

The Common Cause

OF HUMANITY.

The Organ of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies.

LAW-ABIDING.]

Societies and Branches in the Union 524.

[NON-PARTY.]

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Notes and News.

Placards and Performances.

Prince Leopold's placards were hardly posted in Warsaw to inform the Polish people that "Germany wages no war against peaceful civilians," when the Zeppelins resumed their work of midnight murder in England, dropping incendiary bombs upon sleeping women and children in quiet villages and outlying suburbs. Last week a German submarine (some accounts say there were two) torpedoed the *Arabic*, a White Star Liner, off the Fastnet Lighthouse, on her outward voyage to New York. No soldiers were on board her, and, of course, no ammunition on a passenger steamer outward bound for a neutral State. Thanks to the smoothness of the sea and the magnificent discipline on board, only 40 lives were lost; a large proportion of the dead being among the crew of the *Arabic*, who died at their posts. No warning was given. The German submarine had previously attacked a cargo steamer, the *Dunsley*, shelling her without warning, and continuing to fire upon the men as they lowered the boats. Using the sinking *Dunsley* as a screen, the submarine then torpedoed the *Arabic*. These manifestations of the German spirit in war speak more eloquently than all the Kaiser's printed bombast, which appears to be addressed to the "gallery" of neutral nations rather than to the unfortunate Poles, who have had only too much practical experience of German treatment of non-combatants and the Kaiser's "destructive sword."

The Australian Hospital at Auteuil.

The story of the founding of the Australian Women's Hospital at Auteuil will be of special interest to our readers, who will recollect Dr. Helen Sexton's recent appointment as Médecin Aide-Majeure, 1^{ère} Classe.

Dr. Helen Sexton has been in practice as a surgeon in Australia for over twenty years. For ten years she has been a surgeon at the Melbourne Women's Hospital (the only woman-doctor upon the staff), and she was one of the founders of the Queen Victoria Hospital, which is officered entirely by women. When war broke out Dr. Sexton volunteered for active service at a base hospital with the Australians, offering at the same time to pay her own expenses and to contribute her whole private income to the hospital funds. Her offer was refused by the authorities, as all offers from women-doctors were refused. It is a curious mental astigmatism that allows a woman to work

with men on a hospital staff for years, and sends women nurses to a base hospital, yet refuses women-surgeons, and, of all things, appears *not* to want the services of qualified unpaid volunteers. Dr. Sexton was not discouraged. Four other Melbourne ladies—Mrs. Smith, the Misses Smith, and Mrs. R. Blackwood—came forward, giving their money, time, and personal help. A quiet house in a beautiful garden at Auteuil was taken, and a hospital started under the French military authority, for *les petits blessés*, twenty-one in number, who revel in the good care and the pleasant surroundings. Their happiness and cheerfulness are delightful. The staff are much struck by the keen interest the men show in the Italians; they say they are of the same *race Latin*.

The Social Pest in the Suburbs.

A correspondent sends us a copy of the *Hampstead and Highgate Express*, which contains an account of the anomalies of justice as administered by Hampstead magistrates on the day following last Bank Holiday. Three youths, of eighteen, caught amusing themselves with a gambling game, expressed their regret for the offence, and promised not to offend again. The magistrate fined them each 20s. In the next case the prisoner was a much older man, a draper's assistant, charged with repeated indecency and annoying girls and children on the Heath. The fine in his case was again 20s. Another offender was charged, on remand, with indecent conduct with intent to insult a young lady. The offence was shown to have been repeated twice. The acting chairman told the prisoner he might have been sent to prison for three months, but that he was to be dealt with leniently, as nothing was known against him before. Fined 10s. The Mayor of Hampstead made a protest at the time. Both to him and to the editor of *The Hampstead and Highgate Express*, who comments on the cases, the public owes a debt of thanks. It is so difficult to make an arrest of this nauseous class of offender, and so hard to get women to come forward to give evidence, that the social pest is almost secure even without marked "leniency" from the Bench. Some day, may we hope, legislation will be introduced enabling magistrates to order an inquiry into the condition of the prisoner's mind. Detention in a suitable asylum till recovery would be the most fitting deterrent; and alienists would be able to study the bodily and mental conditions that lead to these aberrations, so charitably viewed by representatives of the law. It is not unprofitable in this connection to recollect the severity with which another kind of aberration is (justifiably) punished. The kleptomaniac, who suffers from temporary derangement, is apt to be "removed fainting to the cells." Suitable asylum accommodation ought probably to be found for both.

The Soul of Goodness —

"I am with the Friends in their attitude," an Australian Suffragist writes, in a private letter about the work of reconstruction, even now begun; "and, please God, out of this chaos and evil good may come. Just as in this country the raging and destructive bush fires often wake to life seeds which soon start to grow and live in beautiful plants, so this evil and cruel war wakes to life latent seeds of kindness and mercy to the oppressed in every heart. I believe our collection, for one day, is a world's record; if it is not so, tell me so. May Peace soon be with us all."

FIRST-HAND EXPERIENCES.

I.—RASPBERRIES AND RAIN.

"There are three classes of people here," remarked one man to another, as he watched the stream of over two hundred women proceed along the road to the Raspberry Farm, "students, teachers, and genteel ladies." Which was which we neither knew nor cared, and if a preference remained in the mind of any, a few days' work soon dispelled the illusion, and revealed the fact that to ourselves, and to the world, we were simply berry-pickers, or, as the Missionary's notices had it, "Farm Workers."

In the absence of the usual pickers from causes more or less closely connected with the war, an appeal had been made for other workers, and we had responded.



Gaffer (standing) and Picker.

Our day's work began at 4.45 a.m., when the policeman started us from sleep by a resounding bang on the side of the corrugated iron huts, each of which served thirty-two of us as bedroom and sitting-room combined. Then followed a walk to the pump for cold water, and a hasty wash, either outside or in a barn dignified by the name of "toilet-room." A cup of tea and a biscuit made us forget the cold, and by 6 a.m. we were ready to set out. The garments worn were varied, and became more and more wonderful as the days went by. Some wore bright-coloured sun-bonnets, others sou'westers; some had sacking tunics and puttees, others overalls or oilskins; some had bare legs, others wore high boots; but the note of uniformity was struck by the two galvanised-iron buckets which were carried by each and all. The party was divided into squads, and the couples forming each squad were led to the field by their "gaffer" or overseer, two of whom were appointed from our number. To each couple was allotted one "drill" or row of raspberry canes, with the never-failing instruction to "pick ut oot, and pick ut clean." Nine o'clock was breakfast time, but before the welcome bowl of porridge and milk was secured the fruit had to be weighed, and the amount noted on the pink cards which we all possessed. Great was the rivalry here, and the question, "How much did you score this time?" was repeated a thousand times daily.

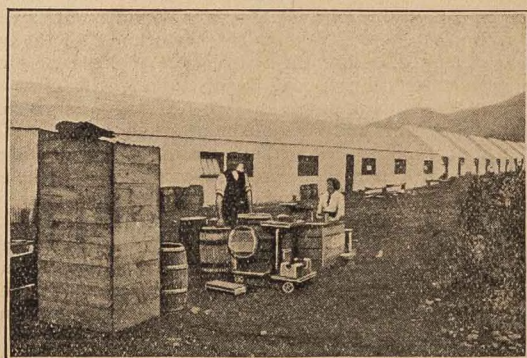
Work continued from 10 to 1, and again in the afternoon from 2 till 5, or even later. The gaffers directed operations, cheering the depressed with the constant assurance of better berries in the next field, or further up the drill, as the case might be. Those who found it hard to be generous when working for a halfpenny a pound were duly rebuked, for, as "Mac," one of the gaffers, was heard to remark one day: "Hoots, lassie, it's by obleegeen' ye live."

The catering department was strained to the uttermost to satisfy our appetites, which increased daily to an alarming extent, and even the "doorsteps," as we scornfully named the thick slices of bread and butter, disappeared with astonishing rapidity. Each person's ration was handed to her through a grille, and it was a matter which demanded no little self-control to stand in the queue and wait one's turn, knowing that the precious moments when halfpennies might be earned were rapidly slipping away. Each person provided her own cup, plate, spoon, &c., and these had to be washed by the owner after use. The dormitories had to be swept out daily, boots brushed, and beds made, so that little daylight remained when the day's work came to an end. The beds resembled large packing-cases, provided with straw-mattresses, a bolster, and two blankets. Grumbles as to their hardness there were none. To berry-

pickers who had to be up by 5 a.m. a bed of any kind was a place of bliss!

We had been engaged to work at the rate of a halfpenny per pound, which we were assured was the standard rate of pay. Visions of fabulous wealth floated before the eyes of many of us, supported by more or less imaginary tales of what had been earned in former years by the genuine article. Readers may picture the sad shock with which we came to earth, when, towards the end of the first week, it became evident to us that not only would our wages be represented by coppers, but that, in the majority of cases, the balance would be on the wrong side, owing to an arrangement made by the farm that the cost of our board was to be compulsorily deducted before any payment was made. An indignation meeting was held one morning and a committee formed to consider grievances. It appeared that we had been put to work on a farm of only two years growth, on which the bushes were not fully matured, and that, consequently, a living wage could not be made on the first and second pickings. Each field is usually picked six times in the season, the third picking being the best. For the fifth picking $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per pound is generally given, and, for the last, 1d. per pound. We found also that the berry-picker would state his day's earnings to be a certain sum, and, on further inquiry, we learnt that he had been assisted by four or five children, whose earnings he would count as his own. The system of compulsorily deducting from the wage earned a fixed amount per head for board, met also with strenuous opposition. The objections were reinforced by the fact that no such proposal had ever been laid before us. We had been told that we should be paid at the weighing place on presenting our buckets of fruit, and that food would be provided which we might buy or not, as we pleased. It was finally agreed that the committee should meet the employer, and should endeavour to secure a rise in wage and an alteration in the system of payment and catering.

With regard to the question of payment, we received unexpected support from the two clerks, who objected also from their point of view. They, too, had been told that payment was to be made at the end of each shift at the weights. The method of weekly payment involved a great deal of clerical work and book-keeping, for which they had not been engaged. They had already made representations to this effect on their own account, and it was reported that the employer refused to alter his system "merely to suit the clerks." They had been told that we wished to be paid weekly, the head of the catering department had been told that we wished to pay a level rate per head per week, while we were informed that these arrangements were made to suit the clerks and caterer respectively!



Weighing Place, Dining Room, and Dormitories in Background.

No sooner had these facts been elicited than we determined to make common cause to force a change. Accordingly, the committee demanded an interview with our employer. This was granted. The first point to be discussed was that of the rate of pay. He and we discussed that little matter for about four hours. At the end of that period we secured a written and signed statement to the effect, first, that no one who stayed at the farm the minimum time allowed, viz., three weeks, should be out of pocket on the catering—if any deficit occurred the firm agreed to make it good; secondly, the employer admitted that the farm on which we were working was not fully matured, and agreed to put four of our number to work on full-grown bushes for two days. If it was found that they picked more than on our farm the wages of the whole party were to be raised proportionately. This proposal was, however, not carried out, owing

THE NATIONAL UNION AND POLITICAL ORGANISATIONS.

The following letter has been sent to Secretaries of the N.U. :-

Our attention has been called to a letter from Mr. E. D. Morel, Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of the Union of Democratic Control, which has been extensively circulated to the honorary secretaries of Societies in the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, asking them to *interest their members in the work of the U.D.C.*, and also to *attempt to form within their own Society or Branch a group which could affiliate to the U.D.C. without committing the N.U.W.S.S.*

We wish earnestly to deprecate any such proceeding, which is quite opposed in spirit to the democratic organisation of the N.U.W.S.S., whose decisions are guided entirely by resolutions adopted at its Council meetings, at which all the Societies are entitled to representation, according to their numbers. The course advised by Mr. Morel would, if adopted, link our Societies—unofficially, it is true, but none the less actually—with a body existing for other political objects than those for which the N.U.W.S.S. exists, and which have never been considered at our Council meeting.

Mr. Morel's circular must be regarded as an attempt to use our organisation to further the ends of his organisation. Our own position is perfectly clear. Our members are free as individuals to join any political society with which they are in sympathy, but neither the officials, the committees, nor the members of our Societies are free to use our organisation to promote political ends, which have not been brought before the N.U. Council and sanctioned by it.—Yours faithfully,

MILlicENT GARRETT FAWCETT (President),
HELENA AUERBACH (Hon. Treasurer),
EVELYN M. L. ATKINSON (Hon. Secretary),
RAY STRACHEY (Hon. Parliamentary Sec.).

MR. MOREL'S LETTER.

MADAM.—I enclose herewith a short statement of the Union's programme, which contains also extracts from the Constitution of the Union, together with a pamphlet written by Mrs. Swanwick, in the hope that you may be able to interest some of your members in the work of the Union. I am aware of the fact that by its Constitution, the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies cannot permit the affiliation of any of its constituent Societies to bodies having objects other than Women's Suffrage; but at the present time, when the Union is, with other organisations of women, doing so much and so varied war work, it may be that many of your members would be glad to help the work of the Union of Democratic Control, one of whose objects it is to obtain democratic control for foreign policy, since by "democratic" is understood the equal co-operation of men and women.

Women's organisations, trades councils, adult schools, &c., have affiliated to us. We suggest that it might be possible to form a section of the Union locally, to be known as the U.D.C. Register, or the Women's Register of the U.D.C. Perhaps your Society or your Branch could form within itself such a group, which could affiliate to us without committing the N.U.W.S.S. We want to reach influential and working women: we want local organisers amongst women.

I should be glad if you could let me have your views and give me any information that you can.

E. D. MOREL, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

of the manager is instructive: "What do the women want coming down here and kicking up a fuss? Do they expect to find it a paradise? It's not women they are, but political agitators."

We think we have done good work, and, for ourselves, we should have to travel far to find a happier, healthier, harder-working and more public-spirited band of women. It is only necessary to add that many of our number have volunteered to help with the potato and other harvests when the raspberry-picking comes to an end. This is the day of summer schools and educational campaigns, but it is no exaggeration to say that the education and enlightenment acquired by our little band of women during three weeks' manual labour as farm servants was greater than schools and campaigns could ever accomplish. As one of them said: "We will work for the country, but we will not line the owners' pockets. We know now that there is a striker's point of view." M. A. PRESSLEY-SMITH.

WOMEN ORDERLIES FOR MALTA HOSPITALS.

The War Office has now asked for 200 voluntary aid women orderlies for the military hospitals at Malta, a recognition of the work they have done. "To carry out anything they are asked to do willingly and promptly without question," is the comprehensive order issued to members of the V.A.D. on active service, and this strict submission to discipline has made them a splendid auxiliary force.

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The N.U.W.S.S. is an association of over 52,000 men and women who have banded themselves together, under the leadership of Mrs. Henry Fawcett, for the purpose of obtaining the Parliamentary vote for women on the same terms as it is or may be granted to men. At this great national crisis, however, they have for the time suspended their ordinary political activities, in order to put themselves and their Union at the service of those who are organising the relief of distress caused by the war.

More Bread.

Bread is "the staff of life," as we know from the motto cut upon the bread platter, a perpetual reminder in case we should forget. Forget we did. And now the Government comes forward to give us what country-folk call a "think-on," less tersely worded but very much to the purpose. Bread is, after all, the staff of life. To "eat less meat" is to shift the foundations of our daily diet from what may be called "the cut from the joint and two vegetables" of the workman's restaurant, to the older basis of bread and something-to-make-it-go-down—*accompagnatico* this is called in Italy—something that "goes along with" the bread; while in Anjou and also in some parts of Scotland it is known as "kitchen."

"These young fellows from Paris never touch bread, as you'll soon see," says the old miser of Saumur, in *Eugénie Grandet*.

"Then do they eat kitchen?" asks Nanon, the naive country servant. "For the word 'kitchen' in the Angevin dictionary," Balzac comments, "means anything which is spread upon bread, from butter to preserved peaches . . . and those who, as small children, have nibbled off the 'kitchen' and left their bread, will easily feel the force of Nanon's remark."

In this country we have neglected the bread and eaten the "kitchen," not perhaps benefiting altogether by the change. Our diet habits have been more abruptly modified in the last fifty years than in the many centuries that went before. Bread and bacon or beef (greens, potatoes, and turnips were introduced at later periods), cheese, milk, and small beer were the chief food and drink of many a shire, while the beehives provided the sweet stuff, except when ripe fruit was in season. No doubt we lost a goodly proportion of dyspeptics before we accustomed ourselves to the dietary, but it was nourishing and wholesome, and the survivors thrived upon it. The Victorian era altered all that. Cheap freight and railway-carriage brought all sorts of modifications; tropical produce enters every cottage. Now we are bidden to retrench; keep a check upon our imports in general, and upon meat in particular, and to waste no bread.

In the matter of wasting bread, it is hard to say off-hand which class wastes most. In polite circles the square of bread of the half-eaten dinner-roll is swept off the table by the crumbscoop on its way to the dust-bin; in the East-End districts of London the way to the "Board school" used to be strewn with partly-eaten slices of bread and jam or bread and butter, dropped by the children in their hurry to the school gates. I hear that customs there are much the same still.

"What does your mother do with the bits of stale bread?" a teacher asked an evening cookery-class of Mile-End maidens. "Does she make baked bread-puddings for you?"

Two girls replied that she did. The others said, "Twouldn't be any good, 'cause she knows we shouldn't eat it!" But the greatest surprise came from a match-factory hand. "I don't hardly ever touch bread," she said calmly, smiling. "My mother knows I don't like it, so she don't give it to me." "No bread at all!" cried the teacher. "Dear me, then what do you eat for supper?"

"'Addicks, miss; that's what my mother gives me. Lovely

they are: all golden, and a bit of butter on 'em, I don't want no bread when I can git 'addicks."

A debate ensued, and it became plain to the teacher, now become the learner, that bread was not regarded as the staff of life among young women who work in a factory for eight or ten hours a day. It should, however, be said that as the mid-day meal often consisted of bread and pickled-onions, or bread and jam, the "fried-fish and chips," sausages, or "addicks without any bread at all," is not so remarkable a supper menu. But, for various reasons, Londoners, at any rate, find it difficult to eat bread. An Essex farmer was very much surprised to receive an application for a place as horsekeeper from a good worker formerly in his employ, who had left him for nearly double wages in London. "You were doing so well, and you know what you'll get here."

"When I'm down here I've got the stomach for bread," the man said. "Up in London, besides the high rents, you feel you can't do with plain victuals. You buy other things because you haven't got the appetite, and so the money goes."

One reason why less bread is eaten is decidedly because it is not pleasant to eat. Even on the day of baking most "shop" loaves are slightly sour; when stale the crumb is dry, fluffy, hard to swallow. The flavour, so far from being agreeable in itself, has to be disguised by jam, pastes, or potted meats. The housewife who bakes at home, choosing her own flour and setting the sponge in the old-fashioned way, with flour, sugar, and warm water, finds no difficulty in getting a good, sweet loaf, which keeps fresh for days, and is palatable to the last crumb.

Yet we hardly know what real bread is like; bread with "heart" in it; bread that is meant to be eaten slice after slice, not served up as a two-inch cube in a table-napkin. Albert Pell, in his *Reminiscences*, dwells on the pleasures of eating such bread in his boyish, bird-nesting days:—"The excursions at early hours, made delightfully pleasant by the smell of the wedge of home-made bread I carried in my hand, and the clean, almost aromatic, smell of the new nest of the chaffinch. The latter remains for me in my old age, to revive the dreams of my childhood, but the wholesome, life-giving fragrance of the home-made bread of 1827, is gone for ever. . . . In the 'thirties one got a 'hunch' off a huge, bulging loaf, with the mark on its base of the bricks on which it was baked, and with the healthy smell of the wood-heated oven from which it has been drawn. The crust was neither tough nor rocky, but crisp and fragrant." The present writer, reading that most delightful book of *Reminiscences*, was inclined to think that the fare of childhood always tastes good in after life. But such bread is still to be found in Europe—in Balkan lands, at any rate. The Bulgarian loaf, which is a yellowish-grey colour, looks as unpromising as French or Italian munition bread, but for sweetness and wholesomeness, and as a stay of hunger, better bread was never baked—not even from the delicious hard wheat of Middlesex or the good Essex heavy land.

The South Russian and Bulgarian wheat, which the millers say are some of the best in Europe, are now, it is true, unavailable, but there is plenty of good flour, thanks always to the brave men of our Navy and our stout-hearted merchant service. Can we not use it properly and cease to make it into a parody of wholesome food? Will not the vegetarians and other food reformers step in and help us? They will certainly prepare a campaign; plenty of literature to recommend excellent forms of spoon-meat will be offered us. We shall hear all about Daniel and his pulse, with critical notes. Did Daniel mean lentils or buckwheat when he said—whatever it was that he said. The hard-working peasants of Italy and their chestnut polenta, the "teeming millions" of India and elsewhere who sustain life on millet, mandioc, or cassava root, will be put forward as examples for us to follow. We shall meet, once more, the earnest American family who live on "cereals" and always sleep in trees, and the Scottish divinity student, who used to walk to Edinburgh or Aberdeen University, carrying the bag of oatmeal on which he lived for nine months. How many lives has this deplorable young man wrecked? Aberdeen and Edinburgh Universities keep their own secrets, but the countryside are less reticent. He must number his victims by hundreds. The eccentric historic person who walked from Land's End to John o' Groat's "on" tomatoes and toast, is a less sinister figure. But, all the same, let us welcome these old friends (even the "teeming millions"), while we need not take their menus seriously. For to take their dietetics at their own value is to despise the history of our race. Here, in Great Britain, we might conceivably adapt ourselves to any of these diets, but not without paying our toll of lives. On the old historic diet that toll has been already paid. We cannot, with

impunity, substitute vegetables for meat, unless we are prepared to make a large increase in the proportion of bread, or oatcake which we consume daily. But it is just at this point that the vegetarians might step in to help us. Good, sound bread, and plenty of it, with savoury vegetable stews to help it to "go down," as an alternative to herrings and home-grown bacon, will make a place for themselves in our national diet; while "mock goose" and lentil "cutlet with mint sauce," even though backed up by pamphlets on proteids, will never "take the place of meat" in a British bill-of-fare. Let us go back to the old basis. It was Homer (according to William Morris) who said: "Meal is the marrow of man."

ATHLETIC SPORTS AT ROYAUMONT.

By CICELY HAMILTON.

Miss Loudon has asked me to write you a line about the Royaumont Athletic Sports, which took place last week. I don't know who thought of them, but the thought was distinctly happy. So was the programme—arranged, I believe, by Miss Morgan. The weather was perfect, and we had everyone out who could be moved; beds and long chairs were arranged round the ground, and at half-past two the proceedings opened with a sack race.

One of the most popular events was the *course aux brancards*, of which the procedure was as follows: Four convalescents from each ward possessed themselves of a stretcher, and, at a signal, charged to the other end of the track, where six orderlies—one from each ward—stood waiting their arrival in a row. The winning team was that which first tumbled its particular orderly on the stretcher and returned with her to the starting point. "Millicent Fawcett" bore away the prize; and the race was so much to the taste of the meeting that it was decided to run it all over again, with nurses; this time, taking the place of orderlies. Amid loud applause, "Millicent Fawcett" once more carried sister and stretcher past the post.

Another item that was generally liked was the *course aux vêtements*. Competitors ran the length of the ground, unfastened the bundles of clothes that were there awaiting them, thrust themselves into the ancient skirts, hats, and dressing-gown that had been amassed for the purpose, and returned as fast as might be to the post. I regret to state that in this case the prize did not go to the worthiest. The winner arrived with a petticoat tangled round his neck; the conscientious competitors who arranged their skirts and head-dresses were hopelessly and undeservedly left.

The athletics of the afternoon were not confined to the patients. Sister Berksten won the nurses' race; Miss Proctor the hotly-contested race of the *doctresses*; and the *course des min*—which is the French for orderly—was carried off in fine style by Miss Chapman, who showed a clean pair of heels to the field. There is evidently a strong esprit de corps in our wards; the success of doctor, orderly, or patient was greeted with especially prolonged applause from the *salle* to which the victor belonged.

Most thrilling of all the events were the tugs-of-war—one between nurses and patients, the other between orderlies and patients. In both the patients won; but the second—which wound up the proceedings—was a splendid struggle, and it was to a scene of intense excitement that the "miss" were finally dragged down the line. The exhausted competitors then seated themselves on the ground in a ring, while M. le Curé, who had been captured when making his pastoral visit, presented the prize to the winners.

The whole thing was voted a complete success, not only by the patients but by the staff. It was much more fun than an ordinary gymkhana—to most of the men the proceedings were novel, and the novelty added to their enjoyment. We did not issue invitations to outsiders—the whole affair was got up at short notice—but those of our neighbours who dropped in during the afternoon were greatly amused and interested. By the way, among these unexpected visitors was the entire medical staff of an *ambulance volante*, whose *médecin chef* is the celebrated French surgeon, Dr. Monprofit. Being on the way from "somewhere" to "somewhere else" in France, the *ambulance volante* dropped in at Royaumont to have a look round the hospital and a look in at the sports.

So great was the success of our athletic meeting, and so kindly did the men take to some of our ideas, that we feel we may have been the means of introducing British Culture in the form of potato races into remote quarters of France. Meanwhile, we have not only given our patients a jolly afternoon, but provided them with a subject of conversation and correspondence for some days to come.

Notes from Headquarters.

The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies.

Hon. Secretaries: Miss Evelyn Atkinson, Miss Edith Palliser, Mrs. Oliver Strachey, etc.

Press Report.

In this month's issue of The Woman at Home appears a long and extremely interesting account of the work of the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals, entitled "British Medical Women in War-Time."

Of the provincial papers, The Staffordshire Advertiser deserves special notice. It makes a point of inserting "Weekly Notes" sent from Headquarters in full every week under the title of "Women in War-Time."

There are several numbers of The Englishwoman, dating from February, 1909—July, 1914 (but not absolutely complete), in the Press Department. Should these prove useful to any Women's Society, they can be obtained on application to the N.U.W.S.S., 14, Great Smith Street, S.W.

Contributions to the General Fund.

Table with columns for date and amount, listing contributions from November 1st, 1914, to August 9th.

Subscriptions.

Table listing names and subscription amounts, including Miss Mary C. Jones, Miss C. E. Western, etc.

Active Service Fund.

Table listing names and amounts for the Active Service Fund, including Mrs. and Miss Hudleston, Berkhamsted W.S.S., etc.

What Some of Our Societies are Doing.

West Riding Federation.

BARNESLEY.—A garden meeting was held at Fair Field House, on July 21st, when there was a good attendance. Each guest was asked to bring a contribution to a cake stall.

KEIGHLEY.—A drawing-room meeting was held on July 28th, at Wheatlands, Crosshills, by kind invitation of Mrs. Waterworth, at which Mrs. Renton gave an address on the work of the Scottish Women's Hospitals.

Huddersfield.—The monthly meeting of the Huddersfield branch of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies was held at 41, Spring Street. Miss Siddon presided.

The Scottish Women's Hospital Sub-committee—of which Mrs. Wilmshurst is chairman, and Miss Harrop secretary and treasurer—reported that a good response had been made to the appeal for help for Serbia.

Oxon, Berks and Bucks Federation.

ASCOT.—The Ascot Suffrage Society held a very successful rummage sale on July 21st, to raise funds for supplying its working parties with material to make garments for the Scottish Women's Hospitals in France and Serbia.

BANBURY.—A very successful garden meeting was held at "Wood Green," by kind permission of Mrs. Joseph Gillett. Miss Dora Mason gave an address on "Serbia and the Serbs."

WEST HERTS.—Members are on the Committees for Mothers' and Infants' Welfare, the Committee of the Patriotic Club for Girls, and the Association of Wives and Mothers of Soldiers and Sailors.

MAIDENHEAD.—By request of the Mayor, the local Society of the N.U.W.S.S. organised a French Flag Day in connection with the French Relief Fund.

KING'S SUTTON.—A meeting was held at Greycourt, on August 6th. There was a large attendance, and the Hon. Sec. presented a report of the work done since the war began.

Nurse Griffiths, who has just returned from Serbia, showed some interesting trophies which she had brought back with her, and was able to give first-hand testimony of the great needs of that country.

THE READING SOCIETY.—A COMMON CAUSE week was held in Reading during the first week in June. It was organised by Miss Mason, who came to Reading on May 25th for a fortnight.

CORRECTION.—In the list published August 20th, Miss L. Wren 2s. 6d. should read Miss L. Wren 5s., and the total should read £19 9s. 6d.

Glenfarg.—A cake, candy, and apron sale was held at Fordal. Hostess, Mrs. Kirkland. The meeting was addressed by Miss Mair, Edinburgh, on the hospitals. Result, £40.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS.

Paddington—8, Hatherley Grove, Westbourne Grove (by kind permission of Messrs. William Owen, Ltd.)—Working Party for London Units of the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals.

Blackheath Sewing Party for Scottish Women's Hospital—Tuesday, 2 to 6, at 8, Shooter's Hill Road—Hostess, Mrs. Monk.

South Kensington—Belgian Hostel, 1, Argyll Road—Working Party for London Units of the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals.

Huddersfield—Sewing Meetings will be held at the Office, 41, Spring Street, every Tuesday afternoon, from 2.30 p.m.

Glasgow.—Drawing-room Meeting—Hostess, Miss Millar, Fernhill, Rutherglen—Chair, Rev. George H. Morrison, M.A., D.D., Wellington Church—Speaker, Miss Emily Foggo, on "Scottish Women's Hospitals," N.U.W.S.S.—September 6th, at 3.30 p.m.

DONATIONS TO N.U.W.S.S. SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL.

Large table listing numerous donors and their contributions to the Scottish Women's Hospital, including Miss Duncan, Prize Money from Girls of St. Margaret's, etc.

As will be noticed from the list of subscriptions, the Executive Committee, Scottish Women's Hospitals, have received the handsome sum of £2,000, per the Hon. Mrs. Spencer Graves, Hon. Treas. of the London Unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, a first instalment towards the cost of the Wales-London Unit, now ready to start.

FURTHER LIST OF BEDS NAMED. Table listing names of beds and donors, such as Wemyss Bay, Skelmorlie, Helensburgh, etc.

Advertisement for Inexpensive Blouse. Features a drawing of a woman in a blouse and text describing the garment's quality and price (18/9).

Advertisement for Munro & Co. Tailors and Habit Makers. Features a drawing of a woman in a tailored costume and text describing their services and location in Edinburgh.

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