# m Worker

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

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## THE STRAIN.

### By Marianne Lad.

In the hope of relieving poverty and distress, Nurse White offers to interview a number of workmen of all trades on Thursday, December 3, at 11 a.m.

Nurse White is well acquainted with Surrey and its many wealthy inhabitants, and she sincerely hopes to be able to find work for a number of men for the whole of the winter months.

The interview will take place at Godstone, Surrey.

A circular in these words was dis-A circular in these words was distributed freely in the neighbourhood of Croydon and Lewisham last week. When the crowd of unemployed men came together they found their would-be benefit. factor a wan and careworn young woman, whose plan was that they should call upon three wealthy people and demand

"If you had only had a handful of my courage," said Nurse White, "you would have done it already." The "Star," in which I found this

The "Star," in which I found this incident of a nightmare winter, adds that three weeks ago the sister was "plump and nice-looking," and that, on being taken aside kindly by a police superintendent, she went away with him and accepted a meal.

I do not know the history of Nurse White, except that her claim known in Surrey is evidently not unfounded, and that she is said to have done professional duties at Bletchingley. But nothing can alter the significance of that weird incident.

A haggard Englishwoman in want of a meal spends money in printing circulars—at some sacrifice that is to be guessed, if one has a little imagination-in the vain hope of bringing encouragement and vain hope of bringing encouragement and help to men in her own plight. She is either this kind of woman or that; the people of Surrey will explain her as they can, and the best of them will pity her: the gloss their little additional knowledge puts upon her case can make no real difference to this item of English daily news.

Here is an educated woman with a

daily news.

Here is an educated woman with a good heart feeling the strain of life. In spite of the police—who, it seems, had done what they could to discredit her circular—she collects 120 men who are feeling the strain, too. And there is nothing for them. She is weak and hungry herself, and a police superintendent represents the true situation to her gently, and persuades her to eat.

her gently, and persuades her to eat.

Does anyone suppose that this kindly intervention met the case?

There need be no such thing as the strain of life. There should be no such thing. It is this strain, felt in a thousand ways and with very many effects, that the intelligent ideal of government

called Socialism aims to banish from life. called Socialism aims to banish from life.

Nurse White may be pitied, and she
may be helped. Socialists pity with a
difference. When they help, it is with
the feeling that help should not be a
flattering unction to skin and film the
ulcerous place. They do not throw a
sop to Cerberus conscience. They know
that prevention is better than cure, and
that prevention is possible. that prevention is possible.

Does it satisfy any person of decent feeling that Nurse White was given a meal, and that 120 men eager to work were not allowed to make their anxiety and want—their right to a livelihood— unpleasantly known to a few rich people? Is it not a part of decent feeling to wish that one could be sure they were permanently provided for? To wish that they had never wanted? To imagine the strain a little—the strain felt in some degree by every one of these men, as well as Nurse White of the finer temperament.

as Nurse White of the finer temperament. and by their wives and families?

Of course it is. That queer incident will make a good many people uneasy. However wealthy and happy, they, too, are liable to feel something of the strain. It spoils life. To escape the pull of it, one must be not only successful, or dependent upon the success of others, but unsympathetic and therefore limited. And to be sympathetic but helpless, or sympathetic but wary, or sympathetic but cowardly—as we all in some sort are obliged to be at every turn—is to be demeaned, and less happy than we might be.

This is why the case of Nurse White leaves us uneasy. She tried to do more than she could do, or we can any of us

do, and yet she rebukes us.

There is only one way of easing the strain, for either those who suffer or those who sympathise. You must realise that it is unnecessary. Thereupon it becomes possible to entertain decent feeling freely, and not with miserable reserves.

### THE MAN ASS.

To his sweet lute Apollo sang the motions of the spheres,

The wondrous order of the stars whose course divides the years,
And all the mysteries above.

But none of these could Midas move: Which purchased him his ass's ears.

CAMPION.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

## LIFE OF ROBERT BLATCHFORD

See Announcement on Page 693.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE

## Promised Land Society.

## Special "Woman Worker" Report.

again labouring under a slight misappre-hension. So far as the City was con-Mr. Balfour was allowed to explain that cerned, he had regarded it as so mani- he did not desire to commit himfestly and satisfactorily a Promised Land self by any expression of opinion, in esse that, until he caught sight a except in so far as to hint that he saw moment ago of a gentleman whom he objections to everything, or, rather, a pos thought it contrary to public policy to sibility of objections being raised if it name, the idea of another Promised Land were proposed to disturb in any way the in posse had not occurred to him. How- existing state of things without reference ever, he was not feeling well, and as that to the usual expedient of directing pre-

Loud and menacing cheers drowned the of this tactful little speech; and Mr. Blatchford, proceeding to take Chamberlain's pocket, now—and not prothe chair, gave an order that the turtles duced. Did he understand that there was

Sir F. Carruthers Gould, who wore a large green tie with an emerald pin to match, and said he was in a very bad temper, objected vigorously. What was to become of Art if every ancient custom disappeared at the whim of a man who pretending they were all dead? of natural history, for that matter? Socialism was all very well —interpreted, of course, by responsible Ministers-but in some hands it would simply eclipse the

What about the Walrus and the Carpenter? Did anyone suppose they would submit to be eaten by the oysters? What about the Common Council itself? view of their tenderness for hungry children, he appealed to every fair-minded man—he didn't say fair-minded woman, have done talking because there was no such thing nowa-

The speaker, who had been quietly surrounded by a band of lady stewards in expectation of irrelevances, was thereupon thrown out among the pigeons in the courtyard, together with Mr. Clement Shorter, who attempted a rescue. He bit

Miss Maloney's hand severely.

Lord Lansdowne, who had disclosed himself behind a sliding panel in the wall, asked if it was proposed compulsorily to substitute oysters and champagne for simply begged to announce that the proceedings of the Society would be conbehind the panel, its members being left outside as non-shareholders of plebeian extraction.

Some consternation followed, but the panel was destroyed and the secret chamber invaded by a body of Clarion any whisky and cigars to wreck, restored the meeting to a normal pitch of cheer- mood for the Christmas holidays.

The chairman, who had smoked three calabash pipes while order was being obtained by general consent, then said that tained by general consent, then said that he thought their recent meetings had enabled them to thresh the subject out. Selah. There was nothing to prevent the Promised Land being declared forthwith was not framed, like that of Britain, in mering in the brains of som any men of the world I live in mering in the brains of som any men of the world I live in mering in the brains of som any men of the world I live in mering in the brains of som any men of the world I live in mering in the brains of som any men of the world I live in mering in the brains of som any men of the world I live in mering in the brains of som any men of the world I live in mering in the brains of som any men of the world I live in mering in the brains of som any men of the world I live in mering in the brains of som any men of the world I live in mering in the brains of som any men of the world I live in mering in the brains of som any men of the world I live in mering in the brains of som any men of the world I live in mering in the brains of som any men of the world I live in mering in the brains of the world I live in mering in the brains of the world I live in the world I live in the world I live in mering in the brains of the world I live in the world

Mr. Blatchford appeared as the painful incident reported last week ended. He looked at the Lord Mayor, who there- about payment of members?" "What about payment of members?" "Who life, And we reel back, half-fainting in the makes out the agenda?"

His Lordship said it seemed that he was Rising near the door, with his hat in minary discussion to a half-sheet of notepaper carried about in some one's pocket he really did not mind if it were Mr. kept on their backs in the cellar should be turned over and conducted to the Indian Ocean by Mr. Eustace Miles.

duced. Did he understand that there was each prow—
each prow—
tragit dreams with roses round each prow—
of unpleasant topics? Because, if so, he emotion, seemed to remember-

The Chairman (quietly): "Sit down." Mr. Balfour hesitated, evidently sur-

The Chairman (severely, but still more quietly): "Sit down, sir, sit down."

Mr. Balfour sat down. At this point a distressing groan from the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

sent cold shivers down the backs of all the ladies present, and Sir Douglas Straight was supplied with several smelling-bottles. He blushed becomingly. Resuming, the Chairman said they

would not expect a speech from him. The truth was that he had generally enough to do in avoiding the provocation to make such a thing. But as they all seemed to "No, no!" and a general clamour, Mr.

Bonar Law being conspicuous in a vain attempt to attract the Chairman's atten-

—as they all seemed to have done talking, said Mr. Blatchford with his kindest manner of severe repetition, he repair to the bosoms of their respective families, if they had any, and think. He wished them a Merry Christmas.

Mr. Blatchford then put his pipe in his

"See what you can do for Tiny Tim," he said, and left the platform amid a pre-ternatural silence, broken by a sob from Mr. Carnegie.

It afterwards transpired that this gentleman had wished to read the chapter on Socialist immorality from his new booklet. Miss Murrell Marris is understood to have nursed him very acceptably

on the journey home to Skibo.

The Society dispersed in a chastened

-THOREAU.

was not framed, fixe that of blocking in the Break-they?

"Thoreau."

"The Break-tast Table."

"Thoreau."

## IN STORMY DAYS.

There is a deep and sacred joy in living, Not only through the calm and sunny

But when the heart in trembling drops is

giving Red blood-dew, as deep sorrow's pallid

Half-beaten, till Hope comes with balmtipped fingers

To send us nerved again unto the fray; With souls in which her lightest murmur

To rise once more unawed. Not just Unfolds its snow-white banners to warm

We say unto ourselves that life is fair.

o' blustering winds sink 'neath despair's black ocean

Our fragile dreams with roses round

emotion,
Above the agony of the mad blow—
When tides recede we search along the

Building from wrecks more nobly than

When through stripped woods we roam

where, lately cooing, Soft doves had nested in the branches And silence echoes now the wild wind's

We feel that, locked within the mourn-

Are cowslips, violets, that shall laughing

Their fragrant baskets with the birth of

A little space defeat and dearth may But, buoyant riding o'er a flood of

The heart soars up; hopes once again glad

And, gazing with clear eyes o'er all the

would suggest that they should now We see that storms bring strength, and through the veins
Exquisite gladness triumphs o'er our

The feet unmoulded that must march We feel will stumble less that we have

The thorns before them; and the chains

that bind us

Do hang less heavily in that the sod Has drunk our blood in weary marching

For richly 'neath their feet shall spring the flowers. ETHEL CARNIE.

Many a blessed woman, who dies unsung and unremembered, has given out more of the real vital heat that keeps the life We should be all life and mettle and in human souls, without a spark flitting world about it, than would set a dozen

## THE CAUSERIE.

## By Julia Dawson.

greeting! Except two of the masculin persuasion, on whom I turn my back We had not met for three years, and they told me bluntly I was getting fat. because lots of other good things besides women improve with keeping. But every woman has a perfect right to object to growing fat, and she does.

Have you any sovereign remedy, my beloveds? Something quite easy, which wa women who have not money to squander on phizziculture classes nor time to indulge in violent exercises and cranky dieting can try? It must be something as easy and simple as slipping ever was preached from a Clarion Van. your foot into an old shoe, or else it is no use to women workers.

### No Corsets.

Instead of which, in civilised England,

The paper is to be guided dren cight pages. The paper is to be guided by an editorial committee by whom each month the responsible editor will be elected. That is very democratic, and I doing nothing, while other women are elected. That is very democratic, and I doing nothing anywhere in luxury and doing nothing while other women are elected. That is very democratic, and I doing nothing anywhere in luxury and doing nothing anywhere in luxury and

### Honour Among Women.

The dear, gentle, chivalrous Sir Oliver she resorts to underhand tricks which are mean, no matter how good her motives may be. He does not approve, for instance, of Suffragettes getting into meetstance, of Suffragettes getting into meetings with forged tickets. But how can Free Man know Fettered Woman's cruel temptations? If he were one of the hungry unemployed, I believe he would do anything at all to get into the House of Commons and demand something much more satisfying than votes. I know I would. Those poor unfortunate folk find

votes most miserable substitutes for food. We are feeling quite at home with one another now. To all readers, therefore,

### Rank Socialism.

Sir Oliver, as I have said, is a gentle and chivalrous knight. But that he carries a mailed fist beneath a velvet might read the "Causerie" that week! glove was apparent on this same occasion when he was talking in a ladies' school. "Disease," said he, looking those young ladies straight in the face, 28,000 new customers. I have said. is parasitical life. If any section of Society is parasitical, reaps without sowing, lives only for luxury, without regard to service and duty, then that section is deprayed and ugly and diseased."
Which, of course, is rank Socialism as

### Theoretical Men.

Several more letters about servants. Cassell's latest volume, "Women of all suade her to set on foot a scheme I have Nations," says Congo women have beau- had in mind for years. The most virile tiful figures. They wear no corsets and seldom is seen such embonpoint as calls for the use of the "straight-fronted" devices of civilised women. "Devices" is delicate. But how do they keep their sylph-like figures? Do not shudder; it is not by cannibalism, for only men indulge in that particular dainty; and what is more, women are seldom cooked and eaten in the Congo, being considered too extiful figures. They wear no corsets and letters are from those who have never in the Congo, being considered too expulsory personal service for mere money Advertisement Craze. But why single out personal service? Surely that is less degrading than Instead of which, in civilised England, women's whole lives can be bought for less than a penny an hour. They are cheaper than calves and sheep.

No Votes for Women.

No Votes for Women. "The Woman of Ireland" is the translation of an impossible Gaelic title given to a new paper. Number One consists of all, nursing the luxurious woman's chilanother woman is cleaning boots, washing ments of the right sort are as attractive all, nursing the luxurious woman's chil- street-more attractive, because they can

predict a lively career for a journal starving in the streets, and doing many suffering from a fresh editor every issue. uffering from a fresh editor every issue. Worse things than washing dishes and tell them where to shop. Also, if women cooking food in comfortable kitchens.

Shades of Mrs. Jellyby and Mrs. Parthe women of Ireland do not want votes because Ireland has no Parliament. If the New Woman did revert to an Old they should have nothing else to do than because Ireland has no Parliament. If Editor Number Two is an Englishwoman she will have a fine opportunity for a sparring match and answering A. M. Thompson's question, "What's the use of an English Parliament?"

the New Woman did revert to an Old One again, and sit in her drawing-room doing nothing, instead of fussing about silly things and doing more harm than good. Scare a woman in high society now but has some palliative or other for the presents! And that sane people despise advertisements.

Whereare Asserting Markets and the New Woman did revert to an Old One again, and sit in her drawing-room doing nothing else to do than look in our advertisement column to find them. I am quite mad that no books are advertised in our paper for Christmas presents! And that sane people despise advertisements.

Whereare Asserting Asser idea of a cure for the future.

If THE WOMAN WORKER would lend her Lodge would never tell a woman to her face that she was getting fat. But in the nicest, kindest way, he has told her that

aches for underpaid workers in our industrial system wants THE WOMAN WORKER to give a White List of such shops as women may buy goods from with a clear conscience. Being thoroughly in earnest, she has also taken the trouble to give me a list of shops and stores where women may get practically every-thing they need for personal and house-hold use, and rest content with the knowledge that they are helping, to the best of their purchasing power, the cause of

But if I were to name those shops here, But if they were named every week in our

Spare Me, Please, the task of deciding which shops are white and which black. Might not one indeed s well ask for the moon as a pure white shop? You cannot grow grapes on thistles, and there is not a shop in the universe which escapes from the thistle-prick of commercialism entirely. How can it?

Also, spare me from asking a poor

woman, whose every shilling has to buy the worth of two, to pay 5s. for a blouse in one shop which she can get at 3s. 114d. in another. It is not certain that any-

They see the notice on another page in in a woman's paper as shop-windows in a be seen round the fire of nights without demand that their favourite paper should

genius for the suggestion. I love you. There is a great work for women and men

### Women's Free-Trade Union,

whatever that is, is going to make a bold experiment."

## A Bard at the Braes.

## By Margaret McMillan.

And what would the Lord of the Isles

little piece of grazing ground that had belonged to one's fathers for hundreds of days." years, and been taken away without any word of explanation in 1865! Disgrace-

Mairi stumbled on through the dark, weary, and full of new and troubling

When she reached John Murdoch's home, she had a sudden sense of comfort and trust. John was waiting for her in the little parlour, and there was a meal spread on the table. She did not want food, however. She looked at John Murdoch, and her troubled eyes questions. "Lai

'The Laird was kind " she said

fixed themselves on a portrait which hung on the wall.

It was a strange face—that of the man whose life-like portrait hung there. It was not very handsome, like the face of doch, calmly. "They always consent."

and held Mairi's wondering gaze.

An illimitable and unquenchable hope streamed from them—a hope bolder than any warrior's, and radiant as the sun.

Who is it?" she whispered.

'He is a great, good laird, I suppose,"

is a great man, Mairi, but he is not a home," cried Mairi, impetuously.

thoughts of greatness away from the lairds and their tenants. "He was not born a chief and he is not from the Islands. Sit down and eat something, and by-and-bye I will try, if you like, to tell you something about him."

LIFE OF

things for the children. Oh, the children!" cried Mairi, uplifted by her own thoughts. "What a day they would have if I had the making of it!"

"Just so, Mairi," said Murdoch, gently. "And afterwards—"

See Announcement on Page 693.

this? "he exclaimed, as the sound of hurrying steps fell on his ears. "Here is news, surely!"

The prisoners were in the cold gaol.

To-morrow perhaps they would be free.

But what was their freedom?

The prisoners were in the cold gaol.

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To-morrow perhaps they would be free.

The prisoners were in the cold gaol.

The prisoners wer warm and comfortable, and the laird gave To go home to labour, and sorrow, and me good news. Lord MacDonald is going to Skye and he'll talk to them hir 'That's kind of him." said Murdoch.

say to them? What terms would he make with them? Their conduct was "disgraceful!"

Disgraceful! To claim the right to a conduct was "disgraceful! To claim the right to a conduct was "disgraceful!"

That's Kild of him, said Muruceth, quietly. "But what will he say?"

"Perhaps he'll say and do the right thing," said Mairi, boldly. "If he doesn't, who will? He's a gentleman one. Gentry was gentry in the old

John Murdoch laughed.

"The old days were horrible days, Mairi, I'm afraid," he said. "Why, it isn't nearly two hundred years since they burned women alive in Scotland. It's hardly more than a hundred years since a laird starved his wife to death in Dunvegan—watched her dying in her dungeon and received illustrious company soon after the funeral."

Mairi's eyes blazed, and she stopped "Lairds are not so cruel nowadays,"

she said after a while.
"Of course not. They've improved.

"The people! What had they to do with that?" whispered Mairi, aghast.

John Murdoch. On the strong features there was the indelible mark of great suffering. The lips, firmly closed and finely moulded, expressed indomitable resolve. But it was the eyes that drew doch, with sudden fervour, "that the people are not responsible for."
"But the lairds—"

"The lairds are the people in power, said John Murdoch. "They are the Human Nature of to-day with the whip in its hand. The hand closes on the whip-handle. But it isn't the laird's Who "never shall be slaves" for its Army and its Navy, hand only. It's ours—in power."

"But if I were a lady," said Mairi,

wander again to the picture.

"Who? Henry George?" said Mr.
Murdoch, smiling. "Oh, no," he added, quickly, as she looked embarrassed. "He

"Take them out and carry them

"Lost all, perhaps, like our brave chiefs in the far lands," said Mairi, thoughtfully. "There will be plenty of love going to him over the great sea."

"But—he is not a Highlander, Mari," said Mr. Murdoch, trying to win here the math, impetuously. It down to make them at Stromeferry and Portree. They should have dinner at the best hotel here, and plenty of food and clothes for the journey. And they'd have Benlee and the Crofts for a lower rent. And I'd give Mary Nicolson all the said Mr. Murdoch, trying to win here. said Mr. Murdoch, trying to win her tea and meal she wanted, and plenty of

'Afterwards!" echoed They'd be happy afterwards.'

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"Like the people in your fairy-tales," said Murdoch, looking at the picture of Henry George again. "But life isn't a fairy-tale. Your happy people would soon be miserable again—unless, of course—" he broke off, looking as if he saw no one.

the gathering hight, sat thoughts that look. But, och me! What am I talk the path to the first summit. He has crowded in on her. She was grateful to the gentry for their kindness, and yet, in a dim, confused way, she felt that this kindness, sweet as it was in the taking, had no particular value or meaning. It "Did you drive home?" asked Mr. the path to the first summit. He has a torch. He has lighted it, and now he holds it aloft. But the people that the wall." the path to the first summit. He has a torch. He has lighted it, and now he holds it aloft. But the people that the wall." the path to the first summit. He has a torch. He has lighted it, and now he holds it aloft. But the people that the path to the first summit. He has a torch. He has lighted it, and now he holds it aloft. But the people that the wall." of the first summit. He has a torch the path to the

"It's all right!" he shouted. "They'll be freed to-morrow. The prisoners will be out. Hurrah!"

### A SONG OF EMPIRE.

Oh, here is a song of the Empire That knows no setting sun,
A song of the Empire strong and great And the mighty deeds it's done Here is a song for its subjects Who "never shall be slaves For the Church, the State, and the Army And the Flag that o'er them waves.

Oh, here is a song for the Empire And the poor within its bounds, The poor who toil from dawn till dark In their weary, dreary rounds.

Here is a song for its women
Who wish life's sun would set—

"Yes," he answered, indifferently.

Her eyes wandered from his face, and Murdoch.

The people are improving," said John Murdoch.

Who wish life's sun would set—
For its moneyed lords and its statesmen

And its parsons who forget.

There are men in this mighty Empire With never a crust to eat;
There are children cold and hungry, And women who walk the street Its freemen plough and harvest, But others claim the bread,

And count as their own the rich new

For which its sons have bled.

Here is a song for the Empire That rules the heaving waves, Who "never shall be slaves"-

Its banners and rattling drums: The Sun never sets on the Empire, Nor shines on the Empire's slums. JEAN COWAN PATERSON.

It is said that jealousy is love, but I "I'd deny it; for though jealousy be produced

# LIFE OF

See Announcement on Page 693.

## ANARCHY AT THE ALBERT HALL.

## By Keighley Snowden.

I am not going to say how I was back. In my view of what was done on shocked to see so many people clean crazy at the Albert Hall, or even how I was shocked to read about them. I was not Just rampant Tories. shocked to read about them. I was not there; and I believe there is no use in anyone saying a word more about the effect of that delirious occasion upon his or her feelings. It can change nobody else's. What one felt was, of course, a pure matter either of prejudice or of instinct, and people's instincts differ irreconcilably, if their prejudices do not.

Besides, there is no use in A Minister at last comes forward to say how much further he and his colleagues are ready to go than they, and they flock to silence him. They say that the Government cannot go further, and, what is more, shall not. They say it—these benevolent reactionists—on behalf of working women, for whom their ancient Bill would have done nothing.

December 9, 1905

ncilably, if their prejudices do not.

Besides, there is nothing joyful in the have done nothing.

This is funny. I seem to understand

keep my head, I may so far accede to the wish of a much-respected colleague as to offer a few aloof remarks. No; "aloof" is not the word, for woman suffrage is a man's question as well and as much, as a

### What's What-

Several things appear plain to me:

(a) When a public question reaches the stage at which it rouses everybody's instincts, that question becomes the burning question of the time, and something must be done with it.

must be done with it.

(b) Something must be done whether many people have thought the question

c) There is nothing new and strange in the advocates of a reform being of more minds than one. They always are. People who complain that the women are disunited say an idle thing, and are just about to find themselves disunited

(d) It is time to say precisely what one

wants and means to do

These alphabetical remarks are not profound, but they bring me as a man and a democrat to say that I want adult suffrage, and that I mean to offer a few more remarks. If anyone be too much excited to read them, so be it.

ally considered as wholly precluding those vulgar manifestations of ill-temper, to read them, so be it.

What one says at such a time is, after

### -And What Comes of It.

Well, then. I hold no brief for the Government, and as to the Opposition, it does not hold out briefs to Socialists. Except when they are hack journalists and with a view to suborn them. But I think Mr. Lloyd George should have been freely allowed to make his speech.

Did we not want to know where we are? doing so?

I think there was. I understand the

of Commons are pledged to Mr. Stanger's NATHALIE. Bill in principle, there shall be no ques-tion of any other. They say that that is

subject.

But, after thanking whatever gods there be that I could not get into the great building, and was therefore able to

### Hopeful Prospects.

To understand the W.S.P.U. is not necessary, as it seems to me. They make themselves so clear. One does not underwoman's. But they shall be dispassion-stand a brick that hits one on the head;

one just knows of it.

As I say, I hold no brief for the Government. It will possibly bring this matter to a lame and impotent conclusion, like others. But I believe in manhood suffrage and womanhood suffrage as I believe in the ideal of justice, and if the Government mean to leave denial of womanhood suffrage to the House of Lords, well, it is a way that Liberal Governments have had for three and twenty years.

It seems to me very spiritless, but not more so than it is to accept what the Lords of Parliament think good for us, or rather harmless for themselves.

I want to see the women fight the Lords. I have lost hope of the men, but I have great hopes of the women.

### REFINED IMPERTINENCE.

Good breeding and refinement, or rather the externals of these qualities, are generrudeness, impertinence, and similar feel-not thence follow that the well-bred and refined have not their little spites, little envious feelings, little assumptions of consequence to gratify; indeed, they do gratify them very freely; all the difference lies in the manner; for there is a finish, a delicacy of touch in the polite impertinence of the well-bred, which the under-bred may envy, but must never hope to attain. The slight that can be Was there some intention to prevent us doing so?

Was there some intention to prevent us conveyed in a glance, in a gracious smile, in a wave of the hand, is often the ne plus ultra of art. What insult is so keen, W.S.P.U. to avow it. They say that, as three-fourths of the members of the House which it is impossible to resent?

Bill in principle, there shall be no question of any other. They say that that is where we are.

Is it? When Mr. Stanger's Bill is dead? When Mr. Stanger himself has disavowed them? When time has gone by and many things have gone forward, and Mr. Stanger's Bill seems not only dead but rather an old corpse?

Cant. cant."—Thomas Love Peacock. dead, but rather an old corpse? humanity, we have nothing but cant, These leaders of the W.S.P.U. hang cant, cant."—Thomas Love Peacock.

## AUNT MENELOPHE ON DRESS.

Aunt Menelophe is quite the nicest and cleverest and most beautiful of the lot. She has a sharp tongue which only conceals the kindest, biggest heart. She is always helping "lame dogs over always helping "lame dogs over stiles," and has given me the loveliest oale blue, soft beaver hat, with a glorious ong black feather, and a creamy, fluffy, silk tea-gown. I picture myself floating round Heatherland in a tea-gown, and buckle. The entire parish would climb on front seats to stare at me, and Angela would have a fit on the spot. Menelophe says I should live in blue. She

tells me this quite once a day.
"Dress to the colour of your eyes and ' said she, when I was trying on the hat at Rockfield's, in Stafford. "It is a safe rule to go by. You look dreadful in that pink." It was the shrimpy frock.

"I see. And as my eyes are blue and my hair is nearly black, I suppose a blue and black check would do for my winter costume—a nice big check?" said I.

Aunt Menelophe simply snorted.

Checks were an invention-not of the devil—but of some grasping, economical cloth manufacturer who wanted to use up his odds and ends of wool. He should have been strung up. Imagine a woman in Ancient Greece wearing a check chessboard robe with a girdle round it! And people say we have progressed! No, never wear checks if you desire to be known as a well-dressed woman. Cultivate flowing lines, simplicity in form, and really good colours. Do not heap things on your person; do not look like an escaped bazaar. When I see women dangling chains and trinklets, and chatelains and ribbons and velvets, and dabbing rosettes and bows and ruchings on every spare place, I yearn to pluck them as you would a fowl. And when you get to my age wear soft tones of grey. Grey blends and harmonises with faded faces and eyes. It softens the lines and gives an effect of mellowness. Whatever women may say to you, do not pass your entire existence in black. Black should be an elderly woman's bugbear. It accentuates wrinkles and sallowness and flabby chins. It shows up sunken cheeks and knobbly jaw-bones, and forms a striking back-ground for the stout chin of the three-decker character. But put her in soft mauves and greys with rich, old, cham-pagne-coloured lace at her throat, and you will forget she is old. Her younger women friends will be bound to say she dresses in much too juvenile a style and is aping to be young. There has scarcely been a woman in this world who has not said that some other woman dresses too young. It is a way she has.

Then Aunt Menelophe floated in a atmosphere of soft, grey cloth and chinchilla and velvet, crowned by her lovely grey hair, to the waiting cab, and as she aid, "The station, driver," I felt proud to belong to her.

"The Vacillations of Hazel."

TUITION FOR EXAMS.

AND
GENERAL
CULTURE.

## SWEET LAVENDER.

Down the long street she slowly came, Who'll buy my lavender? The East wind stabbed her and smote her

Lavender, sweet lavender! In hands that shrank from the snarl of

She held the summer's eternal breath; Bartering just for a penny a spray The glamour of gardens far away.

The odour of summer she had to sell Her heart atwitch with the pangs of hell; Who'll buy my lavender? For hell is not as the ancients said, Hell is in hunger and hunger's dread, In the shivering, homeless vagrant's eyes, And the famine-tortured children's cries. Sweet, sweet larender!

A little one ran to her tiny store, Lavender, sweet lavender!
And her mother smiled as she flew to

A baby buys my lavender!
O hopeless, hunted eyes that wept As she turned away, and slowly crept From house to house along the street— Once she had run with as eager feet. Sweet, sweet lavender!

Once she had been as that little child, Lavender, sweet lavender!
With sunshine, home, and a mother who smiled.
Who'll buy my lavender?

As the home and the garden wherein she

was the world to the little maid: And at night, in fragrant, sweet surmise, She dreamt of flowers and her mother's

Sweet, sweet lavender!

I had a vision that winter day-Such magic is in lavender—
Of a summer-time hidden not far away,

Who'll buy my lavender? When the hopeless shuffle of homeless feet Shall pass, and the hearts of men shall

At one with the joy in the children's eyes, And the garden flowers and the starry

Smeet sweet lanender!

And then I beheld this woman's plight, Lavender, sweet lavender!

Hungry and homeless, day and night—

Who'll buy my lavender?—
Hopelessly knocking at close-shut doors.
Lazarus even, with all his sores, Could claim the crumbs from the rich man's feasts:

To-day they are saved for his hounds and Sweet, sweet lavender!

Is it the voice of Christ who died Crying-not "sweet lavender This sister of mine ye have crucified: Who'll buy her lavender?
She was hungry. Ye spurned her, and

turned away,

'They would pester us all from our hearths and homes."

Ah! woe for your homes when the Judg-ment comes! Sweet, sweet lavender.

For the end shall come as it always came-Lavender, sweet lavender!
To parasite growths the consuming flame;

Who'll buy my lavender?

And man on the ruins of crime shall build
The open Pleasure-House God once willed.

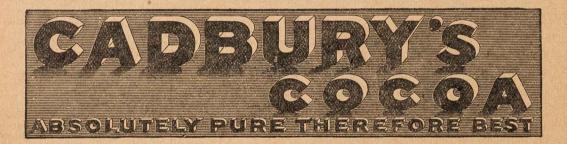
Then shall the Garden be sweet again? With the breath of children, and mothers, and men.

And sweet, sweet lavender. Joseph Whittaker.

It takes a very true man to be a fitting companion for a woman of genius, ut not a very great one.-WENDELL

We don't pretend to be better than our betters; our humble plea is that a good time is a good thing. Never have we all been so eager for our interlude of high jinks on the way to the cremaorium.-Richard Whiteing.

"Now, Mr. Tapley," said Mark, giving himself a tremendous blow in the the voice of Christ who died tying—not "sweet lavender"—sister of mine ye have crucified: ho'll buy her lavender? was hungry. Ye spurned her, and turned away, "What does it matter to us?" ye ay;



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## TEACHING MOTHERHOOD.

## And What the Race Might Be.

## By Ellen Preston.

December 9, 1908

Now, I have no fault to find with this a expenditure. Rather would I have more expenditure. Rather would I have more spent. But it should be spent on a wider basis and for all classes. You cannot Ah! but, you say, some mothers are pasis and for all classes. have your girls too well educated—providing their education is to make them wise, not conceited, as, alas! so much of our modern education does make them.

that adds to their grace and charm. But when you have given them all this, you have left out the most vital part of their education, and failed in your duty towards them, unless you have trained them not only for ladyhood, but for mother-

### Taboo.

young girl is, as far as possible, kept in total ignorance of everything relating to her special function, in the foolish notion that she is thereby kept in purity—as if any of Nature's laws, when rightly taught and rightly understood,

things concerning the mysteries of her where the average working man's wife own and others' natures; but, alas! how must spend her days and nights? What frequently this knowledge is of the baser of the filthy tenements without decency danger to her.

Is it not time we faced this question?
Why not take the subject of motherWhy not take the subject of motherNo wonder our reformers find it so petent teachers give girls the full knowledge of their being on the highest moral and physiological plane? Why not tell them why God made them women, and for work so long! what end He made them, and how great a part they play in His creative work? Shall we not teach them to regard their How long shall they shall we not teach them to be dies as sacred shrines, wherein God says: "Let us make man," and for this end to be kept pure, and clean, and mother of the unborn child? end to be kept pure, and clean, and healthy, and not to be bartered away for

Let them be taught that through the purity of their souls will come the purity of the world; that through the loving strength of their hearts will come the beauty and strength of a noble race of men and women. Teach them to strive for the highest and best, to guard against the base within and the base without; so that they may become fit mothers of clear-eyed, sweetminded children.

Interpretation of their souls will come the world; that the greater number of men have much more good in them than bad, and that, even will you teach and proclaim from the housetops this most important and simple fact—that we must have fair conditions before we can have a fair and healthy race, a race that shall be the nation's true strength and wealth?

We have had a long spell of the Social Father—the far-reaching, fighting, am-

and make fit flowers for the garden of earth and of heaven. Let her therefore

Yes, I admit some mothers are. great many more do who are not obliged. For the sake of selfish pleasure, or at the Let them have at least a good foundation laid in the study of the arts and sciences, mental and physical; let them be as accomplished as you wish in everything a scoomplished as you wish in everything the study of the arts. But the second is a scoomplished as you wish in everything the second in call of an empty but fashionable society,

### Greece and England.

And now I come to another aspect, that of the duty of society towards the mothers—or shall I call it the Motherhood of Society and her responsibility o her children

The Greeks of ancient time recognised How much of training and education do we give to fit them for that highest and noblest office which it is their women with objects of beauty and grace. do we give to nt them for that highest and noblest office which it is their women with objects of beauty and grace. Thus the constant sight by the mother of lovely things moulded unconsciously the unborn child in the form of beauty, the unborn child in the form of beauty, the unborn child in the form of beauty. so that the grace and loveliness of that famous race are still held to be the

What of the wretched, monotonous rows The girl of the lower classes early, and often through her own experience, learns cottages and flats in our great cities, sort!—half truths which are only a or privacy of any kind, where men, danger to her.

Why not take the subject of mother-hood openly in our schools and let comhard a task to waken even the desire for

How long shall they still have sway?

society must begin a child's education and they are lavish with their friendship before it is born by protecting, education and confidence. In the next, they have had experience, which has smitted down that is clean and holy?

Soul-Flowers.

Society must begin a child's education and they are lavish with their friendship before it is born by protecting, education and confidence. In the next, they have had experience, which has smitted down their confidence, and they then have to be careful not to mistrust every one, and forth fair flowers and fruits. She will Let them be taught that through not grow roses in a damp, dark cellar, thing. Later in life, they learn that the

bitious father-and we have not a vast Empire, a great Army and Navy, a proud name. It is now time the Social Mother came forth. In the day when we allow the sanctity of motherhood, when we realise the importance of race-bearing, and regard it as it should be regarded; when, instead of letting the future man There is a great amount of money, time, and care expended upon the daughters of the upper and middle classes in fitting them to become charming and accomplished ladies.

Let them know also that a mother's roundings and free them from anxiety—in that if she fail or neglect them, none other can fill her place—for they are hers; little seeds asylums. come into the world haphazard, we train

### Vision of the Future:

I am no believer in the inherent wickedness of man. Rather have I great faith in his inherent goodness. Even now, in the darkest places we find bright now, in the darkest places we find dright pure souls, rays of sunlight that steal through the chinks of closely-barred shutters, revealing the brightness and glory we shut out. If we could but realise how much we are losing! If we would but take down the shutters!

What a fair and beautiful world we should find! What noble arts would be developed; what sweet music would thrill

If we could but hear for an hour the oyous laughter of the children, see the kingly bearing of the men, and the sweet faces of the women-all waiting to come upon the earth when we have "prepared the way," and made "the path

Awake, Social Mother!—mother of the great race that is to be. The dim future calls thee. It is time to be up and

### LULLABY.

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright, Dreaming in the joys of night; Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep Sweet babe, in thy face Soft desires I can trace, Secret joys and secret smiles, Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel, Smiles as of the morning steal O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast, Where thy little heart doth rest. Oh, the cunning wiles that creep In thy little heart asleep.

W. BLAKE.

### CONFIDENCE.

People have generally three epochs in their confidence in man. In the first they believe him to be everything that is good, Society must begin a child's education and they are lavish with their friendship

## Cuckoo!

## By A. Neil Lyons.

Having a great deal of work to do on a sunny afternoon, I thought I would give the dogs an airing, and find out how far November could really go in her ambiguity and the dogs are airing. November could really go in her ambi-tion to be mistaken for May. I observed ''I mee that two daffodils in an open border had been deceived into putting forth buds; that a lilac had broken out into little frills of leaf; that out in the lane the palm had almost got into its Easter suit. "We shall pay for this later," says I to myself. gravely and wisely in the local manner. And then, with a crack of the dog whip, which frightened nobody except some crows not stop trotting until our breath gave out, when we captured a stile and rested. Winch?" I hazarded. We captured the stile by Goddard's Piece, and there we sat and puffed and blew. and watched the busy world go by.

ness is reckoned here. Six people passed us. And the first of them was Mr. Blick, our rate collector.
"Marnin' to you, sir," said Mr. Blick.

You aren't got ne'er a light, I s'pose?' I handed to the rate collector not only a box of matches, but my tobacco-pouch

as well. Greater love hath no man. 'Tis wonderful weather we be havin'.'' observed Mr. Blick, with a flourish of final gibe: "That seem a'most a shame to go out collectin' sich weather as this: proper gardenin' weather. may I look to you for that little matter o' one-pun-eight?"

"Thanks for the reminder," I said. "I must take a walk your way one morn-

or Wednesday marnin' anybody be sure to find me atome if they pass by."
"I will make a careful note of the

days, and arrange my movements accord-

That's right," repeated Mr. Blick.

Mr. Blick moved on, but he had proceeded scarcely a yard when he suddenly stopped and threw up his nose, like an old fox scenting the wind. "I could swear I 'ear the cuckoo jest that minute." The cuckoo jest that minute. "Yourself jolly lucky not to be a poor wearing a queer, grey suit. He tore himself clear of the brambles and came out into the lane. I saw that he held in his hand a couple of the process of the cuckoo jest that minute," said Mr. the cuckoo jest that minute," said Mr. Blick. "Per'aps it weer on'y some fool 'ollerin. This one-pun-eight, that only takes you to December quarter. There'll be another lot due direckly. You be got a trifle backard in your payments. I mention it so's we sha'n't' ave no misunderstandin's. 'Tis one-pun-eight for the 'arf-year endin' Christmas. There 'e goo again! Begod, that sound uncommon like the cuckoo."

This time Mr. Blick did really move: 'No jolly fear,'' responded Mr. Smith. "The patter's had to go, and he's taken my tutor with him. I've done a guy. I'm goin' to meet a bookmaker chap at Blowfield. Come along, too. We can have a game of pills."

I shook my head. "I'm listening to the cuckoo," I said. "Oh!" said Mr. Smith, without wonder. He is the sort of country gentleman to whom the cuckoo in November of the lane to adjust this bandage with peculiar tenderness. Every now and then he would leave to a few quick steps in the sunshine and to whistle gally in imitation of a blackbird. Then he put his mouth to the reeds and—his eyes found mine. He took the reeds from his mouth and looked at me sheepishly, but with a grin. "Hello!" I cried. "So you're the presents no problem. "I suppose you!" Suppose you be striped to a give the lane to adjust this bandage with peculiar tenderness. Every now and then he would leave the stood in the lane to adjust this bandage with peculiar tenderness. Every now and then he would leave a few quick steps in the sunshine and to whistle gally in imitation of a blackbird. Then he put his mouth to the reeds and—his eyes found mine. He took the reeds and—his eyes

They got the Gen'ral and Sir William and Squire Dukes and a band and a while these yere festivities was on. parade o' the lunatics and what not. That's the worst of givin' the beggars any 'Tis a grand set-out from all I 'ear. That pleasure.'' surprise me you bean't gone there. a thing that anybody didn't oughter miss, so long's they got nothin' else to do on'y set on a stile and look innercent.

"Not me," responded that lady in a risp voice. "'Tain't everybody aren't crisp voice. It was, indeed, a busy world go by.

It was, indeed, a busy world, as business is reckoned here. Six people passed so and the first of them was Mr.

It was, indeed, a busy world go by.

Got nothin' else to do on'y set on stiles or goo to the asylum. I got my customers to 'tend to or else where be I when it come to quarter day?"

So saying, Mrs. Winch tied up her butter-cloth a little tighter and bustled off. I watched her to the bend, where, suddenly, she stopped and looked about her with a puzzled air. Then, flinging me a backward glance, she uttered a I rejoined.

final gibe:

"Sit theer long enough," she said,
"and you'll 'ear the cuckoo, shouldn't wonder."

"The vulgar mind appears to be stile, and lit another. And nobody came When wonder

ing and settle up." out of the coppies which crowned the the cuckoo's wood, and ever and anon sloping pastures that lay before my gaze there issued, full and clear, the veritable sun a call. come a Thursday, nor yet Sarturday."

"I won't," quoth I.

"Because I goo to market them days," continued Mr. Blick. "Nor don't come Wednesday arternoon.—"

"Certainly not!" I cried.

"Because I goos to chapel Wednesday arternoons," explained the rate collector. "But Monday, Tuesday, and Friday, there issued, full and clear, the veritable call of the cuckoo. I had hardly got my teeth together again when another world-ling came along. This was young Mr. Smith from The Hall: Mr. Ivor Smith, I think; or was it Mr. Cosmo Smith or Mr. Derek Smith? I really wasn't certain. They all wear dove-grey motor caps.

That Stight, definition and clear, the veritable call of the cuckoo. I had hardly got my teeth together again when another world-ling came along. This was young Mr. Smith from The Hall: Mr. Ivor Smith, I think; or was it Mr. Cosmo Smith or Mr. Derek Smith? I really wasn't certain. They all wear dove-grey motor caps.

'Cheer Oh!" said Mr. Smith. 'Cheer Oh!" I responded.

"By Gad!" cried Mr. Smith, "you was, right at my elbow. are a lucky rotter. You never seem to have anything in particular to do. And that's a rippin' dog of yours. Think yourself jolly lucky not to be a poor yourself jolly lucky not to be a poor wearing a queer, grey suit.

wonder. He is the sort of country gentleman to whom the cuckoo in November This time Mr. Blick did really move; and I watched his shabby coat-tails catch the breeze as he hurried round the bend in search of cuckoos or a ratepayer. The next busy worldling to appear was Mrs. Winch, of Polecat Farm, wonder. He is the sort of country gentleman to whom the cuckoo in November presents no problem. "I suppose you well can't. It isn't often I can shake that beastly tutor off. I must shove on Pip-pip!" I responded. "The cuckoo! "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! "Cuckoo! "And so he went hopping round the bend.

Mr. Smith had barely remounted his bicycle when a steaming stranger in a blue uniform appeared before me. "I— L—sp—pose," he spluttered, missing badly, as the motorists say, "I sp—pose you ain't seed ne'er a stranger pass this way-a wild-looking young bloke in-in

icy gaze. "I rear the bleater all right," replied "I mean to the openin' of the noo waterworks," she added. "All the idle the time to stand about and listen to no

'There he is!" I said. "Where?" cried the man in uniform.

"Over there—the cuckoo, I mean."
"Oh, bother the cuckoo!" exclaimed the man. "I can't stop!" And he was off and round the bend before the saga-

of and round the bend delete the again cious bird had time to mock him.

And then, as I lighted that which I said should be my final pipe, old Dan'l Pearce appeared, and with him young Thomas Gupp. They were running breast

by breast—running hard.

"What's up?" I cried.

"It's a loony got loose out o' the asylum," called back old Dan'l, slackenng down for a moment. "There's five bob for the bloke what first spies him 'But have you heard the cuckoo?"

obsessed with cuckoos this morning," by. I saw the slow smoke rising from thought I to myself; and at that moment some fire behind the cuckoo's wood. the pipe fell out of my mouth: for from I saw the sun swing round and wink upon

and was knocking my pipe against boot-heel when—"Cuckoo!" There

As I looked and wondered, the hedge-

"No," I said; "are you?" one short, one long. These he had tied together with a strip of cloth; and he

## A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

## The Nun.\*

Please to think yourselves in Spain.

December 9, 1908

How are you to do it if you have never been there? I hope that a pleasant book by the late Mrs. Cunninghame Graham will help you; it has helped me delightfully. And to put you in the mood at once, I will quote a passage that describes a street in old Toledo, for all the glory of Spain is in her past.

Spain is in her past.

There is in Toledo a narrow street, twisted and dark, which guards so faithfully the footprints of the hundred generations that have dwelt there, which speaks so eloquently to the eyes of the artist . . . that I for one would shut all entry to it by barriers.

The palace of a magnate turned into a humble dwelling-place; the house of a Moorish "alfaqui" inhabited by a priest; a Jewish synagogue transformed into a Christian oratory; a convent raised over the ruins of an Arab mosque, of which even now the tower remains standing; a thousand strange and picturesque contrasts, a thousand strange and picturesque contrasts, a thousand examples of distinct races, civilisations, and epochs, a street rich in unforeseen labyrinths of lines, with a positive luxury of capricious details.

And if you wish to people the old build-

And if you wish to people the old buildings, here is another passage:

What did I think about? I am not sure if I could say. I saw many things mixed up-boudoirs of delicately moulded stucco, and adorned with lace that sent out clouds of perfume; beds of flowers; I saw narrow dark cells, with only a couch and a crucifix in them—at the foot of the crucifix an open book, and on the book a skull; I saw huge and severe apartments, hung with tapestry and adorned with trophies of arms; many women crossed and re-crossed before my eyes; there were tall, thin, pale nuns; dark odalisques with red lips and black eyes; ladies with pure profiles, high-born air, and a majestic carriage.

She nurses other hopes, I know; but that is not singular. That is not what gives her case a pitiful look. And when the death-like veil is taken young, without experience—well, I can only feel about it as I feel about some other suicides.

prime and blossom-time; to put, as it were, "the worm i' the bud"; to turn one's back so innocently on motherhood, and baby smiles, and all sweet things, consenting to a living tomb that one must sicken in and never emerge from! It is like an invention of some decadent mind. You shudder at it.

But, in Spain, it is a commonplace thing, and the nun is pitied unavailingly, with a sort of wan affection with which

\*"The Christ of Toro." By Gabriela Junninghame Graham, 6s. Eveleigh Nash,

| the people do not know that pity is

was a travelling companion, "a beata dressed in shabby black, and watching her

was a travelling companion, "a beata dressed in shabby black, and watching her with solicitude."

"Is the sister ill?" I whisper. A finger on the lips, an air indicative of guarded caution, and I think I understand. "No, señora; a little cold, that is all—and then the long journey without rest. Imagine to yourself that we came from Oviedo in the Asturias, from the Convent of Mercy there. The doctors have transferred the sister to our convent in Seville, which is close to her native place, where she can see her family."

The nun is going home to her own country to die, in fact.

What strikes me at once as pathetic is that she is kept in ignorance of this. The renunciation of life is so unnatural, so cruel, that even those who profess it are unable to think life definitely surrendered, once for all. They know well that so long as life endures, it is impossible to kill the affections; and so, though a nun is "the bride of death," they cannot make her marriage day a glad accession. sible to kill the affections; and so, though a nun is "the bride of death," they cannot make her marriage-day a glad occasion.

Yet she has given up all for it!

"And the servants, my mother's servants?"

"They are all here—como no? I sent them on in the mule-cart this morning. And Antonio the muleteer—you remember him?—is waiting to kiss your hand."

The journey is being made by night; and through the carriage windows one sees spacious and fantastic landscape under gleams of the moon.

with trophies of arms; many women crossed and re-crossed before my eyes; there were tall, thin, pale nuns; dark odalisques with red lips and black eyes; ladies with pure profiles, high-born air, and a majestic carriage.

And in this country Mrs. Cunninghame Graham has recorded, amid chapters that embalm its religious sentiment, one insident of trayel that means as much as its religious to the moon. The beata has unpacked a basket, unfolded a clean, coarse napkin on her knee, and is tempting the nun to eat. Out of the obscurity of her face two large dark eyes, dangerously bright, are fastened on me with furtive curiosity. Then, as she becomes familiarised to the moon. Graham has recorded, amid chapters

embalm its religious sentiment, one incident of travel that means as much as all the rest. Entering a train at Las Delicias, she found herself not alone.

A nun, her face buried in shadow, sat A nun, her face buried in shadow, sat the click of beads strikes sharply on the silence.

Later, quite a touching thing happens.

Later, quite a touching thing happens.

Later quite a touching thing happens.

opposite corner.

Sadder things have now and then happened to good women than to make an happened to good women than to make an an analysis of their level in life and still live. end of their hopes in life and still live on, Graham, standing on the platform, finds as the nuns do. For example, it may be sadder—at first it seems to be, as a rule—nun, bewildered and agonised, asking her sadder—at first it seems to be, as a rule—
to find love a Dead Sea apple. But the
fate of a nun has always chilled my

Even so, the deliberateness of what is done makes it different awfully. Think. To make an unprovoked end of life in the prime and blossom-time; to put, as it were, "the worm i' the bud"; to turn the bud it is the prime and blossom-time in the bud it is the prime and blossom-time; to put, as it were, "the worm i' the bud it, to turn the prime and blossom-time; to put, as it is interested to the sierras. She knew the name of every little town and village, and she repeated them softly town and village, and she repeated them softly.

never told her it was dead. They would certainly have written if anything had happened to it, just as they wrote to her when her father and her mother died.

What a significant touch! The nun had a heart, although her sense of human proportions and relationships was tragic-ally lost. Such talk is like Ophelia's.

The train stopped abruptly, and she recognised first the old country postman: With the nun in the railway train there crying out in a thin, eager voice, "El correo! El correo!"

The two women-servants came, old and grizzled and wrinkled, their faces like blocks of mahogany; and they patted her on the head, and they smoothed her face (their own head, and they smoothed her face (their own full of restrained emotion, for they, too, knew the secret), and they outswore each other that they should have known the señorita anywhere; not a bit altered, not a bit—just the same, just the high-spirited girl they remembered, with a heart of gold like her mother's. And Antonio came and stood uncovered beside the carriage door, and her long thin fingers lingered caressingly on his great rough shoulder; she kissed it as it had been that of a saint.

One chapter of realism in a romantic Is it very unlike a story of the Keighley Snowden. guillotine?



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## BARBARA WEST.

## By Keighley Snowden.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(Continued.)

The Song to Sylvia.

Barbara spoke brightly as if it were a small matter; but her face and her hands were burning. The good woman's mouth came open

"You are to tell him before he sees me the kitchen, just for once. And d this for me, dear Mrs. Shuttlewell. this for me, dear Mrs. Snuttlewell. I mean, I think it's only fair to him; don't you? You'll do it so much better than I could, and you see it won't upset me. But I want you to promise me to tell him everything. I mean, it should be once for all, a thing of that kind. You agree, don't you?—that it should be?"

She was ninching the thick fingers and solve them ugly are the roughless them ugly mean, I think it's only fair to him; don't you? You'll do it so much better than I

"I'm sure you can do it very well," said Barbara. "You're not afraid of telling him—for me? It would help me;

this time known. He had the sympathy of two comrades, and, though he did not know it yet, of two good women with them. That meant much; for sanguine temperaments like his need fellowship. He did not do his editing gaily. It was inevitable that Barbara's apathy and distress when he talked hopefully should leave him unnerved.

But what meant at least as much as fellowship was that he thought no more of his own griefs now. She endured things with a bravery too pathetic. The things with a bravery too pathetic. The changeling Barbara seemed a saint. He wished Jack Darbyshire to see her, and had arranged for the visit. Indignation against her mother burned fiercely, so that he was on the point of going to see her, and say to her the brutal things that a great instance of her candour and had a grea that such a woman could only understand. His wrathful depressions enlarged her to kind of monster.

How could a natural mother, indeed. have left Barbara's meek, affectionate, and all-forgiving heart in an antipathy so hopeless and so sure of itself? Even monsters must be a little human, and the sight of Barbara would soften her. But Barbara had looked alarm at the mere mention of her, and refused all comfort from that source. If he had pressed she would have been vehement with fear or aversion; he saw it.

Jack agreed with him that he ought to go and "beard the lioness in her lair."
"My boy," he said, "I admire your Hang it, some women are outside

the pale. Ought to be poisoned."

But, in the morning, Mrs. Shuttle-

the gallant soul, when she had shut the the bed.

He believed he understood, and they

You won't mind taking him into sat down. But her next words undetchen, just for once. And doing ceived him.

'She thinks yo' ought to know some'at

She was pinching the thick fingers, and leing the rough skin.

Institute the should be "gasped Mrs. Shuttlewell—on a quivered, but not her brown soft eyes.
"And I think, poor doy, she must 'a' laid in a damp bed," the story ended.

telling him—for me? It would help me; you quite see that, don't you?"

Then Mrs. Shuttlewell began to cry; but she gave her word, and Barbara knew that she at any rate, could be trusted.

sprang up, not knowing to do. "You haven't mentioned his name," he said, "but I know that. It was Varley—Prince Varley." He seemed to be angry with her, as well as with listened.

There was more broken talk, all on a

'Eh, how can vo' mak' a din!" she exclaimed, and gave him part of his selfcontrol again.

He sat down, his face in his hands:

turmoil," she ventured. Barbara, and to talk awhile with him re- them, you dear Con.

perceived, the first thought he had, on mastering the stab and rage. Then the reason for such candour, and for her wish

Barbara tossed an arm sometimes, or

an unsympathetic mother. And she was fretting with anxiety.

But, in the morning, Mrs. Shuttle-well told him in a low voice that Barbara was "not so well," and asked him to come into the kitchen. She was flushed and tremulous; he followed her very cold at heart, unmanned for what After watching her a few mornories with a deliberate gaiety, the harp in a tripping march of repetitional chords, to the 'cello's under-well and the curtains he saw that Barbara was "not so well," and asked him to come into the kitchen. She was flushed and tremulous; he followed her very cold at heart, unmanned for what After watching her a few mornories with the curtains he saw that Barbara was "not so well," and asked him to come into the kitchen. She was flushed and tremulous; he followed her very cold at heart, unmanned for what had happened! The pity of it! very cold at heart, unmanned for what After watching her a few moments with tone of half-remembered sweetness.

Barbara stirred at the touch, and half unclosed her eyes. She seemed to consider and know him, and with a voice restered to its natural brightness, "If you stroke my hand now," she said, "I shall forgive you." Then her head moved aside, the eyelids falling.

Was it delirium? Or was she dying?

He bent over her, trembling to speak her name, to be sure she would hear him; but she slept again so peacefully that he

What if she died sleeping?

What it she died sleeping?
When he pictured this it seemed that her death would be an insupportable sorrow. He could not let her go like that, even to Heaven; it would be a disaster too cruel, a very terrible irony.

Golden lads and lasses must, Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust-

A trick of memory put into his mind he bitter-simple rhyme, and he retreated lindly from the room, not to let her hear the grief that shook him with a great quick sob ungovernably.

His grief had no thought of her

besmirching. He had not considered that at all. What he might lose, unless a miracle happened, was still the Barbara Enoch's heart was beating hard. He sprang up, not knowing what he meant to do. "You haven't mentioned his mrace nappened, was sent the Darbata of other days. The sweet marvel of maidenhood without pride, wilful, alas! but scrupulously kind and honest—a play-mate who should have been his lifemate. he staunched the foolish tears and

> There was more broken talk all on a touching under-breath of happiness.

She said quickly, "I have no encore piece, that is why... Oh, not a second time!" And after a little pause, and what he was thinking, or what he felt, she could not guess at all. She only saw him shiver.

"I shall wear white satin with some pansies. Do you like that?" Again a tranquil interval, and on a sudden she "I dunnot think she'd like to hev a asked, "Is that you, Con?" in a tone turmoil," she ventured.

But there was a ring, and Mrs. Shuttle-well left him alone. She had to send away the curate who sometimes visited brought none. "But the room is full of

a great instance of her candour, and a Shuttlewell; and he also wired to Ireton great and kind honour done to his friend- that he was not coming that night to the hip. The courage of it amazed him.

This, indeed, was the first merit he office. "A friend dying," he added, and more than half believed it. Then he re-

reason for such candour, and for her wish to die—that she had been unable to hear him talk of love with this between them.

The reason, too, for her sharp dread of an unsympathetic method.

Barbara tossed an arm sometimes, or moved her head, but she was quieter, and spoke at longer intervals. Somehow he shrank from watching her.

It was afternoon, and still the doctor had not come, when her quiet voice after He stood up, captain of his own soul, and hers. The clerical undertones at the door, smoothly condoling, made him impatient for the visitor to be gone.

"I'm going in to sit till she wakens," he said to Mrs. Shuttlewell, as she re"Not a sad piece: some bright one..."

"Not a sad piece: some bright one..."

"Now?"

"While he waited for the next words a

While he waited for the next words, a she had to tell him. They moved along the passage softly, as she had closed the dcor.

"She's sleepin' a bit just now," said

After watching her a few moments with the good tears running down his cheeks, he advanced very softly to kneel and kiss the pale skeleton of her once dainty hand, that was stretched out to the edge of all sweet songs the most divinely sad at

she was out of bed he brought his wife, who brought her baby—a second edition of "his mother's pride and joy," who smiled at Barbara readily, and lay in her earth. Who is Sylvia, what is she That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her
That adoréd she might be. Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
To her eyes doth Love repair
To help him of his blindness,

December 9, 1908

And, being helped, inhabit there?

and yet he stood to hear it all.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling:
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling!
To her garlands let us bring.

An hour later he found her mournful

Oh, I am so sorry, Con," she said,

He sprang to his feet with a smile that

Sorry?" he was saying. "For me?

Ah, never be sorry for me, then.

Live for me. . Will you?"
"Do you know," she breathed, "that

CHAPTER XL.

Time Heals All.

seemed to her very beautiful, and came to put his arms tenderly about her.

But you love me, Barbara.

I gave myself?"
"To me! Now to me!"

Oh, yes; but-

conscious eyes upon him. His own were

self to do when well enough—and soon took charge of Barbara and Enoch. It him "The Song to Sylvia." He hid some For Enoch, the song was praise of Barbara. Bitterly streamed his tears, was she who took out the convalescent for her first drive, and both of them for the wonder if Enoch's tears come easily; de trop, although she gaily feigned to with a quiet ecstasy.

be. Macdonald himself held off. He had is reward one day when the lovers came to tea, for by that time Barbara West The music ceased abruptly, and there was no more; from without, as he listened, no sound but the far-off cry of a hawker. And he could think her lulled, she lay so vas pretty again, if not yet all she had

But this is not quite all you wish to hear. When Enoch claimed her, Barbara had thought that she was dying. Were there no qualms for her as health returned, and that incredible time looked pole and preternatural? Had she no pale and preternatural? Had she no misgivings? Had he none?

Ah, indeed she had misgivings. Such

though balsamed.

Barbara's nature was too matter-offact to be content with the proofs of emotional moments; and her very sane and circumspect intelligence, once cheated by her blood, was twice careful against illusions now. It seemed to her that Enoch might regret, as she had regretted. She could not doubt his love for her; it He would never forget the happy cry slie gave. Against all regrets, he would have that cry of healing.

She could not doubt his love for her, to shone serenely; and for his kindness, which seemed never to think of blame or damage, she had in her heart a sort of damage. reverence. But, loving him as she did, Barbara had to think and think. She Barbara had to think and think. was a child no longer. A new sedateness sat upon her of which Barbara was not part," said a sage to me one day, "I have aware; and, though it seemed a womanly did not bring to me something that was grace, it kept a distance.

Barbara was saved. She could not think so for a long time, and Dr. Parting-ton would not admit it; but she was race, it kept a distance.

And he? He had had time for all the great." He was great himself first of all: therein lay the secret. saved by being happy-when it looked as thinking a man can do in such a case: What were his soberest thoughts? Away from her, and in cool blood, how did he The fact is hardly to be doubted. She

digestion simply—whereupon there could have been no rheumatic fever. have been no rheumatic fever.

Extraordinary! Mistakes of the gravest kind as easy as any other! The ancients said, "To err is human, to forgive divine"; and Enoch, with a modern creed to help him, had to tell himself that God made Dr. Partington. I swit that a principal with reason, they are strong, and once upon a time they were all we had; nevertheless, human nature has come surely out from darkness towards the light. Reason the guide? Self-consciousness? To think so is your pride, O sober heads; but impulsive love is an ancient instinct, and from love much prothat God made Dr. Partington. I omit arcient instinct, and from love much prothe picture of that kind gentleman's confusion and regrets; he was as good to Barbara and Enoch as he had been to Barbara and Enoch as he had been to the man in whom that instinct wakes to the man in whom the ma Mrs. Shuttlewell once, and refused to be paid for long and assiduous services.

There are such men still, despite our Your doctor is not a commercial man. And Barbara loved him, and would not hear a word to his disparagement.

For she was happy. To keep her so, and help her to forget, Enoch brought when the Golden Year at last shall make

and help her to forget, Enoch brought his friends to see her.

Jack Darbyshire came first, with his bright face and his fun, and there was laughter in the sick room just as if nothing ailed her; though he said some tender things with tears in his eyes to start with and to finish with. Jack, indeed, was a rather frequent visitor. And when

smiled at Barbara readily, and lay in her arms awhile, and left her thoughtful.

Then, one day, came Mrs. Macdonald, whom Barbara should have known before. Minnie Darbyshire was sweet, but Anne Macdonald was a friend. She took charge of things—as Barbara liked her-liked her-l There came a time when this was so first walk; and she was not in the least but his face as she sang was shining

## THE INNER BEAUTY.

Men have a strange indescribable fear of beauty. And yet, listen: a proud and lofty word has been spoken, a word that Were has in a measure undammed the springs of human life. For one instant a soul has dared to reveal itself, even such as it is in love and sorrow, such as it is in face of death and in the solitude that dwells about the stars of night. Disquiet wounds as hers leave aching scars, prevails: on some faces there is astonish ment, on others a smile. But have you never felt, at such a moment, how unanimous is the fervour with which every soul admires, and how unspeakably the very feeblest, from the remotest depths of its dungeons, approves the word it has recognised as akin to itself? For beauty is the soul's only language; none other is known to it.

Some there are who complain of women, never dreaming that the first time a man meets a woman, one word or thought that denies the beautiful or profound is enough to poison for ever his existence in the soul of that woman. "For my

There is one thing only that the soul can never forgive; it is to have been com-pelled to behold, or share, or pass close The fact is hardly to be doubted. She was happy, and presently she had leave to hope; for Enoch, seeing her better, broke through the pose of the old family practitioner, and made him call an expert in for consultation. It then appeared that what he had diagnosed as heart disease was a painful form of indirection simply where your there could expert in fact that the had diagnosed as heart disease was a painful form of indirection simply where your there could be a prize of the form her, and in cool blood, how did he reconsider a troth so emotionally plighted, a prize won impulsively and rashly, as sober heads will think?

A truth of human nature, difficult for solve heads, is that impulses may guide us well when reason fails. But look you: impulse that lies too deep. Even in love they are strong, they act so; and therefore it is that

Here's a heart for any fate!



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## The Disappearing Undershirt.

Mr. Brown—"What have you done to this undershirt, Mary? Look at it! 'Tien't half as big as it was the last time I wore it."

Mrs. Brown-" Woollens will shrink, my dear, no matter how carefully you wash them.

Anty Drudge--"Nonsense! Try the Fels-Naptha way. It will bring the dirt out in a jiffy. Not even a single rub on the wash-board is necessary. Just a few rinsings and a loose wringing by hand. The woollens won't shrink or roughen either."

warm or cold water to cover them. In ment and municipal workshops for the half-an-hour Fels-Naptha will loosen the manufacture of clothing needed either in ments or other business should be directed rinsing will take it all out.

Why not let Fels=Naptha do it?

# Fels - Naptha

will do it. Isn't it worth trying?

## THE WOMAN WORKER.

DECEMBER 9, 1908.

## The Last Word.

Quite the most important of unemployment.

In Liverpool the Corporation buys its

delegates—most of them with a heavy record of valuable social and industrial and I hope we may yet see its realisation. work behind them—and the concise and forcible expression of their view-point did much to illuminate the debates.

During the discussion on

THE SKITTLES INN,
LETCHWORTH.

will be adopted by many of the authorities concerned.

She pointed out that at present the purveying of such meals was often done by provision contractors, and quoted one special case—Hull, I think—where the children were provided with tickets entitling them to food from local shops.

CHRISTMAS BARGAINS: Curtains; Real Irish Linen Lace; 42 by 90 in., 1/11½d. pair. Tablecloths, 63 inches quare, 2/11. Pillow Cases, 20 by 30 inches, 1/6. Possages, 3d.—Patterns, HUTTON'S, 159, Larne, Ireland

will be adopted by many of the authorities concerned.

She pointed out that at present the purveying of such meals was often done by provision contractors, and quoted one should be prohibited and the regulation of labour proposal apply to young persons.

Asked for a definition of "child" and "young person," Mr. Quelch moved an amendment—should be prohibited and the regulation of labour proposal apply to young person," Mr. Quelch revealent in spirit—that child labour should be prohibited and the regulation of labour proposal apply to young person," Mr. Quelch revealent in spirit—that child labour should be prohibited and the regulation of labour proposal apply to young person," Mr. Quelch moved an amendment—should be prohibited and the regulation of titling them to food from local shops.

Miss Bondfield pertinently suggested that here was a field for a number of unemployed women.

And why, indeed, should they not be engaged on the useful work of preparing and serving wholesome food for the hungry little ones?

The quite unnecessary profits of the contractor might be saved and the quality of the food improved at the same time.

Another very important proposal which was em-bodied in a resolution Factories. originated also, I believe, in the active brain of a woman-Mrs. H. J. Tennant, who, as chairman of the Women's Committee of the Central Un-

employed Body for London, has rendered yeoman service to the cause of workless

Fels-Naptha is more than a different kind of soap—it is a different way of washing. You don't boil the clothes; you don't even use hot water. You don't pound the clothes; you don't even do much rubbing on the board.

You simply wet the clothes, rub the Fels-Naptha soap on them, then put the pieces in the tub with just enough luke-warm or cold water to cover them. In

John Burns and his school An Obvious will, of course, characterise Advantage. this scheme as a mere shifting of labour. But surely he advantage to the whole community of having such work done in airy, up-to-date State or municipal factories at a standard rate of wages rather than in the sweating dens of the victims of the sub-sub-contractor at 1½d. or 1d. an hour is sufficiently obvious!

The Fair Wages Clause is A Standing nearly always a mockery
Disgrace. where women are conunder which policemen or tramway men's clothing is made for many municipalities

is a standing disgrace.

It should not be forgotten that such sweated labour is one contributory cause

Guildhall great National Conference own cloth, linings, furnishing, and but-

Guildhall great National Conference at the Guildhall which was convened by the Right to Work Council to focus public attention upon suggestions for dealing with unemployment.

Own cloth, nnings, rurnishing, and buttons, because by so doing it can save an intermediate profit.

Labour, however, can be obtained more cheaply through the contractor than the Corporation dare obtain it direct, and country of his low estimate for the work the I was glad to note that on this occasion out of his low estimate for the work the here was no tendency to push the special sweated woman in her attic home may have to pay two or even three profits. have to pay two or even three profits. There was a large attendance of women Mrs. Tennant's idea, therefore, strikes at the very root of this abominable system.

On more than one occasion What is a woman's wit helped to clear Child? the air of the Conference. One resolution, rather A Valuable the feeding of school chil- loosely drafted, suggested the regulation Suggestion. dren, for instance, Miss
Margaret Bondfield made a
very valuable suggestion, which I hope
will be adopted by many of the authoriwithout any useful training in any trade

out that under the Factory Act childhood might in certain cases be considered to end at 13. The Conference thereupon decided to define a child as a boy or girl under 16, and a young person as a boy or girl under 18.

December 9, 1908

Women were well to the Women to fore on other points.
the Fore.
Mrs. MacDonald carried

a useful amendment to ensure that agricultural training should apply to women as well as men. And certainly there is a wide and very suitable field for women's labour in connection with poultry and dairy produce, bee-keeping, and kindred pursuits.

Then Miss Millicent Murby, of the Fabian Society, made an amazingly lucid and logical speech on the very difficult question of equal payment for women, pointing out that the lower standard is constant bar to that efficiency which, rather than cheapness, should be the determining factor in the employment of labour.

The Right Quite the most striking feature of the Conference to Live. was the adoption with only three dissentients of the recommendation that legislation should be immediately undertaken to establish the principle that every man and woman is and remunerative employment or healthy

one that any civilised community can able. deny, but to affirm it in practical legisla-

municipality to condemn the attempt to carry into practice a principle that is universally accepted in theory, and although of the 312 delegates present 110 represented municipal bodies, only three in the elimination of the poisonous were found to vote against it.

A Narrow I cannot leave the subject of the Guildhall Conference Spirit. without a reference to the

narrow and parochial spirit evinced by some of the delegates.

At such times we ought to forget that we are butchers, bakers, or candlestick-makers, and remember only that we are obligations of citizenship

But, alas! again and again the discussion of broad general principles was held up whilst the tailors or the postal servants or the Government workers pushed their be made between the sexes, which "must disproportionate sectarian interests.

The Ubiquioffenders. I say this the
tous Clerk. more freely as I am myself
The salary of women sanitary inspectors

of engaging unemployed clerks to assist old age pension officers would be forced The Cour

Verily a small coin in a large pitcher year.

This may be true, but it does not make

Was it Worth harmonious note.

While? A vote of thanks, moved to the hard-working Secretor than the Chairman. tary, Mr. Frank Smith, by the Chairman, Mr. Keir Hardie, was seconded by a member of the London Corporation and supported in a few graceful words by Mr. Hyndman, who had been in unruly and

militant mood most of the day.

"Was it worth while?" asked a pessimistic friend of mine, as we left the Guildhall.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Asquith will give a definite and satisfactory answer to

On the whole, I think it was.

Deadly Christmas Cards. have written to the Press to appeal to the ment. purchasers of Christmas cards and book-

or ornamentation in gold or silver.

Few people realise that the affectionate greetings so inscribed on a dainty Christ-mas card may have been the means of permanently undermining the health of

Some young girl.

Yet the taste for gold and silver print-Yet the taste in the process known as caused to workers in the process known as "bronzing." Nor does the indictment apply only to Christmas cards, The gilded show cards, used by tobacconists, drapers, and, indeed, tradesmen of all kinds, funeral and wedding cards, and illuminated texts, are equally objection illuminated texts, are equally objection of Blatchford will be much enhanced by the fact that he does not by any means the fact that he does not be fact that he does not by any means the fact that he does not be The principle of the right to live is not illuminated texts, are equally objection-

The use of bronzing powder should be newsvendors now. prohibited by law.

The Logic Scheme for Sanitary Inof Men. spectors was recently under consideration by the Westmakers, and remember only that we are citizens with all the responsibilities and made that women officials should be pen-

sioned at sixty instead of at sixty-five years, as in the case of men.

The Council rejected the proposal on

The women sanitary inspectors welcomed this announcement, and asked that the equality should be made apparent in the

a member of their National is £110 per annum, rising to £160 per annum. In the case of the men, the minimum is £150 and the maximum £220

The Council, however, has not put its old age pension officers would be forced upon a justifiably impatient Conference. The next moment it would be asked to consider the clerical work of labour bureaux or polling stations.

The Council, nowever, has not put its expressed principle into practice—indeed, when the matter was discussed, one Council of the counc

The Conference ended on a the Westminster City Council any more

On more than one occasion Face to I have commented in these Face. columns on the unsatisfactory nature of the re-plies given by Ministers to questions

give a definite and satisfactory answer to the uniquely representative deputation which will wait on him next Monday to urge the appointment of wages boards. Dignitaries of all the Churches, leading Canon Scott Holland (Chairman) and Miss Ethel Beaumont (Secretary), of the London Branch of the Christian Social Union, to the Branch Christian Social Union, which will thus denote a public concern so universal as to demand explicit state-MARY R. MACARTHUR.

## OUR LIFE OF ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

Mr. A. M. Thompson writes in the Clarion "

deny, but to affirm it in practical legislation is another matter.

One remembers the storm of opposition with which the Labour Party's Bill was greeted earlier this year.

At Saturday's Conference, however, it was left to the representative of the Bath municipality to condemn the attempt to the storm of opposition.

It is said that a machine gards our Editor's opinions and temperament very critically. Therefore I look forward not only to instruction, but to full forward not only to instruction.

order THE WOMAN WORKER from their

This is imperative.

"Most retail agents derive supplies from wholesalers, and these again from the publishers; and the process of transmission from producer to consumer is exceptionally slow in the case of newspapers, because the smallness of each inividual commission naturally delays transmission of orders until these have reached substantial and remunerative

'Therefore, to make sure of the paper on December 16, it is absolutely essential that orders should be placed with newsagents at once.

## DAY OF PUBLICATION.

Every week "THE WOMAN WORKER" is now published so as to reach all newsagents on

## WEDNESDAY.

Readers who find that they have to wait until later in the week for it should

cannot spare the space.

Communications intended for the paper should not be addressed to any individual by name, but only to the Sub-Editor: the individual may be absent, the official is always

A FRIEND.—Sorry you find us dull. Try some menthol snuff.

JOHN A. WEST.—Thank you. We have for-

warded the complaint to the proper quarter.
T. J. EVERARD.—Not suitable for our

ARTHUR W. FRANK.—Your kind words of

appreciation are very welcome.

J. W.—Very glad to hear from you again.

J. C. P.—Bravo! The front door this time, certainly. F. C. H.—Thanks. It may be used if space

### THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

Madam,—I take the great liberty of being lisappointed with the attitude taken by THE

disappointed with the attitude taken by THE WOMAN WORKER and contributing women "workers" with regard to what they also are pleased to call "the servant problem."

I was born in bourgeoisfe, and cursed with its culture (public school variety); but the fell clutch of circumstance has expedited my mental evolution, which is now based upon a definite and uncompromising class-conscious proletarian outlook; and I must confess to having little or no patience with those who, in my humble opinion, have more to do with the Liberty of Regent Street than her of the erty of Regent Street than her of the bonnet.

Phrygian bonnet.

Anticipating that I shall be told that I know nothing about it, I shall have to confess that in my childhood my parents "kept," i.e., were kept by, two and three, somewhile four, domestic employees, but that since then circumstances have brought us all into the ranks of the proletariat, and two of my sisters have been compelled to enter "service." My dearest friend is a lady's maid—perhaps the only English Socialist lady's maid. Therefore I claim to speak with some feeling in the

matter.

Madam, a paper like The Woman Worker, whatever may be the breadth of its appeal, whatever the scope of its circulation, should know better than to entertain such bourgeois notions about this form of female employment, which should not be distinguished by Socialists from other forms of exploitation of female labour, excepting indeed in such particulars as it is more anomalous and detestable than any other.

### A Feudal Survival.

I do not intend here to describe instances of the atrocious treatment of domestic workers, which I know at first hand, the ques-tion of comparatively "good" or "bad" tion of comparatively "good" or "bad" bosses being beside the point so far as I am at present here concerned; but I do most emphatically protest against the whole system of such employment as it exists at present, with its feudalistic relations between employer and

employee.
William Morris said, I think, that no man is good enough to be another's master, and equally as little is any woman good enough to be another's mistress. No devout Socialist

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

physical, mental, or moral inferiority than exists in other capitalistic employment; fixed hours and holidays; and, where "living in" is necessary, the privacy of the employee hours and holidays; and at the should be respected at least as much as that of the shop assistant. In short, the whole damning stigma of servitude should be abolished.

New Propaganda.

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

Physical, mental, or moral inferiority than exists in other capitalistic employment; fixed hours and holidays; and, where "living in" is necessary, the privacy of the employee ence. There are servants and servants, and I have met as many well-educated, intellectual women in that branch of life as in any other. Well, then, where does the fool come in?

I will tell you. There are a number of women who will be mistresses of some sort. They cannot afford a well-trained, educated servant (I say educated, for that she undoubtedly is if well-trained), but they must have something or someone to call them "Mum," and to be the subject of their sense-tempt that had been made to organise attempt that had been made to organise attempt that had been made to organise.

New Propaganda.

This is only a preliminary suggestion.

There was mentioned in your columns some attempt that had been made to organise domestic workers, but even the namby-pamby compromise that was inferred in the suggested organisation seems to have proved unpalatable to the high school Miss or "Ma'am" of the "intellectual" proletariat, for in vain have I looked for further development.

May I ask—I feel I am not going the right way about it, but I confidently request that I may be permitted to ask—that those of your readers who are domestic servants and feel in any degree class-conscious (surely of all employments this should awaken class instincts) will write to me, so that we might discuss a special propaganda with a view to awakening the "slavey" (nice term!) to a sense of her industrial position? My sister (a "cookgeneral") would be a more suitable person, but has not sufficient leisure, nor has she the pen of such a too ready writer as—Yours for the ending of "masters." Douglas Hurn.

26, Prince of Wales Road, Battersea, S.W.

They cannot afford a well-trained, that she undoubtedly is if well-trained, clusted for that she undoubtedly is if well-trained, choult do be the subject of their sense-devants (a because something or someone to call them have something or someone to call them have something or someone to call them thave something or someone to call them "Mum" and to be the subject of their sense. But do the

Dear Madam,—It seems to me there is a lamentable lack of training of mistresses, a big percentage of whom appear to be quite ignorant as to the actual working of a house, the necessary time to be allowed for such and such duties, etc.

Dear Madam.—It seems to me there is a lamentable lack of training of mistresses, a big percentage of whom appear to be quite ignorant as to the actual working of a house, the necessary time to be allowed for such and such duties, etc. I have heard of recently, one maid was expected to do the work of all made to very capable ones. I have not heard of these in answer to the old, old busetion, "Why did you leave your last place?" Fortunately, I have had comparatively little questioming to do myself.

\*\*Nine in Eighteen Months.\*\*

When a mistress has nine housemaids in eighteen months—and in this case I am only surprised they did—is it not remarkable she does not not for the cause of all this changes of the methods are needing reform? Surely there must have been at least one out of the way for the way for heavy days out of seven, as is often the case? That a girl is at it from early morning till bedwine, with no time for any recreation, five days out of seven, as is often the case? That a girl should like to sit in a comfortable kitchen reading, writing, sewing, or doing some fancy work several evenings a week, is surely to be commended and encouraged.

If some mistresses would, as a lesson for themselves, try a little housework, and see the time it takes to do thoroughly, there would be a better understanding between mistress and maid, and such remarks as the following, made to a friend at a Giris' Club, would be impossible. When asked where a certain girl was, her friend replied, colonying the commended and encouraged.

If some mistresses would, as a lesson for themselves, try a little housework, and see the time it takes to do thoroughly, there would be a better understanding between mistress and maid, and such remarks as the following, made to a friend at a Giris' Club, would be impossible. When asked where a certain girl was, her friend replied, colonying the commended and encouraged.

If some mistresses would, as a lesson for themselves, try a little housework, and see the time it takes to do thoroughly, ther

### A Maids' League.

be another's mistress. No devout Socialist should be prepared to discuss this question from the employer's point of view—that is to say, as justifying the exploitation. This should be left to the apologist for the "good" capitalist and such freaks.

Well, now, apart from Socialist theory, and admitting that it is in the proletarian interest under present conditions that women should be employed in this as in other objectionable trades, what is the proper position for Socialist men and women to take in the matter? I suggest the following:

Domestic servants should be on the same footing as other employees. There should be no badge of servitude; no more suggestion of the same footing as other employees. There should be no badge of servitude; no more suggestion of the same footing as other employees. There should be no badge of servitude; no more suggestion of the same footing as other employees. There should be no badge of servitude; no more suggestion of the same footing as other employees. There should be no badge of servitude; no more suggestion of the same footing as other employees. There should be no badge of servitude; no more suggestion of the same footing as other employees. There should be no more suggestion of the same footing as other employees. There should be no more suggestion of the same footing as other employees. There should be no more suggestion of the same footing as other employees. There should be no more suggestion of the same footing as other employees. There should be no more suggestion of the same footing the suggestion of the same footing the same foot

## Special Education Wanted.

December 9, 1908

"In my young days," quavers Grandma.

"Ah! they were the days of tears, and sentimental patter, and languishing," the girl of to-day retorts. "If you were thoughtful, you were either a religieuse or a domestic genius! In other realms you were an echo.

"We think beyond theology and puddings! Home is not the limit of our sympathy; marriage is not the end of existence; nor is spinsterhood a disgrace."

"But mine were the days of chivalry!"

"Our place is beside man—his complement, not his lapdog, snapping up the bits of word-confectionery he pleases to give. If we cannot have comradeship and chivalry, we will have comradeship."

Yes, the girl of to-day is gay, is reckless; she flaunts freedom.

Grandma!

Give her time and have faith—nor blame her for growth—for learning to be sweet to each and heart for all.—EMILY WINTER, 28, Monton Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

Oh! Jane Austen!

Oh! Jane Austen!

Oh! Jane Austen!

Although the modern girl is subjected to much adverse criticism in these days of agitation for women's rights, yet on the whole she compares very favorably with the lackadaisical young lady to be read of in the pages of Jane Austen's novels.

The more liberal education which is accorded to her, while it was denied to her, while it was denied to her, while it was denied to her, while at factors which contribute to the superiority of the modern girl. Through the medium of awarded one guinea as prize.

GIRLS OF TO-DAY.

This competition promised great possibilities—at least, so we thought—but we feel our confidence has been betrayed, and the promise cracked, if not actually broken! A few of the best letters will broken! A few of the best letters will broken! A few of the best letters will be rightly and and interesting and as healthy as were those of her great-grandmother?

Workee. We therefore beg of you to much adverse criticism in these days of agitation for women's rights, yet on the whole she compares very favorably with the lackadaisical young lady to be read of in the pages of Jane Austen's novels.

The more liberal education which is accorded to her, while it was denied to her counterpart of a hundred years ago, is one of the chief the modern girl. Through the medium of education she can lay claim to more true refinement than her great-grandmother, while at the same time she is less squeamish over unpleasant yet necessary duties. As a companion she is much more interesting, and as an individual much less narrow-minded.

With the greater freedom of action which she claims, the girl broad to much and common task both the modern girl wound and common task both the modern girl wound and common task both to five he monotony of her grandmother's "out and common task both to five he monotony of her grandmother's wound and common task both the modern girl wound and common task both the modern girl wound and common task both the modern girl bank and the promote

And yet there is some ground for the horror with which great-grandmothers view their successors of to-day. It is an indisputable fact that this admirable product is not too fond of home. With so many outside interests, domestic duties are apt to be neglected, and fall to the share of the often overworked mother. This is where great-grandmother scores; the domesticities had not so many rivals in her days.

you were either a religieuse or a domestic genius! In other realms you were an echo.

"We think beyond theology and puddings! Home is not the limit of our sympathy; marriage is not the end of existence; nor is spinsterhood a disgrace."

"But mine were the days of chivalry!"

"Our place is beside man—his complement, not his lapdog, snapping up the bits of word-confectionery he pleases to give. If we cannot have comradeship and chivalry, we will have comradeship and chivalry, we will have comradeship and chivalry, we will have comradeship?"

Yes, the girl of to-day is gay, is reckless; she flaunts freedom.

It is her trophy to the crown of womanhood. To-morrow she will give it its setting. She will add it to your legacy of true worth, Grandma!

### An Improvement.

her for growth—for learning to be sweet to each and heart for all.—EMILY WINTER, 28, Monton Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

Beats Great-Grandmother.

The girl of to-day is a very different creature from her great-grandmother. Physically, she is superior to her great-grandmother, Physically, she is superior to her great-grandmother, as her lack of restraint and her love of outdoor sports have developed her wonderfully.

Mentally she is superior also. It was only

Earliest Memories: What Are They?

There are men and women who claim to have vivid impressions of very early days—days when a proud mother requested an admiring father to "Ask Baby what says 'Tick, tick,' John." But those baby impressions, we fancy, have become augmented by the imagination of grownup minds.

Still, some of us can look far back and understand many things now that puzzled us tremendously in the early days.

What is your earliest memory? Is it a gay one or a gruesome one? Is it like young Pip's, whose earliest impression was of tombstones to a father, "late of the above "?

We hope most of yours—at least, those that you send to us—will be happy memories, because we have lately been fall to the catch a gay notion and put a pin in it for the benefit of Thu Woman Worker. We therefore beg of you to help us in our catching and our pinning.

Although the modern girl is subjected to much adverse criticism in these days of agist. True, site so the middity, she is not so estimated and the still middle, she is not so estimated. And the middle, she have our septending and outset find the stockings, but the energy she once put into the stockings is used to better purpose; hence when have our spendid army of trained nurses, lady doctors, inspectors, sisters of the people, and the still-room as her great things that are taken for granted while be wished reading has widered her mental horizon. She is not so well versed in the mysteries of the siller of the still read of the sole of the sole of a father, "late of the sole of a father, "late of the above "?

We hope most of yours—at least, those that you send to us—will be happy memories, because we have lately been father the person of the children compel them the rise up and a pin in it for the benefit of Thu Woman Wonker. We therefore beg of you to help us in our catching and our pinning.

Although the modern girl is subjected to much adverse criticism in these days of agist. But the rise is not limit the onery she once put into the stockings but the energy she

feel our confidence has been betrayed, and the promise cracked, if not actually broken! A few of the best letters will be found below. One guinea will be sent for

THE PRIZE LETTER.

The characteristic of the girl of to-day is freedom: freedom to do, freedom to be, free
The characteristic of the girl of to-day is freedom to do, freedom to be, free
The characteristic of the girl of to-day is freedom: freedom to do, freedom to be, free
The characteristic of the girl of to-day is freedom: freedom to do, freedom to be, free
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The characteristic of the girl of to-day is freedom: freedom to do, freedom to be, free
The characteristic of the girl of to-day is freedom: freedom to do, freedom to be, freefather of one of her little pupils, a Mr. Rudolph Liebmann, took away his ten-year-old daughter from the school without notice when he saw the card, and refused to pay a term's fees in default

Miss Packer sued for £2 2s. and obtained judgment. It was explained to the defendant that there is a difference between a Suffragist and a Suffragette, but he seemed no wiser.

I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that, but for the bare toiling arms and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close in his shadow, and clung to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, and dragged him on against all the tide of circumstance, would soon have gone down the stream and been heard of no more.-WENDELL HOLMES.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

## LIFE OF ROBERT BLATCHFORD

See Announcement on Page 693.

## THE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

## Conducted by Pandora.

## JOURNALISM.—II.

In my first article I told you it was not | ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

golden hair, and green velvet suit; and send this same short notice—about 200 or 250 words—to one of the dailies, the "Daily News," or "Daily Chronicle," or 'Morning Leader."

Then when you get to know of any event which can be best reported or described by a woman, such as a wedding or a bazaar, write to the paper that has inserted your reports and ask if you may

Of course you know that you must write only on one side of your paper; and you should put on the envelope "copy," which indicates matter for printing.

(To be concluded.)

In my first article I trild you it was not essential, unless you wished to be a verbase it mercoriest with reported and the control of the whole meeting or lecture, and until you have it first you are bring in a suburb you will find house of metrical by constant practice. If you are bringing in a suburb you will find house of metrical to practize our years, for castally, if of the male sex, with much stammering and repetition of hackneyed remarks; if of the male sex, with much stammering and repetition of hackneyed remarks; if of the feed of the first you will be suburbed to the constant of the processor of the p

## The Corset-makers' Union.

Mrs. O. M. Aldridge acknowledges with grateful thanks the following subscriptions from readers of THE WOMAN WORKER to the Corset-makers' Union:

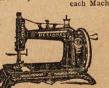
J. F., 5s.; A Woman Worker, Is.; A Well-Wisher, 2s. 6d.; A "Clarion" Reader, td.; Ray J Bowell, 5s.; Meg (Levenshulme), 2s.; A. P., 2s. 6d.; C. Dutchett, 5s.; Ruth V. Manning, 5s.; Fanny Wright, 10s.; E. C. R., 5s.; Grace Gladding, 5s.; Theocrite, 2s.; Francis Cartwright, 10s.; Sevenoaks Women's Co-operative Guild, 5s.; Mrs. Teichmann, £5;

## Complaints and the Law.

The arrival of another letter asking if a girl cannot have "compensation" as well as payments under the Workmen's Compensation Act led me to look what the dictionary had to say as to the real meaning of the word. There I found that "compensation" is "that which constitutes an equivalent for something else," or, in

SEWING MACHINE.

Works by hand or treadle, Four Years' warranty with each Machine.



Price 396 COMPLETE. The Cheapest, most per-fect, and easiest to learn in the market. Sent to any part of the Country on Easy Terms, 5/- per month. Designs post free

W. J. HARRIS & Co., Ltd. Chief Office: 51, RYE-LANE, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E. AND NUMEROUS BRANCHES.

## HOME NOTES.

## By Dorothy Worrall.

December 9, 1908

but votes for recipes. Do you not find it very difficult to know which is best when there are so many different kinds? How can you decide, for instance, between the virtue of a certain way of stewing steak and a cure for a draughty door?

It has puzzled me very much. So now I am going to try still another new plan. We are always trying something new, so tell me what you think of this. Instead of giving miscellaneous recipes every week, I shall classify them and give in

I have learnt is a way to keep boards snowy white. After scrubbing, rub some monkey soap on your dish-eloth and wipe the boards with it. You will be pleased to see how white they look when dry. Now, cannot you tell me some useful things? There must be heaps of ways to save labour in our Christmas preparations. Do let me know your special trick, so that we can all benefit. Not only in cooking, but everything else. I know you have plenty of ideas. You must have, or you would not read The Woman Worker. N'est ce pas?

And now to turn to quite a different subject. What about this voting? Ido not mean

Votes for Women, but votes for recipes. Do you not find it very difficult to know which is best when there are so many different kinds? How were read against the four, currants, suct, and sugar well together; have ready the above proportions of mashed carrots and potatoes, which stir into the other ingredients; add the treacle and lemon peel, but put no fiquid in the mixture, or it will be spoiled. Tie it locsely in a cloth, or, if put in a basin, do not quite fill it, as the pudding should have room to sue, I tablespoonful treacle, loz candied lemon peel, loz citron. Mode.—Mix the flour, currants, suct, and sugar well together, in a the super, have ready the above row, which stir into the other ingredients; add the treacle and lemon peel, but put no fiquid in the mixture, or it will be spoiled. Tie it locsely in a cloth, or, if put in a basin, do not quite fill it, as the pudding should have room to sue. It is better for being mixed overnight.—No. 28.

CHEAP CHRISTMAS PUDDING (for six people at cost of 6d.).—Take 4lb each of suet, flour, and trumple per locked the proportions.—No. 29.

ECNOMICAL CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Alb suet, a put have been and deferment after the proportions of mashed carrots, 4lb mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoonful treacle, loz candied lemon peel, loz citron. Mode.—Mix the flour, for cardy the above rails, alb mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoonful treacle, loz candied lemon peel, loz citron. Mode.—Mix the fl

the raisins, sultanas, and currants in hot water. Do not imagine that this will deprive them of their goodness; that is inside the skin. What comes off is dirt and an unwhole-some mixture of syrup and water through which they have been passed to improve their appearance. Rub the currants in a cloth to get off the stalks. Pick the stalks off the sultanas and stone the raisins. Put the sultanas and currants in a basin, just barely cover them with water, cover with a plate. What are you giving in the way of Christmas presents? I do wish we had thought about them before. It would have been fine to exchange ideas on the subject, for it really is a worrying ideas on the subject, for it really is a worrying ideas on the subject, for it really is a worrying ideas on the subject, for it really is a worrying ideas on the subject, for it really is a worrying ideas on the subject, for it really is a worrying ideas on the subject, for it really is a worrying ideas on the subject, for it really is a worrying ideas on the subject, for it really as a worrying in the subject of subject in subject of subject of subject in subject of subject in subject of subject in subjec

sender of the recipe which obtains the most votes. Recipes and votes should be addressed to DOROTHY WORRALL, Office of THE WOMAN WORKER, Worship Street, London, E.C., and should reach the office not later than Monday morning.

## Won't Shrink



—and shrinkage, as all Mothers know, is the worry of flannel. Try "MACGREGOR'S SCOTCH WINCEY" for the frocks and underthings, for Blouses, Shirts, Skirts, etc.

At any rate, send for Patterns and Booklet "All about Macgregor's Wincey."

Greensmith Downes & Son 145, GEORGE EDINBURGH

## THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

## Trips in Thought-Trains.

Neath the Wizard's wand a-dither, I'd been scurrying hither, thither, Half the time not knowing whither; then when, craving rest, I sought burrow helter-skelter, I had scarcely summing up all agree.

Things of earth and air and ocean, solid fact,

ethereal notion,
As by history recorded or by poet's magic

same train? Did you gather in council to decide what place you would visit, and by what route? Your letters are, as always, bright and interesting, but as you all went a-tripping to the same place, dears, and all saw the same things from the same standpoint well to find one "best" is impossible. So I must just give extracts to show your general ideas

Thought.

Pearls of the Qcean. 'The Land of the Future."

It is a very different land from ours, where all wrongs are made right, where there is no smoke, no worry, no bustle, but all is calm, and quiet, and still.

And—the guests, dears, you collected!—some not such as I expected—
From Then, and Now, Here, There, and Otherwhere.
Grecian maids, Chinese foot-binders, Suffragettes and organ-grinders, Turks, Hindoos, cows, policemen, frolic fays and spirits fair;

Of the other competitors seven are so nearly equal that decision is difficult, but as three are aged 13, one 14, and one 15, while Ed. Wilkinson, 10, Highfield Road, Belton, and Lulu Hird, Wilmslow, Cheshire, are only 11, I think I must put the two little ones into that first-class carriage.

Ed., I think, must have visited a

Have you brought back in your ThoughtTrains to invade poor Peggie's den.

And ne'er to desperation, at some trippercrowded station,
Has been guard or porter driven by a task
so hard as mine;
For the crowd around me surging each and all
their claims are urging

To the only first-class or the first claims are urging

School of the Future. He says:

One bright, sunny morning, we were having a geography lesson. While the teacher was giving us the names of some towns, the sun just peeped out from behind a chimney, and strention, and put me on "The Train of It thought."

I thought I was on the banks of the first class of the first cla

Has been guard or porter driven by a task so hard as mine;

For the erowd around me surging each and all their claims are urging.

To the only first-class carriage on our Competition Line.

A Leeds \*\* Special\*\*\*

Well, my dears! Some of you, I think, have journeyed in airships of imagination. Some have glided backward on tubes of memory. And greatly am I puzzled by the travels of my little bluestockings of the Roundhay Road School, Leeds.

How did you all come to be thus in the same train? Did you gather in council to decide what place you would visit, and by what route? Your letters are, as

made.
Suddenly I thought I heard a cow at the back of me. Then I was rudely shaken, and an ogre kind of voice cried, "Waken up! You are always dreaming." It was my teacher who had taken me off my Train of

### Here is Lulu's Fancy-Flight:

I sat on the shores of a lonely island. A breeze blew, and the waves broke against the rocks, sending up sprays of foam. The stars twinkled brightly and the moon silvered the

wee sea-fairies crept out of their shells; and elves, with transparent wings, tipped with gold, came from their hiding-places and

joined in a dance.

All at once there was a splash! The mermaids disappeared, the elves and fays flitted away, and the spirits flew up into the air, looking like birds. And gradually the day dawned.

### The Man in the Moon.

Winifrid Barker went on a Trip to the

when, craving rest, I sought
My burrow helter-skelter, I had scarcely gained its shelter
Ere my bairnies all came whizzing round, each in a "Train of Thought."

Strange glamourie threw they o'er me, and in swift succession bore me
Down to Neptune's realm enchanted, up to Mountains of the Moon:
Then, in fashion somewhat "jerky," traversed India, Greece, and Turkey.
And round England's shores went tripping, all in one brief afternoon.

With velocity scarce pleasant did you whirm me from the Present
To the Past, and to the Future, thousand miles and years afar;
Am I in the Now once more, dears? Kindly tell me, I implore, dears.
For your "Peg" is "mazy-dazy," and she "don't know where she are."

And—the guests, dears, you collected!—some

this been attained? In Sarah Franklin's summing up all agree:

We do not hear the shout from the Suffragettes, "Votes for Women!" nor the call from the Irish for "Home Rule." Why?
Because they have got what they wished for, and arc satisfed.

Not Quite I

One only, and on one point only, is not quite in accord. Annie Fox evidently feels, "Oh, would not the world be extremely flat with nothing whatever to grumble at!" She says:

When things go on "greased wheels," we get bad-tempered and irritable. So I let it rain in my world, and occasionally there is a little sorrow, which to my mind sweetens life.

Of the other competitors seven are so nearly could that decision is difficult but.

I was in a train for Skegness. In the compartment was a young lady with spectacles, reading. Also a prim, staid old maid, and a commercial traveller. At the next station we stopped at, two young men, with fishing rods, landing nets, and baskets, got in.

After a time I was startled by a yell from the traveller, a scream from the young lady, and a shrick from the old maid, caused by the fact that the magnets were escaping from the

the traveller, a scream from the young lady, and a shrick from the old maid, caused by the fact that the maggots were escaping from the bag. Some had fallen down the traveller's neck, some on the young lady's hat and frock, and the rest were squirming about on the floor.

and the restriction of the floor.

The old maid jumped into the air like a shot rabbit, and then on to the seat. The young lady jumped on the seat also, and shook her hat and frock. The traveller tore off his her hat and frock and putting his hand down his ocllar and tie, and putting his hand down his neck wriggled about, rummaging for mag-gots; and the young men and I, opening the door of the compartment, kicked the offenders

WHITE & BLUE

Far, Far Away!

In this land are rows of trim cottages with rosy children playing in gardens. No smoky factories near. No wrinkles line the brows of the citizens; they are all blithe and joyous. The daily papers contained no murders, no drunken cases, nor anything about Suffragettes. There was no wrongdoing. There were no policemen nor judges to watch every movement you made.

The people in this land were neither poor nor rich, because, if poor, they might be tempted to steal; and, if rich, they would, no doubt, become greedy and proud.

The rosy children playing in gardens. No smoky factories near. No wrinkled brightly and the moon silvered the sea.

Suddenly, riding on a wave, I saw a mermaid. Her long black hair was looped up with strange green sea-flowers, round her neck hung sea-pearls, and her tail was of shaded green spotted with silver. Watching, I saw another and another, until there were many. The sea grew calmer and the mermaids swam round in a circle, singing softly.

Then I heard a rustling, and, looking round, saw a troop of spirits coming out of an opening in the clift. They had long robes of white silk. Some played on golden harps, while the others sang so sweetly that the mermaids paused in their song to listen; the mermaids paused in their song to listen; the sea.

For Breakfast & after Dinner

A BOOK FOR LADIES.

The information contained in this book ought to be known by every married woman, and it will not harm round in a circle, singing softly.

Then I heard a rustling, and, looking round, saw a troop of spirits coming out of an opening in the clift. They had long robes of white silk. Some played on golden harps, while the others sang so sweetly that the mermaids paused in their song to listen; the mermaids paused in their song to listen; the mermaids paused in the mermaids wam round in a circle, singing softly.

The information contained the memany.

The information contain

## The Building of the Ship.

## By Jessie Farmer.

It was evening when the big ship left Southampton Docks. There had been rain all day, and the wind was freshening as we passed Netley Hospital, and saw the lights of Cowes ahead. I sat on deck till the rest of the passengers had gone below, and I was left alone with the stars, and the silence broken only by the throb of engines and the steady swish of the silence broken only by the throb of engines and the steady swish of the silence broken only by the throb of engines and the steady swish of engines and the steady swish of the silence broken only by the throb of engines and the steady swish of engines and the silence broken only by the throb of engines and the silence broken only by the throb of engines and the silence of engines and the sil and the silence broken only by the throb of engines and the steady swish of churned-up water against the sides of the vessel. The Solent was broadening out, the cliffs were lost in gloom; we had left Old England behind at last. Most of us were bound for Melbourne, trying our whole lives to the rescue and the endless task, I can assure you, and a very out the silence broken on to the rocks, or went down rotten to the bottom, we should become a Godless and abfindoned nation. Think of the energy and goodness and watchfulness which these disasters bring out from those who would else be idle and selfsh!"

"Vert" I were lived to start, fair and never got driven on to the rocks, or went down rotten to the bottom, we should become a Godless and abfindoned nation. Think of the energy and goodness and watchfulness which these disasters bring out from those who would else be idle and selfsh!"

"Vert" I were they do Start, fair and never got driven on to the rocks, or went down rotten to the bottom, we should become a Godless and abfindoned nation. Think of the energy and goodness and watchfulness which these disasters bring out from those who would else be idle and selfsh!" us ruck? I had looked with curious eyes on my fellow-passengers. There were rich folk going first-class, some of them infolk going first-class, some of them invalids seeking health on the voyage. There were broken-down failures of all to get safe into harbour?"

There were broken-down failures of all to get safe into harbour?"

There were broken-down failures of all to get safe into harbour?"

There were broken-down failures of all to get safe into harbour?"

There were broken-down failures of all to get safe into harbour?"

There were broken-down failures of all to get safe into harbour?" kinds, with disgrace and incompetency and absence of moral backbone written all kinds, with disgrace and incompetency and absence of moral backbone written all over them. There were honest men who had not found their right niche in the old country. Others were adventurers, pure and simple. What a strange mixed let leave they were always and rivelets."

The old man shook his head.

"Ah, miss, there you've hit it. Why, many of them are hardly worth calling craft at all—poor, shaky, broken things, that started out unseaworthy from the day they were always had and negion had as platers and riveters." and simple. What a strange, mixed lot!

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behind them. Most of all, I thought of the crowded streets that we had left, the those grinding poverty, the sad, white faces,

hands, and most of those that manage to cross the harbour bar are so bruised and cussions about it have led to no end of frank! battered that their voyaging days are over, and men break them up for firewood and scrap. A cruel coast, indeed!" we've got all these useful and flourishing

miss, our lifeboats are going out with stout and hearty crews every blessed day and night of the year. You can see them." keeping them in repair. I tell you we're right proud of them. No, it would never do to upset our present plan; if we made

be aware of a perfect fleet of lifeboats all going in and out among the crowd of other craft. Sometimes the crew were enough," I said. "Surely they at least other craft. Sometimes the crew were got safely off a sinking ship; sometimes we could see them—yes, and even hear their cries—as they went down, clinging to masts and spars to the very end. All the while lifeboats were pulling furiously

The old man shook his head. day they were launched, and never had a Their faces rose up in memory one after another as I thought of all the problems they represented, and the stories that lay and then went on to the rocks. It's about

All they represented the stories that lay and then went on to the rocks. It's about this represented the stories that lay are the

and after utmost peril had come into a strange harbour, where men made us welcome and brought us ashore. All along the coast there rose the ceaseless roar of breakers, and even as we sat and rested on the quay side we could hear distress guns booming out and see brave vessels and seeing the protest half-risen to my lips. "It's somebody's business, sure enough; but it doesn't concern us as a nation, you know. We couldn't interfere with the liberty of the subject so far as to insist on ships being put to sea trustworthy and strong. It would be right not perhaps be true. guns booming out and see brave vessels driving on to the rocks. A man in foreign dress was sitting beside me.

"This is a cruel coast," said I.

"Aye, that it is, miss. Many and many a ship comes to destruction here with all heads and most of those that manage to be seen guite against our principles. To rescue the perishing is another matter altogether. Besides, even if we could insist upon ships being seaworthy, we haven't yet decided among ourselves what seaments and most of those that manage to be seen guite of said to said the sa But what do you do for the safety of lifeboat societies in working order ships?" asked I.

"We do enough and more than enough.
Every headland has its lighthouse, and every sunken rock its warning bell. Lifeboats are stationed all along the shores, and when a vessel shows signs of distress | more, till they're wonderful to see. Why be the weather fair or foul. I tell you, make a living for thousands of people, what with building them and miss, our lifeboats are going out with stout and hearty crews every blessed day and provided of them. No, it would never the story of the weather fair or foul. I tell you we're and hearty crews every blessed day and right proud of them. No, it would never the story of the weather fair or foul. And he pointed with a long, bony finger | an alteration and begun at the other end

the country would be ruined."

Then in my dream I seemed to I looked out again among the vessels

people's minds," I ventured to suggest, to see all this waste of life going on every day before their eyes. Are not your folk careless, and wanting in responsi-

bility, and callous?"

"You make a great mistake there," he replied, with some warmth. "Why, we think that all this work of rescuing and the sight of all the suffering and want surest means of keeping pity and kindness alive among us. They do say that if it were otherwise (I'm not altogether convinced myself, mind you, but there's a good deal in it)—if all these ships started fair and never got driven on to the rocks,

day they were launched, and never had a chance. No use for them to try making call that practical co-operation and

His words were drowned in the fresh all you can expect with such hulks as booming of guns, a dull, steady, throbbing those." His voice was regretful and sad, with a of waves on the shingle. And then—and then—the shore and its wrecks, the the ceaseless struggle for bread. And with the burden of it all pressing heavily upon me, under the silence and the stars out, and who sees to their start?" I I all had vanished, but the constant boom-

Reform of the House of Lords has been brought nearer by the report on the question drafted by a committee of the Peers themselves. They propose to call Peers themselves. They propose to call themselves "Lords of Parliament." How

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: LIFE OF ROBERT BLATCHFORD

See Announcement on Page 693.

## Glick! Glick!

A TYPEWRITING NOTE. Don't Buy Cheap New Typewriters-

They won't stand wear and tear Buy a

Standard Make, 25 upwards. Allmakesanstock. Every machine in perfect order

SPECIALITY.—Yosts Nos. 1 and 4. A few equal to new. Call or write. The Wholesale Typewriter Co., Ltd., 45. Southampton Buildings, Holborn,

Julia Dawson's Answers.

ELEANOR.—My dear, you must tell me what you can do, and what you would like to do I do not know your age, circumstances, or anything. What was the nature of your work in the motor factory? How old are you?

What are your own ideas of the work you would prefer?

What are your own ideas of the work you would prefer?

Granky.—What, at your age? To tell the honest truth, I do not believe the lotions have half as much to do with the growth of hair as the massage the proprietors recommend. But it takes such an awful through that many a tired woman would be glad to be told of a hair lojion which would give good results without all that fatigue.

MARGAREL.—The Women's Labour League hold meetings the third Threeday in each month at Chandos Hall, 21a, Maiden Lane, W.C., which you should attend. The subjects down on their syllabus seem such as would help you to understand better what we are aiming at. Write again, won't you?

L. Matthews (Sydney).—Your letter written written without do dog a bundred degrees in the shade. You lucky woman! No women to poyou want us all to go to Australia to share your good things. I wish we could not say that your newagent to share your good things. I wish we could not say that your newagent to say that your newagent to say that your newagent to say th

## ATTRACTIVE ADVERTISEMENTS.

In order to meet a want long felt by readers of The Woman Worker, this page in future will be devoted to attracpage in future will be devoted to attractive advertisements. That is to say, we shall insert in it such advertisements as will attract readers by their usefulness.

May I appeal very specially to women to help to make this page useful by using it? Whether you want to buy or sell or hire, or make inquiries of any sort,

The charges for these advertisements are: 20 words for 9d., or three insertions 2s. All such advertisements must be Apply: C., 69, Shakespeare Avenue, Stonebridge. purely personal, and not of a business nature. That is to say, that whilst we shall gladly accept advertisements from men and women wanting to buy, sell, or work the state of the same of exchange articles, business firms so advertising can have space on the ordinary advertisement pages, or else pay 5d. per

Though we cannot accept responsibility for any transaction through this page, or guarantee the good faith of every advertiser, we shall take every care that none but advertisements of a reliable nature are inserted.

nature are inserted.

Cross your postal orders "Woman Worker," and endorse your envelope "A. A." (Attractive Advertisement), Woman Worker Office, Worship Street, London, E.C. Friday in each week is the latest day for receiving advertisements for the following issue.

Julia Dawson.

SITUATIONS WANTED. COMPANION-HELP (19) seeks Situation with sociable family; experienced; good references; domesticated; North London preferred.—S. Bryn, Station Road, New Barnet.

OUSEKEEPER 30, wants Situation. Very fond o children, good Manager and Needlewoman. Tota tiner. Moderate wages, good home.—London. 23

### SITUATIONS VACANT.

MOTHER'S HELP.—Must be capable of taking entire charge of children, and thoroughly understand all domestic, duties; servant kept; wages, £18.—Letters to "D," Somerset House, Selsdon Road, Wanstead, Essex.

MOTHER'S HELP WANTED.—Must be fond of children; good home for willing girl who is not afraid of work.—Hounslow. 19.

WANTED, a Capable Girl as General Servant; comfortable home.—Mrs. COPE, 152, Croxted

WANTED, Refined Companionable MOTHER'S HELP, to share in housework and care of two children; vegetarian family of four.—Apply Mas. CONSTABLE, 1, Ivy Place, Berwick-on-Tweed.

## APARTMENTS TO LET.

ED-SITTING-ROOM to Let, Furnished; composition fortable home. -27, Hawthorne Road, Willes

ONDON, N.—Comfortable APARTMENTS for Visitors.—Mns. EUERBY, 80, Downham Road, Kingsland Road. Bed and Breakfast, 2s. 6d. each person. Recommended.

ONDON (CENTRAL).—Bedrooms to Let. Use Sitting-room, Bath.—LOVELL, 6, Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, Euston Road, W.C.

ONDON, N.W.—Double Bed-sitting-room to Let; separate beds, 6s. each. Also single room. Board if desired.—199, Albany Street, Regent's Park. GOUTHPORT.—REST HOME.—Sea View, 3, Albany Road. Refined Home on Promenade. 2,000 books. Generous non-fiesh diet, 25/- a week. Suffragists welcomed (Christmas party).—Apply, WARDEN.

TO INVALIDS.—A Vacancy occurs in the home of a Trained Nurse for delicate or aged lady or gentleman. Bracing part, Surrey. Terms, moderate.—BETA, c/o WOMAN WORKER OFFICE, 44, Worship Street, E.C.

### CLOTHING.

PLACK SILK BODICE, low, trimmed velvet, handsome jet cuirasse. Also Blue Serge Walking Dress; coatee trimmed ribbon, light pastel cloth.

Hockerill. 21.

LD CLOTHES, boots especially, for a poor girl of 14 trying to earn a living. London, 6.

PARCELS of Good, Useful, Left-off CLOTHING; also Day and Evening Gowns, from 5s.; good value.—18, Glenburnie Road, Upper Tooting.

WANTED.—Second-hand Maternity Dress, at loose style, for woman 5ft. Sin., bust 40in. Also warm frocks for son 2 years.—Birmingham. 20. ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERY put on dresses, etc., from 2s. 6d.—FIRTH AND MARSDEN, 16, John Dalton Street, Manchester.

"The Unitarian Argument" (Biss), "Eternal unishment" (Stopford Broske), "Atonement" (Page topps), given post free.—Miss BARMBY, Mount leasant, Sidmouth

WANTED.—Good 1-Plate Stand Camera; will exchange Memo Frena hand camera (40 flat films) and outfit, value £3.—London. 16.

12 POSTAL LESSONS IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION, 12/6. Letter-Writing (business, friendly), Article-Construction, Sentence-Formation, Grammar, Style. Particulars, stamp.—Address: PROFESSOR HARRIS-BICKFORD, St. Day. (Name The Woman

### FOR SALE.

A BARGAIN PARCEL of One Dozen Choice Assorted Id., 2d., and 3d. Xmas Cards, post free, for 1s. For every parcel sold from this advertisement, 2d. will be given to the Manchester Clarion Bread Fund by the MODERN LIBRARY COMPANY, 6, Hodson's Court, Corporation Street, Manchester. Socialist publications kept in stock.

A NTIQUE CHEST (OAK) DRAWERS. - Bugle Clock. Also Dower Chest for its A Clock. Also Dower Chest for immediate disposal.—X. Y. Z., c/o Woman Worker Office, 44, Worship Street, London, E.C.

RAGRANT WHITE PINKS.—Plant now for June blooming, 100 strong slips, 2/6; 50, 1/8 corplage blooming. 100 strong slips, 2/6; 50, 1/6, carriage paid.—SPRAGUE, Kington, Herefordshire.

CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET (unused).

ANDSOME "RIPPINGILLE" WARMING STOVE; Electro-bronze, ruby panels, unbreakable chimney, height 2 ft.; almost new. Cost 33s. What offer?—ROWE, 2, Wimborne Gardens, Ealing.

IPPERS, BLOATERS, REDS! 141b. boxes, splendid quality, 2s. 3d. each.—CURZON'S HOTEL,

OVELY HAND-PICKED COOKING APPLES.—
Very large and sound; good keepers; 56lb. 7s.,
carr. pd.—WOOLLARD, Kenny Hill, Mildenhall,
Cambridgeshire. 20,000 TARDS NOTTINGHAM LACE chons, Insertions; 5 yards free with each assorted 1s. parcel.—TAYLOR, Lace Merchant, likeston.

Those who have cast-off or misfit cloth-

MISCELLANEOUS.

POR HAND-MADE WOOLLEN GOODS of all descriptions, including Coats, Jerseys, Shawls etc., at Democratic Prices, call or write Miss E. SELF Church Read, Sutton-Coldfield, Birmingham.

PRENCH LADY experienced, gives FRENCH LESSONS; reading and conversation a speciality. Pupils visited and received.—MLE AUTRA, 29, Romola Road, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

Those who have cast-off or misfit clothing to sell should use this page well. It should be also an Exchange and Mart for furniture, books, china, etc.

Replies to above must be addressed according to number indicated, c/o Woman Worker, Utopia Press, Worship Street, E.C., and accompanied by extra stamp for forwarding.

## THE STARVING PEOPLE.

## Guildhall Conference Frames a Programme.

While Socialist Bread Committees are | dies-leaving the middle space to be filled stopping a gap in the spirit of equal fellowship, and charities of all sorts in that of patronage, the demand of Socialism that work shall be found for all as one of their citizen rights was formulated to its utmost limits.

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the conference convened by the National Right to Work Council. This is an event mittees." that could not have happened five years ago, had the Council been then in being.

This was moved by Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P. Socialists, however, are not elated by it they know that the shameful emergency and not any growth of their own popularity with City magnates, accounts for such an indulgence. Those members of the Corporation who opposed the grant of

cants for work were unnecessary and irritating, and ought to be withdrawn.

Iso distinct bodies and organisations. Among these were the Corporation of London, the Central Unemployed Body for London, Borough Councils, Distress Committees, Trade Unions, Trades Councils, and Co-operative Societies.

The cappital cants for work were unnecessary and irritating, and ought to be withdrawn.

Mr. Pickersgill, M.P., pointed out that in London a penny rate would produce £180,000. A special appeal to London for funds had produced the magnificent sum of £572. chair was given to a well-known clergyman-Prebendary Russell Wakefield.

## Faults of the Unemployed Act.

In a thoughtful opening speech, the Chairman said that under-employment was a far greater danger than unemployof the present funds. ment. As to remedies, to give a man work for a couple of days in a week, and then leave him stranded, was to prevent his ever being efficient, and indeed almost to prevent his ever being fed.

It was idle to say that the work given discharged a certain number of their regular hands on account of the Act.

partment of Government should have to the Prime Minister and the President special care of it.

With regard to those physically and mentally defective, the best thing the State could do was to help them, that their lives should be passed in wholesome occupation, but without the possibility of their handing down to posterity tainted successors. They must get rid of the curse of boy labour and make arrangements for the training of lads. And employers must fall in with those arrange-

## Eight Temporary Expedients.

He was urging a complete system of registration for the unemployed. What do we istry be empowered to organise a national do with our people as things are? he asked. "You register a man when he is born," he pointed out, "and when he work ready to be put in hand when a

on Friday and Saturday at the Guildhall, together with a wide and important platform of Socialist legislation.

Lord Mayor Truscott welcomed in State

Distress Committee can be set up, to con-

Aldermen Crow and Ivey objected, on the ground that all money for the relief of unemployment ought to come from

A West Ham amendment was carried by 126 votes to 83; and on the motion of Mr. the Guildhall expressed, of course, the Hyndman, it was resolved, without dis-real feeling about Socialism. But the cussion, that the questions put to appli-

ment to increase the grant to at least £1,000,000. On this resolution an amend ment of Mr. Hurley's, supported by Mr. Hyndman, and carried by a large major-

### More Work for Women.

The remaining resolutions included one moved by Mrs. H. J. Tennant, to ask the Local Government Board to instruct Central Bodies and Distress Committees under the Unemployed Act had been quite to take such steps as may be necessary for satisfactory. Only a proportion of those applying had been eligible for it; only a proportion of those eligible had been able proportion of those eligible had been able whereby women trained in the workshops to get the work; and the cost had been might, when efficient, be drafted into out of proportion to the value of the work | Government and municipal workshops for Some public authorities had even the manufacture of clothing needed in the

This question demanded that some dedations is to be submitted by a deputation A memorial embodying the recommenof the Local Government Board.

### A Charter.

The proposals for new legislation may be considered as a sort of Charter. They are therefore worth cutting out for reference, and are given in full

THE RIGHT .- "That legislation be immediately undertaken which shall establish the principle that every citizen of either sex is entitled to be provided with either useful remunerative employment or healthy maintenance."

A resolution of eight clauses put forward expedients for meeting the crisis, consolidate the administration of labour laws and to remove the care of the unem On the first, a general appeal to the Government and public bodies to put in hand as much work as possible, an Aldershot representative had a lively epigram.

I aws and to remove the care of the unemployed altogether from the sphere of the Poor Law, a separate Labour Department, presided over by a Minister with a shot representative had a lively epigram.

period of trade depression is seen to be

NATIONAL BURDEN.—"That save where improvements are being made for the express benefit of a particular locality, the necessary capital for undertaking works of a public character be provided from the National Exchequer."

How Borne.—"That the sinking fund

n connection with the National Debt be used for the establishment of State forests upon land now lying practically waste, or at best only used for purposes of sport, and for such other public undertakings as are likely to become valuable national

EIGHT HOUR DAY .- "That a Bill be passed fixing the maximum hours of labour in all industries and occupations at eight per day, and forbidding all

systematic overtime."

STATE FARMS.—"That training and experimental farms be established throughout the country as a basis for the organisation of agriculture as a national

TAXING LAND .- "That drastic legislation for taxing land values and for enabling public authorities to acquire land on the most favourable terms is urgently needed to bring all land into useil and productive occupation

A resolution was also passed in favour of prohibiting child labour under the age sixteen, and regulating further the employment of young persons.

### OXFORD AND WAGES BOARDS.

On Monday, November 30, a meeting was held under the auspices of the Oxford branch of the National Anti-Sweating League, in Christ Church Hall. Professor Gilbert Murray took the chair. There

was a splendid attendance.
Mr. J. W. Hills, M.P., said that this question was one that affected us all, as we all had to pay for sweating; women could not live on a wage that worked out to 1d. an hour; their wage had to be supplemented either by charity or by relief from the Guardians. Liability, in his opinion, should devolve on the employer, not on the public, and the evil should be met by legislation. Wages boards had been a success in Australia, and their equivalents had been established in many trades in England through dom of contract between sweater and sweated, and to say that the Wages Boards Bill, if passed, would abolish freedom of contract was the greatest non-

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., as usual, defied the reporter; his speech was a work of art, and for a judicious combination of numour and pathos was unrivalled. The great human note ran through it from beginning to end, and he gave an audience largely composed of University men living vignettes of the workers in their sunless ackvards and dull, drab streets Mr Hills gave us an admirable outline of the question, which Mr. Crooks filled in with glowing colours. It was a meeting not t) be forgotten.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

## LIFE OF ROBERT BLATCHFORD

See Announcement on Page 693.

### A REMARKABLE DEPUTATION.

A very strong deputation-perhaps the most widely representative that ever waited on an English Minister-will attempt next Monday to persuade Mr. Asquith that it is at once the interest and the urgent duty of the Government to carry out the recommendations of the Sweated Industries Committee.

The National Anti-Sweating League,

Dunrayen, the Earl of Lytton, Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., Sir Thomas Whittaker, Dilke, M.P., Sir Thomas Whittaker, M.P., Mr. George Toulmin, M.P., Mr. I. G. C. Money, M.P., Mr. J. W. Hills, M.P., Mr. W. C. Bridgeman, M.P., Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., Mr. Shackleton, M.P. (President of the Trade Union Con gress), Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P. (Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party), Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., Mr. F. Richards, M.P., Mr. J. O'Grady, M.P., Mr. Fenwick, M.P., Mr. Stephen Gwynn, M.P., Mrs. H. J. Tennant, Mrs. Herbert Gladstone (representing the Industrial Law Committee), Miss Gertrude Tuckwell (Chairman of the Women's Trade Union League), Miss Mary Macarthur (Secretary of the Women's Trade Union Miss Clementina Black, Miss Llewellyn Davies (Women's Co-operative Guild), Miss N. Adler (Wage-Earning Children Committee), Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, Miss Lily Montagu (Girls' Clubs), Miss Margaret Irwin (Scottish Council for Women's Trades), Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Pember Reeves, Mr. Thomas Holmes, the Rev. H. Russell Wakefield (Chairman of the Central Committee of London Unemployed), Mr. Henry Vivian, M.P., and Mr. A. G. Gar-

## THE TRUCK ACT.

The Newcastle Emlyn magistrates refused, the other day, to convict in a prosecution under the Truck Act, in which Mr. White, inspector of factories, charged Mr. David Lewis, owner of the Canderian Mills, Velindre, with deducting 4d. from the wages of certain girls because they refused to take home work.

The defence was that the workers were young persons, and that the Act applies only to children. We believe the magistrates' decision to have been quite wrong, and hope the case will be carried to a higher court.

This course the solicitor for the prosecution, Mr. Hilditch, of Swansea, announced that he should take.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

## LIFE OF ROBERT BLATCHFORD

See Announcement on Page 693.

## MANCHESTER OUT-OF-WORKS.

## Advised to Register and Agitate.

the unemployed question as it directly book about sweating is not drear at all.

### A BROKEN WIFE.

it was stated that she had left this letter:

"I am broken-hearted to see my hus-band come to this. Poor fellow; a better myriad reduction of poor girl husband never lived. Cannot get work scanty livelihood of poor girl and women anywhere. Will some kind friend find workers.

But th

'God bless my Dolly. Dear Willie, look

### The Suffragettes in Gaol.

the breakfast held to welcome her.

were still in the prison hospital, but of helping the sweated worker by its fairly well. Mrs. Leigh, however, was

suffering from the nervous strain.

For Miss Tanner's welcome, the members of the Union wore Irish costume.

After attempting to enter Mr. Buxton's meeting at Millwall, four members of the W.S.P.U. were followed for several hundred yards by a hostile mob.

### A Woman the Champion Typist.

A demonstration of "lightning typewriting "was given last week at Holborn Town Hall by Miss Rose Fritz, "the world's champion typist," who, at the Glasgow business exhibition, wrote 1,731 "In future our national boast will be in their country?" world's champion typist," who, at the Glasgow business exhibition, wrote 1,731 words in fifteen minutes—an average of 115 words a minute. She performed shorter feat, but one equally wonderful, and made only one error.

do in their country?"

"In future our national boast will be held to scorn. Soon the foreigners with their scurrilous language will over-run our country."

"Boom! Boom! Boom! go the German 12-inch shells as the Dreadnought sends a volley

any woman teacher in the service as Do we need Socialist Sunday schools or notice of resignation.

### 'SWEATDOM AND THE WAY OUT."

Miss Constance Smith is well known to A number of unemployed women of the Ancoats district met last week at the St. Vincent de Paul's Institution to consider thing, but this lucid and encouraging

The new fact which distinguishes the Affects women.

Miss Fitzsimons, who presided, said the reason why men had received far more attention than the women was that they showed themselves, whilst the women was sweating in that colony; workers in was sweating in that colony; workers in whose secretary is Mr. J. J. Mallon, has got this remarkable deputation together; and it will include the following public men and women:

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Ripon and Birmingham, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, Father Bernard Vaughan, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Horton, the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, the Rev. Silvester Horne, the Chief Rabbi, Viscount Milner, the Earl of Dunrayen, the Earl of Lytton, Sir Charles

showed themselves, whilst the women stopped at home.

Mrs. Jones gave the women advice as to the Labour Bureau, and urged them to apply to the Guardians when necessary.

Mrs. Anot Robinson also urged them to apply to the Guardians when necessary.

Mrs. Anot Robinson also urged them to apply to the Guardians when necessary.

Mrs. Anot Robinson also urged them to apply to the Guardians when necessary.

The Archbishop of Westminster, Father Bernard Vaughan, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Horton, the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, the Rev. Silvester Horne, the Chief Rabbi, Viscount Milner, the Earl of Lytton, Sir Charles

Smith quotes telling figures which bring the same trade were rewarded as arbitrarily as they are in this country. Miss Smith quotes telling figures which bring the same trade were rewarded as arbitrarily as they are in this country. Miss Smith quotes telling figures which bring the same trade were rewarded as arbitrarily as they are in this country. Miss Smith quotes telling figures which bring the same trade were rewarded as arbitrarily as they are in the same trade were rewarded as arbitrarily as they are in thus country. Miss Smith quotes telling figures which bring the same trade were rewarded as arbitrarily as they are in this country. Miss Smith quotes telling figures which bring the same trade were rewarded as arbitrarily as they are in this country. Miss Smith quotes telling figures which bring the same trade were rewarded as arbitrarily as they are in this country. Miss Smith quotes telling figures which bring the same trade were rewarded as arbitrarily as they are in this

Victorian wages boards were six in number to begin with. There are now up-wards of fifty, and in all of the trades they regulate save one wages have risen. In some cases the rise is very considerable, when her breadwinners are without work! At a West Ham inquest held on Saturday, on a woman who had taken poison, it was tated that the latest the stated that the stat in other cases it is meagre; but, taking scribes what has been going on for years in England—constantly dropping rates:

But the betterment of wage in Victoria is only one good effect out of many. Since the boards have been established, after dad. Cannot stand it any longer. Since the boards have been established, God bless all the neighbours, and do look factory industry has thrived at the exafter poor dad, and my little Dolly.— pense of the slum workshop. Trade has Your broken-hearted mother, Lily War- expanded. There is greater confidence, and the worker has a sense of security which, even in organised trades in England, he seldom enjoys.

Miss Smith argues convincingly for a Miss Kathleen Turner, who was released last week after two months in Holloway, gave a reassuring report on the health of the leaders of the W.S.P.U. at are urged to see that the Government She said that Mrs. and Miss Pankhurst do not shirk the duty very long deferred

'The Case for Wages Boards" is published by the National Anti-Sweating League, 133, Salisbury Square, E.C.

### POISONING CHILDREN'S MINDS.

The Liverpool branch of the Navy League is teaching children patriotism, and this is how it came out in an exmination for which prizes were given:

'The canaille of our own country are

Cornwall Education Committee have de-ided not to appoint any married women in future, and to treat the marriage of clided across his heaving breast."

December 9, 1908

avoid purchasing the expensive apparatus you mention. It is simply a matter of faith cure, if cure is effected, and I would advise you to cultivate your own faith and keep your money in your pocket. But you think a great deal too much about all your symptoms and pains. Do not brood. Take plenty of outdoor exercise, a tepid bath every morning, and knock off tea and coffee with the exception of two small weak cups of either, not both, during the day. Syringe the nostrils night and morning with warm boric acid lotion.

E. B.—Communication sent.

case you must guard against the possibility of its occurring again, and treat him with more than ordinary quietness and gentleness. But so great nervousness rests usually on a foundation of some definite physical malady, among which disorders of digestion are chief. The mother's nervousness has very little to do with the case, unless it influences her methods of management. Will you give me his food in detail? It may be too starchy.

## LONDON'S HUNGRY CHILDREN.

On the Lord Mayor's appeal for subscriptions to feed hungry children, Sir John Gorst writes:

'It is difficult to imagine a more damnatory statement of neglect of public duty by the London County Council. How soon will the London County Council come to the conclusion that voluntary funds are insufficient, and exercise the power conferred on them by Act of Parlia-

ointment diluted again with an equal part of vaseline. Rub the ointment well into the skin when it is softened by the use of hot water. Do not use much ointment.

C. H. C.—Look to see whether there are any thread worms in the motion. It is quite possible the child has been frightened, in which case you must guard against the possibility of its occurring again, and treat him with more than ordinary quietness and gentleness.

The story from Middleton of the W.L.Leaguer who was told she would have been better employed "weshin' clouts" than canvassing has brought a sympathetic echo from the Workington League. There Mrs. Bowerbank was working with a friend at the recent municipal election, and was greeted by a woman whom she called upon for a votel appeal.

She was locked out without notice, though willing to work, at the time when the Masters' Federation had had their reduction accepted by the spinners, but not by the card-room workers. As this is a test case there will be an appeal.

with "Have you cleaned the front this morning and made the beds before you set out to

Will correspondents in writing to me always give a pen name? It is awkward to have to refer to them by initials and may lead to confusion. Will correspondents also please not enclose stamped envelopes, as replies by post are not sent in the ordinary course? Full name, address, age, and occupation should always be given. Also whether married or single. The fuller particulars the better. All letters are regarded as absolutely confidential.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. N. L.—I should strongly urge you to avoid purchasing the expensive apparatus you mention. It is simply a matter of faith cure, if cure is effected, and I would advise you to cultivate your cown faith and keep your money in your pocket. But you think a great deal too much about all your symptoms and pains. Do not brood. Take plenty of outdoor exercise, a tepid bath every morning, and knock of the and coffee with the exention of the continuation of t

had a special meeting last week to consider the financial aspects of the Education Bill, not as regards what particular sectarian teaching the children are to have, but as regards the care of their health, which some of us think

Do not brood. Take plenty of outdoor exercise, a tepid bath every morning, and knock off tea and coffee with the exception of two small weak cape of either, not both, during the work of the compound of two small weak cape of either, not both, during myth warm boric acid lotion.

E. B.—Communication sent.

E. R. (Chelsea)—You are suffering from animits and dyspepsia. You do not say whether you are constipated or not. The portant, especially coupled with an increase in stoutness. You ought to get the abdomen examined to be sure there is nothing more seriously wrong. Otherwise keep the bowdes well open, and take one Blaute pill three seriously wrong. Otherwise keep the bowdes well open, and take one Blaute pill three and as much outdoor exercise as you can without serious fatigue.

APRAD—Portasis is a chronic ailment, which is liable to return from time to time. It usually occurs in persons otherwise persons persons otherwise persons oth

## THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN (1909 Model).

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# Robert Blatchford.

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