

THE
CATHOLIC SUFFRAGIST

Organ of the Catholic Women's Suffrage Society, 55, Berners Street, London.

VOL. I., No. 4.

April 15th, 1915.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Daughter of the ancient Eve,
We know the gifts ye gave and give;
Who knows the gifts which *you* shall give,
Daughter of the newer Eve?

—Francis Thompson.

A WORD OF WELCOME.

BY THE VERY REV. PRIOR McNABB, O.P.

In matters of fact and experience egotism is sometimes the staggering first step towards humility. Under pressure of this principle I will yield to the request to send a word of welcome to the CATHOLIC SUFFRAGIST.

Personally I am not a Suffragist because I am not a politician. For the same reason that I am not a Socialist, or a Nationalist, or a Liberal, or a Conservative, I am not a Suffragist. It may be that this mood of independence is of the nature of fear. It may also be that it is not opposed to wisdom, since it often gives its possessor the power of safeguarding justice against the hands of prejudice.

In these days when parliaments are largely outliving their usefulness, I have sometimes wondered why women are so keen to claim the parliamentary vote. But far oftener have I wondered why men are so keen to deny women the vote. I ask myself on what just plea can it be refused. If it cannot be refused in justice, then it cannot and should not be refused.

Once whilst in the United States I was discussing the methods of militant suffragism with a very catholic and very patriotic American. His denunciation of militant suffragism left little to the imagination. I ventured timidly to suggest that this denunciation coming from a citizen of the United States was singularly interesting. He asked

why?" I replied: "Because if the principles you advocate were really true, the War of Independence was a crime, and your Capitol at Washington ought to be flying the Union Jack!" He was a thoughtful man; so he began to think.

The question of the parliamentary vote may be put in this way. To refuse the vote to women is a matter either of pure justice or of mere expediency.

If it is a matter of justice, that is, if women have no right to the vote, why do not men prove that no such right exists? And how can they at once disprove women's right and prove their own? This argument is so strong that few anti-suffragists claim to refuse the vote on grounds of justice.

They rest their refusal on a ground work of expediency. But it may be asked, "On what grounds does this plea of expediency rest? And why should men rather than women be the final judges of this expediency?" Expediency is a personal matter which all have a right to solve for themselves. Thus when the claims of justice are satisfied in the paying of a man's debts, no one but the man himself has the right to dictate the manner of spending his remaining wealth.

Personally, I cannot see beyond the fact that very many women want the vote, just as very many men want to drink champagne, smoke cigars, play billiards, or join a political

club. Any of these things may or may not be expedient. But it is clear that men want them; and that ends the matter. The twentieth century is very like to suffer from the inordinate desire that some classes have to force certain practices on other classes, on the plea that it is for their good. The war has given these busybodies the opportunity for enforcing their own particular opinions about alcoholic drinks. But the men that detest this interference would do well to examine whether their own refusal of the vote to women is not part of the same thirst for righteousness—by force of law.

Pictures are sometimes painted of the awful state of things that would follow Woman Suffrage. Whatever that state might be, it could not be worse than what we are undergoing at present. We men have had a pretty free hand in Europe for three hundred years. Look at it now! Our handiwork is but a sorry argument for refusing a place in politics to women. If domestic economy, the historic sphere of women, was in the same plight as political economy, we men would insist on our sex being cooks and housekeepers.

Any experienced social worker would readily admit that in almost every department of social work there is room and need for women.

As a priest, whose duty it is to defend the Creed and the Decalogue, I confess that the need for more women in certain professions seems almost a matter of ethical duty. For a long time I have felt that the increasing claims of medical supervision demand an increased number of women doctors—from the point of view of sexual delicacy. We are all bemoaning the decay of reserve; and the publicity of licentiousness. Lewdness has left the trenches and is fighting in the open.

I sometimes ask myself if the unsensitiveness we all deplore is not largely due to the lack of women doctors. In olden days when doctors were scarce and fees were high a medical examination was a luxury which most people could afford only once in life, at or about the hour of death. But now-a-days medical examinations are almost of daily occurrence. Gentle girls who intend to enter official positions under Government or in large business firms must produce medical

certificates, that is, must undergo medical examination. I cannot say how many medical examinations must precede a girl's final acceptance as a certificated teacher. Now all these examinations could be quite efficiently and much more delicately carried out by women doctors. May it not be questioned whether our young women in High Schools are sufficiently shown in how many ways they could protect their own sex by taking up the career of a doctor?

What is said of doctors may be said of other professions. Women lawyers and barristers have become a crying need.

Women relieving officers are to be found already in some enlightened Poor Law areas.

The history of work done by women in the Catholic Church would be a history of the Catholic Church. During the last century nothing but the priesthood has surpassed womanhood in defending and spreading Catholic truth. I felt this especially when it was presented to me on a gigantic scale in the United States. In this country, which does not give a penny of public money for denominational education, the education of the elementary schools has been almost entirely in the hands of religious women. Even now there is practically no career for a secular master or mistress in a Catholic Elementary with its purely voluntary sources of income. The slender salaries that can be given, could not ensure a livelihood except for those who have banded themselves together by community life and vows of poverty. Humanly speaking, if the Catholic Church lives and flourishes in the United States, it is due first of all to the anointed ministers of God's sacraments, and secondly, to the unparalleled zeal of women.

In view of this, it has seemed to some of us that the time has come when women's work shall be a collective effort based on collective counsel. To help on this work and thus to make to-day a beginning of to-morrow is the high aim of the CATHOLIC SUFFRAGIST.

God grant the CATHOLIC SUFFRAGIST many years and a full harvest!

Mrs. V. M. Crawford has kindly promised us an article for next month.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Reverend Prior McNabb tells us he is not a Suffragist, because he is not a politician, but he has very clearly written himself down a feminist, for which we thank him.

Congratulations and subscriptions have reached us this month from various quarters of the globe, Africa, Newfoundland, the States, and other places.

* * * *

Miss Annie Christitch, who went to Servia to conduct a Suffrage unit, has returned with a terrible account of the sufferings of her countrymen, our gallant allies, for want of proper treatment, and for lack of material. Miss Christitch is appealing for funds and gifts, and says that even a box of safety pins or a cake of soap will be of real use. Miss Christitch is kindly giving a lecture for the Society on the "Women of Servia," on April 16th, at 3-30, when members will have an opportunity of hearing not only about the women, but also about the brave soldiers, their terrible sufferings and bitter need. Miss Christitch is one of our earliest members, and carried our banner with Miss Gadsby in the great suffrage procession of 1911; which was our first appearance in public.

* * * *

The Government have made a wonderful discovery. They have discovered that you cannot make the men of the nation sober by restricting the hours in which drink can be sold to women. We are now promised drastic measures to enforce temperance on all. We have no criticism to offer of any measures which the authorities consider necessary to safeguard the country, provided there is no paternal legislation for women only. It is such things as the manufactured outcry against the alleged increase of drunkenness

among women, and special laws to combat it, which give our nation a name for hypocrisy. Let us have no more of it.

* * * *

The government have also made the discovery that there are large numbers of able-minded and able-bodied women eager to help the State by replacing men on active service. The Board of Trade's scheme for the registration of all women wishing to do war service might well have been set on foot months ago. At the same time it is not an unmixed blessing, there is a very real danger while women are politically unprotected that they will be exploited in the labour market, an evil which brings a curse both upon men and women. We heartily endorse the action of other Suffrage Societies in demanding guarantees that women shall be paid the same wage as the men they replace. In response to the appeal of the National Union the Government has called a conference to discuss the question, which takes place at the Board of Trade as we go to press.

* * * *

"Motherhood," Mr. Austin Harrison tells us, "is now woman's first duty to the State. It is clear that all women should put their independence in their reticules and marry. Give us children will be the watchword of Europe." We suppose it would be unpatriotic to be critical in the choice of the fathers of our children. In Hymen we are to re-discover a vocation, and we are to be allowed to bear a reasonable part in the reconstruction of civilisation, even though on account of our numerical superiority we are not accorded the vote. Mr. Austin Harrison's article, it may be as well to inform our readers, is intended as a serious contribution to the discussion of problems arising from the war; at first we took it for comic relief.

THE CATHOLIC WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETY,

Office: 55, BERNERS STREET, LONDON.

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THE CATHOLIC SUFFRAGIST.

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Signed articles do not necessarily represent the opinions of the Society.

PEACE MAKERS.

Cervantes makes his great knight mourn for the blessed ages when artillery was unknown, and declare his firm conviction that the inventor is enjoying the reward of his diabolical genius in hell. We may charitably hope that the knight was mistaken, but there can be no doubt that the inventor and his successors have made hell of earth. We hear people speaking, with unconscious tragic humour, of the terrible injuries inflicted on man and beast by the destructive weapons of our modern civilization, and faced by the unparalleled horrors of this war we are led to hope that all nations, offenders and defenders, will learn the lesson that there is nothing to be gained by modern warfare, which brings ruin on victor and vanquished alike.

But if this were the only hope it would be sorry comfort, but it is not. So far from being crushed, believers in peace are rising up the world over, determined that never again shall such a catastrophe fall upon the world. And above all, on every side, from the most unlikely quarters, we hear the same cry: If women had had a share in the councils of State, should we have progressed no further than this? Would this terrible calamity have come upon us?

A writer has said, may I be forgiven for not remembering his name, that in quoting the text: "Blessed are the Peace-makers," we lay stress upon the word *peace*, whereas we should emphasize the word *makers*. And that is true, for lovers of peace, and they exist in all countries, should combine and organize, work, prepare, and pray for peace,

as militarists prepare for war. Love of country does not, should not, preclude the wider love of humanity, and in the love of humanity women must lead the way.

For this reason, if for no other it would seem to me, though many may differ that we can rejoice that an international congress of women will be held this month at the Hague, when women from England, France, Belgium, Austria, Germany, and the neutral countries will meet to demonstrate that there is no lasting enmity between the peoples. It will demonstrate, too, the wonderful solidarity that has grown up among women—at least amongst those of us who believe in women, for we are bound by the same ideals and aspirations as we are fettered by the same chains; and now linked more than ever by a common bond of grief. Women of all the nations have been called upon to send sons and husbands, brothers, fathers, friends and lovers to be killed or maimed in this pitiless war.

The causes and conduct of the present war will not be discussed at the congress. The delegates will discuss rather the means of preventing war in the future. They will discuss such things as the democratic control of foreign policy, no system to be recognised as democratic which does not include women as well as men; the promotion of good will among the nations; and above all the education of the future generation in ideas of peace. The militarists have wrested the present from us; we can still conquer the future, and how better than by winning the children?

And if it is said of us, as of others, that such discussions are as the twittering of sparrows, we can reply in Mrs. Barbara McKenzie's happy phrase: The twittering of sparrows is a welcome and beautiful sound at morn after a night of pain."

L. DE ALBERTI.

The editor has received the following beautiful poem from a friend who kindly says it has been inspired by the article "Blessed art Thou among Women," which appeared in our last issue.

STABAT MATER.

When Jesus rode through Salem town,
Their gear the joyful folk cast down;
Green branches strewed they in His way,
And merrily they sang that day.
But Mary Mother stood apart,
The Seven Sorrows in her heart;
Unseen across her face she drew
Her veil of white, her wimple blue:
"Behold Messiah comes (said she),
"Christ God who hath no need of me."

When Jesus hung upon the Tree,
Small worship from that throng had He:
The scornful priests about Him sat,
The abjects wagged their heads and spat;
And all His men, save only John,
Had beaten on their breasts and gone.

But Mary Mother clasped the Rood,
Nor cared she for the multitude;
She quaked not at the dreadful dark,
The riven rocks, the spectres stark;
Nor skilled the guile of fiend or man
To move her from her place a span:
"Behold my dearest Son (said she),
"As in the old time, needeth me."

VERNEY CAMERON TURNBULL.

MISS CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN ON "HROSWITHA."

At the Suffrage Club on March 23rd, Miss St. John gave a most interesting address to our members and friends on "Hroswitha," the Benedictine nun who lived nearly a century ago. This devout nun was not merely the

only woman dramatist, but the only dramatist of her time, and stands alone as a writer of Latin plays. In speaking of the beauty and purity of Hroswitha's work Miss St. John reminded us of the debt we owe to monasticism, which has been lost sight of in this country owing to the recriminations of the Reformation period. All the true progress of the Middle Ages," said Miss St. John, was due to the religious orders, and for women especially the convent was the true home of moral, intellectual, and emotional development. The extracts from the plays made us long to hear more, and this we shall have an opportunity of doing, as the Pioneer Plays are to produce Miss St. John's version of "The Repentance of Mary, neice of the Hermit, Abraham." Many of us will remember with pleasure the recent production by the same society of Miss St. John's version of Hroswitha's play "Paphnutius," which was beautifully staged by Miss Craig.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes took the chair at the meeting. It is the first time she has been able to come to us, and we were very glad to welcome her.

Miss St. John told us that her translation of Hroswitha's plays, which was postponed owing to the war, will be published in the autumn with a preface by His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet.

THE CATHOLIC SUFFRAGIST.

Mrs. Mantle and Miss Whately have kindly joined the band of papersellers, Miss O. Sullivan appeals again for more members to volunteer for this good work. We owe a special word of thanks to Miss Cochrane, who has been selling the paper with untiring energy and with much success in the streets of Dublin. She writes that the CATHOLIC SUFFRAGIST will do great things for our cause in Ireland.

DONATIONS AND ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO 5th APRIL.

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward (previously acknowledged)	47	4	8
Miss Aungier
Very Rev. Canon Brennan
Mrs. de Souza
Donations under 2/6
Annual Subscription

Total £51 8 8

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

TWO PEN PICTURES.

BY LADY LAUGHTON.

The golden light of the East, on the mountains of Judea, on the waters of Jordan—the golden voice of the great Teacher—the hushed, listening crowd. All day had He laboured in His Father's work, and the manhood of Him was weary. He had sought a sheltered spot to rest therein, but the people had followed and found Him. The Divine Spirit within never wearied, so again He spoke to them. Spoke of a wondrous new doctrine, a doctrine of forgiveness, a doctrine of love, of charity.

The day was drawing to its close; the duties of the day at an end, so the women also drew nigh and gathered on the outskirts of the crowd. And where the women came, so came the children. Some in their mother's arms—a loved and loving burden; some holding close to sheltering skirts, or to hands whose grasp meant safety. Did the women try to press through the throng that they too might see and hear? Were they wearied of standing on the outskirts? Did they strive to bring their little ones within reach of those wonder-working hands?

So we may think, for we are told that: "The disciples rebuked them." But women striving for those they love, fear no rebuke, and so their voices reached the great Teacher.

A moment of silence. Then His grave, gentle voice uttered that most tender of all commands, that has found its way down the ages straight to the mother-heart of every woman: "Suffer little children to come unto me . . . for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A tender command, a gentle voice, but the voice of the Master! We may picture the instant parting of the crowd—the royal pathway straight to the feet of Jesus! Down that pathway came the women, proud and joyful; down that pathway sped the children—swift little feet, eager, outstretched little hands, the unerring instinct of childhood to seek out love. Jesus amongst the children—a most

gracious picture. With it still before our eyes let us turn to this one.

A western land—wealthy and powerful—a land whose proudest renown is that under its banner all are free; that to rich and poor justice holds out equal scales. A city in that western land—a city rich and world famed. World famed for art and learning, for commercial riches, but proudest in its claim that it wears the crown of philanthropy. What of the children in that land of promise, oh Divine lover of little ones?

In that eastern land the soldiery of Herod were merciful in their cruelty; they slew the little innocent bodies outright, and set the white spirits free. In this western land the white souls are slain, the little bodies maimed and left to bear the burden of sin—the sin of others. Hospitals in this rich, philanthropic city—hospitals for the lambs of the flock, for the first white flowers in the garden of life; hospitals where the bodies of little children cry aloud against the sin of men. Schools in this great city for little ones already too wise in the knowledge of evil.

Oh, Divine Lover of childhood, would that we could hide these sights from your tender eyes; close your ears to the anguished cries that come in answer to that most loving appeal: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

Alas! So have the women done for too many years past. Our own little ones clasped in loving arms; our own tender maidens close in sheltered safety—we have shut our eyes and closed our ears to the bitter cry of the children of sorrow. But we have awakened, Divine Lover—on the outskirts of the crowd we have heard your voice. Are there still any women who sleep? Then to them, across the centuries, still come the golden voice of the Great Teacher: "Suffer little children to come unto Me . . . for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

OFFICE RENT FUND.

The response to the appeal for the Office Rent Fund has been most satisfactory. Up to the present £21 19s. 4d. has been actually received, and a further sum of £7 has been promised.

I am most grateful to all the subscribers and fully appreciate their generosity and self-sacrifice. One of our members denied herself her daily 'bus fares for a week in order to be able to contribute to our fund.

£11 more is now required to make up the necessary £40. I again appeal to those who have not already subscribed to send me a donation, however small, so that next month I may be able to announce that no more subscriptions to this fund are needed.

B. GADSBY,

55, Berners St., W.

Amounts received to 31st March, 1915:

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	3 1 3
Anon.	1 0 0
Anon.	0 5 0
Anon.	0 2 6
Anon.	0 2 6
Miss F. Barry	1 0 0
Miss Brown	0 2 6
Mrs. Stanley Cary Caddell	0 10 0
Councillor Mrs. Chapman	1 1 0
Mrs. H. D. Clarke	0 10 0
Mrs. Clayton	0 2 6
Collected at Annual Meeting	1 5 1
Mrs. Crawford	0 10 0
Miss Crawshaw	1 1 0
Mrs. Esmonde	0 5 0
Miss G. Frith	0 3 0
Henry S. Fry, Esq., M.A.	0 5 0
Miss Gadsby	5 0 0
Miss Golden	0 10 0
Mrs. Shee Gwynne	0 5 0
Mrs. Head	0 10 0
Miss E. Hickey	0 2 0
Miss Hodgkinson	0 2 6
Miss James	0 2 0
"Kilnamona"	0 7 0
Mrs. Leicester	0 5 0
Mrs. Livesey	0 2 6
Mrs. Belloc Lowndes	0 10 0
Mrs. Marston	0 5 0
Mrs. McNulty	0 1 0
Mrs. Reynolds	0 10 0
Mrs. Russell	0 2 6
Miss Temple	0 5 0
"Three Friends"	0 2 6
"M.W."	1 0 0
Miss R. Williams	0 1 0
Wimbledon Branch, per Lady Laughton	0 10 0

Total £21 19 4

LONDON AND BRANCHES.

Office: 55, Berners Street, London. Hours, 3-30 to 5-30. Saturdays, 10 to 1. Other times by appointment. Library volumes 2d. per week.

Sunday, May 2nd, Mass, 10-30, St. Patrick's, Soho, for the intentions of the Society; that is for Peace and for those killed in the War. Members are earnestly requested to attend.

On April 16th, at 3-30, Miss Annie Christich, B.A., will kindly give a lecture for the Society, on "The Women of Serbia," at the Suffrage Club, 3, York Street, St. James'. The chair will be taken by the Rev. Father Hicks-Gowar. Admission free. Miss Fennell and Miss Smyth-Pigott will be our speakers at the Women's Exhibition, Caxton Hall, on May 10th and 11th. The Exhibition is being organized by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes. The special exhibits will include a sweated industries section, toy-making on reform lines, etc. We thank all who helped us at our stall at the café chantant organized by the Women's Freedom League. We sold many copies of our paper and a good number of the articles remaining from the Christmas stall.

We offer our hearty congratulations to the new Irish Catholic Women's Suffrage Association, and wish our friends and co-religionists all success.

Members are requested to pray for the repose of the soul of Miss FitzSimons, whose anniversary occurs on April 22nd.

BIRMINGHAM.—Hon. Sec., Miss Anderson, 202, Monument Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. Annual Meeting was held at "Manresa," Vernon Road, by kind permission of Mrs. Grafton. Miss O'Sullivan gave an address to the members. Miss Anderson has kindly undertaken the duties of Honorary Secretary in the place of Miss Grafton. We offer our thanks to Miss Grafton, who has worked for us as Secretary since the branch was established.

LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT BRANCH.—Hon. Sec., Miss Rodgers, 66, Park Road, South Birkenhead. A Drawing-room Meeting was held on March 20th at the Office, when Miss O'Sullivan gave an address on "Paper-selling." Three new members were enrolled and the Misses K. Murray, Jervis, Stone, O'Callaghan, McKinley, Rogers and Collier volunteered for paper-selling outside the churches. At the request of the Secretary of the Local Branch of the National League of the Blind, our Hon. Sec. read a paper at their fortnightly meeting in St. Catherine's Hall. The subject was "Women and the War," and aroused an interesting discussion. It is encouraging to note that all the members present expressed themselves completely in favour of Woman's Suffrage. The Office will be opened on April 17th, from 3 to 6 p.m. The paper can be obtained at the "Catholic Times" Office, in Manchester Street, also at 18, Colquitt Street.

WIMBLEDON.—Hon. Sec., Lady Laughton, 9, Pepys Road, Wimbledon. A very well attended and successful meeting was held at 84, Pepys Road, by kind invitation of Mrs. Kendrick. Miss O'Sullivan took the chair and spoke of the work done by the branches, and urged members to volunteer for paper selling and other active work. Miss Smyth-Pigott was the speaker and gave a very interesting address on the double standard of morality and the evils resulting from it. Several new members joined.

REVIEWS.

"HUNGERHEART." Ever since the Confessions of St. Augustine, self-revelation has been one of the most enthralling branches of literature. We are all psychologists nowadays and the true history of the meanest human soul must needs be of greater interest to most of us than the finest fiction. But the subject of this autobiography ("Hungerheart, the Story of a Soul," Methuen, 6/-) is no mean soul; she is a complex modern woman, of great intellect, fervid temperament and strong personality. She sets forth the history of her soul with unflinching sincerity and a passionate eloquence which often rises to great literary beauty of style. Hungerheart is the pilgrim of Love, seeking it in strange places and quenching her soul's thirst at brackish streams, but she is not that too familiar figure of fiction, the unloved woman, whom the love of some man consoles before the story ends. The love of men was offered to her, but it could not satisfy her burning heart. In her ignorance, she never guessed that it was the Eternal Lover for whom her soul was sick unto death, and so she "fled Him down the arches of the years" until His Immaculate Mother stooped in pity to poor Hungerheart, and brought her safely to His feet. Catholics will see in this extraordinary book the grace of Baptism, received in infancy, working in the heart of one brought up in an alien creed. To Catholic and non-Catholic it is a human document, not to be procured from the circulating library and hastily read, but to be coveted as a permanent possession.

WHAT OF TO-DAY? Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. (Cassell, 7/6). The chief interest of this book to us lies in the writer's attitude towards women. We did not expect Father Vaughan to treat the Woman's Movement either with sympathy or understanding. It would be bootless to inquire into imaginary wrongs, he tells us, and without enquiry he considers himself competent to deal with a world-wide movement, the greatest of modern times. The result is a pitiful travesty. The aims, ideals, righteous anger of the woman's movement are a closed book to Father Vaughan. He can see nothing in it but lust licence and a sex war, and under these headings he divides his chapter. We pass over the attack on militant suffragists during a political truce, which has been already dealt with by a contemporary. The writer makes some attempt to treat of the exploitation of women in the industrial world, but does not realise that the vote would be a protection, strangely enough because he does realise what a powerful weapon it can be in the hands of a male democracy. He generously says that he does not ask us to desist from our demand for the vote, but begs us in the heat of conflict not to forget God's immutable laws. We have not done so.

"IDEALS AND REALITIES." This book of essays by Miss Edith Pearson (Washbourne, 2/6) is certain to give great pleasure to a wide circle of Catholic readers. The author has the gifts of sincerity, enthusiasm, gentle charity towards her fellow-creatures, and an enlightened piety. Her essays cover a wide range of subjects, from pleasantly written dissertations on books and reading, to fine appreciations of Ideals, Sympathy and Sacrifice. They also include a life of that wonderful woman Caroline Chisholm, which should prove a mine of quotation to suffrage speakers. Miss Pearson's literary criticisms are generally sympathetic and sound, but there is one point upon which lovers of poetry will disagree with her; she says: "In real poetry the thought and matter immeasurably excel in worth the form and rhythm . . . when we are considering the creations of a brain rapt in God's work . . . any halting of the tired voice can surely be passed over." This is a fallacy—poetry is an art and a certain standard of workmanship is necessary to real poetry. Beautiful thoughts do not redeem bad verse any more than a beautiful or pious subject redeems bad painting. The slopes of Parnassus are white with the bones of those who have attempted to scale the heights with no equipment but good intentions. Prose is the proper medium for writers whose muse falls lame when she dons the "cothurne étroit" of poetic form.

AUNT SARAH AND THE WAR (Burns and Oates, 1/-). This is a little story gracefully told of transformations brought about by the war. The writer shows how in these terrible days the base coin of luxurious ease and selfishness is changed into the gold of human sympathy and charity. There are many lessons to be learnt from this book, which are driven home without apparent effort, and without undue moralizing. The book is dedicated: "to her of whose words and ways anything worth while in it is but an echo."

THE COLLEGIUM.

On March 22nd three very successful meetings were held at the Central Hall, Westminster, organized by the Collegium. There were many speeches of a high level, dealing with the religious aspect of the Women's Movement, in its relation to War and Peace. His Lordship the Bishop of Lincoln spoke of the True Warfare, the spiritual warfare of Christians against evil, a warfare in which the Church should never sheath her sword. His Lordship, who is a keen suffragist, spoke also of our fight for liberty. Christianity, he said, hates coercion—there could be no character without freedom, the freedom to be what God intended us to be.

:: NEW SPRING ::
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with the new, fashionable wide, 98/6
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A MEETING

OF THE
CATHOLIC WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE
SOCIETY

WILL BE HELD AT THE

SUFFRAGE CLUB,

3, YORK STREET, ST., JAMES', S.W.,

On FRIDAY, April 16th, at 3-30 p.m.

SPEAKER:

Miss ANNIE CHRISTITCH, B.A.,

Chevalier of the Order of St. Sava.

Subject: "THE WOMEN OF SERVIA."

CHAIR: REV. J. P. HICKS-GOWAR.

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By Mrs. Christitch. 1d. each.

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 Wed. Ap. 21st, 3-30. Mrs. Despard (W.F.L.)
 Fri. Ap. 23rd, 3-30. Mrs. Nevinson (chair: Mr. Eustace Miles).
 Wed. Ap. 28th, 3-30. Miss Margaret Douglas (W.F.L.)
 Fri. Ap. 30th, 8 p.m. Mr. W. L. George (W.F.L.)
 Mon. May 3rd, 3-30. Mrs. Merivale Mayer (A. & N.Z. W. V. Assn.)
 Tues. May 4th, 8 p.m. Miss Muriel Matters (for Int. Suff. Shop.)
 Wed. May 5th, 3-30. Mrs. Nevinson (W.F.L.)
 Fri. May 7th, 3-30. Mrs. Douglas Knocker (Mlle de Lampenoille.)
 Tues. May 11th, 8 p.m. Lady Frances Balfour (chair: Mrs. Auerbach).
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