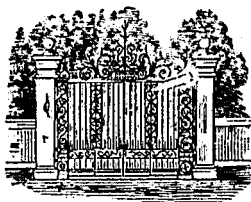


## Outside the Gates.

## WOMEN



The Women's Trade Union League entertained at Liverpool last week over 200 delegates to the Trade Congress representing the trades in which women are employed. The treasurer, Mr. Shackleton, M.P., presided, and other Members of Parliament present were Mr. Will Crooks, Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. Richards, Mr. Steadman, Mr. Gill, Mr. Hodge, and others.

The Annual Report, presented by Miss Mary McArthur, was a very satisfactory one.

Since the last conference the affiliated membership has increased by over 11,000, including about 7,000 converts to trade unionism, and a great amount of organisation work has been done all over the country. The department for legal advice had been of much assistance to girls treated unfairly by their employers.

Miss Gertrude Tuckwell moved a resolution calling upon the Government to give facilities for legislation to establish a legal minimum wage in selected trades. The resolution was framed in the interests of the home workers. There was a festering mass of misery among the women workers, said Miss Tuckwell, who worked for a penny or three half-pence an hour. "Picture the woman worker," she said, "working in one room, sitting-room, sleeping-room, working-room, kitchen—and mortuary as well." It was impossible to organise such people. Their wages depended upon the caprice of the employer where the law of the trade could not be called in. The organisers of women workers asked the assistance of the delegates to help the lowest-paid women workers with a minimum wage.

The resolution, which was carried unanimously, was forcibly supported by Mr. Will Crooks who said it was asked why did not these people revolt? But only the properly fed revolt. These people were too busy looking after the next meal.

The Women's Social and Political Union had a busy week last week. Miss Annie Kenney had an enthusiastic reception at Portsmouth; Mrs. Montefiore is explaining its programme in Finland; successful meetings have been held by Mrs. Gawthorne in Liverpool nightly during the Trade Union Congress, with the result that the Union has been strengthened by an accession of factory girls to its ranks. Mrs. Pankhurst addressed an enthusiastic audience at Islington, and Miss Christobel Pankhurst spoke to two large gatherings at Wellington Monument. Mrs. Martel presided at the mass meeting in Hyde Park on Sunday.

Lady Clifford, of Chudleigh, was the first English lady to attain the distinction of being considered competent to hold a Board of Trade certificate for navigation. She has navigated her own yacht in the Mediterranean.

## Book of the Week.

## THE EGLAMORE PORTRAITS.\*

Mrs. Mann's new story does not hold one with the feverish and tragic grip of "Rose at Honey-pot." It is a lightly constructed, airily told story, but it has all its author's directness, sureness of touch, all that power of convincing which she wields with such conspicuous strength.

The structure is the oft-told tale—repeated to weariness in novels of half a century ago—of the young couple whose happiness is marred by the mother-in-law. But the well-worn theme bites in with all the clean-cut edge of truth in Mrs. Mann's handling.

It may be doubted by some women whether a man of Clarence Eglamore's sense and character could have been happy, even on his honeymoon, with such an immature and silly child as Juliet. But one knows that this kind of thing happens every day—men of formed tastes and habits marry girls who need years of development in order to become anything like companions to them.

Juliet is Clarence's toy, and she possesses no qualification that could explain his devotion with the exception of youth, prettiness and high spirits. She likes Clarence because he praises her and gives her things when she asks for them.

Under her mother's baneful influence she is induced to pester him for things he cannot possibly afford to give her. There is no form of torture more acute for the sensitive man than this. The simple little story, thrown together with apparent lightness but by a master hand, shows how hundreds of homes have been wrecked. Who shall picture the man's distress when first the adored being shows herself as a daughter of the horse-leech, crying "Give, give."

Thus Juliet's father describes the situation:—

"You love your husband, Juliet, I know. Don't let anyone come between you. Don't be afraid of not always having your own way. It is best for both of you, believe me, that Clarence should generally have his. Be kind, be gentle, be yielding, my dear. It is for these qualities men love women. Don't fight and struggle for the mastery. When you've got it, and your husband is conquered—shamed, perhaps, in his own eyes and those of his household—what better off are you? You've triumphed at the expense of what made you adorable in his eyes.

"And don't be always striving to squeeze an extra indulgence from him which he knows he can't afford. Is there anything under heaven he can buy you worth the fact that, for every concession, wrung from him with badgering, bickering and sulks, he loves you less, gets to hate to be alone with you, loathes instead of loves the sound of your voice."

Such is the theme. One knows that this is only one side of the marriage question; that full often the selfishness and silliness is all on the side of the man—that many a wife endures untold privations sooner than ask the careless husband for what he ought to give unasked.

But there are also many Clarence Eglamores—

\* Mary E. Mann. (Methuen.)

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