

for nine months, can understand what it means It was the Women's Co-operative Guild which saved me from despair."

"No amount of State help can help the suffering of mothers until men are taught many things in regard to the right use of the organs of reproduction, and until he realises that the wife's body belongs to herself, and until the marriage relations take a higher sense of morality and bare justice Very much injury and suffering comes to the mother and child through the father's ignorance and interference. Pain of body and mind which leaves its mark in many ways on the child. No animal will submit to this; why should the woman? Why, simply because of the Marriage Laws of the woman belonging to the man, to have and to own, &c."

"Cleanliness has made rapid strides since my confinements; for never once can I remember having anything but face, neck and hands washed, until I could do things myself, and it was thought certain death to change the underclothes under a week.

"For a whole week we were obliged to be on clothes stiff and stained, and the stench under the clothes was abominable, and added to this we were commanded to keep the babies under the clothes.

"I often wondered how the poor little mites managed to live, and perhaps they never would have done, but for our adoration, because this constant adoration of our treasures did give them whiffs of fresh air very often."

"I believe the bad housing conditions have a very bad effect on mothers during pregnancy. The mother wonders what she has to live for if there is another baby coming, she hopes it will be dead when it is born. The result is she begins to take drugs. I need hardly tell you the pain and suffering she goes through if the baby survives, or the shock it is to the mother when she is told there is something wrong with the baby; she feels she is to blame if she has done this without her husband knowing, and she is living in dread of him. All this tells on the woman physically and mentally; can you wonder at women turning to drink? If the child lives to grow up you find it hysterical and with very irritable, nasty ways when in the company of other children. When you see all this it is like a sting at your heart when you know the cause of it all and no remedy."

"I have not got one healthy child among my five, not because I did not get well looked after, but they are suffering through the past generation.

"In the light of the knowledge I have got since I was able to grasp what things are, I have often said I was one of the women who should never have had children, as from a girl I was always ill right through my married life till now."

The book closes with a National Scheme for the care of Maternity, proposed by the Women's Co-operative Guild.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"BECAUSE OF THESE THINGS."*

A Scotch Calvinist mated with an Italian Papist. "Because of these things" which included great beauty and charm, a sweet gay nature, and a love of rich and dainty possessions, the sour creed of the man for ever saw in his fair young wife the allurements of the Evil One. "Because of these things cometh the wrath of God."

Miss Bowen has created from this material a really terrible story, but it is also fascinating and thrilling and holds the reader enthralled till the last word on the last page.

Francis Moutray is travelling in Italy with his friend Mr. Middleton, and is introduced by him at the palazzo of the Countess Odaleschi in Bologna. Something outside himself, or something within, impels the Scotchman to be drawn into society against which every fibre of his being is in antagonism.

The Countess, we are told, had a "history as scandalous and romantic, as any lady in the scandalous and romantic Italian States."

It was the young daughter of this woman, that drew Francis Moutray as with a spell, against which he fought in vain. What it was in this austere repellent man that appealed to the young innocent girl, cannot be fathomed. "He looked across the crowd at Giovanna; the last time, he told himself, that he would ever look at her. She was standing with her back to him, her small drooping head was crowned with a wreath of summer violets."

"Fair Mischief," said Francis Moutray in his heart, "this is the last chance thou wilt have to dazzle me."

He resolves to fly from the scene of his temptation, and if he had carried this out this terrible tragedy would not have been written.

He tries to take a harsh farewell of her.

"There is a gulf between us which nothing can bridge," said Francis hoarsely, "Go back to your idolatry—it is not for me to strive for the souls of such as you."

"My soul," repeated Giovanna. "Are you thinking of my soul? I am good, Signore; I am but newly come from the convent—I mean to be good all my life." Once again his resolutions broken, he meets her at a *fiesta*.

"My dearest!" whispered Francis, "my sweet dear girl!" he took the two pleading little hands and impressed gentle kisses upon them. "I shall never marry . . . always you . . . in my heart. Do not weep—your tears sear my soul—we should never have met. . . ."

After a terrible scene with the Contessa their love prevails. Harshly even then he says, "I asked you to come with me, to leave this

*By Marjorie Bowen. Methuen & Co., Ltd., London.

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