

costume will be bought for the annual trip to seaside or country. On one of the stalls a grey bolero costume trimmed with silk military braid, with lace round the short fashionable sleeves, is shown. If you buy such an one at the shop you must pay 31s. 6d. for it; the wretched woman who made it received *one shilling* for her labour.

Holland skirts are paid for at the rate of 9d. to 1s. each, with many crossway bands. A holland coat and skirt 1s. So from stall to stall the same tale of excellent work (for if it falls below the standard there are fines and rejections or no work, which means absolute instead of semi-starvation), and all this for the privilege of working "all the hours God gives" for starvation wages.

Felt slippers, baby's slippers, and fancy blouses are all shown. Oh! ye who make your own blouses think of making one with lace insertion and tucks alternating for twopence halfpenny; or fancy waistbands with nine or a dozen tucks or gathers, or tiny bows, at one penny each.

Men's umbrellas are covered for 1s. 6d. per dozen and retailed at 2s. 11d. each; ladies' sunshades at 6d. a dozen. Making baby's bonnets would usually be considered dainty and interesting work, but when the work is done with mechanical precision, without a moment's pause for the large sum of twopence each, somehow it loses all its fascination. Tie making commands 4½d. to 6d. per dozen. Brush drawing, which means wiring the bristles into the backs, is paid for at the rate of 6½d. per thousand holes (about three brushes), and it takes a little over four hours to do a thousand. Try to calculate when doing your hair how many thousand should be done to ensure a living wage, and how many hours' work it would mean at that rate of pay.

Then there is shawl fringing, shirt making—the Song of the Shirt is still most appropriate; artificial flower making, pinafore making, chemise making, and fancy aprons with many other articles all paid for at about the same rates, the average being three farthings to about one penny farthing an hour at a rough and ready calculation.

Professed followers of Christ what do you think of God's Word, which teaches us that "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," being folded for one penny for one hundred sheets? This means first cut then folded and put into the right order. By working twelve hours a day 9s. to 10s. a week can be earned, but the work is only for six months in the year. Thus, for six months there is plenty of time to read, mark, and learn the beauties contained therein whilst eking out a miserable existence on such enormous earnings.

Is it any wonder that many of the workers are so accustomed to working at the very highest pressure that they go on with feverish haste, some of them scarcely glancing up even when spoken to and fingers never still? There is work which *must* be done. Yet this Exhibition is for most of them a holiday. One worker said, "I have never before in my life she is sixty-four years old) had such a good time." A good time—to sit in a tiny space, working more or less all the time, an hour being allowed for dinner, and a half-hour for tea; the meals are good, sufficient,

and all ready prepared. The certainty of sufficient for to-day, to-morrow, and until the close of the Exhibition. Fancy calling this a *good time!!!*

Looking into the pallid, forlorn faces, with eyes weary and so utterly hopeless one can to some little extent understand the feeling of relief (or holiday) to these sad workers, in the fact that for a few weeks the tension of the awful dread of starvation is being relaxed.

I have shown a little of the unduly low rates of wages and excessive hours of labour, but the third part of the definition of sweating, "the insanitary state of the work places" is not exhibited; perhaps if a few specimen homes had been shown they would have quickened the public conscience a little more rapidly.

Perhaps many unaccountable cases of infection might be then accounted for, we do dread infection; but so frequently with many it is a case of "What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve for," and we don't always take the trouble to find out how we can assist in altering things.

As women it is our duty to know how other women live that we may help in our little way to bear their burdens; therefore go the very first opportunity you have, see and hear for yourselves, of the miserable existence of some of these sweated women.

I have only related a very few bald facts, it would require several numbers of the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING to deal at all adequately with even those workers at the Queen's Hall. I can only reiterate go and see for yourselves, it is a duty.

MARY BURR.

Book of the Week.

THE LAPSE OF VIVIEN EADY.*

Mr. Marriott's new book is a sheer joy; from the first page to the last it is all art.

Simple enough at first sight. Just an unambitious character-study, but so subtle when once you get the grip of it.

Vivien Eady is a girl who is blessed with one of the most delightful mothers we have come across in fiction. She herself—Vivien that is—is a product of her time—a girl in love with the idea of learning—starting life, did she but know it, with prejudices every bit as fixed, and horizon as narrow, as her mother's had been, only that her ideals are different.

Vivien has been ill, and the doctors recommend change. She leaves Kensington, and she and her mother seek that mother's native county, Cornwall. Vivien, in the course of that self-development on the intellectual side which she thinks so indispensable, has become engaged to Selwyn Harpur, the head master of a preparatory school for boys, a person who encourages "supervised birds' nesting and the higher collection of butterflies."

Selwyn is an admirably-drawn portrait, not the least bit caricatured.

I have seen it unjustly said, in a review of this book, that the author makes Vivien forsake intellect

By Charles Marriott. (Nash.)

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