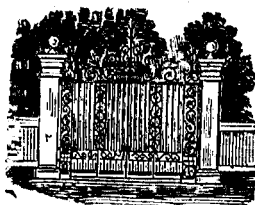


## Outside the Gates.



## WOMEN.

During the past week the representative Women's Suffrage Societies have all held great public meetings, and declared their General Election policy. At one and all the eloquent speeches were animated with irrefutable logic, and a passionate love of liberty and courage. The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, with Mrs. Fawcett, LL.D., at its head, will make special efforts to secure large voters' petitions in the constituencies, do propaganda work, and support all candidates who put Women's Suffrage in their election addresses.

The Women's National Social and Political Union—the Black Brunswickers of the Suffrage movement—will give no quarter to the Liberal Party, and will use every effort to defeat the Liberal candidates at the poll—as a protest against the contemptuous treatment their just demand has received from the present Government. The Women's Freedom League will also conduct a militant campaign. The “Party” Women's Suffrage Societies, as partisans, will each fight for their own men, and may therefore be discounted.

The “antis” are busy abasing themselves before the future legislators, imploring them to still class their sex with criminals, lunatics and children. It is reported that the yash-mâk is to be the distinctive badge of these modest violets.

## THE CHEAPEST NOURISHING FOODS.

We have much pleasure in commending to the notice not only of district nurses but of all social workers, the second edition of an excellent little pamphlet, “The Cheapest Nourishing Foods,” issued by the Nurses' Social Union. It can be obtained from the Central Organizer, of the Union, Kingston Grange, Taunton, price 1½d. post free, or 1s. 2d. per dozen. It bears on its cover a strong commendation from Miss C. C. du Sautoy, County Superintendent (Q.V.J.I.), for Somerset, and in a Foreword for Social Workers we read “It is not only poverty that causes children to be ill-nourished but want of knowledge. Often the earnings would provide an ample supply of nourishment if they were wisely and economically expended. Cheap food is often quite as nourishing as dear food. Dr. Hutchison says: “In the market one pays for flavour and rarity, not for nutritive qualities.” The “Leaflet for Working Women” which forms the main part of the pamphlet, is clearly arranged, and simply written, and the writer in commending the purchase of a week's supplies, mentioned as costing 12s., for a family consisting of a man, and wife, and three children, adds force to the argument when she says: “We have tried feeding on these strict lines ourselves, and we know that it is possible.”

## Billy Big-Eyes Up West.

This is the season of the year at which you may catch glimpses of Billy Big-Eyes up West, when, gaping open-mouthed, and breathing hard on pastry-cooks' windows, or standing entranced on the pavement side of toyland, you may get speech with him if you will.

“I haven't seen you all summer, Billy,” I say, diffidently, when we meet.

“Not likely. Don't yer see as I'm lime?” he questions, testily: “It's me 'ip—a habcess—been shut up in the 'firmary. I'm 'unting for somefing.”

Of course I have seen his poor, shortened leg dangling beside his crutch, but it would not be manners to mention it. And, indeed, Billy is whiter about the gills, and his face shadows are more blue than when we met last year, and I make a mental note to the effect that whatever he is hunting for he shall have, if the contents of my slender purse can run to it.

The display of toys before us is more gorgeous than ever, and the prolificacy of the genus bear truly amazing. Here is “Teddy” in all shades and sizes, and all the tiny women folk are hugging him passionately in preference to the most orthodox doll as they hurry from the door.

“Are you hunting Teddy bear?” I venture, presently.

Billy just sniffs.

“Not me,” he says, with vast contempt. “Ain't 'e a 'Merican animile? It's Sister as I'm scouting for. I'm a-going to spend Christmas D'y at the 'firmary, and Sister, she says, says she, ‘I do want a presint so bad. I want a British lion as roars, and as can swish 'is tile. If yer can find 'im, Billy, I'll just mike meself a presint of 'im; and when 'es roared and roared, and swished 'is tile all d'y, you shall tike 'im 'ome to sleep, as I daren't be left alone wiv 'im at night were it ever so. And, will yer believe it, there ain't nowhere no British lion as roars and swishes 'is tile.”

“Sister must be a very warlike person,” I venture.

“Ain't she, just. She's a milicent, she is. Ain't you?”

“Rather.”

“I heard Sister tell our Doctor as milicents is those as wants nippers such as me to 'ave 'appy 'omes. Muvvers as 'as time to wesh and tend us, and 'ave a bit of rest theirselves; farvers 'as comes 'ome sober, and as yer don't 'ave to 'ide from. Pots full of dinner, respecable clothes, eddication as will earn yer a living; no 'scrutiating 'ips as miks yer 'oller. Sister said as Votes for Wimmen is the ticket—slips 'em in the box on one side as bright 'omes and 'ealthy nippers pop out at the other; as 'firmaries is a blot on the 'scutcheon, and should all be 'bliterated, so as fairy palaces could spring up full o' light and sunshine, and milk and 'oney, and flowers and music, and dancing and 'appiness; and it was 'igh time as the British Lion sang out as ‘Britons never, never shall be slaves’; and how am I to get into this 'ere 'porium to see if I can find 'im?”

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