

she spoke quite eloquently about the rights of babies, so that the secretary remarked afterwards :

" We were wise to ask Mrs. Mayfield to join us. It is good to get the young mother's point of view."

JESSIE HARVEY.

THE CHILD IN THE STREET.

" Good morning, Violet ; 'ave you bin to the seaside ? "

" No, I ain't. I've bin 'aving measles."

" O, that was it, was it ? I wondered why I 'adn't seen yer in the mail cart. 'Eard the news ? "

" No, I 'avn't 'eard nothing ; wot is it ? Is the war over ? "

" No ; nothing so good. I 'eard my muvver talkin' to the lidy nex' door, and she says there's goin' to be a baby week."

" A baby week ? Wot's that ? "

" O, it's a week when iverybody talks about babies."

" Talks ! Wot's the good o' talks ? "

" I dunno ; it sounds orl right."

" Sounds ! Yis, I dessay it does to you ; but you're only a boy. Will talk give us a bit o' sugar or enuff milk, or fetch our dads back from the front, or give our muvvers enuff money to keep us on, so as they won't 'ave to go out to work orl day ? My muvver's only 'ome on Sundays, then she does the washin' an' the cleanin', an' she gits hot an' tired an' orful cross ; an' lars' Sunday the milk went bad 'cos it was thundering. It was 'orrid ; I wish there were no Sundays."

" Well, you don't know ; they might talk about giving milk free ; that 'ud be a bit of orl right."

" They might ! But they mightn't ! They might give away prams so as I could lie down when I'm tired, an' 'ave a nap."

" Prams, yer silly ! Wot's the good of a pram to your muvver ? You live on the fourth floor up. 'Ow's yer muvver goin' to git it up the stairs ? Gels 'ave no sense ; why don't you ask for a gardin ? "

" Well, why not ? Look 'ere, Billy Sanders, if I went to this baby week o' yourn I'd ask for a gardin to ivery block o' dwellins, wiv big trees in it, an' a flat roof on the top of the dwellins wiv a tent on top to keep the rain orf ; an' I'd ask for a big lift to go up to the top, so as a pram could get right up to my muvver's ; an' I'd ask for lots o' milk an' lots o' sugar ; an' I'd ask for a big girl to take care of us when our muvvers go out to work, 'cos a big girl would laugh an' play. The ole lidy who minds me can't laugh ; she's an old age penshun, that's wot she is."

" My muvver used to take me to a baby welcome. There wos two lidies there. They used to play wiv us, an' sing a real treat."

" I know ; I went there once, but it wos too far for my muvver to carry me, so I ain't bin agen. She might take me in the mail cart, only the wheel comes orf. My dad's goin' to mend it when 'e

comes 'ome. Wot do you reckon to git out o' this biby week ? "

" Me ! I ain't a biby ; I go to school, I do."

" My bruvver goes to school. Teacher tells 'im stories about Jesus an' fairies. I don't think fairies come to London."

" O' course they don't ; nice things they'd look hopping about among tramcars."

" My muvver says I shall go to a cripple school."

" Well, don't you be in a 'urry. You wait till after biby week ; anybody 'ud tike you fer a biby. You got a little fice an' you can't walk, so you'll git wot there is to be got out of it. My muvver says it's boun' to do some good, but my grandad, 'e says it won't ; 'e says whenever things git pretty bad a lot of folks git on their 'ind legs an' make speeches, it gives them a comfortable feelin' inside 'em an' does no good an' no 'arm ; 'e says there ought to be a lor so as no one could build big dwellins close togevver ; an' 'e says there ought to be a big grass plot to each block for children to play on, with big trees on, to make it shady in summer, an' there should be a big balcony to each flat so as everybody could 'ave chairs an' sit on their own balcony an' 'ave it big enuff to grow a few flowers in pots, an' 'ave a table, an' 'ave yer meals out-door like."

" Wot's a balcony ? "

" I dunno. I think it's nice tho', 'cos my grandad is always talkin' about it ; but my muvver says as 'e is a socialist, an' it's no use takin' any notice o' wot 'e says."

" I think I like your grandad. An' does 'e say there ought to be a lor to let us 'ave sugar an' bananas agen ? "

" Bananas ! Sugar ! It ain't no socialist you want it's a millionaire, that's wot you want."

" Wot's a millyonar ? "

" A chap wot gits everything he wants, an' more."

" Well, if 'e gits more'n 'e wants 'e might giv a bit to us as don't git enuff."

" They do ; one chap gave the libr'y at the end of our street. It's full of books. My grandad reads 'em."

" Books ! Wot's the good of books ? You can't eat 'em. If he'd 'a' given a cake shop full o' cakes it 'ud be more like, an' keep on fillin' it when it got empty."

" O, you're never satisfied ; you're always a wantin' somethin' you ain't got."

" Well, if your ole baby week will give me enuff to eat, an' some sugar, an' sen' my dad 'ome from the front, so as my muvver needn't go to work, you can 'ave all the books in the libr'y, an' yer can tell your grandad that I'm goin' to be a sosulist like 'im, 'cos ivery one ought to be sosulists if sosulists want grass plots an' trees, an' them balcon things wot yer sit on, for wot's the good o' talkin' if they don't do somethin', an' wot's the good o' bein' satisfied if you ain't got nothin' to be satisfied with ? "

" I don't think it's a socialist you're goin' to be ; I think you'll be a suffragette. You want too much ; more'n even my grandad." M. H.

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