

# THE CATHOLIC SUFFRAGIST

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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

—Francis Thompson.

## THE DAWN.

BY MARY FENNELL.

Some few years ago I saw a picture of the impressionist school, the details of which are still easily recalled. In the foreground of rough newly-made furrows, over which she had painfully moved, was a woman prematurely aged by care or toil, or both: the face was rather haggard and the form attenuated, but the eyes held one's attention—they were wonderful and were straining over the darkened fields of flat country towards the eastern sky, where the first glimmer of a new day was faintly visible. The whole composition had been subordinated to the woman's soul looking out steadily from her wide-opened lustrous eyes. What the painter meant exactly to represent I do not remember, nor is it of any moment, for the idea evoked must be common to much in humanity, viz., hope after trial, confidence after suffering, trust in the future, despite the sacrifices, nay, because of the sacrifices of the past.

And it seems to me to-day that the woman's figure very aptly represents the Suffrage Movement; suffrage, too, has moved painfully over the rough furrows made for her feet by unjust law, stupid prejudice and crafty politicians; she, too, looks out over a wide expanse, where effort has been added to effort, fight to fight; she, too, has worn herself in labour, but not so as to quench the soul fires that animate her; and suffrage, too, is looking, alas! over a great waste of all things human, effort and will—suffering and life caused by the great war, towards a New Day when women shall take their place side by side with men as full citizens of this our common and glorious land. Plain to see

are the heralds of this Dawn: old prejudices, standing long in the path of the industrial woman, have been swept away by the rising tide of necessity; women, as never before, have come to the aid of the country and are found in factory and workshop—in the fields—in the public transport service, in banks and offices everywhere; indeed, where there is any work to be done for King and Country. And everywhere their adaptability and capability are earning the same chorus of praise: "The women are splendid, they are helping to win the War."

But this very chorus is a danger to our cause, it may be a very great one, for it may easily prevent many women from recognising that the goal is not yet reached, will not be reached till woman's enfranchisement is *on the statute book*. This is a time of flux and change, and suffragists must prepare to hold on most tenaciously till the position is won; many prejudices have been thrown into the melting pot, *but not all* have been so disposed of.

Women's Suffrage as a non-party question has hitherto suffered disability from this very fact, but this disability has disappeared with the coming into being of a Coalition Government, and the formation of the new parliamentary register will offer, it seems to me, an unique opportunity to the friends of Women's Franchise to press for a favourable settlement.

The simplest, as it is also the most just, procedure would be to make the new conditions applicable to women on equal terms with men. The Prime Minister has stated in the House that the Government have under

consideration to extend the franchise to every soldier and sailor who has fought in the war; but if the soldier, why not the munition maker? And if the man munition maker be so rewarded, why not the woman fellow worker? The logic of the situation is unanswerable. Mr. Asquith, indeed, has since acknowledged very frankly and fully that the women's claim can no longer be denied.

But besides the inherent right to the franchise to which all suffragists hold, women have a very special claim to be heard when the time comes to discuss the terms of peace. The women of the nation have given of their best in giving the life blood of their dear ones. Like Portia, they bleed from a voluntary wound self-inflicted, they have given "strong proof of constancy" by countless acts of self-sacrifice, and they claim in return to be admitted to the national council—to know, to weigh, and to pronounce upon the justice and efficacy of the terms which will close the great war and prevent a recurrence for the rising generation. For there is no greater fallacy than that which says war is not a woman's question. Not hers, indeed, the ambition, the lust of power, the cruelty that so often makes war; yet it is, I would almost say *pre-eminently*, a woman's question, because in war she is the greatest sufferer. She is its earliest victim, as she is also the most innocent; war sets its heel on woman's work in life,—it destroys where she builds up, it inflicts wounds, the pain of which she assuages, it deals death, whereas she gives life. Hence it is that she has a right inalienable to her mission to a share in formulating terms of peace. If when that time comes it finds her, as we hope, a free citizen, the way to exert her influence will be plain, and in any case a way must be found by which the women of England can influence public opinion in this matter.

Besides the peace terms there is a whole army of industrial questions that will press for settlement the moment peace is signed. The flower of our manhood has gone, alas! never more to return, and so men and women must learn to share in the work of the nation as they have shared its anxieties. Never again must the economic value of woman's labour be thrust out of sight, or worst still, be left at the mercy of the sweater, to be exploited to his benefit.

And in connection with this new factor in our economic life I should like to call attention to a fact which to thoughtful people begins to wear a very sinister significance. I allude to the increasing interference of the State in all things that affect the liberty of the individual. It is undoubtedly the German influence making itself felt among the governing class, and it is more than likely that the victorious Britain which will emerge from this war will be a Britain altered materially—disciplined by self-sacrifice and great effort. But it will be merged in a more powerful State control. This fact will, I think, powerfully react to the detriment of woman and her cause, unless, by her co-operation during the period of struggle, she gains her share in the directing of State affairs.

Again, in many of the social reforms that must come—for the new distribution of labour will be followed by the housing question and that by education—women must and should make their influence felt. If we are to have more State control, let it at least not be one-sided. As a recent writer has pointed out, "A one-sided view of co-operation and organization has produced a degenerate among the nations." Let us not follow in those base footsteps.

And, more than all else, in the New Day that will dawn for us all—a Day lit up by the rays of Peace—in which we shall labour to rebuild the fabric of our social system, women can aid in destroying the German influence, the cancer that has eaten into our national life in the last twenty years. The materialism so characteristic of the Teuton is the most deadly enemy of woman. It is seen in our theatres, where the subject is "le sempiternel ménage à trois"—his violence reigns in the cinema shows that are perverting our children and youths in the great cities, as his shoddy goods in our great stores and his financiers in high places! Let the women of Britain insist on the expulsion, not only of the German from amongst us, but of all his means of influence; and let them see to it that the old ideals, sweet to all, of duty, truth and fair dealing come into their own again. Let a woman only be steadfast and there is nothing she cannot do—for she *can* be strong, and her strength is all the greater because it is of the spirit. And the spirit dieth not.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

When, shortly before the outbreak of war, the Prime Minister, as a result of Miss Sylvia Pankhurst's hunger-strike, consented to receive a deputation of East End workers who laid their grievances before him, many of us thought his obduracy was nearing breaking point. His conversion to woman suffrage, if it can be called so, is a notable event, which is not entirely due to the war. But faith without works never carried anyone far; if Mr. Asquith were to employ in obtaining justice for women a fraction of the energy he has devoted to perpetuating injustice we might hope for victory soon. It is well known that but for his opposition women would have had the vote by now. Commenting on the Prime Minister's power, Miss Nina Boyle, in *The Vote*, says: "Mr. Gulland's frank boast that the Prime Minister's change of mind had greatly altered the situation is a study in cool effrontery. The men who profess to believe in democracy have never yet let the cat so completely out of the bag. It was always pretended that the time was not ripe, or more important matters were afoot, or the country had not given a mandate. But now the truth is revealed in its nakedness; one man's prejudice stood between the country and other men's principles; between the women of the race and their just rights. No Eastern potentate, no Kaiser, no Balkans princeling, has ever wielded more autocratic rule."

But it is not only Mr. Asquith who has changed; there has been a remarkable alteration in the tone of even what was formerly the anti-suffrage press. While welcoming this change of attitude, we would point out that the vote has never been a reward for good conduct; if it had been the electorate might possibly have been reduced long since. The vote is a right, and as such we claim, and have always claimed it.

A Consultative Committee of Constitutional Women's Suffrage Societies was formed in London on May 5th, 1916, at a meeting convened by the National Union. Seventeen societies, including our own, are represented on this Committee, which has been appointed in the first instance for the

duration of the war. The objects are: (1) To collect and communicate to each other information of mutual interest respecting the activities of the constituent societies, or the political situation generally. (2) To consult together over questions of future policy or methods of action. The proceedings of the Consultative Committee are confidential. In another column we publish the letter forwarded to the Prime Minister, signed by fourteen Constitutional Societies, including the C.W.S.S.

It is stated that representatives of the Suffrage Societies are to be invited to take part in the Electoral Reform Conference which is to assemble in September at the offices of the Local Government Board.

The Dockers' Union has sent the following resolution to the Prime Minister:—

"This Executive Council of the Dock, Wharf, Riverside and General Workers' Union pledges itself to support the women of the country in their efforts to obtain recognition as citizens, and calls upon the Government to include women as voters in any amendment or addition to the Registration Act."

In commenting recently upon the terrible ravages of venereal disease, and of the grave problem which will arise upon the return of our armies, the *Universe* puts forward a brave suggestion: "What, then, are we to do to safeguard the future wives and mothers? There is one plan, novel and drastic as it may seem, which appears to us to be the only sure means of effecting this object, and it is the duty of the Government to legislate accordingly. In every marriage let the bridegroom be under a legal obligation to present a clean bill of health as far as this particular disease is concerned. No honourable man would desire to evade such an obligation, or take offence at its imposition." That is a brave suggestion, as we have said, but if we are to have health certificates upon marriage, they must obviously apply to both bride and bridegroom. Women have learnt by long and painful experience the evils of one-sided legislation, and they will not be a party to any laws discriminating against either sex.

## THE CATHOLIC WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETY,

Office: 55, BERNERS STREET, LONDON.

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

### BLESSED JOAN OF ARC.

No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,  
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

A friend, recently returned from Paris, brings me a book, with the request to say something about it. To say "something" is not difficult, to write anything worthy of the subject is. For the book is M. Barrès' "Autour de Jeanne Arc," a series of essays to be sold on behalf of the soldiers who have fought and suffered for France, the France for which the holy Maid suffered and died.

I shall not be misunderstood if I say that I particularly enjoy a man's appreciation of Blessed Joan, for she inspires true chivalry, a much abused word, standing for a really beautiful quality. You find the true note in Andrew Lang's reverent picture of Jeanne. But when the man who writes of her is a Frenchman, when he is an artist, when he is a devout believer in her eternal mission, then something of the poetry and tragedy, of the divine beauty of her life, must be apparent to the most spiritually blind.

We follow M. Barrès on his pilgrimage to Domremy, we see with his eyes, we breathe the very atmosphere of Jeanne's native land. "Que l'on est bien en mai dans le jardin de l'heroique Jeanne." But he will have no fictitious happiness, no spangles and tinsel, no theatrical trappings to shut out the tragedy of her life—she was born to suffer. If there is a tragic spot veiled in sombre vapours, it is the Church where the Maid was baptized. Domremy is no hollow empty landscape, but a land pregnant with spirit. M.

Barrès hears Jeanne speaking through her native land; repeating to himself her answers at her trial, he finds the landscape attuned to the beauty and simplicity of the rustic maiden. Jeanne was a great poet, he cries, who came to this desert to receive orders from her Voices.

But he does not wish to explain the Maid by her family, birthplace or race. Though the landscape is in harmony with the heroine's thought, it could neither contain nor hold her. It is the interior law of genius that when the hour strikes it should become a stranger to the land that bore it, and rise like a migratory bird into the heavens. But may we not say that it is at such a moment that a genius becomes the possession not of one race, but of humanity? For our heroic Patron is the glory of womanhood and all men pay homage to her.

In the fourth essay, M. Barrès tells us something of the difficulties which have beset the making of a national festival in honour of Jeanne d' Arc. All unite in praise and gratitude, yet the French people have waited thirty years for this act of love and faith, which should give expression to the popular worship of the heroic girl. Not one of the opponents of the national wish had a word to say against the martyr herself, they were ready to bestow love and admiration on her, but they feared the spiritual power which exhales from her life. Nevertheless M.

Barrès feels that some instinct caused the delay, an instinct which waited for the appointed hour to strike. That hour has come in the renewal of the eternal miracle of France, the sacred union of the French people in face of a brutal foe. He calls on his countrymen to group around the Maid, a mirror of valour, goodness, integrity, sacrifice, and proclaim with unanimous voice that the property of power is not to enslave, but to deliver and protect.

In the alliance of England and France M. Barrès sees, too, the moment opportune to do homage to the Maid, for was it not her devout wish that these two great nations should fight together for the defence of Christendom? Jeanne d'Arc is a living force, worthy to represent much more than a national reconciliation. This superhuman woman, full of divine pity, must be raised in contrast to the unworthy superman, in whose diabolical savagery Germany has found delight. May she be as a standard, he cries, raised above the peoples united for the triumph of civilization.

We'll set thy statue in some holy place,  
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:  
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.

L. DE ALBERTI.

### Letter sent to the Prime Minister by the undersigned Constitutional Suffrage Societies.

Sir,—While much regretting that you are unable to see us personally, we now, as suggested by your letter of the 1st inst., have the honour to submit the following statement of the principal points which we desired to lay before you.

We desire to make it plain that this issue is not of our raising, but it has been forced upon us by the declared intention of the Government to deal with questions of registration, possibly including electoral reform.

If these intentions are limited to ensuring that men who are already on the Parliamentary Register should not be disqualified by reason of absence on war service, we should not oppose such legislation.

But if the proposals made are such as to establish a new voting qualification, or by means of changes in the period of residence to add a number of new names to the register, then we feel that our own issue is inextricably involved, and that we cannot stand aside. Our reasons for holding this view are, briefly, as follows:—

1. Parliament does not lightly touch the thorny question of electoral reform, and if dealt with now a fresh reconsideration may be indefinitely postponed.
2. The inclusion of great numbers of new men

voters intensifies the injustice and anomaly of the exclusion of all women.

3. The injustice of such exclusion—always great and for long keenly felt—will become more intolerable than ever after the war, when the problem of the readjustment of men's and women's labour has to be faced. It is impossible to ignore the fact that the entry of large numbers of women into skilled occupations hitherto closed to them, and the discovery by employers of the great value of their labour, may possibly produce an apparent clashing of interests between the sexes, and that in the solution of the problems that will arise the aid of Parliament may be invoked. It is contrary to every principle of British justice, as well as of democratic government, that such an issue should be dealt with by a body upon which two of the three parties to the dispute—employers and the men workers—are fully represented, but over which the women workers have no control.

Upon this and other problems of reconstruction after the war, we claim the right of women to a direct influence upon Parliament.

If a new qualification is to be established based on services in the war then the claim of women to share in such a qualification cannot be ignored. The services they have rendered to the country have been so amply acknowledged both by the Ministers mainly responsible for the direct conduct of the war and by those responsible for the maintenance of the country's industry, that we need not labour this point. We cannot believe that the compliments that have been so paid to women have been empty words.

But there is another body of women who deserve, we think, even better of the country than the munition and industrial workers and field labourers, and they are the women who have given their husbands and sons ungrudgingly to its defence.

Our organisations remain unweakened, and our belief in our cause, inspired as it has always been by our desire for fuller service, has only deepened in intensity during this time of trial. In the settlement of the problems that lie in the future we claim our share, and we claim that women have proved themselves worthy of it.—We have, sir, the honour to be,

Your obedient servants,

(Signed)—Mary Whitty (Actresses' Franchise League), Florens Roch (Catholic Women's Suffrage Society), F. Shewell Cooper (Church League for Women's Suffrage), Maud Selborne (Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association), Jane E. Strickland (The Free Church League for Women's Suffrage), J. Spring Rice (Irish Women's Suffrage Federation), Eva McLaren (Liberal Women's Forward Union), Herbert Jacobs (Men's League for Women's Suffrage), Evelyn M. L. Atkinson (National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies), Adeline M. Chapman (New Constitutional Society for Women's Suffrage), Annie G. Ferrier (Scottish Churches League for Women's Suffrage), Frances H. Simpson (Scottish University Woman Suffrage Union), Bertha Brewster (United Suffragists).

The Office Rent Fund is held over till next month. More subscriptions needed.

B. GADSBY,

55, Berners Street,  
Oxford Street, W.

## THE POWER OF THE IDEA.

So much has been heard recently of that national philosophy which teaches that Might is Right, and that justice must ever bow to brute force, that it is a relief, in spite of the tragedy there unfolded, to turn to the story of a country whom no adversity, no suffering, has been able to weaken in pursuit of her ideal, and to prove again to oneself that the idea is in nations as in individuals the moving factor and that no power of violence or oppression can uproot the spirit of liberty from a freedom-loving people.

Miss Monica Gardner, in her book\* *Poland—A Study in National Idealism*, traces the tragedy of Poland's history through the work of her great prophet-poets of the nineteenth century—a thing of tears, anguish and bloodshed, yet of dauntless heroism and courage. At a time when the mere speaking of Polish was a crime, when the possession of a Polish book or the study of national history were punishable by prison or Siberia, the works of the great poets, written in exile, in suffering and poverty, and circulated by stealth, were largely instrumental in keeping alive the flame of devotion and patriotism which filled the youth of oppressed Poland.

Miss Gardner's prose renderings from the poets' works are throughout singularly beautiful, lacking entirely that heaviness and want of life that so frequently mar translations. Her chapter on Mickiewicz will, one feels sure, urge many a reader to the study of the Polish language, if only to read this wonderful poet in the original.

The intense attraction of Mickiewicz's poetry comes not only from the nobility of his sentiment, the sympathy and depth of his thought, and the beauty of his language, but also from the virility and enthusiasm with which his message is conveyed. Amid so much that is spiritual and mystic, the reality of things is constantly brought home to the reader and with a vigour which seems of eternal youth. Mickiewicz's main theme, whether symbolic or openly expressed, is ever of Poland and her sorrows, and through it shines always the charm of his own personality—his love of Nature, his optimism under circumstances which would have crushed a

Burns and Oates, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.

weaker man, his passionate scorn for the low or selfish motive, his disinterestedness and generosity. "Happy is he," he wrote when but twenty-two, "who, fallen in the midst of his career, makes of his dead body a rung of the ladder for others to attain the garden of glory." This quotation occurs in Miss Gardner's glowing passage from the celebrated *Ode to Youth*, which became the Marseillaise of the youth of Poland in the rising of 1830. It is to be regretted, however, that space has not been found for an extract from that delightful poem *Farys*.

It is in his drama *Ancestors* that Mickiewicz has left a monument, written in his own heart's blood, to the sufferings of the young manhood of Poland. After the passage of many years he described, with the intensity of present anguish, his early imprisonment and the heart-rending scenes which he had witnessed in his youth. Listen to this—prisoners are starting on their journey to Siberia:

"They brought out Janczewski. He was disfigured, he had grown thin, but somehow strangely ennobled. He who, a year ago, had been a mischievous, pretty little boy, to-day gazed out of his prison cart . . . with proud, dry and calm eyes. Now he seemed to be comforting the sharers of his bondage. Now he bade farewell to the people with a bitter but gentle smile, as though he would tell them: 'I do not mind much.' The cart started, they lashed up the horse. He took his hat from his head, he stood up, and shouted three times: 'Poland hath not perished yet.'"

What suffragist is not familiar with such a spirit? But there is worse to follow. A prisoner has been restored to his family:

"Not long ago, I met him driving outside the town. They told me it was he, for I did not know him. He had grown fat, but it was a horrible fatness. He was swollen by bad food and poisonous air. His cheeks were puffy, yellow, and pale. His forehead was wrinkled as if he were half-a-century old; he had lost all his hair. I bade him welcome. He did not know me. He did not wish to speak to me. I told him who I was. He looked at me without seeing me. When I spoke of the details of our old acquaintance he fixed his eyes inquiringly on me. Ah! all that he had suffered in his torments by day and all that he had thought through his sleepless nights, I knew it all in that one minute from his eyes."

Space forbids a longer quotation from this famous passage, but it rends the soul. Women, who under a free constitution have had their dear ones delivered torture-racked

from the prison gates, can understand more than most the terrible position of the Polish patriots. It may be mentioned here that in the Polish risings men and women fought side by side; women, too, were on the slightest provocation imprisoned, exiled or put to death. The enthusiastic patriotism of the women stands out through the history of Poland, and is sufficiently proved by the order of the German Government forbidding its officials to marry Polish wives, so invariably in such marriages did the German develop Polish sympathies.

As in the history of the Poles the most striking feature is their unwavering belief in the ultimate success of their cause, so the keynote of the poets is ever a wonderful optimism. Their theme is of sorrow, but their message is of hope. Thus Miss Gardner writes:

"Material strength meant little to a man like Mickiewicz. The power of the idea was everything. It mattered nothing that at the moment he wrote this book (*Book of the Polish Pilgrimage*) no visible sign of Poland's resurrection could be discerned on the political horizon. He believed with full confidence that the moment of her triumph and the consequent spiritual rebirth of the universe was approaching."

This central motive of hope and faith is even more striking in Krasinski, a poet of a very different character. Intensely sensitive, the doubts and difficulties which assailed him in his private life oppressed him in a way they could not have a stronger or less highly strung nature—yet he never despaired. Torn between his passionate love for Poland and his loyalty to a father who turned his back on his country in her need and accepted favours from the hand of her oppressor, Krasinski passed his youth in the most acute anguish of mind. Finally he permitted himself to compromise, refraining from a rupture with his father, yet as the Anonymous Poet spending his life and genius in the service of his countrymen, who looked always to their great poets for inspiration. Krasinski's message to his country is that of love and universal brotherhood, but in spite of its beauty and high moral tone, it savours a little of "Be good sweet maid, and let who will take action," and one does not wonder that Mickiewicz's sterner philosophy was preferred by the enthusiasts of Poland's cause.

Krasinski sees Poland ever as the chosen

country of God, which out of suffering will rise to great heights. Thus in his *Psalm of Faith*:

"Some are chosen before all others to combat for Thy beauty on the earth; to carry the cross in a bloodstained track; to give out the more love and greater brotherhood in exchange against the murderer's knife. Such a one, oh, God, is Thy Polish nation. Though the world gives her such pain that she could even doubt of hope, may she hold out in this unheard-of suffering. For she is surely anointed in Thy spirit, for she is surely Thy high priest on this earth, if she will understand that Thou lovest without bounds those sons whom Thou dost crown with thorns."

It is interesting to note that one of the few intimate friends of Krasinski's youth was a distinguished Englishman, Henry Reeve, who later, as Editor of the *Edinburgh Review* and leader-writer on the *Times*, exercised a profound influence on English social and political life.

Miss Gardner's chapters on Mickiewicz and Krasinski occupy, as is natural, the larger portion of her volume, but three other poets, Slowacki, Zaleski and Ujejski are treated in some detail, the chapter on Slowacki's *Anhelli* being of particular interest.

The chief feeling that remains with the reader at the end of this inspiring book is that Poland, in her long fight, stands as the embodiment of liberty, justice and independence, and that if she be allowed to be permanently lost, these principles must themselves be lost in Europe. Russia, freed from Prussian influence, stands now on the side of freedom, and has promised to redress her past treatment of Poland. Who can doubt then that in the end the spirit will triumph, and that the faith that has not faltered in the day of adversity will receive its reward; who will not rather say with Miss Gardner in her interpretation of Krasinski's *Dawn*: "Poland cannot die, for she has risen above the storms of this world to the land of the idea. They who do not live by the idea shall perish without hope. All that is visible to the eye alone must be destroyed, but the idea shall not pass away." V. S. LAUGHTON.

Miss Kathleen Burke, of the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals, who has been awarded the decoration of the Golden Palms, is, we are proud to say, one of our earliest members. She has been made an "Officier de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux Arts." A very interesting report of Miss Burke's work appeared in a recent issue of the "Common Cause."

## REVIEWS.

Anyone who is inclined to enthuse over the glories of war, if any such person is still extant, should read Miss Violetta Thurstan's book, "The People who run" (Putnam, 2/6), an account of the Russian refugees flying before the German advance. "The greatest tragedy of the war is not seen upon the battlefield"—the book bears out its motto. Those of us who heard Miss Thurstan lecture on her experiences among the refugees know that it is impossible to listen dry-eyed to the appalling story of the sufferings of these innocent people. In describing some of the loathsome barracks in which this mass of suffering humanity were herded Miss Thurstan says: "The physical evil in the barracks is open and patent for all the world to see, but the moral evil that goes on in some of the dark, noisome tenements, with their filth-holes and dark cupboards is veiled from sight and can only be hinted at and whispered. Those who made this war will have much to answer for, some day, for the souls of the innocent strangers and pilgrims who have been enticed into evil."

Men and women, girls and youths, sane and insane, sick and healthy, a promiscuous mass. Add to this the men wounded and slain—what brain can grasp the vastness of this human hecatomb, crying to heaven for vengeance? The one bright spot in this record of suffering is the untiring zeal of charitable men and women to stem the tide of human agony, to staunch the wounds and succour the broken and the desolate. Of that most Christian charity Miss Thurstan herself is an example.

The Second Picture of the War (Y.W.C.A., 7d. net) gives a vivid description of the second army, the army of women, without whom the armies in the field would collapse. In a series of vivid sketches we are given the conditions, the terrible conditions, under which many of these girls and women labour. In endeavouring to provide shelter (sometimes the girls have been obliged to sleep in the streets), cheap meals and recreation for these over-strained workers, the Y.W.C.A. is doing a great and noble work. It would have been so much easier to fall in behind the drums and concentrate on working for our soldiers and sailors, who have, no doubt, a great claim on our gratitude, but so have the girls and their needs are as urgent. We have heard much, even from ministers of religion, concerning the temptations our girls put in the way of the soldiers, what of the other side of the picture? The Y.W.C.A. has not forgotten that. The times are abnormal—the girls are young, over-worked and over-strained. In providing them with recreation, and with the means of entertaining their men friends in decent surroundings, the Y.W.C.A. are doing a work for which may God reward them. But for this work funds are needed and subscriptions may be sent to Lord Sydenham, 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W. If the Y.W.C.A. appeals in vain it will be a disgrace to the nation, which has called the women from their homes and left them unprovided for. With fine simplicity the Y.W.C.A. request all who read the book to ask themselves, "Lord, what would'st Thou have me to do?"

"The Shield" for July contains a number of articles which should be of great interest to social reformers. Miss Marsh and Mr. Osborne write on "Sex Education of the Young," Dr. Helen Wilson on the "Ideals of Parenthood." Mr. John Cowen, who was instrumental in closing the segregated quarters in Colombo and elsewhere, gives a report on

immorality in Rangoon. "He describes," says an Editorial, "a state of things which we hope is unparalleled in the British Empire. The open toleration of sexual vice under official sanction amounts to official encouragement, and the resulting conditions must be disastrous to the health and the morals both of the European and Indian population, demoralising to the police and other officials, and dangerous to British prestige." When will women be powerful enough to sweep away this disgraceful system not only throughout the British Empire but throughout the globe?

Father Robert O'Loughran's new book, "Cain's Rival," has just been published by Messrs. Washbourne, Paternoster Row, London, and can be obtained by post for 2s. 9d. The author is already well known from his other books, and especially as a very convincing lecturer. On several occasions he has lectured before Catholic and non-Catholic audiences both in England and in Ireland.

As an Irishman he is a *persona grata* with the Irish party. Two years ago one of his books, which bore an Introduction by Joseph Devlin, M.P., was dedicated to John Redmond, M.P. Father O'Loughran is now at the Catholic Church, Reading, having left Portsmouth recently.

## LONDON AND BRANCHES.

Office: 55, Berners Street, London. Hours, 3-30 to 5-30. Saturdays, 10 to 1. Other times by appointment. Library books 2d. per volume. Holy Mass will be offered to the intentions of the Society (for Peace and all who have died in the war) at St. Patrick's, Soho, at 10-30 on Sunday, October 1st. The Secretary will be glad to receive the names of any members who intend to be present at the Catholic Truth Society Conference which is to be held in Manchester in October.

LIVERPOOL & DISTRICT.—Hon. Sec., T. M. Browne, M.A., University Hall, Fairfield. Members of our Branch have sold the "Catholic Suffragist" at Chester, Wrexham, and Bangor, during the holidays. The Secretary will be glad to receive the names of any Liverpool members who are attending the Catholic Truth Society Conference at Manchester in October.

MANCHESTER AND DISTRICT.—Hon. Secretary, Miss E. Sullivan, 163, Queen's Road, Harpurhey, Manchester.

A very successful meeting of the Manchester Branch of the C.W.S.S. took place on August 30th at the Houldsworth Hall, Deansgate, when Miss Barry, the energetic secretary from London, addressed the members on the valuable propaganda work which has been done by the different branches of the Society. It was the general feeling of the meeting that the nation is gradually awakening to the fact that it possesses an invaluable asset in the patriotism and right spirit of its women, who cannot much longer be deprived of the most elementary rights of citizenship.

After a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Barry the meeting terminated, arrangements having been made to entertain the various delegates who will be visiting Manchester for the forthcoming Catholic Truth Society Conference.

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