale, narrow-chested, spiritless.

**Exiles.**

"Not to them, as she was to Gurth, is Nature a well-loved mother. Her glorious pageantry oppresses them. Gazing on her wide-spread, jewelled greenery, with the boundless blue above, they feel like exiles in a foreign land, and long for the familiar shelter of their stifling streets, from which are visible but patches of a smoke-veiled sky."

Here twittered a bird, skimming the surface of the stream: "Freemen are these dwellers in the city of which ye speak; I come from thence but now. They wear not the iron collar of serfdom, they are not bound to one place

as ye are, oh tree and stream, yet are ye gladder than they. Wherefore?"

And the brooklet sang softly: "I am pent in one groove, but around me all is beautiful. I love and serve. To me come the travel-stained for cleansing, those who are athirst for the refreshing draught. All things that live, the children of men, beasts and birds, trees and herbage, find in me a friend. I fulfil my purpose. I am content. I am content."

And the oak, his myriad leaves dancing gaily as a frolicsome wind swept by, whispered: "I am rooted to this one spot, and may not see beyond these circling hills. But the sun smiles upon me, the breezes caress, the streamlet sings soft lullabies. I, too, love and serve. Screened by my clustering foliage the birds may nest securely. I give shelter to weary wayfarers, I make more fair and healthful my little corner of the wide earth. I am content. I am content."

**Music and Jewels.**

Dragon-flies like darting jewels gleamed and glittered in the bars of light which, here and there, were as golden bridges across the stream. The laughter of the waters, the piping of birds, the murmuring wind-harp in the trees made music, tender and sweet and gay. And I said to myself: "Come, now, interpret for the children all this glory and gladness, and forget, forget what lies beyond the hill."

Then, lo! the oak questioned, "Oh, winged world-wanderer, since they are not rooted, wherefore remain these children of men in their dolorous city?"

"Ah, wherefore!" piped the bird. "The poor labour unceasingly for bread and shelter, those in better case seek the wealth that gives power over their fellows."

**Wealth.**

"Wealth! Doth that, then, need such painful winning? Have we not wealth all around us? The floods of glowing sunshine, the joy-giving breezes, the glory of the gold and purple-broidered hills, are they not wealth?"

"Ay, truly! But these city-dwellers count as wealth only the gleaming metal which may be wrested from Nature's hidden storehouse, not the gold and jewels of her outer garment."

"And what joy buy they with the hard-won metal?" asked the brooklet. "The bird flew round in widening circles. 'Nay, I know not that the earth-gold buys joy. The poor seek it as a talisman to keep at bay the Hunger-Wolf; the rich, as I have said, to enslave others to their service.'

Here stream and tree sighed softly, and the bird, outspreading its wings, was lost to sight.

And what they told me is not bright and gay.

But what we hear depends much on how we hear. And I had thrown myself down on the bracken with the story in my mind of some little slum children, who from a grimy court, where all they had known of summer's glory was crannied weed or straggling blade of grass, had been taken to a "holiday home" in the country. There they had been lonely and afraid. To them the fair Earth-Mother's face had been that of a stranger. And, thinking of them, the sorrow in my heart mingled with the music of the woodland.

PRO.

## HOME NOTES.

By Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall.

Do you ever live about twenty years in one week?

That has just been my lot. Every sort and kind of domestic experience that a woman has to contend with through life generally has happened to me in one week. All except a "move." But I have had a second cousin to that. And now, after a day's hard work of putting packed-up boxes of things in wrong places—just to get them out of the way—I sit down for my best-beloved hour with you to find the notes for my "copy"—lost!

The window-shelf of my study contained, among other things, the best tea-service. Is the scrap of paper tucked between the plates? Can't find it, anyhow. Has it by chance got in one of the boxes full of all sorts of things, from kitchen cloths to winter coats?

Not very likely, I think. But anyhow, to open them all, with a visitor expected, a new box to be got for the fortnight-old puppy, shopping to get in, a load of coals "expected," lunch to prepare for three, and other things, is not to be thought of. What would a man do, I wonder, under the circumstances? On bothering mornings like these I do envy them going, in their neat collars and cuffs, to office, there to take up nice clean pens to write nice clean letters, and add up nice clean figures in nice clean books in the straightest of straight rows!

One of these picked up last week's WOMAN WORKER this very morning, and wearing a

**Superior Air**

as he turned to the "Home Notes" page, and saw the prize of five shillings awarded for making a fire out of a kerosened brick, said, "I don't believe it!"

"Which is just their way, isn't it? 'These silly women,' they say, 'what ideas they have, to be sure!'"

This same man kept house for himself two days once, and declared after that he could teach any woman anything. He knew how to do every detail of domestic work better than any woman ever would or could. I notice, however, that he has never shown any aching desire to do anything in a house since. And there are times when silence is golden. There are for sure!

Bless you, men don't know one-half the tricks we women who keep house are up to. A kerosened fire-brick is nothing—absolutely nothing—to the things we could tell!

If only that "copy" could be come by now. But never mind, I do want to find out

**All About Hay Boxes.**

Wonderful tales have been told to me about the way in which a wisp of hay can be used for fuel instead of coal, and, like the widow's cruse of oil, last for ever and ever.

I have heard that, given a box and some hay, a woman can leave a dinner just as long as she likes, and it will go on cooking without burning or getting over-done.

Seems too strange to be true, like the old potato and the kerosened brick. But, as a well-known writer says, One never knows. The only thing is to try and learn all we can. By the time THE WOMAN WORKER is much older, methinks the world will be so full of clever women housekeepers that

**Domestic Drudgery**

will be a thing of the past. Health, then, to the Hay-Box idea, which has come to me without name or address, having been detached probably from one of the nicest letters that ever was writ. Oh, the pity o' it!

To SAVE FUEL.—Get a hay-box. It will save coal, or gas, or time, or temper, whatever you use to cook with. Get a wooden box, large enough to hold a good big pot, with a margin of half a foot all round it, also above and below the pot. Fill this box with clean dry hay. When you have brought your porridge-pot to the boil on fire or gas, place it, with a tight lid on, in the nest of hay. Cover the top of the lid with a layer of hay, and on top of this put another close-fitting lid. Leave for an hour, and the porridge will be cooked with no more trouble. The same treatment applies to anything that is cooked slowly. Stews and milk-puddings, started in the oven and then removed to the hay-box, are delicious. The box may be made quite roughly at small expense, and covered to look like a small settee.

Now if my readers will give the hay-box a fair trial, and report to me the result, I shall be deeply grateful.

**Another Question**

arises in my mind about this hay. Presuming, as we may presume, that it has the property of retaining heat, could not some of us use it for bed-clothing in winter? Blankets are expensive, and I can imagine a hay, instead of an eider-down, quilt being very cosy and cheap. Two sheets of Turkey-red, a bundle of good, sweet hay put between them, and both nicely quilted together, same as I have seen farmers' wives quilt in Ireland, and, hey, presto, even the very poorest of us can defy the cold! I have never run to the extravagance of an eider-down myself; but I have serious thoughts about hay the no!

**The Prize of 5s.**

goes to Miss Charlotte Kilburn, Croft House, Meltham, nr. Huddersfield, who sent me a good cut of parkin. Being absent from home, this parkin reached me when a month old, and yet it was as good as good can be. So good that I eked it out to the end. The wee morsel going to bed was delicious. She calls it—

MY MOTHER'S PARKIN.—1lb oatmeal, medium ground, 1lb brown flour, 2 teaspoonfuls ground ginger, 1 teaspoonful baking-powder. Rub in 3oz butter, moisten the whole with 2lb treacle and 2 eggs. Bake in Yorkshire pudding tin one hour in very slow oven. Should remain in tin till cold, then be kept in a cellar 2 days before cutting. Most children delight in this sweet, and mothers regard it as a useful and nutritious food.

**Some Home Recipes.**

RASPBERRY SANDWICH.—1 egg, 1½ table-spoons milk, 1 teacup flour, butter size of egg, ½ cupful castor sugar, 1 teaspoon baking-powder. Well beat each ingredient and mix. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15

minutes. When cold, place layer of raspberry jam inside.—MRS. L. OGDEN, Mossley, New Calico.—When sewing new calico with the machine the needle generally makes large holes. If the calico is soaped where it is to be sewn this will prevent it.—MINNIE GRAHAM, Stocksfield-on-Tyne.

TO WASH SILK THINGS.—Wash the garments lightly but well in three clean waters, using Lux for the first two and adding one teaspoonful of ammonia to the first water. Finish in lukewarm water to which add ½ oz of gum arabic and one tablespoonful of methylated spirit, wrap in a dry cloth for 1½ hours, then iron while still very damp. Things done like this have just sufficient gloss and stiffness to look as nice as new.—MRS. WILKINSON, Haworth.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—Soak any pieces of stale bread in water; next day squeeze well and beat up with a fork, put in a little sugar a few currants a little chopped suet, ½ teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, grate a little ginger or nutmeg and a little lemon-peel, a pinch of salt, and a little treacle, mix all well together, and steam from 3 to 4 hours.—S. DAVIES, Stafford.

CASTOR OIL.—Sometimes it is absolutely necessary that a child should take castor oil. An excellent plan is to make some good toffee in the ordinary way, and with the ingredients add a bottle of castor oil. It is now medicinal, and any child will take it without detecting either taste or smell.—MISS EMMELINE WATSON, Roker.

TO PEEL NEW POTATOES.—Place the potatoes in hot water with some salt for a quarter of an hour; the skin will then come off quite easily, with very slight scraping.

TO STAIN TOMATOES.—Place the tomatoes in a basin of hot water for a few minutes, when it will be found that the skin will come off without any difficulty.—IVY HOLCROFT, Cheetham Hill.

CARPET CURLING.—Squares of carpet are very apt to curl up at the corners, and when they are used on flag or cement floors, there is a difficulty in preventing this. If, however, a small piece of oilcloth, about nine inches square, be stitched under each corner, the tendency to curl up will be entirely prevented.—MRS. H. E. HURST, Lostock.

FOR CLEANING RUSTY STEEL or tarnished brass, instead of rubbing till arms ache, use methylated spirit and powdered bath brick—the bright steel will show up with very little rubbing. I find this better and cheaper than metal polish or emery for preserving a polish, and it does not harm the articles in the least. For cleaning dirty paints use about 2 table-spoons of methylated spirit to ½ bucket of water—used in conjunction with Fel's Napha soap the result is wonderful. Methylated spirit can be used for many things. How often a housewife burns or scalds herself when cooking; a couple of drops on the affected parts takes the sting out at once.—MRS. NEWSON, Manchester.

BABY IN BED.—When leaving baby alone on bed, fasten two large safety pins through his shirts into bed to prevent him rolling off. This saves the baby many dangerous falls and the mother much anxiety.—Miss D. M. WEST, Westport.

**A Husband's Hair.**

Turn and turn about is fair play. If a lady has accommodated the colour of her drawing-room furniture once to that of her husband's hair, surely he might recognise that the obligation lies upon him next time these domestic properties require matching.

So thinks the Parisian wife whose petition for divorce is explained by the "Tele-graph's" correspondent. Monsieur's pale yellow hair and the pale grey velvet of the drawing-room harmonised exquisitely; but now that the wife has re-covered her chairs with bottle green instead of pale grey, his hair positively shrieks against the furniture.

Madame seems to hold that there are only three possible courses. The husband can (a) dye, (b) die, or (c) submit to be divorced for "injury and grave cruelty."

Wifely jealousy, perhaps, forbids the solution that he should go and sit in the kitchen. But perhaps he might shave.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

## PEACE WITH HONOUR.

## End of the Corriganza Strike.

Ancient quiet has come again to Summerstown. No more the challenges of "the Bruiser" trouble the air, nor the dolorous oratory of Annie Willock, nor the jests of that gay spirit Polly Cambridge.

"You can't do without the girls." The great lord of Corriganza has waved his hand, and the rebellious horde are back in their accustomed Eden. Praise him, oh, ye peoples!

We heard the details at a final meeting on Wednesday last, when a full muster gathered in Jerry's Coffee Tavern. (May the gods prosper Jerry, and his feet find easy pastures. He was quick with the offer of his room, nor took any quittance. How he glowed when we gave him cheers!)

First Miss Macarthur made a formal opening. We were to listen to the report of our delegates, and accept or reject as we chose the terms they would submit to us. Call Polly Cambridge.

Polly Cambridge was, as usual, on the spot. The negotiations had given her great delight. She had praise for Miss Sanger and for the official conciliator, Mr. Yates, K.C. He was "a tort," said Polly.

## The Way Out.

It seemed that at the first meeting the negotiations had not progressed at all, and a fierce resumption of the war had appeared probable. But on the second day a great discovery was made. The strike was an accident—a carelessness. Mr. Stevenson had been misunderstood by the girls, by Miss Williams, by Miss Macarthur, by the Pressmen, the Board of Trade—everybody. Reductions? Bless you, he had intended one only: a little one, applying merely to a small percentage of work, and not seriously affecting wages.

The strikers gasped at this, and for once their power of glib comment failed. But in the background Jerry was heard intimating his intention immediately to notify the Horse Marines, and the situation was saved.

Polly swept on to the conclusion of her tale. Miss Williams had intimated to the conciliator that she did not in any circumstances propose to resume work at Corriganza, but all the other girls were to go back, the first lot of twenty next morning. There had been trouble over Alice Chappell (here The Bruiser looked embarrassed), but Miss Macarthur had been firm, and Alice was not to be a sacrifice to peace. (General cheers.) The gluers were to be given new work, which very likely would be more regular than their old task. ("Corn in Egypt," said the gluers.)

Polly touched upon the effect of the reduction already alluded to, and concluded her excellent statement by placing the issue on the knees of her comrades.

These experts lost no time in getting to business, and Polly had many questions to answer. Incidentally she described a visit the negotiators had made to the factory, and the strenuous efforts

of a blackleg girl to impress Mr. Yates with the extent of her output.

"The sweat was running off 'er," said Polly. "You could 'ev took 'er 'ome on a sponge."

Polly had wanted to discuss things with the girl, but she had not responded. "And there it was," said Polly, "a-pouring down 'er face."

## Rejoicings.

It was agreed at last that the settlement proposed was one that should be accepted in good faith. Miss Macarthur reminded the girls that they were organised now, and therefore no longer helpless, no longer likely to be aggressed upon.

The great event of the evening followed. The girls had been mournful over the unemployed plight of Miss Williams. But Miss Macarthur said she was not to be deserted, promised to help to get her a new position as good as her old one, and handed her a cheque for £10, which an interested lady had forwarded.

How we cheered then!

I think we all made speeches, and shook hands and swore fidelity to the union. We cheered Miss Macarthur and Jerry, and the Sergeant of Police—the police at Summerstown are fine fellows, and the strikers want them to be informed of it—and all the subscribers to the fund, and THE WOMAN WORKER.

We were tired at last, and ended with our accustomed anthem, "If you can't do no good, don't do any harm"—a sentiment which, with much respect, I commend to Mr. Stevenson.

J. J. M.

## THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

We have to acknowledge the following additional subscriptions:

Already acknowledged, £215 2s. 2d.  
Mrs. Stuart Hindmarsh, 10s. 6d.; Highgate Road Men's Adult School, 2s. 6d.; South St. Pancras Branch I. L. P., 1s. 4d.; Mrs. and Miss Rochester, 1s.; Sympathisers in Railway Clearing House, £1 12s. 8d.; Printers' Warehousemen and Cutters (Oxford branch), 5s.; Postman's Federation, £1 1s.; M. Y. M., 2s. 6d.; A Pottery Girl, 1s.; Jane, 1s.; Mr. David G. Grove, £1 3s. 9d.; Mr. H. Tompkins, 2s. 6d.; Miss Zetta Forester, 10s.; Hoxton Branch N. F. W. W., 10s.; Florence, 5s.; A. C. H., 2s. 6d.; I. M. M., 3s.; Mr. W. Fletcher, 10s.; A Sympathiser, 1s.; E. M. M., 2s. 6d.; H. L. B., 1s.; J. Reed, 3s.; W. Richardson, 2s. 6d.; M. H. D., 5s.; A Socialist Servant, 2s.; Mrs. Grace and E. B. Bishop, 3s. 6d.; Hilda Walker, 5s.; A. A., 2s. 6d.; E. C. and H. E. Nuttall, 2s. 6d.; C. M. E., 2s. 6d.; C. C. Reader, 1s. 6d.; K. A., 2s.; London Branch Amalgamated Soc. Lithographic Printers, £5; Oxford Branch Amalgamated Society of Tailors, £1 1s.; Association of Engineers and Firemen, 4s. 6d.; A Well Wisher, 2s. 6d.; Anonymous, 1s.; J. L. M., 5s.; E. H. J., 2s. 6d.; Rev. H. Booth (Coven-try), £2 3s. 6d.; Anonymous, £1; Mrs. V. Jennings, £1; Three Scotch Lassies, 3s.; M. J. Gordon, 2s. 6d.; Two Brothers, 2s. 6d.; Anonymous, 5s.; Miss M. S. Turner, 1s. 9d.; Collection at Earlsfield, £1 18s. 9d.; Live and Let Live, 2s. 1d.; H. C. S. (Beckenham), 2s. 6d.; Mr. T. B. Gorst, 5s.; R. S., 5s.; Miss Lilian Fitzroy, £1; A., 8s.—Total, £239 19s. 3d.

## Talks with the Doctor.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**LORNA.**—The trouble you are suffering from is a form of what is sometimes called "hay-fever." Its connection with hay or dust is usually non-existent, and attacks are often induced, as with you, by the stimulus of daylight on the eyes on waking in the morning. The condition consists in an abnormally sensitive state of the mucus membrane of the nose, coupled with an abnormal irritability of the nasal nerves. General treatment calculated to avoid over-excitement and induce bodily well-being should be combined with local treatment directed to the nose itself. The former is a matter of common-sense hygiene. The latter consists in avoiding dusty or over hot work, and in syringing the nostrils regularly, night and morning (right through into the throat), with a solution of one teaspoonful of boric acid to a pint of water, with a large pinch of salt added. Let me know how you get on.

**A. B. C.**—The most probable cause is indigestion. Are you sufficiently careful in your choice of food? Many vegetable foods require great care in preparation. There is no cure except getting your digestion into proper order. Give me more details and I can perhaps help you in detail.

**B. M. P.**—You need more exercise. Leave off tea and coffee. Get some Mist. Alba. mixture from the chemist and keep your bowels relaxed for a week. Then write again.

**T. J. M.**—The disease in all probability is definitely phthisis. Go to a specialist by all means. A guinea is a usual fee. A sanatorium is essential. I will, if you desire it, send addresses from which you can choose. Arrange specialist consultation through your local doctor.

**H. D.**—A certain amount of scurf on the head is healthy. If the head is washed weekly, and vaseline rubbed in twice a week, the trouble should disappear.

**R. S. G.**—Long persistent deafness due to post-nasal catarrh is very difficult. Some form of mechanical appliance is possibly worth trying. But consult a doctor on the matter, as you are likely otherwise to spend a lot of money with little benefit.

**W. G.**—For constipation try the abdominal exercises used in the Sandow system of physical culture. Drink plenty of water between meals. If decaying teeth are properly cleaned they do not affect digestion because of deposits. But decaying teeth are difficult to clean, and as a mouth full of decaying teeth is not an efficient machine for masticating food, the stomach suffers indirectly. Good artificial teeth are useful. Have the worst decayed teeth out, and as many as possible stopped by a good dentist.

**WORKER.**—What you chiefly need is a shortening of your hours of work from 10 to 6 or 7. You will find, if you enquire, that a good many of your fellow workers are afflicted in the same way. It is quite probable you have an eye defect which helps to bring on the headaches. Get your eyes tested by a doctor. Your dinners are not substantial enough; eat more meat, or cheese in place of meat. Take a drink of milk before starting work at 6 o'clock. There is nothing to be alarmed about in your condition as yet, but the only "cure" is rest. Unless you get speedily quite well, you should take a holiday.

X. Y. Z.

## A Socialist Orchestra.

An orchestra, formed exclusively by Socialists, is now in existence for the purpose of assisting all Socialist indoor meetings and other musical functions where good music would be an advantage. Good wood and wind, string and brass musicians of both sexes are cordially invited to join it. Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, 166, Stanhope Street, N.W., and an inaugural concert will be given on Saturday, the 26th inst., at Myddleton Hall, Islington, N.

The police are trying to find the author of a cruel hoax played upon a Reigate mother. She had a letter signed "Matron," telling her that her boy in a hospital was dead.

## TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

## The Women's Side.

A barber to whom I talked did not seem satisfied that the Trades Union Congress had conferred an honour upon his town. "Nottingham ain't worse than any other place," he grumbled. "Why do they make such a dead set at us? Last year it was the parsons, and they preached our heads off, and now it's these Labour chaps. Let 'em 'ave a shot at some other town."

## A Lonely Grumbler.

The barber was alone in his dissatisfaction; for, generally, Nottingham welcomed the Congress with a good heart. There were ample notices in the papers and photos innumerable. The snap-shot fiends were everywhere. Several of the local theatres were packed on Sunday with great audiences which became tumultuous with enthusiasm.

To arouse the interest of women, a series of dinner-hour visits were made to local factories; and, if the hurrying lassies would spare a moment Miss Macarthur, or some other, would mount on a chair and say a few inspiring words.

More often the girls could not afford to spend any of their precious minutes in dalliance, and they would snatch a handbill and vanish. At some of the mills it was assumed that the visitors were Suffragettes, and under this assumption a horde of small boys expressed their feelings with a disconcerting abandon.

But the factory visits served their purpose.

## Women Delegates.

It was known that Congress was to be larger than ever. Actually some 520 delegates were present at the opening.

Of these only seven were women. They sat together at the side of the hall, and their pretty dresses lightened a little the drab mass of men.

In this group were Miss Macarthur and Miss Hedges, representing the National Federation of Woman Workers; Miss Glen, the telephone operators; Miss Varley, the Bradford weavers; Miss Slade, the postal telegraphists; Miss Worthington, the felt hatters; and Miss Atkins, the Nottingham cigar-makers.

As usual, Miss Gertrude Tuckwell was a striking figure on the platform, and among the other notable women who had seats there Miss Constance Smith, Mrs. Bruce Glasier, and Mrs. J. R. Clynes were prominent.

Of late years, Congress has been increasingly kind to women, and almost at the outset this year its cordiality was shown in the election of Miss Hedges as one of the scrutineers.

But the women did not monopolise attention. There were here men one could not overlook.

The President, with his six feet—I don't know how many inches—of height; the giant bulk of Will Thorne; the solid, almost immeasurable, expanse of John Hodge—you could not miss Titans such as these. Ben Tillet, more spectrally pale than usual, was

there also, and jovial O'Grady, and Seddon, and his comrade from the shop assistants, that restless intelligence John Turner.

## Getting to Business.

But now we must cease to look about us, for the President is risen and commences his address.

Most of you, I imagine, know that clever Du Maurier drawing which can be seen in the series of "Pictures from Punch." Two fashionable ladies are showering their praises upon one of two boys in the foreground, a griggish, sickly boy, who is, it appears, a very prodigy. He can speak languages, he can sing, he can play.

To him at last the other boy, sturdy and unpolished, and surfeited with this praise of his fellow: "I can't sing, I can't talk French, and I can't play the violin; but I can pounce your head!"

So this immense Shackleton, now about to speak. Like the unvarnished boy, he is void of all arts. He has no subtle or shining speech. He never soars, he never sounds the deeps. But he has a strength of character that is born in a man or he never possesses it. He is honest to the heart; he is straight as a tree; he is fearless, and on occasion a hard hitter. He cannot charm or dazzle you, but he has common sense and manly straightforward exposition—he can pounce your head.

## On Traditional Lines.

His speech marches on traditional roads. There is a statement of the steady growth of Congress, a quoting of periodic figures, a proud allusion to the throng of delegates present and the one and three-quarter millions of workers they represent. There is talk of Labour's achievements in Parliament: first, the Trades' Disputes Act and the Compensation Act, and later Old Age Pensions. Then a look ahead to the broadening of the Pension Scheme, Eight Hours Legislation, and—the President speaks gravely here—adequate treatment of the Unemployed Problem.

In August 263 unions, with a membership of 646,000, showed a total of unemployed exceeding 53,000. . . . The Congress murmurs loudly its concern, and a second later punctuates with fierce cheers a demand for immediate Governmental action.

Later the speech touches on the Licensing Bill, for then the danger of war with Germany. War is abhorrent to this man, and he pleads finely for understanding between workers of all nations.

## A Momentous Report.

Without any delay the Congress turns to grapple with multitudinous resolutions. Many important issues are discussed and decided.

But on the second day the centre of interest shifts, for then the women's meetings are held, and at the Victoria Hotel a distinguished company gathers to hear the imposing annual report of the Women's Trades Union League, which Miss Macarthur presents.

At this meeting Mr. Shackleton pre-

sided, supported by Miss Tuckwell, Miss Constance Smith, and a great cluster of M.P.'s. What a report it is! Many additional unions have been linked up, and now the Women's Trades Union League has affiliated to it practically all the organised women workers of the country—a total of upwards of 150,000.

The League has helped the anti-sweating campaign, it has continuously inspired Parliamentary action; under its pressure Parliamentary Committees have been appointed, administration has been improved, the staff of the Home Office strengthened. Unsleepingly, this splendid League fights against all unfair treatment and over-work of girls.

It is the same in its legal department. A dressmaker is blood-poisoned, a servant sustains internal injuries, a laundry worker suffers a broken arm: these and countless other poor women are helpless under their injuries, and would lose even their little dole of compensation were it not for this vigilant, invaluable League.

## Splendid Oratory.

But Miss Macarthur, with shrewd artistry, kept the best to the last, and there was a fine fervour in the cheers that greeted the story of the League's Organising Department.

Such battles against overwhelming odds! At Edinburgh, at Norwich, at Southwark—all over the land—little beaten hands of strikers have been rallied and supported, and—as the meeting muttered audibly, thank Heaven—led often to victory.

When this magnificent report had been read we listened to the ablest speaking of the Congress. Miss Tuckwell, in moving a resolution on truck, told stories of iniquitous fines and deductions, and made out an unanswerable case for the total abolition of these penalties. The resolution was supported in ringing tones by Ben Turner, and, of course, unanimously carried.

Afterwards Miss Constance Smith spoke brilliantly in demanding the creation of wages boards, which should include factory as well as home workers in their scope. Mr. Arthur Henderson and Mr. A. Richardson, who were both members of the Select Committee on Home Work, followed with profound

## KNITTING FOR PROFIT.

A PAIR OF SOCKS  
CAN BE MADE IN

20  
MINUTES  
ON THE

AUTOMATIC  
KNITTER



Knits socks, stockings, and all kinds of garments.  
We supply you with work to any distance.

TUITION FREE.  
Machines for Cash or Easy Terms.

Full particulars and Samples from—  
W. W. AUTOMATIC KNITTING MACHINE CO.,  
83, Southwark Street, London;  
55, Oxford Street, W.; 192, Upper Street, N.

and moving speeches, and then we passed another resolution and hurried away to prepare for the great evening meeting at Circus Street Hall, which was to be climax. And climax it was.

#### A Great Meeting.

Girls poured into the hall, and long before the hour of beginning filled its nooks and crannies. Still they struggled for entrance. To our bitter mortification we had no room for purposes of overflow, and sweeping rain made open-air speeches impossible. It was bitter work barring the way to all these eager girls, many of whom had hurried from their work through the tempest.

Thunderous applause and happy laughter from within the hall. Again our speakers were splendid.

Miss Tuckwell opened nobly, and Mr. Henderson and Miss Macarthur were up to their best—and what can be better than that? And then Will Crooks arose, supreme, inimitable Crooks, and played with us like the magician he is, tossing us negligently into laughter and catching us in the midst of our mirth with a sudden word that touched us to tears.

His quips and drolleries left us limp, and some final words from Bishop Baynes were needed to let us recover control.

As I write this the audience is leaving, exuberant with delight; crowds of girls are calling out for Federation membership forms; the speakers' hands are being shaken. Everybody is excited and happy, and hoping that from these great meetings lasting good will come to the working women of Nottingham.

J. J. MALLON.

### GRAVE BUSINESS.

#### Unemployment and Salvation Sweating.

The Congress discussions were full of meaning for Parliament.

On the Unemployed Bill a resolution was carried by 826,000 votes against 801,000 repudiating the criticisms of Messrs. Burns, Maddison, and Vivian, and in particular Mr. Maddison's remark that Socialists "pander to the thoughtless and the thriftless."

The Parliamentary Committee submitted, and the Congress approved, nine specific measures for the relief of unemployment, immediate and ultimate. They included State-established local authorities for dealing with it, the discontinuance of overtime, emigration, the establishment of labour colonies to train emigrants and small holders, and the wiser distribution of Government work.

#### General Booth Brought to Bay.

A definite stand is made against the Salvation Army's workshops, as the result of the debate upon a correspondence with General Booth.

The test case is that of the joinery works conducted by the Army in Hanbury Street, but women's work is also affected, there being an allegation that the laundry workers of West London are undercut.

A sub-committee which had investigated the Hanbury Street scandal reported:

From the evidence placed before us it is clear that the Hanbury Street depot is conducted as far as work is concerned on the same lines as ordinary trade factories. The

working hours are similar. Overtime is worked (but not paid for). Pressure is brought to bear upon the men to get out the work. As one of the witnesses expressively put it, for every job the cart is waiting; and on one occasion, Wednesday, November 20, the staff captain told the men after prayers that they would have to "slip into the work," as the place was not a hospital, supplementing this by stating that there were fifty to sixty men waiting at Whitechapel to fill their places.

From the correspondence it appeared that Mr. Shackleton and Mr. Steadman had laid this report before General Booth, and informed him that his joiners received 12s. per week of wages, of which the Army retained 9s. for food, the balance of 3s. being paid subject to a deduction of one-third for clothes. He was asked what he thought of it.

General Booth's reply was, in effect, to say that he chose the lesser of two evils. Unless he had a fortune to spend he must do as he could.

#### To Brand or Not to Brand.

On this the Committee made the comment that the question was looked at by Trade Unionists and the General from opposite standpoints.

Mr. A. G. Cameron proposed a resolution "to brand the Salvation Army as sweaters," their offence being "aggravated by disguise under the cloak of philanthropic and rescue work." He said that some of the finest mechanics that ever handled tools were walking the streets, and General Booth or his agents got hold of them, and imposed on these poor devils such conditions that made it impossible for them to come up the plank again. The Salvation Army officials were only agents of the capitalist class, and the Army was one of the most gigantic successful frauds ever carried out under the cloak of religion.

Upon consideration, however, the resolution was not pressed. Instead, the Parliamentary Committee were instructed to see General Booth again.

Congress passed other resolutions in favour of a Department of Labour on Adult Suffrage measure.

### Salvationist Labour.

#### The London Meeting.

Trafalgar Square was last week filled by the demonstration of the United Workers' Anti-Sweating Committee to demand a public inquiry into the conditions of labour at the Hanbury Street "Elevator" of the Salvation Army, and into the Army's reclamation funds.

The crowd was addressed from three sides of the Nelson Column.

Speakers declared that at Hanbury Street skilled craftsmen are employed at 2d. to 2½d. per hour, while the union rate is 10½d. For the building of a flight of stairs a man was stated to have received 15s., whereas the work would have cost a builder £2 10s. For joinery work worth £2 only 5s. 6d. had been paid.

Commissioner Nicol has got out a pamphlet contravening some of the allegations, and showing the factory run at a loss.

#### A Miners' Village.

A model village for 500 colliers has been founded by the Doncaster Broadworth Main Colliery Co. Six hundred houses are being built on 130 acres of well-wooded land. Spray and shower baths, with swimming baths, are provided free.

According to the "Daily News," tradesmen's shops are tabooed, a local Co-operative Store taking their place.

Sir W. Treloar's Cripples' Home and College, at Alton, received its first inmates on Monday.

### WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

#### A Good Start for the Autumn.

Hearty good wishes to Gorton, which is arranging to form a branch of the Women's Labour League. An inaugural tea meeting is to be held on Monday, September 28, and Mrs. Bruce Glasier will be there to give a good send-off.

Mr. Sam Hogue, of the Trades and Labour Council, is helping to organise the branch, and Mr. John Hodge, the Labour M.P. for Gorton, is, we know, a firm friend of the League. Our members will remember his cordiality as the fraternal delegate from the Labour Party at our London conference last year. I hope to give further particulars about the branch after the 28th, but am putting in this notice meanwhile—partly to express our good wishes, and partly in the hope that some of our readers may be able to attend the meeting and help to form a big and active branch.

#### Business and Pleasure Combined.

Our national secretary, Mrs. J. S. Middleton, has been having a good holiday in the North to refresh her for the autumn's work. But she writes to me:

"I managed to combine a little business with the pleasure, though on second thoughts I think it was all pleasure, for I quite enjoyed visiting the Glasgow and Working-ton branches."

I daresay she will be annoyed with me for quoting this sentence from her private correspondence, but I was tempted to do so—it sounds so nice and cheerful to have our secretary finding added pleasure in her holidays through the bond of our League.

According to her account, both the Glasgow and Workington branches are going ahead. The misery through unemployment is very great in Workington, she says (and I hear the same might be said of Glasgow), and our members will need all their courage to meet the depression and to put heart and hope into the families of the men who are working for 10d. a day at the stoneyards, and who will probably be all the more difficult to win for Labour because they themselves are so crushed down as victims of our industrial system.

#### League Executive to Meet in London.

The executive of the League will meet in London on Monday, September 21. As some of our members live far away, and we are not rich enough or leisured enough to have frequent meetings, we have to fit in as much as possible when we do meet. If any of our readers have special proposals to make to the executive this is the time to send them in—to Mrs. Middleton, 8, Jedburgh Street, Clapham, London, S.W.

#### Labour Women in New South Wales.

Mrs. Dwyer, one of the leading women in the Labour movement in New South Wales, writes about their recent work there.

The getting of money for propaganda is a problem all the world over, and the methods employed have to be pretty much the same. Our Birmingham League, with its sale of work coming on for the November election fund, may be encouraged by their sisters' success in Sydney. Mrs. Dwyer says: "You will be gratified to hear our bazaar was very successful indeed—about £75 in donations from Leagues, Unions, and friends, and the bazaar takings £350—and the whole expenses only amounted to £65. We have placed the money in a Trust Fund to be used for the organising of the Woman's Vote for the Federal Election, and also to form our women workers into unions."

Mrs. Dwyer was just preparing when she wrote to go as delegate to the Commonwealth Interstate Labour Conference at Brisbane, on July 6.

#### A Word of Encouragement.

Her remarks upon our own work as a League are interesting and encouraging. "You women in England are doing wonderfully good and successful work. I received your report. You tackle matters we have

### THE UNEMPLOYMENT RIOTS.

#### Temper of Glasgow.

not touched yet. We are not so free as you, for we are a part and affiliated with the men's movement—our conferences are just with the men's. I think your range of work is more far-reaching."

It is significant to see that even women who have had votes and full citizen rights with men for many years still recognise the value of special political organisation and discussion amongst women.

Mrs. Dwyer makes a request which I will pass on to any of our members who are visiting the Franco-British Exhibition:

"When you pay a visit to our Australian Court just breathe a wish that Labour will reign supreme over our fair Continent after next Federal Election."

#### Activity in Belfast.

The Belfast branch of the W.L.L. has moved to new premises, and will meet in future at Avenue Hall, Garfield Street, on Mondays at 8 p.m. The meetings lately held have been most interesting and educative. Mrs. Chambers, the president of the branch, has read a paper on "The Carnegie Millions," exposing modern financial methods, and Miss Galway, the vice-president, has given an instructive address on "Women and Trade Unionism." Miss Galway's long experience as Secretary of the Textile Operatives' Union fitted her to speak on the subject, and so practical and convincing was the paper that it is proposed to repeat the reading at an early date.

#### Women's Rights in Austria.

Do English women complain that they are not allowed to share in making the laws they have to obey? In Austria they are not even allowed to join a political organisation. (This right has only just been conceded to women in Germany.)

Austrian women have the right to pay the sugar tax and the brandy excise, to bring up sons for the State, to work in fields under the blazing sun, to slave in factories and toil at home; when they have exercised all these rights they may not even meet together to complain of their conditions or to discuss ways of improving them. They are exactly in the position of young persons under age, who cannot be expected to know what is for their good.

Incredible as it may seem to us who have women on councils and boards of guardians, an Austrian political meeting has had to be delayed until a woman who had inadvertently entered was politely removed!

#### Labour Women Undaunted.

Yet our Socialists and Trade Union women comrades there have, as we know, a strong and active movement which in many ways is better organised than ours. Ten years ago they held a Conference for the working women of the German-speaking world; and a third one of the kind has recently been held, at which wonderful growth of the women's Socialist and Trade Union movement was recorded.

At the first Conference, 4,000 women were organised, and their organ, the "Arbeiterinnen-Zeitung" (Women Workers' Newspaper) had a circulation of 2,500 copies; now the paper's circulation is 13,400, and the number of organised women trade unionists is 50,000, whilst an inquiry showed that there are 4,175 women in the political organisations. So that our Austrian comrades are evidently undaunted by the law which says they must not take part in politics.

#### Prevention Better than —!

The system of recording non-notifiable diseases instituted by the Islington Borough Council is proving satisfactory. In the past year, says the "Westminster Gazette," 5,829 notifications were made voluntarily by school teachers to the medical officer, and steps were at once taken to secure isolation and prevent the diseases spreading.

#### A Simple Remedy.

If mothers of all classes nursed their babies, Sir James Crichton Browne told the Sanitary Inspectors' Conference at Liverpool, tubercular disease would, in all probability, be abolished in thirty years.

### THE UNEMPLOYMENT RIOTS.

#### Temper of Glasgow.

Since the Bread Riots, there has been no such serious outbreak as the disorders that began in Glasgow last week and marred the welcome given by the Provost and Corporation to Prince Arthur of Connaught. There are 160,000 people in the city suffering from lack of work, and the Corporation has been supine. The "Daily News" said on the riots on Saturday that the workers' state of mind was that of "our Margat" in the rhyme of "The Oldham Weaver":—

"Hoo's neavt to say again t' King  
But hoo loikes a fair thing,  
An' hoo says hoo can tell when hoo's hurt."  
The demonstrators began with an attempt to storm the municipal Council Chamber. Its doors were hastily locked; but the Council had to receive a deputation, while the street without was filled with a crowd that cried, "Come out, you cowards!"

On Saturday, when Prince Arthur arrived to review cadets, 5,000 unemployed under Socialist leadership assembled in George Square to protest against men, women, and children being allowed to starve while money was lavishly spent in a civic welcome. The King's Borderers with fixed bayonets and a strong body of police were necessary as a "guard of honour."

The Prince was groaned, the National Anthem was played to covered heads, and the people sang, "The Red Flag" and "The Marseillaise." When the Provost and Corporation came out with cigars from a luncheon, and entered a number of tramcars smoking, the crowd was furious.

Next day, a Socialist body, 2,000 strong, was prevented by the police with truncheons from entering the Cathedral for afternoon service. There was a fierce mêlée for fifteen minutes, and many were hurt.

#### The Lord Provost Offers Terms.

On Tuesday, as a result of these doings, the Lord Provost announced that children under five of the unemployed are to receive three free meals daily, and the corporation will be asked to open a fund and to grant twenty-two acres in a public park for digging work for unemployed.

A deputation from the Unemployed Workers' Association urged the corporation to plead with employers to dispense with all overtime and shorten hours, thereby employing more hands, but the Lord Provost said he could not promise any such redress.

The "Glasgow Herald" says that not for many years has Glasgow faced a winter promising such risk of poverty and starvation to a great number of people. The "Herald" has started a fund, the directors subscribing 200 guineas.

#### At Birmingham and Norwich.

There are 10,000 unemployed in Birmingham, and the Trades' Council, led by Mr. J. V. Stevens, has set on foot an agitation for special work in the winter. Mr. Stevens points out that, the country through, there are 20 per cent. of unemployed in one skilled trade alone.

Preaching on Sunday in Norwich Cathedral, Dean Lefroy was interrupted by unemployed hearers. He went out of his way to say that Socialism would be the ruin of the Empire, and there were loud cries of "Bosh."

On the 25th, a great demonstration of "hungermarchers" will be held at Northampton.

#### £50,000 for Distress Works.

The Manchester City Council has resolved to apply to the Local Government Board for

power to borrow £50,000 for permanent works, road-making, and laying out of parks, with a view to meet the distress expected in the city during the winter.

### THE COTTON CRISIS.

#### The Operatives' Vote.

Since the ballot of the cotton operatives on the proposal to reduce wages by 5 per cent. there has been an anxious deadlock. But public opinion is against the employers.

The spinners' vote against a reduction was 92.44 per cent., and the card room workers' 90.59 per cent. The employers' vote was, it will be remembered, one of 92 per cent. on the other side.

The operatives have asked for a joint conference to consider the result of the ballot before notice of the enforcement of the reduction expires at the end of next week.

The vote practically affects all the cotton mills of the North of England, and 150,000 workpeople, of whom over 100,000, it is estimated, will be entitled, in the event of a stoppage, to out-of-work pay from their unions.

### The Autumn Suffrage Campaign.

On Saturday the first of a series of great suffrage meetings, which are to be held throughout the Kingdom during autumn, took place in the Mansion House at Dublin. It was entirely successful.

The North of England Society is organising the biggest of these demonstrations for October 23 and 24—meetings in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, and in Alexandra Park. All through the autumn there will be motor tours and a widespread campaign by caravan. It is understood, however, that Parliament will be allowed to reassemble in peace.

On Wednesday next four prisoners released from Holloway will be welcomed at breakfast at Queen's Hall, and three days later Miss Phillips, the remaining prisoner, will leave Holloway. Miss Phillips lost her remission of sentence because she tried to get a letter sent out of the prison.

The International Conference in London next year has been fixed for the week from April 26 to May 1.

#### The Men's League.

This League held a very successful open-air demonstration on Saturday. There were four platforms. At the first was Miss Eleanor Rathbone, a splendid worker for the National Union.

She said it was believed that the enfranchisement of women would be to the mutual benefit of men and women. Mrs. Martel described the practical effects of women's enfranchisement in Australia and New Zealand.

A resolution calling on the Government to give facilities to Mr. Stranger's Bill was moved and carried.

#### Mrs. Pankhurst Mobbed.

An uproarious scene took place at Newcastle when Mrs. Pankhurst endeavoured to hold a meeting on Monday night.

The crowd was hostile, and a section attempted to upset the platform. The police eventually formed a cordon round the Suffragettes and enabled them to get away; their meeting could not be held.

# The National Federation of Women Workers.

DO YOU WANT HIGHER WAGES?  
DO YOU WANT SHORTER HOURS AND BETTER CONDITIONS OF WORK?  
THEN JOIN THE FEDERATION.

## Union is Strength

If one worker asks for a rise she may get discharged, but the position is different if all the workers combine and make a united stand.

No employer can do without workers, and workers ought to organise to secure fair treatment.

In the Lancashire Textile Trades, where the Unions are strong, women are paid at the same rate as men for the same work.

### WHAT THE FEDERATION WILL DO FOR YOU:

Help to secure higher wages and better conditions, and to remove all grievances, such as fines, deductions, bad material, &c. Give you free legal advice.

Help you to get fair compensation if you have an accident at work. Pay you a weekly allowance when ill.

Help you to find a new situation.

**THE FEDERATION IS MANAGED AND CONTROLLED BY WORK-  
GIRLS CHOSEN BY THE MEMBERS.**

## Join the Federation.

APPLY FOR PROSPECTUS TO—

The General Secretary: MISS LOUISA HEDGES, Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.