

CATHOLIC WOMEN'S PROTEST.

REFUSAL TO MEET GERMAN WOMEN.

The president of the Catholic Women's League and vice-president of the International Bureau of l'Union des Ligues Catholiques Feminines sent a reply declining the invitation received by the English members of the union from the Countess Wodzicka to a meeting of the bureau at Lucerne on September 20. In her letter the president states:—

"At such meeting I note that it is suggested that the question of an international peace among other subjects is to be discussed. It is my duty to inform you that it is not possible for the English members of the bureau to respond to the invitation thus conveyed. In the first place, it is certain that our Government would refuse to grant the passports for such a purpose; and in the second place we should, in any event, be unwilling to be present, having regard to the circumstances of the time.

"We feel it impossible for English women to meet German women in friendly intercourse so long as the crimes against religion and humanity committed at the instance of the German Government remain unrepented and unatoned for. We would refer especially to the sacrilegious destruction and massacres in Belgium and Northern France, to the deportations of men and women into servitude and shame, and to the policy of organised murder on the seas. We cannot greet German women as sisters in the faith until there has been expiation for these wrongs."

NEW FRANCHISE AT AN EARLY DATE.

The Labour Party Executive and the Trades Union Congress have been somewhat perturbed by the well-known intrigues of high places to defer the consideration of the Representation of the People Bill. Mr. Lloyd George, with whom was Mr. George Barnes, M.P., recently received a deputation from these organisations, at which the Premier assured the representatives that they would have no need to be apprehensive of the Bill, because it was the intention of the Government to afford every facility for its early passing into law. The Government had not swerved one iota with regard to their interest in the measure, the urgent necessity of which was apparent to them all.

The deputation expressed keen satisfaction at the Prime Minister's reply.

BOVRIL, LTD.

Bovril, Ltd., have installed a gramophone for the entertainment of the hundreds of people from the surrounding districts who find shelter in the company's premises in Old Street during night air-raids.

AN EAST-END DUG-OUT.

"Lord 'elp us! They're 'ere!" The Farver ses when we sees the warnin' we're to run straight to 'im.' Es ses we kin eever go stright to the church and sing 'ymns or go to 'is 'ouse and 'e'll ply the gramophone to us.

"Kitch 'old 'o my skirt, Nellie. I'm goin' to the 'ymns, they're more comfordin' like than the gramophone."

"Mebbe you're right, I was a-goin' to the Vicarage. They ses its *all* right there. The Farver 'e's that jolly. 'E ses, 'Sy your prayers' 'e ses, 'an' yer needn't mind Uncle Bill.' Don't 'ang on to me like that, Jackie, don't yer see I'm carryin' biby *and* Bobbie? Well, it's no use ter cry, yer must run if yer don't want the bombs tc 'it yer."

"My! there's the guns. Ain't it awful? 'Ere we are, thank Gawd, I kin 'ear the gramophone."

Haven at last to the poor scared woman and children! Heaven almost the sight of the burly Vicar and the glimpse of light and shelter within!

"That you, Mrs. Brown? Don't be scared! Uncle's not here yet. Heaps of pals inside. Don't cry, Jackie, you must be a man and take care of mother till father comes home. Put that in your mouth. Good, isn't it?"

"Now, let's all kneel down and ask God's protection for ourselves and the dear chaps who are defending us, and then we'll sing 'Tipperary' so loud we shan't hear the guns."

The few elderly men gathered in a group, and above the noise of a hundred voices joining in the chorus could be heard at intervals such words of serious import as "reprizzals" and "comunikkues."

The atmosphere left something to be desired, and the kindly Sister remarked it was better to stop in it than go back to it.

Please say a "Peace be to this house" for this East-end Dug-out.

"TAINT 'ALF A RAID."

Young England, in the person of a small ragged boy of four summers, stood in his mother's kitchen, his sturdy legs wide apart, his hands in the openings called by courtesy pockets, and an angry scowl on his dirty little face.

The small room was uncomfortably full, for the neighbours had herded together during the air-raid and had remained to discuss "my young Liz" and "your Bill's" chances of safety.

"What's the matter with your Tommy, Mrs. 'opkins? 'E don't look best pleased about sumfin'."

"I dunno," said his weary mother, "'e's that darin'. I fetches 'im in from the streets in the first place, and that didn't please 'is lordship. And ever since e's been carryin' on shockin' cause the raid warn't so long as the last one. 'Call that a raid,' 'e ses. 'Taint 'alf a raid, that aint.'"

We think Tommy 'opkins the type of "lordship" to deal with the All Highest War Lord.

H. H.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)