

THE VOTE

(THE ORGAN OF THE WOMEN'S FREEDOM LEAGUE.)

VOL. I.—NO. 10.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1909.

ONE PENNY.

NOTICE.

Letters relating to editorial and business matters should be addressed to THE EDITORS and MANAGING DIRECTOR respectively. Applications for advertising spaces to be made to the ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER.

Offices: 148, HOLBORN BARS, E.C.

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WHAT WE THINK.

Ring Out the False!

The year that is just closing will be memorable in history; memorable for many things, but chiefly for the great strides towards final victory made by the Woman's Movement. But we have had to pay.

"If blood be the price of our Admiralty,
Dear God! we ha' paid it in full."

Men in days to come will turn over the page of this year's deeds quickly, with the deep red of shame staining their cheeks, or read it with unbelieving horror. It is a black record indeed for the enemy—every honourable tradition of war broken and trailed in the dust.

But we turn to greet the New Year with high hope and undaunted courage. "Ring out the false"—we can sing, with whole-hearted conviction, that it is going to be done. "Ring in the true." But we have learnt our lesson. We put not our trust in politicians or their pie-crust pledges. Instead, we rely on our own hearts and brains, on the steadfastness of our comrades in arms, on the justice and righteousness of our cause. These are the weapons in our armoury, and with these we shall fight to a glorious finish in the coming year of battle.

Felicitations to—West Leeds.

It is authoritatively stated that Mr. Herbert Gladstone has accepted the post of Governor-General of South Africa. The *Daily News*, in commenting on this, gushes over the greatness, the nobility, and the statesmanship of our precious and unique Home Secretary. "No one has a greater passion for seeing that a thing is done well by

doing it as far as possible himself." How many prison doctors would endorse this statement—and police and magistrates? Mr. Gladstone is a past-master in the art of shovelling off both the responsibility for his dirty work and the carrying out of the degrading details of it on to the shoulders of his subordinates.

The *British Medical Journal* had a strongly-worded article in its last issue on this very point. Some of the prison doctors object to being made the scapegoat for the Home Secretary's inhuman orders. And the medical profession as a whole very rightly repudiates the suggestion that the disgusting and dangerous method of forcible feeding, as carried out in His Majesty's gaols to-day is in any sense a medical operation. Some men, we are glad to know, still have a great and innate repugnance to torturing women.

His Prison "Reforms."

In the same issue of the *Daily News* is given an account of the humane changes introduced by Mr. Gladstone into prison life. He states that it is the intention of the authorities to introduce gradually iron bedsteads for the use of women prisoners of the second division, to extend the use of earthenware plates instead of tin, and to provide sliding window panes. As to the desirability of altering the present method of treating offences of a non-criminal character, Mr. Gladstone states that he by no means regards the present rules as the last word on the subject.

We can quite believe it. Judging from his previous record in this respect, we can regretfully surmise what "reforms" we might have been blessed with had our Home Secretary been spared to us a little longer. The resuscitation of the soothing effect of the thumbscrew, perhaps; the loving embrace of the "Iron Maiden"; all the forgotten delights and persuasive methods of the Inquisition.

Mr. John Burns's Remedy.

Mr. John Burns held what the Press calls a unanimous meeting in his constituency of Battersea the other day. A unanimous meeting it certainly was, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that all women were excluded. Admission was by ticket only, and the tickets had been planted out with the utmost care, amongst those pledged to support "Honest John" through thick and thin.

In discussing the problem of unemployment, Mr. Burns once more trotted out his statesmanlike, and only, remedy. "The State," he said, "should prohibit married women from working." But, lest our readers should imagine that that means all married women are to live a life of inglorious ease at the expense of the State, we hasten to point out that it only means to prohibit them working in comparatively well-paid industries, like the cotton factories of Lancashire. There will be no desire on the part of the State to challenge their preponderance in the sweated trades or to forbid them to work for a shilling a day at shirt and blouse-making, charing, scrubbing, and washing.

M. H.

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THE FOURTH WEEK.

By Teresa Billington-Greig.

HE.

HE stood out from the shadows. In the glare of the sun and in the beating of the rain he moved like a menace. The world had made him, and unashamed of his hunger and his rags he stood before the face of the world and dared it to forget his existence.

He was dirty and unkempt. The need and the desire for cleanliness had passed away from him. He slouched and lolled and spat about the pavements, filling blank days with blank deeds. His idle hands had lost their first restlessness, and hung limp by his sides or rested unmoving in his grimy pockets. There were neither tears nor passion in him, but a dull stolid stupidity born of hunger. The rage of hopelessness had still to come.

Every day or two he drifted to the gathering ground of his kind, and listened feebly to the outpourings of the agitator, sullenly agrieved, aimlessly menacing, and bitterly, helplessly hungry. But the self-appointed reformer of the world could only move him to intermittent interest and activity. He would march for a meal, but the meal must come soon if either spirit or faith were to be in the marching.

Hope and thought were scarcely conscious within him. They existed dully, unknowingly, mere remnants of old habits. Life held little promise and many puzzles. He could not work out the meaning of things. He had seen other men die, many of them; if it were his turn then he too must die. But in spite of the bitter hopelessness of experience there were the makings of madness in the dull gnawing pain that drove him hither and thither without his will.

In the first week and the second the world looked idly at him; in the third it grew noisily pitiful and a little afraid, for itself and of him; in the fourth a growing element of fear made it busy itself about his necessities.

SHE.

SHE hid herself away among the shadows. She shut the door in the face of the world, and crept into her corner to suffer alone. She was ashamed of her rags. Hunger gnawed the soul of her as well as the body. She fled from the eyes of her kind that they might not maim her further with their contempt. In her dull brain there was a semi-conscious knowledge that her rags were an impertinence and her hunger a crime.

Furtively she stole out to seek for the work that meant life to her. She begged it as a boon to which she had no right. She shrunk from the men from whom she begged work as though she feared their anger. She shrunk from the men who sought work alongside of her, feeling that she must starve until they were fed. As furtively as she came forth she stole back to her hiding-place after each attempt had failed. Alone there in her grimy corner she wept, but there was neither menace nor revolt in her passion of breaking tears. She bore herself as though she had wronged the world, as though by her hunger, by her needs, by her very existence, she stood condemned. The pain of her punishment brought only the message of her failure to her.

But she must eat. Her need drove her out into the street again, out to pawn her pitifully shabby clothing, piece by piece. Yesterday it was her one smart hat, today her shoes, to-morrow it would be the shoddy coat that had at least been warm. Revived by the possession of the paltry coins thus realised she would barter in the offal shops, where a meal not fit for a dog can be purchased for a penny. Clutching the food in her hands she would creep back again to eat ravenously, and to hope a little in the hole that sheltered her.

Only the corner of a dark room to hide in—this was home. Even for this rent had to be paid. Three weeks without work meant hunger and the pawnshop. What would the fourth week mean? She did not care while with food in her hands she devoured her body's covering. She could live for three days, perhaps for four, even for a week, on the price of a shoddy coat much worn. And a job might be found before that time passed. The hope of life revived a little. There was a chance.

Morning, noon, and night she went on a furtive hungry search to every end of the city. Daily she stole back to her hiding-place dark-browed and afraid, growing ever more fearful of the grim thing coming nearer and nearer. She waked dreaming of it in the night, a shuddering, shivering little heap upon the floor in the dark corner. It seemed so hard and bitter and pitiless this thing called starvation. She dare not face it. Hunger and cold and dirt and rags had always been too near her; she knew all they meant. She had stood ever on the brink, and now it was her turn to go over.

There was one other way. She knew it. Honest work was hard to find, but the other way was easy. There was bread to be had for the earning—bread of shame. Moved by a sudden internal tumult she refused to consider it. She must find a job. She *must* find a job.

"I must have my rent." This was the fourth week. For three weeks the rent had been raised somehow, by thrift that was a crime against her own body, by pawning that was self-robbery. But for this fourth week's shelter she could offer nothing but faint promises and empty hands. She had had no luck in her search, and there was nothing left to pawn, nothing upon which she could raise a shilling, nothing that could be turned into food and rent.

The grim-faced man who farmed out the house she lived in went grumbling down the dirty stair. He did not mean to lose that paltry rent, but was abashed by her white face and hungry eyes. Yet his shame lasted only for a time. He came back again.

"I must have my rent," he growled. "I must have my rent." This time he accompanied his demand with oaths and curses. Such men are only capable of passing pity. They have been hammered into a brutality that is stronger than chains. Against their desires they feel the grief that lies under their eyes, but having driven it away they count up their own losses . . . and forget.

A third time he came to threaten and menace. "You must pay—or go," he said at the end of his tirade. "I can keep no lazy women in my house. You must pay—or go." She felt a sudden terror in her soul, and cried out pitifully against his words. But he tramped heavily down the stair, shouting his threat as he went.

An hour passed—another—and another. The girl still sat crouched on the floor in the little grimy corner of the dark room. The man downstairs, eager to shut the door behind her, was yet ashamed to thrust her out with his own hands into the streets. He sent his wife.

She lumbered noisily up the stairway, wheezing and breathing hard at every step. Oily and dirty and unhealthy fat, she had much spirit, but little capacity for the deed she was ordered to do. She came into the room panting, with heated face, and coarse smiling lips.

"Out with you," she cried. "You won't get over me with pretty ways. Won't say a word, won't you? And won't move? I'll see to that, I will. Out with you now."

She advanced towards the corner in which the girl was crouched, with one fat arm akimbo and the other waving roughly in the air. The girl shrunk further away. Her eyes, that had been tearful and pleading until the woman spoke, became hunted and hardened. She put up her hands to keep the sordid creature off.

WOMEN VERSUS THE BUDGET.

WHY NOT RECLAIM YOUR INCOME-TAX FROM THE GOVERNMENT and give it to the Women's Freedom League? If your Income has been taxed before you get it, and does not exceed £700 yearly, you are entitled to recover a portion of the tax.

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The swinging arm came down upon her outstretched hands, and a flood of vituperation was poured upon her. The blow awakened her. She sprang to her feet, and, falling like a cat upon her would-be ejector, shook her and pushed her to the other side of the room.

"You touch me again," she shouted, "and I'll kill you." She stood glaring and defiant, daring the woman to further assault.

The fat, terrified creature knew her powers. Cunning must be employed where force had failed.

"Why can't you get money?" she whined. "Other girls can. I'm not wanting to see you turned into the streets. You're a quiet enough lodger when you've got money to pay for your room. Why don't you get money."

The girl's face flushed. "I can't get a job," she muttered.

"A job!" The fat countenance smirked vilely. The girl's eyes blazed at her, but she did not see them. "A job!" she repeated, with coarse, shaking laughter. "You'll get the job I mean."

The girl sprang at her, and snarled in her face. "You vile pig," she screamed. "I'm going out of your dirty house. I hate it. I hate you. Get out of my sight." She flung the woman from her, and rushed out of the room.

At the foot of the stairs she came to a sudden pause. One step back she took, and then another. At the top she stood still for a very long time.

Then a hoarse whisper was heard by the elder woman where she rubbed her bones and smirked in the empty room. "I'll come back . . . with the rent," were the words.

And after came the sudden sound of tears. Yet the world feared nothing from her necessities.

TERESA BILLINGTON-GREIG.

OUR PRISONERS.

A Visit to Miss Neilans.

Mrs. Chapin and Miss Neilans completed on the 23rd the first month of their imprisonment, and were entitled, in accordance with second division rules, to receive a visit. Miss Neilans asked for Mrs. How Martyn, but was informed that the Prison Commissioners would not allow Mrs. How Martyn to visit the prison, and would inform her of the fact. In answer to Mrs. How Martyn's inquiries the following letter has been received from the Home Office:—

cream, and we have they icked up power and emolments and seen to it that none have been left for the women. After the General Election we promise Mr Lloyd George that if we can help it the cream will have been put in a safe place away from thieves—whether cat or roost-robbers.

American Women's Strike.

In the delightful "Blue Bird" we are told that while microbes were discovered the sicknesses, having no way to do, all fell ill of themselves. So will sweated indignation, and we have they icked up power and emolments and seen to it that none have been left for the women. After the General Election we promise Mr Lloyd George that if we can help it the cream will have been put in a safe place away from thieves—whether cat or roost-robbers.

Further, he has invented a new rule for this purpose, as both ex-prisoners and officials of the League have visited at Holloway many times.

Miss Neilans was seen by her mother and Miss Hunt, and is as well as can be expected after the treatment meted out to her by Mr. Gladstone's order. She refused food directly she went in on the Wednesday. On Friday evening the doctor came, and after trying to persuade her

to eat offered her the choice of feeding cup, nasal tubes, or the stomach tube. Miss Neilans protested, but was held down in a chair, and the stomach tube thrust down her throat. For several days she was sick, and in spite of sleeping draughts could get no sleep for five nights.

Miss Neilans feels the loneliness very keenly, as she has even to exercise alone. She is naturally very anxious about the General Election work, and wishes that it had fallen a month later so that she could have taken part in it. It was a great pleasure to her to hear of the success of the Yuletide Festival and of Lady Cook's generous gift.

She sent her kindest remembrances and best wishes for the New Year, to her numerous friends, who will please take this as a personal message.

Miss Neilans asks us to make our protest at the meeting on New Year's Eve sufficiently loud for her to hear. As announced elsewhere, the meeting will be held outside the prison at 11.45 on Friday night, New Year's Eve.

It is hoped that as many sympathisers as possible will attend this meeting. They cannot begin the New Year in a better way than by sending a message of cheer and goodwill to those who are giving their liberty and health for our cause.

A Visit to Mrs. Chapin.

The road to Holloway is too familiar to those interested in the cause to need describing; we carried our blue permit to the gate last Thursday, soon after three. A little boy carrying a paper bag was ringing the bell; a milk cart stood in the drive and altogether the place looked most domestic and homely. The little boy was admitted, and we crept in after him and were placed in a lofty office where a big fire was burning, and two philistine plants were *not* flourishing.

At last a wardress—they call them officers—bade us follow her, and deposited us in a close little room where she left us. It was hot. Water pipes all over the place. We felt like Casabiancas, but we sat down and waited so long that fears arose that the authorities were hastily abolishing the Habeas Corpus Act for our benefit. A pleasant officeress came and spoke to us, but we let her go without warning her that our friends knew where we were, and then the first officeress (who was also very pleasant) returned and escorted us through the big theatrical front door, up a broad flight of stairs, around a corner, into a neat little railway-waiting-room sort of room, and there was our mother, looking cheerful but delicate and so picturesque in the rough green dress and white cape of the second division.

The officeress took up her position outside the door, and looked as unconscious as the regulations allow, and we talked—not much of State affairs. The mother said most emphatically that she was well treated. She is in the infirmary and the doctor is keeping an eye on her. She is obeying rules. Only once was the trial mentioned, and then—*mirabile dictu!*—she spoke quite bitterly. She doesn't seem to think that she was fairly treated, and even spoke of prejudice, which shocked us; because after all, justice is Justice and prejudice is Prejudice.

H. AND E. CHAPIN.

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MR. KEIR HARDIE, M.P.

By ETHEL HILL.

"He is a friend indeed who proves himself a friend in need."—PLAUTUS.

If the Suffragettes have been called the "still small voice" that penetrates into the inmost recesses where Cabinet Ministers dwell, and, again, as the disconcerting and accusing "ghost" that unceremoniously appears at many Ministerial banquets, Mr. Keir Hardie may be termed the insistent and uncompromising man who makes himself unexpectedly heard when least wanted, a stern and unflinching mentor who firmly holds his ground and yields not an inch. He is the man who

"Cries protest to the judges of the world,
A protest that is also prophecy."

When the members of the House of Commons treated contemptuously, or with levity, the sufferings of the Suffragettes in prison, or humorously regarded the spectacle of the women enduring the torture of the nasal tube, Mr. Keir Hardie faced them with unsmiling severity—the good human friend who has nobly championed "The Cause of Women" before the world, and in the face of the ridicule of his friends and colleagues in the House of Commons. All through the dreary time of imprisonment he has returned again and again to the charge, brought round public opinion, turned the tables upon his adversaries, and extorted this and that amelioration from the unwilling Home Secretary.

Early in May, 1906, Mr. Keir Hardie walked with the deputation that marched from the Embankment to the Foreign Office. The deputation numbered between 350 and 400 persons. It consisted of Members of Parliament, representing the 200 signatures to a petition for Woman's Suffrage which had been presented to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and women delegates from twenty-five separate organisations, representing over half a million women. It was on this occasion that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman dwelt upon the benefits which the franchise would confer upon women, and their enthusiasm in working for it, their fitness to exercise it, and the good work they had already done in influencing public affairs. He then preached to them his famous gospel on the Virtue of Patience.

With the fitness of women to become citizens, Mr. Keir Hardie is quite in accord with the late Prime Minister, but where he differed from him is in the procrastination of the good. In his opinion the question is now ripe for settlement. Woman's economic position, the marriage laws, and our social polity he considers may be left to evolve their own solution as time and chance determine. None of them are within the ken of politics, nor should they be brought into the political arena until women are in a position to influence equally with men the creation of opinion upon them, and, where necessary, the legislation which may be required to assist in solving them.

Mr. Keir Hardie denies that the existence of differences between the sexes, subtle, deep-seated, and ineradicable, affords justification for the usurpation by man of the right to say what duties and responsibilities women may be allowed to undertake, and what must be withheld from them because of their sex. It would be to draw our ideals from the East—that ancient enemy of free womanhood. The harem would be the logical outcome of that belief.

In explanation of the universality of the subjection of woman, Mr. Keir Hardie lays his finger upon two main factors—motherhood and war. And what opposite factors—one that replenishes the race and the other that destroys it! In the early days of the race, the days of the huntsman and the warrior, when the spoils of war and the trophies of the chase were the only wealth of nations, child-bearing must have been a serious handicap to the woman; add to this the fact that war meant prisoners, and that from the very first, probably, even when men captured in warfare were killed as an encumbrance, women, for reasons which will be understood without being stated, were spared by their captors; and, coming down to later times, when men captives were made slaves and women-raiding became a favourite pastime, we can see explanation enough of the position which in process of time woman came to occupy, and from which she is only now slowly and toilsomely emerging.

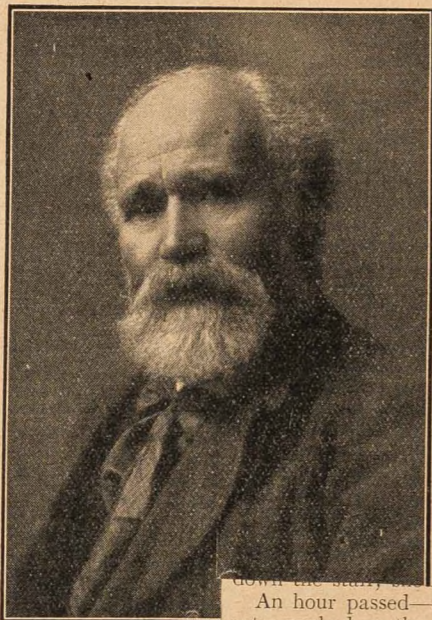
It is common knowledge, Mr. Keir Hardie's passionate devotion to the toiler, "dead to rapture and despair, a thing that grieves not and that never hopes." And perhaps no man has more greatly, more honourably, more persistently

An hour passed—another—and another. The girl still sat crouched on the floor in the little grimy corner of the dark room. The man downstairs, eager to shut the door behind her, was yet ashamed to thrust her out with his own hands into the streets. He sent his wife.

She lumbered noisily up the stairway, wheezing and breathing hard at every step. Oily and dirty and unhealthily fat, she had much spirit, but little capacity for the deed she was ordered to do. She came into the room panting, with heated face, and coarse smiling lips. "The vote at an ne has little to say. One chier obstacie, in his opinion, to reform of any kind in England is the conservative, plodding, timid mind of the average man. Sooner or later men will be compelled to treat with women and recognise them as co-workers, and they could not begin better than by admitting their right to be co-voters.

And this is what Mr. Keir Hardie looks forward to:—

"These are the inevitable steps that make
Unreason tremble and tradition shake—
This is the World-Will climbing to its goal,
The climb of the uncurbable sure soul—
Democracy whose sure insurgent stride
Jars kingdoms to their ultimate stone of pride."



MR. KEIR H.
Photo by Lena Connell, 50

Next Week: Mrs. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

GOSSIP.

"And they made a noise like crickets,
A chattering wise and sweet."

W. B. YEATS.

Polite Politics.

In a Christmassy leader in the *Daily Telegraph* we find the following morsel referring to the burning question as threshed out by Lord Curzon and Mr. Asquith when in geographical proximity: "Apart from the merits of the controversy, it is a real pleasure to note, especially at this period of Christmas, the manner of conducting the duel." From this one might imagine the controversy carried on something like this:—

Asquith: "Happy Christmas, old man. I hear you're moving away from Westminster in the spring. Hope the change will do you good."

Curzon: "Same to you, old man. Say, is it true Balfour is taking over your little cot in Downing Street? It's a draughty hole, but you should stick him for dilapidations. Take care of yourself, old man; pro-consuls are plentiful, but pro-Budgets are delicate plants. Ta-ta."

"Boomerangs."

At our Yuletide Festival Mr. Zangwill remarked that in the contest between the Liberals and the Lords the former, as the champions of liberty, were using many arguments which would return to them *via* the women of the country, like the boomerang of the Australian native. Here are a few recent boomerangs, which we have pleasure in returning to the political warriors. Mr. Asquith, at Birkenhead, speaking at the Hippodrome, said: "You have a Government which has now been in office four years, and although I look carefully for signs of it, I can discern no traces of serious criticism upon the manner in which we have administered the affairs and fortunes of this country." As the speech was delivered in a music-hall, we presume this statement may be classed under what "Dr." Bodie calls "the showman's lie." At Swansea, Mr. Lloyd George described the House of Commons as a place where every class was to be found, and went on to say that, after all, "even in a menagerie they have every kind of animal." We have no fault to find with the description of the House of Commons as a "menagerie," but we would remind Mr. Lloyd George that in the first known menagerie the gentle Noah saw to it that the sexes were equally represented. Again, at Llanelli, he remarked of the Lords that to say they were likely to guard the industry of the country was like "putting a cat to look after the cream." The simile is too good to be wasted. Too long have the men of the country been allowed to carry on their self-appointed task of looking after the cream, and well have they licked up power and emoluments and seen to it that none have been left for the women. After the General Election we promise Mr. Lloyd George that if we can help it the cream will have been put in a safe place away from thieves—whether cats or roost-robbers.

American Women's Strike.

In the delightful "Blue Bird" we are told that when microbes were discovered the sicknesses, having no work to do, all fell ill of themselves. So will sweated industries. Since the discovery of the health-giving suffrage microbe these evil forms of labour have been suffering from their own natural poisons. The latest instance of this comes from America, where a strike of girl blouse-makers against the conditions of their work and the amount of their wages has been supported by many prominent society women, several of whom are Suffragists. There are complaints that the girls' meetings are being brutally broken up by the police, but this is evidently ineffectual, as the strike is spreading into Philadelphia.

EZRA TWINKLE.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1909.

AN APPEAL TO THE VOTERS.

Once more the making of a Government is in your hands. You are to choose the law-makers of the nation. This choice, this grave and great responsibility, is to be yours alone. The women of Great Britain are to be excluded from all share in it. Though their money is to be spent by the Government you elect, though that Government will interfere with them as women and as workers, though they must obey all the laws it makes, though it may interfere with their property, with their liberty, with their bread and butter, they are to be utterly unrepresented. The General Election of the new House of Commons is to be a purely masculine affair, carried out as though not a single woman existed in the country.

We ask you, the voters of the country, to face this fact. We plead with you to remember that the very reasons which have made you a voter apply to more than a million of women in the country. We point out to you that the right to liberty, to self-government, is not restricted to sex. It is a human right, which cannot be denied justly to either men or women. The principles underlying our representative system of government include women in their scope. Those who pay the national bills are entitled to call the national tune—whether they be men or women. Those who have to obey the laws are entitled to share in making them. Women cannot be denied the right of voting on any ground of reason or justice.

Yet all the grave issues of this election are to be decided over their heads. The questions of Tariff Reform or Free Trade, of the relation of the two Houses of Parliament, of the new system of taxation proposed by the Budget, of Irish Home Rule, and of industrial and Poor Law reform, are to be dealt with by men alone. Not a single woman is to be allowed to express her opinion. Whatever the decision you come to she must abide by it.

This is neither fair nor just. It is neither brave nor honest. The men voters of the country cannot presume to say what shall be done with the women's money, with their interests, with their possessions, with their work, without being guilty of interference and oppression. The housewife, the working-woman, the widow, are all affected by every change in the prices and taxation of food and the raw materials of their labour. Every alteration of wages affects their condition. Every rise in the price of necessities is a tax upon the skill and household management of the home-maker. She is closely affected by the Budget proposals. She will be a vital factor in the settlement of Poor Law problems, and she is one of the first and worst victims of unemployment. She is as deeply interested as her brothers in Home Rule and the House of Lords. Every question of national consequence is a woman's question. On every issue she has a right to be heard.

You are heard now, but at one time you were refused a hearing. When your struggle for the suffrage was going on you denounced the voters and Ministers of the day as tyrants and oppressors. They withheld from you your liberty, your citizen's weapon, your vote, and you were right to denounce them, and to rebel. Women are now in the same position that you occupied before 1867 and 1884. We are denied the vote. Can you blame us if, after waiting and working patiently for forty years, we

begin to follow your own example? Can you condemn the outbreaks with which we have wakened the country to our voteless condition, when you think of the riots, burnings, and tumults, the destruction of property and life, with which you expressed your determination to win the liberty of self-government? You cannot. Those who condemn us to-day can only do so if they are at heart tyrants and autocrats. You must be against all who have fought for liberty if you are against those who fight for liberty to-day.

Men did not fight for the suffrage lightly. They fought for it sternly and grimly, being driven to the fight by their needs. They demanded the suffrage because they had learnt by bitter experience that their only security depended upon the possession of power—the power of the elector at the ballot-box.

Women have learned the same bitter lesson. We have no security while we have no vote. We are reckoned of no account in national affairs. We cry in vain for the redress of grievances and for urgently needed reforms. We suffer in liberty, in pocket, and in status, because we are not politically powerful. It is in vain for us to appeal to the House of Commons. The men who sit there are responsible to you, not to the women, and they declare that they are already much too busy looking after your interests. It is of no use to appeal to you on any special measure. You do not intend to be unjust, but you look after your own affairs first. The voteless woman, unrepresented, unable to defend her own interests, taxed and interfered with, is helpless and forgotten. She is driven to fight for herself.

For four years now she has been fighting for the vote as a rebel against oppression. For forty years patience and persuasion have been tried with little or no result, for forty years promises have been made to be broken, for forty years women have trusted and been betrayed. Now we must fight. We cannot share the responsibility for the continuance of the usages and laws under which women are branded and broken, while men escape. We cannot submit to see our poorer sisters robbed and sweated and underpaid. We must rebel, as a duty to ourselves, to our sisters, to our country.

Already this agitation has cost us much. It has cost us money and time and health and strength. We have not spared ourselves. For four years protest has followed protest, and sacrifice followed sacrifice. The country has had to pay, too. You have had to pay. The agitation has cost the country nearly a hundred thousand pounds, which the taxpayer has had to find. Public business has been interfered with, public officials worried and distressed, and all this has been your loss. The whole country has suffered because the late Government has refused to give women their right of voting.

The issue is now in your hands. You can decide if this oppressing, imprisoning, and torturing of women is to go on. You can decide if this great waste of public money is to continue. You can decide whether the women of the country are to be free and content or enslaved and rebellious. If women are not enfranchised our agitation must go steadily on. It will grow more vigorous, more active. The struggle will be worse for us but more costly and shameful for you. Will you bring it to an end? Will you give your mandate to the men returned to the new House of Commons? We ask it from you as a close and important duty. We ask you to settle this vexed question now, at this election time, before you are again committed to a period of rule by either party. We ask you to make sure that your vote is so cast at this election that it will ensure the enfranchisement of women during the next Parliament. You can do this. You can do it yet with honour. If you delay or demur the opportunity will pass, and while the duty will still have to be done the honour will not be yours. The shame of the Government has so far not been your shame, but if you do not give this mandate it will become yours. You will have taken it upon yourself. Do not let this be so. Give the mandate now. Vote only on condition that votes for women is to be a certain part of the new Parliament's work. Make this sure. Let all things else wait.

TERESA BILLINGTON-GREIG.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

William Owen (Ltd.), Westbourne Grove, W.

There is nothing in the way of personal necessities or house furnishings that cannot be obtained at William Owen's attractive premises in Westbourne Grove. A large stock of warm winter things, blouses, golf-jerseys, coats and hats in the colours of the League can be had there, and dainty, inexpensive frocks for evening wear. Lace goods and well cut underwear are also specialities. For the house the china department has many attractive lines. The Longton tea and breakfast services in good Staffordshire, ware with designs of natural coloured roses, have a peculiar advantage in that any piece, if accidentally broken, can be matched and replaced. The long-standing reputation of this firm gives a pleasant feeling of security to shoppers, who can be certain that everything they purchase is of good quality.

Llewellyn's Cuticle Fluid.

For busy women, who have no wish to spend a long time in manicure Llewellyn's cuticle fluid comes as a boon and a blessing. The cuticle which is usually such a difficulty around the base of the nail can be got rid of by simply applying the fluid, which, after one or two applications, prevents it growing any more, and thus does away with any necessity for using a scissors or knife, which often slips and injures the finger or nail. The fluid has also another useful property: it softens the tops of the fingers, which are inclined to harden, and renders them pliable. The price of the fluid is 1s. 3d. per bottle, and it can be obtained from Llewellyn's (Dept. 9), 112, New Oxford Street, W.C.

M. Finberg, Ladies' Tailor.

Moderate price and good cut are noticeable features of the work turned out by M. Finberg, 27, Goodge Street, off Tottenham Court Road, W. His clientèle varies from the smart woman who wants a number of changes and does not wish to spend a great deal on any one of them, to the busy woman who gets few suits, but wants them well cut and workmanlike in style. M. Finberg takes an immense amount of trouble with every order, and the result is invariably satisfactory.

The William Morris Press.

The William Morris Press, 42, Albert Street, Manchester, turns out exceedingly attractive work at very moderate prices. They make a speciality of social work, and their printing of reports, pamphlets, books, posters, &c., is clear and distinctive.

Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street.

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CRAFTSWOMEN AND "THE VOTE."

Those of our readers who responded to an invitation appearing in our columns two weeks ago, which was to lure all lovers of beauty to an exhibition of women's work, must have come away refreshed and stimulated, both by the inspiring words of Mrs. Despard, in an address on the subject of "Women's Work," and the work shown, which expressed itself in fabrics from hand looms, embroideries, and craft-work in metal and leather. Mrs. Mora Puckle and Miss Roberta Mills are to be congratulated on the success of their undertaking, and we trust that the studio at the Newman Art Gallery will give us other opportunities of a like nature.

We understand that it was intended to present flowers to Mrs. Despard, but the more practical idea of substituting copies of THE VOTE for every member of the audience was suggested and adopted. An excellent way of helping the cause and the paper, that, we are sure, was appreciated, both by Mrs. Despard and the recipients.

ELECTIONS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

It is the month of August, A.D. '79, and in spite of the fierce heat the town of Pompeii is humming with the excitement of the Borough Council Elections. Members of the Progressive and Municipal Reform parties chalk up the names of their candidates—"Vote for Trebius." "Vote for Priscus." "Vote for Vesonius Primus."—and one little lady stops her litter to record that "his little sweetheart" is "canvassing for Claudius"—"*Claudium ivtro animula facit.*"

And then before they went to poll came the stream of red-hot lava and swept them all away, burying them up for centuries, until the excavations have brought the daily life of the city so vividly back again, and the names of the forgotten candidates—of Claudius and his little sweetheart—have taken on a new lease of immortality.

Again last month we heard the same hum of the municipal elections. On the walls and in the windows we placarded the names of the candidates, and the masses of printed matter dropped through the letter-box vexed the soul of tidy housemaids. All day long eager men and women came canvassing with pencil and note-book, members of the Progressive League, members of the Municipal Reform League, members of the Middle Class Defence Association, personal friends whom I know to be good men and true, "Come out and canvass for us."

I explain that I never canvass on principle, as I am not good enough to be on the register, having no Parliamentary vote, because I am a woman, and no municipal vote because I am married, though the house is mine, and I have been twice elected by the parish to administer large precepts as poor law guardian.

Whatever sins are laid to my charge on the judgment day, that of exerting "irresponsible female influence" will not be one. One half hour of canvassing many years ago drove home to me the harm and the humbug of it.

Gallant men a little the worse for drink hiccoughed out that "They would vote for anyone if a lady asked them," and though I had no connection with the candidate either by consanguinity, affinity, or spiritual relationship, and had only warmed to my work with the sporting instinct of canvassers, a man looked at me with an amused grin, "You seem mighty anxious to get him in, missie; be he some sweetheart of yours?"

When I saw the dead girl's inscription at Pompeii I remembered the incident, and wondered sadly why politics seemed always bound up with "sweethearting," and how little progress women had made in these eighteen hundred years.

I went home after my brief experience as a canvasser disgusted with the farcical position of women at elections, and ploughed a lonely furrow of disdain, a Suffragette born out of due season. Since then a women's party has arisen, no longer for "sweethearting," no longer to beg and "sweedle," and cajole, but standing firm for their own rights, straight and honest and independent, oppos-

ing men who refuse justice to women—a party working shoulder to shoulder to win freedom for their sex.

MARGARET WYNNE NEVINSON.

NO VOTE, NO TAX.

On Christmas Eve a sale was held at 45, Parker Street, Kingsway, of jewellery seized in distraint for income-tax, which Miss Marie Lawson, managing director of the Minerva Publishing Co. and member of the National Executive Women's Freedom League, had refused to pay. Members of the W.F.L. and Mrs. How Martyn (Hon. Sec.) assembled to protest against the proceedings, and the usual policeman kept a dreary vigil at the open door. The day had been specially chosen by the authorities, who wished to prevent a demonstration, and the auctioneer, on his arrival, appeared to treat the whole affair as a joke, gently rallying the women on what he was pleased to term "the trouble they had given him in coming there." Mrs. How Martyn pointed out to him that the Government through its officials had shown itself at all times quite ready to go to an infinitude of trouble to appropriate the women's money, but had taken none to give them any voice in the expenditure of that money. These protests were being made with a special purpose to show the Government that taxes on earned income would not be paid by women workers unless the same return was made to them as to men, i.e., representation by means of votes.

In refusing to pay income tax women have a strong weapon against the Government, and the more protests of this kind and the more trouble the authorities are put to in collecting the money, the sooner will politicians realise the power that is behind the movement. If Suffragists would consider for a moment that in paying income-tax they are in a measure acquiescing in their present unfranchised condition

there would be a greater number of refusals to pay. Mr. Winston Churchill himself impressed on the passive resisters, in a speech at Dundee, the great value of this form of protest and what this astute young man regarded as likely to be successful in the hands of passive resisters is surely good enough for suffragists.

THE VERDICT WAS REVERSED.

The Queen, in reporting an "At Home" held by the "Antis," gives an account of Mr. and Mrs. Norris and Mr. Maconachie's motor campaign in the North of England. They seem to have had lively times. At Newcastle their motion was defeated when put to a meeting in a hall, but the next day an open-air meeting was held from the car, in the pig market, where the verdict was reversed. The "Antis" must have felt cheered!



TYPES OF ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS.

(Dedicated to the A.S.S.)

No. 5.—THE MAN WHO THINKS THAT "VOTES FOR WOMEN WOULD RUIN THE BEER INDUSTRY AND DESTROY THE EMPIRE."

OTHER SUFFRAGE SOCIETIES.

Suffrage Atelier.

Until the General Election is over the Suffrage Atelier has decided to concentrate its attention on designing and printing pictorial work (posters, cartoons, &c.), and to discontinue the meetings and demonstrations connected with its other work. The Cartoon Club meetings will be held, as usual, at the "Suffrage Atelier" Studio, 1, Pembroke Cottages, Edwardes' Square, on Wednesday afternoon, at 2.45. Any alterations in these arrangements will be notified.

N.W.S.P.U.

During the General Election the Monday afternoon meetings of the Women's Social and Political Union will be resumed on Monday January 3rd when Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and Miss Christabel Pankhurst will speak at St. James's Hall, Great Portland Street. After that date the meetings will be held in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, every Monday afternoon. Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Christabel Pankhurst will address the first evening meeting to-night (Thursday, December 30th) at St. James's Hall, at 8.10 p.m.

National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies.

The National Union has issued an election manifesto, in the course of which they say:—"... It accordingly becomes in the highest degree important to fill the new Parliament as far as possible with men, whether Conservative, Liberal, or Labour, who are sincere Women's Suffragists. Women's Suffrage is not, and never has been, a party question." In every constituency they will have an electors' petition, which simply asks for the removal of the sex disabilities, and which men of all parties can sign. The questions to candidates include queries concerning the inclusion of Women's Enfranchisement in election addresses, pressing the matter on party leaders, and the opposition of any extension to men which will not include women.

The Church League for Women's Suffrage.

The provisional date of the first general meeting is January 11th. The business will be to pass the Constitution and Rules, upon which members will be able to vote *in absentia*. At a local meeting of members resident in central London on December 21st, it was decided to hold meetings in this area during the General Election, at which the speakers should confine themselves to the why and wherefore of women's franchise. Hampstead members will meet at 28, Stanley Gardens, by the kind invitation of Miss Lord, on January 7th, to decide what can be done in this district during election time.—Hon. Organiser, Rev. C. Hinscliff, 11, St. Mark's Crescent, Regent's Park.

WHY THE LORDS THREW OUT THE BUDGET.

General Election Leaflet.

The following is an extract from a leaflet for use in the General Election, copies of which may be obtained from the Hon. Sec., Women's Freedom League, 1, Robert Street, Adelphi:—

"The *Liberals* have always claimed to be the upholders of Liberty and of free institutions. But their actions during the last four years prove that this has been merely lip-worship. The late Liberal Government has shown the world that it is as tyrannous an opponent of Liberty as ever was the House of Lords. It has employed the methods of the Russian Czar against the women who demand liberty.

"It has imprisoned nearly 500 women, including Mrs. Despard, in Holloway and provincial prisons.

"It has overridden the BILL OF RIGHTS by refusing to women the Right of Petition.

"It has turned a fire hose on a helpless woman weak from starvation.

"It is torturing women political prisoners in Holloway to-day by the stomach tube.

"The Lords have read the lesson to be learned from this policy. They have profited by the bad example shown them. The Liberals have violated the Constitution by their treatment of the women. The Lords have taken advantage of the situation, and have violated the Constitution by *throwing out the Budget*.

"The WOMEN'S FREEDOM LEAGUE calls upon you to teach the Liberal Party to be true to its own principles, to ENFRANCHISE WOMEN, and to cease Torturing Women Political Prisoners."

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 Hon. Treas. Miss S. BENETT
 Hon. Org. Sec. Mrs. T. BILLINGTON-GREIG
 Hon. Sec. Mrs. E. HOW MARTYN

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 Colours—GREEN, WHITE AND GOLD.

THE RISE OF THE WOMEN'S FREEDOM LEAGUE.

By Edith How Martyn.

(Continued from page 75.)

Deputations to Ministers.

The Committee of the League has always recognised that a protest to be effective must have a political motive, and must be directed against the Government. As Mrs. Despard said last January, "Laws—civil laws—we have been obliged to break. We recognise with many of the ancients that there are times and seasons in human history when civil disobedience is the highest duty we can offer to our generation. Moral law we have not broken. Not a single member of the Women's Freedom League has broken her pledged word."

Deputations to the Prime Minister and other members of the Cabinet have formed the chief feature in the struggle between the militant suffragists and the Government. At the beginning of the Session in January, 1908, simultaneous deputations waited on Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Sinclair, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Lewis Harcourt, in order to protest against the omission of Women's Suffrage from the King's Speech. The police interfered, and sentences varying from three to six weeks' imprisonment as common criminals were imposed on ten members of the League. To mark our appreciation of their bravery the "Holloway Badge" was designed and presented to them on their release, and every ex-prisoner is now the proud possessor of this Victoria Cross of the Suffrage Movement.

The Grille Protest.

In October of 1908 a deputation was sent to the House of Commons, and by taking the precaution of chaining themselves to the grille in the Ladies' Gallery Miss Muriel Matters and Miss Helen Fox were able to address the House of Commons for a few minutes without interruption. The attendants tore down portions of the grille, which were carried behind the women to a committee room for the chains to be filed off. At the same time a protest was made in the men's gallery and handbills thrown on to the floor of the House, while further protests were made in St. Stephen's Hall and entrance. All the galleries of the House were closed to visitors, and only re-opened months later. Twelve members were sent to prison in the third division for a month, but they were transferred in a few days to the second by the Home Secretary, in spite of his repeated statements that he cannot change the decision of the magistrates in these cases. The ingenuity and cleverness of the grille protest showed the futility of imagining that thousands of police can guard the House of Commons from the incursions of the Suffragette when she has made up her mind to get there. More extensive preparations were made for the deputation at the opening of the 1909 Session of Parliament. A great series of King's Speech meetings were held at which a resolution was carried demanding the

enfranchisement of women, and delegates were appointed by the various meetings to carry the resolutions to Mr. Asquith. These properly accredited delegates, representing thousands of people in all parts of the country, went, some to Downing Street and some to Westminster, but all shared the same fate—arrest and imprisonment. In direct contravention of the Bill of Rights, Mrs. Despard was arrested with Miss Fitzherbert and Miss Sidley in less than three minutes after their arrival at St. Sephen's entrance, and all sentenced to a month in the second division. Mrs. Despard, for obvious reasons, was released in five days, her health, which was perfectly good, being given as an excuse.

Picketing Protest.

The last deputation sent to the House of Commons had the most remarkable experience of all. The members of it approached the House just as their colleagues had done the previous February, but apparently the law had changed in the meantime, for while the authorities could not tolerate the delegates for three minutes in February, in July they allowed them to remain without interruption, moving on the curious crowds of people instead of, as heretofore, the women. Thus began the picketing of the House, the epical siege of Westminster, which was the astonishment and wonder of the thousands of visitors from all parts of the world. These came to gaze at, but remained to admire the unexampled endurance and patience shown by the women who waited in dignified silence for an audience with the chief public servant of the State.

The impossibility of intercepting Mr. Asquith at the House led to an extension of the picketing to Downing Street, where sooner or later an opportunity always presented itself for asking Mr. Asquith to take the Petition. This he found to be inconvenient, and on the usual pretext of "obstructing the police in the execution of their duty" women were sent to prison on three separate occasions. As there was no obstruction and no tumultuous gathering, we determined to test whether Parliament was prepared to put on one side the statute which says: "It is the right of the subject to petition the King and all commitments and prosecutions thereof are illegal." Therefore a deputation of eight, including Mrs. Despard, Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, and Mrs. Hicks, went to Downing Street with the usual purpose. They were allowed to remain for one day, but on the second were arrested and charged with obstruction. Mr. T. M. Healy pleaded the case in a logical, vigorous, and eloquent speech, but was not successful in making Mr. Curtis Bennett give a verdict in our favour. Forty shillings or a week—a comparatively light sentence for Suffragists—was imposed, bail being allowed pending an appeal to the High Court, which will probably be heard in January next. The decision given recently practically denies to women the constitutional Right of Petition, and we still have to see whether the Courts will also override the right to picket a public thoroughfare in pursuance of that object. This great historic protest was ended on October 28th. On that day the Ballot Box Protest was made, for which Mrs. Chapin and Miss Neilans are in prison to-day.

The Record Majority.

An important deputation waited on Mr. Asquith on May 21st, 1908, in connection with Mr. Stanger's Bill, which passed the House of Commons with a record majority of 179. A deputation of Liberal Members of Parliament was received by Mr. Asquith on May 20th to ask for facilities for the Bill. These he refused, but gave them instead his famous "pledge" that subject to many and various conditions a woman suffrage amendment might be allowed in a possible future Reform Bill. The worthlessness of this pledge was immediately proclaimed by the League, and within twenty-four hours a deputation waited at Downing Street. The members of the deputation were imprisoned, but the world knew that suffragists had exposed the latest attempt to deceive them by a hollow promise. Subsequent events have shown that the view they then took of this famous pledge was the right one.

(To be continued.)

SCOTTISH NOTES.

Head Offices: 302, SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

Hon. Treasurer: MRS. JULIA WOOD.

Office Secretary: MISS KIRBY.

Organisers: MISS ANNA MUNRO, MISS OLIVE ROBERTSON.

Telegrams: "Tactics," Glasgow. Nat. Telephone: 495 Douglas.

GLASGOW.—A meeting was held at the Centre on Tuesday, December 21st, to explain the Election Policy. Mrs. Billington-Greig presided, and there was a good attendance. After explaining the policy very thoroughly and replying to questions, Mrs. Billington-Greig asked for workers, and it was decided that in each of the Divisions of Glasgow one member should hold herself responsible with the assistance of friends for putting our question at every meeting of the candidates in her district. Each member present was given a collecting card, and all were urged to collect funds for election work. All members in and around Glasgow are requested to send in money to Miss Kirby, 302, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, who has been appointed Election Treasurer. Please let the response be generous, for we have no funds in hand for this purpose, and unless all help as much as they are able we shall not be able to do much. Miss Kirby will also be glad to receive offers of work from all who can give their time. Speakers, literature sellers, collectors, &c., are all wanted; everyone who can give her time will find there is a place for her.

SPRINGBURN BRANCH.—A meeting was held on Thursday, 23rd. There was a good attendance. The speaker was Miss Olive Robertson, who explained the election policy to such good purpose that many names of helpers were forthcoming for work in their own district.

DUNDEE BRANCH.—At Tuesday's meeting Miss Schofield was present, and briefly outlined the policy in connection with the forthcoming election. A deputation attended from the Men's Suffrage League, who intimated their willingness to attend candidates' meetings and ask questions on "Women's Suffrage." They also offered their help in other directions, as stewards at meetings, &c. Our shop in King Street is now open and doing satisfactory work, though we lack workers during the day. It was decided to have an "At Home" on the afternoon of January 14th, to meet Mrs. Billington-Greig. All members of the Branch are asked to call in at the Shop. There is something for everyone to do.

J. A. SMART.

EDINBURGH.—On Tuesday, December 14th, an afternoon "At Home" was held in the Café Vegetaria, Miss Hume Clapperton being hostess. The speaker was Miss A. B. Jack, who took for her subject the Conference on the Employment of Children, held by the Scottish Council for Women's Trades, which she had attended as delegate for the Branch. Her hearers could not fail to realise the need of Votes for Women in connection with such subjects. In the evening a Branch meeting was held, the chief business being the Conference Agenda. In pursuance of the General Election policy, the Secretary asked for a ticket for the Liberal Demonstration which was to have been addressed by Mr. Haldane on December 21st. The following letter appeared in the local papers:—

"Suffragettes and Cabinet Ministers.

"On Saturday, 11th inst, the secretary of the United Liberal Committee advertised that, ladies' tickets might be had for Mr. Haldane's meeting on the 21st, and on Monday, 13th, a request for a ticket was sent by me, as secretary of the Edinburgh Branch of the Women's Freedom League. It was stated that no interruption would take place, as this is contrary to the policy of our League, but that it was important for us as a Women's Suffrage Society to know from Mr. Haldane as a Cabinet Minister—not his views on this question, as these are already known—but what he

intends doing in the matter of enfranchising duly qualified women should he be a responsible Minister in the next Parliament. In reply the usual printed post-card was sent, intimating that no more ladies' tickets were available. The United Liberal Committee, therefore, has deemed it wise to flout an organised body of women interested in what Mr. Asquith himself has declared to be a 'relevant question for the forthcoming General Election,' and this fact deserves to be made known to the public, so that they may understand the reason for our active campaign of protest against Liberal Cabinet Ministers.—Alexia B. Jack, Hon. Sec., Edin. Br. W.F.L."

Our Jumble Sale realised £11, of which we hope to have about £9 of profit. Members are reminded that from January 11th there will be afternoon "At Homes" every Tuesday. These must be made widely known, particularly to friends who cannot attend evening meetings.

"AT HOMES."

It should be the aim of every member in and near London to bring at least *one friend* to our first indoor meeting in the New Year at Caxton Hall on *Thursday, January 6th*, at 3 p.m., when Mrs. Despard will speak. Miss Edith Craig and Mrs. Bexfield will be the hostesses.

FUTURE EVENTS.

LONDON.

Thurs., Dec. 30th **Battersea Free Library**: Miss Benett, 7.30.
 Fri., Dec. 31st 11.45 p.m., **Outside Holloway Prison**.
 Mon., Jan. 3rd **Battersea Public Library**: Mrs. Despard, 3.30.
 Wed., Jan. 5th **Battersea Public Library**: Mrs. Despard, 7.30.
 Thurs. Jan. 6th **Caxton Hall, Westminster**: Mrs. Despard, Mrs. How Martyn, 3 p.m.
 Thurs., Jan. 6th **Battersea Public Library**: Mrs. Despard, Mrs. Hicks, 7.30 p.m.
 Fri., Jan. 7th **Battersea Town Hall**: Mrs. Hicks.
 Sat., Jan. 8th 1, **Robert Street, Adelphi**: National Executive Committee.
 Mon., Jan. 10th **Battersea Public Library**: Mrs. Nevinson, 3.30 p.m.
 Tues., Jan. 11th **Latchmere Public Baths, Battersea**: Mr. Joseph Clayton, 7.30.
 Wed., Jan. 12th **Battersea Public Library**, 3.30 p.m.
 Thurs., Jan. 13th **Caxton Hall, Westminster**: "At Home," 3 p.m.
 Sat., Jan. 29th **Caxton Hall**: Annual Conference.
 Mon., Jan. 31st **National Executive Committee**, 1, Robert Street, Adelphi.
 Sun., Jan. 30th **Small Queen's Hall**, 3 p.m.
 Tues., Feb. 1st **Release of Miss Neilans**, Holloway Prison, 8 a.m.
 Tues., Feb. 1st **Caxton Hall**: Reception to Miss Neilans, Tickets 1s.
 Thurs., Feb. 24th **Release of Mrs. Chapin**, Holloway Prison, 8 a.m.
 General Election Meetings Daily in Poplar, Dulwich, and Battersea.

THE PROVINCES.

Jan. 9th.—Manchester, Mrs. Despard.
 Jan. 10th.—Tonbridge, Mrs. Despard.
 Jan. 11th.—Eastwood, Mrs. Despard.
 Jan. 12th.—Sheffield, Mrs. Despard.
 Jan. 13th.—Sunderland, Mrs. Despard.
 Jan. 14th.—Middlesbrough, Mrs. Despard.
 Jan. 15th.—Wigan, Mrs. Despard.
 General Election Meetings Daily at all the Special Centres.

SCOTLAND.

Tues., Jan. 11th **Café Vegetaria, Edinburgh**, "At Home."
 Fri., Jan. 14th **Dundee Branch "At Home"** to Mrs. Billington-Greig.
 General Election Meetings Daily at all the Special Centres.

All communications for the W.F.L. pages to be sent to the Press Secretary, 1, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C., not later than first post on Saturday morning.

THE GENERAL ELECTION CAMPAIGN.

The need for the carrying on of a special campaign in each of the constituencies on the list below is known to all our members but this cannot be done effectively without special gifts both of personal service and of money. Those who cannot give large donations can have collecting cards from the Hon. Treasurer and so help to raise the necessary £5,000.

Members who can give time should write at once to Mrs. Billington-Greig, Suffrage Centre, Glasgow, stating times when free. There is also plenty of work at the offices for all volunteers.

		Organiser in Charge
Battersea	Mr. John Burns	Mrs. Hicks
Poplar	Mr. Sydney Buxton	Miss Sidley
Cleveland	Mr. H. Samuel	Miss Leyson
Dewsbury	Mr. W. Runciman	Miss Farquharson
Northumberland	Sir E. Grey	
(Berwick)		
Liverpool (Walton)	Mr. F. E. Smith	
Worcestershire, East	Mr. Austen	Mrs. Manson (at Chamberlain Redditch)
Dundee	Mr. Winston Churchill	Miss Schofield
East Fife	Mr. H. H. Asquith	Miss Munro
Haddington	Mr. R. B. Haldane	
Carnarvon	Mr. D. Lloyd George	Miss Matters
Glamorgan (Mid.)	Sir S. Evans	
Monmouth (North)	Mr. R. McKenna	Miss Bremner
Montgomery Boroughs	Mr. J. D. Rees	Miss Hicks

Helpers are urgently needed at all the centres.

BATTERSEA.—Committee Room, Newland Terrace, 169, Queen's Road (Lavender Hill tramcar from Charing Cross). Shop, 399, Battersea Park Road (Clapham Junction tramcar from Charing Cross).

CARNARVON.—Committee Rooms, 21, High Street.

DUNDEE.—52, King Street.

PROPAGANDA BY LEAFLETS.

The following leaflets are ready, and excellent propaganda work can be done by a careful and judicious distribution of them. Those who cannot address meetings need not think that they cannot take their share in the work of educating the electors. Send for copies, have them reprinted and scattered as widely as possible, from now till the end of the General Election, or send to the office a postal order (at the rate of 6d. a 100) for as many as you can use:—

Mrs. Despard's Letter to the Women of Great Britain. Is Political Agitation a Crime?

GENERAL ELECTION LEAFLETS.

- No. 1: The Manifesto.
- No. 2: The Reasons Why.
- No. 3: Why the Lords Threw Out the Budget.
- No. 4: To Men Sympathisers.
- No. 5: Who are the People?
- No. 6: What about Representative Government?
- No. 7: An Appeal to the Voters.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

Our Dundee branch is eagerly preparing for the contest which commences in real earnest in the first week of the New Year. The shop is now open daily, and schemes are afoot to make it the real Suffrage centre in the coming fight. Our Branch members are most willing and eager to help, but assistance is required from outside. There will be a fortnight of really strenuous work, and many speakers will be needed. Dundee has been making history in the Suffrage movement. It remains to add the master-stroke to the fine work that has been done. Remember we want workers and money to win a glorious victory. Will all who desire to help please communicate with the organiser, at 52, King Street, Dundee?

Alice Schofield.

WORK IN MANCHESTER.

Manchester, Swinton, and Sale branches, having rested during the Christmas holidays, will meet in full force on Thursday, December 30th, at 9, Albert Square (Women's Trades Union Council Room) to discuss plans for the election Campaign. Meanwhile negotiations are on foot for committee rooms during the election fortnight. To cover the expenses £200 must be raised at once, and this need not be difficult if every member will realise the gravity of the crisis.

Replies have been received from fifteen candidates out of the twenty-two to whom circulars were sent. Those of the Labour candidates are satisfactory. Liberals and Conservatives vary very widely in their attitude. The three following will be of special interest to readers of THE VOTE, as they indicate three hills of difficulty in our path towards success. The first is happily surmounted.

From Sir William Crossley, M.P. (Liberal) Altrincham division of Cheshire:—

"Glenfield, Altrincham, Cheshire, December 17th.

"Dear Miss Manning,—As I see you are to speak at Sale to-night, perhaps it is hardly fair to you to let you suppose that I am still undecided as to whether to include Suffrage in my election address. I have now promised to do so. My only reason for holding back was that I did not want to give opponents, who object to Suffrage, another stick to beat me with. However, let them have it. I have always been in favour of Women's Suffrage, and I sincerely trust there may be a chance of getting it if we go up in strength.—Sincerely yours

(Signed) W. J. CROSSLEY."

From Hilaire Belloc, Esq., M.P. (Liberal) South Salford:—

"King's Land, Shipley, Horsham, December 6th.

"Dear Madam,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 3rd instant. In my opinion the agitation to which you refer is grossly immoral, and I will have nothing to do with it.—I am, your obedient servant

(Signed) H. BELLOC."

From Arthur Colefax, Esq., Conservative Candidate, S.W. Manchester:—

"85, Onslow Square, S.W.

"Dear Miss Manning,—I am afraid the issues of the moment do not permit of the question to which you allude occupying the attention of those to whom I should in any event be alone responsible on such a question—viz., the electors of my own constituency.—Yours very faithfully,

ARTHUR COLEFAX."

Manchester members and sympathisers! In order to make candidates see the urgency of our demand we want £200 and fifty workers for January. M. E. MANNING.

SPECIAL MEETINGS.

Mrs. Chapin and Miss Neilans were delighted to hear of the New Year's Eve meeting, and will be thinking of us all the time. Will all members who live in the neighbourhood please spend a few hours chalking the pavement "Votes for Women, outside Holloway Prison 11.45 Friday night," and also tell all who are in the habit of attending watch-night meetings.

A reception to Miss Neilans will be given at Caxton Hall on her release on February 1. Tickets, 1s. each, can be obtained from the office. Will friends kindly apply for some on sale or return?

A NEW PAMPHLET.

The latest pamphlet which has been added by the Literature Department to its stock is one by our Hon. London Organiser, Mrs. Borrmann Wells, "America and Woman Suffrage." This pamphlet supplies a long-felt want by indicating the general effect on politics and legislation in those States where the woman's vote is a real influence. An ounce of experience is worth a ton of argument, and the results of this experience cannot easily be got at elsewhere. Emphatically a pamphlet which no Suffragist can afford to be without. Price 1d., from the Literature Department, 1, Robert Street.