

ment, but enjoins *patience*. I remind him that we have been waiting and asking for nearly fifty years. He appears to be unaware of this fact, but still enjoins patience! As he moves away I say, "Will you translate your sympathy into action and join the Men's League for Women's Suffrage?" He replies with an indulgent smile that he will think about it. When one has once made the plunge, and gone out into the street wearing the boards, to join a poster parade is rather enjoyable.

For one negative blessing we are abundantly thankful. We seldom, if ever now, hear an insulting remark. The thought that I am in good company in a good cause, imbues me with the small amount of courage necessary for the publicity. "Keep thirty feet apart, and look at the one in front of you." With these brief instructions, a cheerful party of women file out of the offices of the Women's Freedom League. In one hand we carry leaflets, to distribute to the passers-by, which affords another opportunity for "the proper study of mankind." Most of them are wilfully blind and deaf, many take it out of curiosity. One woman takes it, glances at it, and then drops it like a hot coal! Ah! the clergy—we shall find sympathy with them; I direct my attentions to them. "Won't the Church help the Women?" Most of them take no notice; one brushes rudely past me; another says, complaisantly, "That is not in my line, *not at all* in my line"; and is gone, leaving me no time to ask if the suppression of the White Slave Traffic is not in his line. The kind words and faces of those who are on our side are very cheering.

A poor man, passing close beside me, says: "Stick it, Missus; stick it, and don't mind the fools laughing."

This gentleman—for such he was in feeling and understanding—was undersized, underfed, and poorly clad, but he has the spiritual gift of understanding, and looks at motives rather than methods. In him we have evidence of another consolatory fact—we are teaching the people. It was the *common people*—the commonality—who understood the teaching of the Divine Master—the Great Social Worker.

BEATRICE KENT.

SANDOW'S COCOA.

No one who is acquainted with the invigorating effect of Sandow's Cocoa, as well as its delicious flavour, will be surprised to learn that during the war in the Balkans it has been widely appreciated by the Allied Forces. The firm have received a letter from Mme. Williame (Matron of the Red Crescent Hospital), at Kniajevo, Bulgaria, where a large number of the Turkish wounded are confined, bearing testimony to the great nutritive qualities of this alkali-free cocoa; and stating that she knows it to be much appreciated by, and a real comfort to the wounded. She asks that a new consignment of the cocoa shall be despatched to her immediately.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

On Friday the momentous issue raised by the Franchise and Registration Bill, whether or no women shall be granted the Parliamentary Franchise, will be debated in the House of Commons and feeling runs very high amongst those who oppose it. Lord Curzon and Mrs. Humphry Ward excelled themselves at the meeting at Albert Hall on Monday, when they belaboured womanhood and all things feminine with right good will, to the evident delight of the "womanly women," "who neither toil nor spin," who supported them on the platform. In the meanwhile the Women's Party are straining every nerve to impress Members of Parliament with the justice of our cause, and it is expected of us that we shall make a good show in our best bibs and tuckers in Parliament Square on Friday.

Many suffrage societies held a demonstration in favour of Votes for Women in Trafalgar Square last Saturday, when their organs were on sale.

The Awakener was thrust into one's hand, and on the very first page was to be found an article headed "The Decoy 'Nurse' Again," giving lurid details of the attempt by a woman dressed in nurse's uniform to "procure" girls for the White Slave Traffic. It is amazing how powerless the police appear in dealing with this type of criminal.

Then we bought a copy of *The Vote* and found an indignant reference to the Anti-Registration Ukase at Bart's. Yes, we thought, it is the opposition of these reactionary employers which prevents the nursing profession defending its cloth from such a degraded use. If nurses were registered, and had legal status, they could combine effectively to dissociate themselves from the criminal classes. Thereupon we went around the base of the statue of the great man who expected every man to do his duty, and made it our duty to deliver this lesson to the vendors of the journals aforesaid, and also to many intelligent women gathered together to demand liberty of conscience for their sex from a Parliament of intolerant men. Let us hope these seeds will sprout and bear fruit.

The Woman Journalist, the bi-monthly organ of the Society of Women Journalists, always contains articles of topical interests to journalists. The programme of the Society's social arrangements for this month and next provides evidence of the interest of the council in the members as a whole. A new departure provides that the informal gathering on Wednesday will be extended till 8 p.m. on the last Wednesday in every month. On February 26th Miss Evelyn Miller will open a debate on "The Superfluous Woman."

"The Poodle Woman," a Votes for Women novel by Miss Annesley Kenealey, is just out.

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