Oppressed by the Needle

Five *Good Housekeeping* articles by

Elizabeth Robins

1922, 1923.

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image credit: Doris Pailthorpe
Good Housekeeping Volume 2 (December 1922) page 85

As recorded in the Sue Thomas Bibliography:

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203. TWO: "The One-eyed Master." *Good Housekeeping* 2 (Dec 1922): 84, 92.

204. THREE: "She Loves to Sew." *Good Housekeeping* 2 (Jan 1923): 31, 78, 80.

206. FOUR: "Temptation." *Good Housekeeping* 3 (Mar 1923): 35,143.

207. FIVE: "Reaction." *Good Housekeeping* 3 (May 1923): 44, 109.

Details and commentary follow the sequenced articles, which are separated by a version of this header page.

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The Deadly Needle

Amateur Needling is Not an Economy

By Elizabeth Robins

Author of "The Magnetic North," "The Convert," "Way Stations," "Camilla," etc.

THE case against the hypodermic needle has been put before the public. The danger of its use in non-professional hands is emphasised in many a police-court report: "She had been in the habit of giving herself morphine hypodermically"; "Her body bore the marks of the needle."

There is also for the warning of women the frequently repeated legend or fact of a furtive prick by a poison-carrying needle upon the arm of some innocent girl, who presently "comes to" far from home, in durance vile.

I am examining here the case (not to my knowledge publicly ventilated hitherto) against the supposedly necessary, supposedly harmless domestic needle.

The good housekeeper may at first blush (or prick) look severely on the temerity which ventures to call in question a habit of mind and of hand so long belauded.

Yet it seems more than probable that good housekeepers are quite specially those who, on reflection, will be most inclined to adopt the needle-case here presented.

It should be said that under the heading "good housekeepers" one does not for the moment include those of the small professional class who are paid for their work. For these last, by operation of the well-known law, are under less temptation than the unpaid are to continue professional work in their "off" hours, allowing it thus of their own motion to enslave them.

We are considering for the moment the vast majority of housekeepers—those unprofessional persons of every class who do their housekeeping along with a number of other things. We all agree that upon this unprofessional housekeeper rest the present fortunes of the home and much of the welfare of society.

NOT many women will agree that the habit of constant sewing may develop into a mania in time destructive of health, and we realise that this article will arouse much opposition. All the same, when you have read it you will ask yourself, "Am I a slave to the needle?" Do not sacrifice all your precious leisure hours to the claims of the family mending-basket

Notwithstanding the varied abilities and the boundless courage which she so often brings to her task, the housekeeper too often finds herself, in point of practice, a person of undermined health and impaired temper.

The deadly needle.

It is true that she buys ready-made many things that her fore-mothers not so much made themselves as had made, or took merely a part in making, in the home.

"My great-grandmother spun this linen," some proud descendant will say. Her great-grandmother probably had a very small share in the achievement. She had command of the services of three or four young women-workers where we have a precarious one. "He made" is said also of a man's work: "My father built this house," meaning he hired others. So our fore-mother spun and sewed largely by proxy. So she "made" soap and candles, and cured her bacon and kept her still-room.

If these duties are taken entirely from the shoulders of the busy housewife, just as surely are removed from her service those many hands which used to help her to keep her house. In the many-sided task that remains to be done the modern housewife is constrained herself to supplement here and to pick up dropped stitches there.

The needle plays a part so important in all this that to its service the unpaid housewife has felt obliged to "give" herself in a sense sobering to contemplate.

She has not only given herself, she has given her daughters. I am not sure she would not give her sons, but for the ancient and sustained revolt of the less patient sex.

We have most of us seen how a mother's view of the value to youth of climbing trees may be jaundiced by the effect of that fine exercise upon the elbows and knees of the climber.

In talking of domestic economy to elementary schoolchildren during the war, a Government lecturer asked a mixed audience what they were doing to save for the country. It appeared that many of the little girls had "given up skipping." It wore out their stockings and shoes. The deprivation of girls in general from sharing in athletic exercise of the more muscle and bone-building nature has perhaps been made more tolerable to the girls by the knowledge that if they tear their clothes they must themselves mend them—often in addition to mending the clothes of their brothers.

During a country walk a discussion recently took place as to the cause of the anæmia (*Continued on page 100*)

The Deadly Needle

(*Continued from page 39*)

and general poor health conspicuous in a certain large class of working girls.

"If only, instead of going in their free hours to sit in the stuffy picture-palaces, they would go for a good brisk walk!" said one lady. "But no, they are one and all terrified of a little mud or rain." The speaker looked complacently down at her own begrimed skirt.

Her daughter remarked mildly, "If I hadn't plenty of skirts, or even had to clean one, *I* wouldn't go tramping in the mud."

How much more do similar considerations tend to exclude proper exercise from the woman who, without the resiliency of youth, is carrying the responsibility of extending the life of the household linen, as well as doing the more important part, in many cases all, of the clothes-mending—and of necessity doing this part of the housekeeping in her "free time."

While the more sensible man sits reading his paper, or talking, or silently smoking his pipe, the woman bends over the stocking-basket. She becomes so accustomed to the harassed sense of never catching up with the mending that when a possible interval comes she often cannot avail herself of it. Instead of following her husband's good example so far as to sit with weariness relaxed, giving herself a chance to recover her forces, the needle-goad will prick her on actually to hunt about for something to sew at.

We may as well be just to this obsession.

It is characteristic of the outrageous spendthrift like Baudelaire to complain, as he did of Jeanne, that she was "comme toutes les femmes plus qu'économe."

The tyranny of the needle could never have survived in its present vigour but for its association with economy in the mind of the sex whose mission in life has often seemed to be to "pick up the pieces" and to patch and sew them into fresh serviceability. For economy is not only thrift; it is a form of honesty.

The good housekeeper's mania for mending and repairing is also a form of respect for the work other hands have done. A stitch in time saves nine of her own and many thousand of some other worker's.

The waste that goes on in the world is responsible for most of the shortage and much of the resultant poverty. Women realise that the world needs more, not less economy.

My point is that amateur needling is not economy.

It is in the long run one of the more extravagant forms of wastefulness. For no time is more valuable, more productive in the long run, than spare time.

We realise this when we see how much the power of going on successfully with work depends on the power of going away from it.

The "good housekeeper" never goes away from the needle.

Even on her holiday, if she has one, along goes the tyrant cunningly concealed in that prickly packet called, with unconscious irony, "a housewife."

If she is well enough off and able to break through the vicious circle of habit, the housekeeper can cast aside the old bondage to-day.

The less well off can do so in the near future if some of the intelligence and skill of the freer, the unneedled spirits, were to organise the work of repairing the clothes of women and children. This great business, when it is done professionally, will be done better, more quickly, with more suitable appliances, with the ease of the worker who keeps to rational hours, and who is adequately paid.

Have we not heard rumours of a laundry which for a reasonable sum will send home your linen not only washed and ironed but repaired? This good principle could be extended. We should be able to collect in a hamper the family coats and skirts, gowns and stockings, each with its malady diagnosed on a paper attached, and dispatch the hamper to a Hospital for Disabled Clothes (Incurables not Admitted).

The cost of such a service carried on at various centres on a large scale could be as small or smaller than those trifling charges for the heavier work of repairing the clothing of men. The Clothes Hospital will bring about a saving in doctors' bills,

since clearly it will be cheaper to repair her clothes than to repair the housekeeper.

In the meanwhile we are told that amateur needling is more than ever necessary in these days of heavy taxes and high prices. My answer is that we live in the same days as our men folk do. There seems no good reason why the burden of the time should be allowed to press more heavily on the weaker shoulders. Whatever the price of clothes, whatever the income tax, men (with the exception of those whose trade is the making, repairing, and pressing of tailored clothes) wisely decline to hamper and weary themselves by an amateur pursuit which would need to be carried on in hours free from regular occupations, whether paid or unpaid.

Even before the days of the servant shortage, professional women realised how much heavier were the demands made upon the average housekeeper than upon the woman working at a paid profession. One has only to consider the early loss of health in a vast number of working-men's and lower middle-class wives to realise upon which partner life bears hardest. Not repeated motherhood in itself, not even hard work, is responsible for this difference. Uninterrupted work is responsible. In the vast majority of homes the chief goad to uninterrupted work is supplied by the needle.

This fact is beginning to be understood by the younger generation.

We have all heard the modern girl—especially of the class to which industry and thrift are most warmly recommended—severely blamed for her ignorance of needlecraft and for her plain disinclination to abandon that advantage.

I do not say she might not put better, more rewarding things into her spare hours, but at least she more and more *has* spare hours, and declines to dull and bemuse them by applying the deadly needle.

In the final summing, the account of the modern girl will show the deficits inseparable from a muddled education, or none. But, since women in caves sewed skins with bone implements, the generation now young will be the first of whom it may not be said, as a matter of course, "The body bore the marks of the needle."

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W. J. Locke and his family at Cannes

WILLIAM J. LOCKE

is a great traveller. He journeys through the strange countries of the human mind and heart, and, returning, tells us an enchanting tale—such as "Moordius & Co." In it you will meet, among others, a hero travelling incognito, the lovely and strong-minded Suzanne, and one of the most fascinating scoundrels ever produced by the magic of this great storyteller's art. We can wholeheartedly recommend this serial. It begins on page 9.

CONTENTS *for* DECEMBER

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. DECEMBER 1922. VOL. II, NO. 10

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The Editor will not hold himself responsible for the safety of any MSS., but when stamps are enclosed he will make every effort to ensure the safe return of rejected MSS.

The Editor begs to inform the readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING that the characters in the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and that no reference or allusion is intended to apply to any living person or persons.

Handsome cloth gilt cases for binding the first six numbers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING are now ready, and can be obtained of all Booksellers and Newsagents, price 2s. 6d. nett, or post free for 2s. 10d., from The National Magazine Co., Ltd., 1 Amen Corner, London, E.C.4.

The One-Eyed Master

By Elizabeth Robins

Author of "The Magnetic North," "Camil'a," "The Convert," "Way-Stations"

WOMAN'S ancient slavery to the needle has survived the newest gains in freedom, and is likely to go on until life is run entirely by machinery, and human beings, in an excess of practicability, go about clad in neat suits of asbestos. Meantime, woman continues to ply the needle to her own and her household's enhancement. But there are women in whom needling has become a vice, and about these the well-known writer of this article has some pungent remarks to make

OF a little book of Fairy Tales for the very young, the memory is now so faint that it recalls only two impressions. Its outside aspect—the pleasant chubby fatness, the maroon colour enlivened by gilt edges—and the emotion stirred by a single story: *The One-eyed Servant.*

Any child would expect from this title that eerie excitement which for some reason the suggestion of malformation or physical defect will arouse in the infant mind. The wicked hunchback, the dumb servitor, the one-legged villain, had thrillingly prepared us for *The One-eyed Servant.*

Against all canons of fair play this promising character turned out with piercing disappointment to be a needle. Later experience convicted of fraud the very name of the story. It should have been called *The One-eyed Master.*

Our ancient slavery to the needle has survived the newest gains in freedom. Women who in Miss Cicely Hamilton's phrase "have fought free" (in that they have succeeded in practising some other than the domestic profession) have been the first to admit a truth which general opinion and the public press still fail to recognise. It is that the combination of gifts, mental, moral, and manual, required successfully to run a house under modern conditions, constitute an equipment before which the professional woman can only take off her hat in reverence. If she puts it on again with conspicuous haste, she does so with a view of fleeing the need of emulation. But does she escape altogether? Seldom.

If she is successful at her trade or profession, and in character very firm, she may parry all the old attacks upon her time and strength, except one, the most insidious. Trust the needle to find out the joint in her brave new armour. The mind returns irresistibly to that simile before employed, of the drug-carrying hypodermic prick. For, clearly, there is some brain-numbing magic in the domestic needle.

We have seen women of proved capacity to do highly remunerative work, who yet are so hypnotised by the sight of a hole in the table-cloth that they will spend five pounds' worth of time in repairing five shillings' worth of damage. In those cases where the professional woman, in eluding the claim of the table-cloth, has sacrificed the table, too, eating thereafter at tables more or less public—has she outwitted the cunning of the needle?

Never think it.

More than the unprofessional must the professional woman be mindful of the condition of her clothes. She has to face their greater initial costliness over and above that of the professional man's, and she knows well the greater need of women to consider what part a good appearance plays in business opportunity.

Women of that growing army who "do things" to make an income, are often compelled by the practical importance of "appearances first" to choose between proper clothes and proper food. Small wonder if in making the less grim choice between untidiness and the free hour, they yield up freedom at the point of the needle.

Let us for a moment reflect that while there is an obvious tradesman's reason for perpetuating a lucrative business, there is no eternal law enacting that women's everyday clothes shall cost more and wear out sooner than men's. We look as yet in vain for a Mrs. Mallaby-Deeley to do for the professional woman what was done for her brother clerk, etc., by Mr. Mallaby-Deeley with his boon and blessing to men—The Three-Guinea Business Suit.

Though it may be contended that only in the middle and upper classes is the initial cost of a woman's clothes greater than the cost of a man's, in all classes the greater perishability of women's clothes amounts in the long run to enormously increased cost. Apart, moreover, from the greater initial cost, apart from the perishability and the supposed need of variety (from which the professional man is happily free), the appurtenances of women's dress stand convicted of what can only be called a low cunning.

Let us for one brave moment face the facts.

We all recognise the shortness of life. Many of us are not altogether blind to the richness of its possibilities. When, with these in mind, at a cost (of time, and of opportunity in the form of money) which would shame a half-wit, woman has at last secured her clothes, she finds "secured" is the last epithet in the (*Continued on page* **92**)

Do You Know How to Give?

For it requires generosity to take in the right way, no less than to give; and in this connection I often think of an old couple who used to live in a place well known to me, where there is a long, grey mere near which plovers' eggs may be found in the season. It was the custom of the old man—and had been for thirty years or more—to take a walk round the mere on a Sunday afternoon once every spring in order to find and bring home a couple of plovers' eggs for his wife's tea. He never gave her any other present, because it was all they could do to live; but every year he used to bring that one offering, and watch her as she ate, always making practically the same remark: "You've gotten your eggs, Maria, so we shall soon have the roses out on the porch now. Summer's coming."

Then he died. But the neighbour was a kind young woman, so next spring she persuaded her husband to walk round the mere in order to find some plovers' eggs for old Mrs. Brown, though they are scarcer now than they used to be. And then she came into the cottage with her pleasant face all smiles. "Look, here's your eggs all the same. Now sit you to the table and enjoy them." But the old woman turned her head aside. "Take them away," she said. "I can't abide 'em. I never could."

"But your husband——" began the young woman, astounded. Then her eyes met those other sunken ones, and she became silent, for she too loved her man very dearly and so she understood.

Of course some people would say the old woman had been foolish; that she should have told her young husband the truth thirty years before, when he first came in from his Sunday walk all flushed and jubilant because he had something to give. But for my part, I think that this poor uneducated woman had just been taught by her heart to accept beautifully.

In regard to receiving, a shrewd old Yorkshirewoman said not long ago: "I don't like all I get given, but I'm always pleased with things that come with the right sauce."

And there lies the secret—the right sauce will make any gift "go down," and it is the absence of that which causes some people's presents to stick in our throats, however well they are meant.

I do not know exactly what the ingredients of that sauce are—I wish I did; but this I *do* know—it is flavoured with sympathy and mingled with understanding. Poor and rich alike may have it; it is something which money cannot buy; and yet we are only fully aware of it when we find it is not there.

That was indeed the perplexity of the knight of old who stood looking doubtfully on the favour given him by his lady, until she said to him at last: "My lord, what ails my gift? Is there aught wanting in it?"

To which he answered, wistfully: "Dear lady—I think a little of thy love."

The One-Eyed Master

(*Continued from page* **84**)

dictionary to be applied to them. Practically every device for keeping a woman's gown on her back is a tolerated delusion and a wearily accepted snare. Some years ago a new one was invented. Along with the crafty suggestion of magical ease in saving time and trouble, we were presented with those clips which so early weary in well-clipping. In face of the bitter knowledge of what happens to these devices under the mildest strain, who revolts against clips?

The professional woman may say she has no time for an Anti-Clip Crusade. What, then, is the domestic woman in her millions doing about it? She is meekly trying to induce billions of clips to "stay clipped."

In one of those columns of Household Hints which some of us try vainly to pass by, the eye was lately caught by "A Practical Suggestion." It was that the clips on women's home-overalls should be supplemented by neat little tapes which, out of sight, will tie the opening together. Otherwise, says the ingenuous adviser, "any lifting of the arms will cause the clips to come apart."

If we lift our arms, it is to ask forgiveness of Heaven for our own futility. Not even the professional sewer amongst men would dare mock his male customers with such imbecilities.

"How much use do you make of clips?" I asked my tailor.

"Oh, for a good while," he said in the tone of one fully abreast of the times, "we've used them on ladies' things."

"And what other use?"

"There *isn't* any other use."

"Tailors don't put them on anything they make for men?"

"Well, how could we? There isn't anything a man wears that clips would be any good for."

Clips apart (as is their nature), what man outside a mad-house would put up for forty-eight hours with the mean, minute buttons, the elusive loops, the truly "invisible" hooks which rob the woman daily of time, temper, and hope of salvation—and which rob her weekly of more of all these things while she perpetuates the outrage with her needle?

Domestic history remains to be written. There would be instruction as well as interest in verifying the part the needle has played in the lives of women, particularly in the lives of women having some other specialised gift besides the one (erroneously) supposed to be common to all womankind.

Some slight material does exist for judging of the restriction upon output other than of needlework; for judging of the hampered power with which woman's genius has found such outlet in the past as leaks through man's account of her in song and story, in sculpture and painting. So far as the more accessible records go, those which are of true authority, i.e. those set down by women themselves, are so recent (looked at historically) that we have the scantiest material for a verdict except as we find it between the lines.

Some woman of letters who will in the future make a practice of noting the passages in her general reading which bear on this subject would presently find herself in possession of material for a singularly interesting book. Hitherto, such records as have come our way of energy expended upon distaff and needle were as little considered by us as by our brothers.

We, precisely as they, accepted as so natural, as to go unmarked, the overwhelming predominance given to needlework not only in the early education (!) of the Caroline Herschels, the Charlotte Brontës, the Harriet Beecher-Stowes—but

The One-Eyed Master

the general expectation that even such women should continue to give precedence to needlework as long as eyesight could endure the strain.

We are told that Jane Austen at an early age began to suffer from "weakness in her eyes." That did not save her from "*needlework both plain and ornamental . . . which might almost have put a sewing-machine to shame. She was considered especially great in satin stitch. She spent much time in these occupations.*"

None more truly than the acute Jane could gauge their popularity. No need of secrecy about the flowered-silk housewife she was making for her sister-in-law, but the exquisite craftsmanship of her fiction must be hidden like a misdemeanour. Her novels, we are told, were written upon little pieces of paper which could easily be thrust out of sight. There is a story of a swing door whose creaking Jane Austen objected to having remedied because it gave her notice when someone was coming.

In the next century, in a more serious society, another woman—too little now remembered—Harriet Martineau, found herself compelled to spend all the daylight of her eager youth over needlework, able only with the dark to begin in the secrecy of her own room her self-imposed task, those literary labours which were to bring her independence, fame, and happiness.

After the long day's sewing she would study and write till two or three o'clock in the morning, knowing that, however weary, she must by the iron rule of the house not only present herself at eight o'clock at the breakfast-table but regularly thereafter sit down to the work-table to make shirts for the household, to make her own clothes, or fancy articles for sale.

Every girl, we are told, even among the well-to-do, was expected at an early age to cut out and put together a shirt for her father—to draw threads to cut it by, and again to draw threads for the doing of those rows of meticulous stitchery, taking up but two strands of the finest material for each stitch. Costly shirts some fathers wore, considering the kind of talent that went to the making!

When Harriet Martineau was in London seeing her first book through the press, the sapient publisher offered her a permanent job. Proof-correcting and other drudgery. Harriet's delight at the prospect of occupying herself in London with the pen, even in so humble a fashion, rather than at home with the needle, was not shared by her London relations. A letter was dispatched to the family advising them to recall their Harriet. In order to ensure a suitable employment in the interval, her hostess made Harriet a present. Some pieces of silk. Attractive pieces, lilac, pink, blue. The future philosopher and popular publicist was urged to set about making little bags, etc., which the kind relation promised to assist in selling.

The family in Norfolk took the same view as the London relations of the best employment for a budding author. Mrs. Martineau ordered her daughter home. Harriet obeyed, and in the intervals of needlework began those writings on political economy which were to make her name known throughout Europe and America.

"Whatever it may be," she says mildly, "there is something in prolonged sewing which is remarkably exhausting. . . ."

Harriet Martineau, herself for many years under compulsion to ply the needle, is the last person to allow us to forget the woman, under no compulsion, who says she "loves to sew."

We will deal with her in another article.

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204. THREE: "She Loves to Sew." *Good Housekeeping* 2 (Jan 1923): 31, 78, 80.

Details and commentary follow the sequenced articles, which are separated by a version of this header page.

CONTENTS *for* JANUARY

HEADLINERS

SUSANNE CHASTEL, that extraordinary young woman who is the heroine of Wm. J. Locke's new serial, needs all her high spirits and French logic to combat the shock that she experiences in the second instalment of "Moordius & Co," that begins on page 13.

HAS the shattering experience of a great war changed the German people's home life? This question is answered in an intensely interesting article on German family life by Katharine Tynan, the author of so many excellent novels. You will find it on page 17.

WOMAN is nothing, if not versatile. That is why a famous actress like Miss Viola Tree can write, as a kind of curtain raiser to domestic drama, an intriguing article about the joys (and inexpensiveness) of buying food in Soho—London's fascinating French quarter.

NURSERY people have a large share in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING this month, for, in addition to the children's pages in colour and two special articles about children, there are features in the Home Management and Cookery Sections that concern the nursery exclusively.

WE think you will agree that our "Career" article this month is more than usually practical and helpful. It is on "Dressmaking as a Business Career," and tells you about every phase of the work, its pitfalls and profits.

FUR is at once a luxury and a necessity as every well-dressed woman knows. If you will read the article on page 66 you will learn how to "grow" lovely, silky furs of different colours and grades in your own garden!

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To the woman of old who had need be a house-wife—or nothing, the product of the spinning-wheel and needle stood as a symbol of success, stood for riches

"She Loves to Sew"

By

Elizabeth Robins

Author of "Camilla," "The Magnetic North," "The Convert," "Way Stations," etc.

NOT doubt of the truth of this profession, but belief in the importance of what lies behind urges us to understand it better. Recognition of the pleasure of doing things with our hands (even if we don't do them very well) ought earlier to have swept aside the veil dropped by the ancient curse on labour.

The acquirement of some form of handicraft is essential to the more balanced education both of boys and girls. But well on this side of anything meriting the title Handicraft is that joy by which even an old scholar like the M. Bergeret of Anatole France, proved his kinship with the rest of us, when he celebrated the departure of his wife by hammering nails in the wall for his pictures—a form of wantonness strictly forbidden by Mme. Bergeret.

Most of us have had our field days with a hammer or a paint-brush. Nor should any memory of its misuse lead us to exclude the needle from our gratitude for certain "selig" hours—silly, if anyone likes the root derivation better—but blessed, still. For, to the housekeeper and the professional woman alike, come times (holidays, periods of convalescence) when the more active or serious concerns of life must for an interval be left on one side. It is then that the needle, more especially if innocent of association with compulsion, can be a precious resource. Soldiers discovered this in military hospitals during the war.

It may clarify the argument for some to know that an enemy to needle-tyranny can yet have personal experience of "loving to sew." One such, remembers with gratitude having twice in her adult life, during painful and prolonged convalescence, begun a piece of needlework, and having worked at it with increasing absorption—yes, with "love."

In the first instance, the feeble interest of the invalid was caught by the fascination of a single colour, fat reels of floss of a glorious gold, and "twist"-like skeins of sunshine, for the tracing on champagne silk of a course which was lent a flavour of adventure by dint of being called "Russian." Yet the enterprise was of so homely, so kindergarten a nature that equally without instruction and without strain, now by use of lock-stitch in outline and again with cross-stitch filling in geometric areas with a sort of gold diaper, the illusion of bright achievement marched alongside a sense of mastery in precision. So was the invalid taken gently back to less childish tasks.

In the other instance, again colour was the initial lure—colours of range and daring. They described an old pattern ("pointed Italian"), in which monotony supplies the element of security and colour the stimulus—colour graded in a harmony which established on the slack mind a hold comparable only to that secure pleasure with which one waits for the loved repetitions in music.

If we must admit that these delights of the Land of Counterpane would bore or fret the same person in a state of health, what does that prove but the variety in pleasure life offers?—on condition that we do not disdain "the Wine of the County"; on condition that with changed circumstance we change the cup.

Are men notoriously such "bad patients" because commonly they disdain those humble aids to convalescence? Alack! the murder is out with the word humble.

The gulf between such "love" of the needle (as I have tried to describe) and that of the Needlewoman Elect can be roughly measured by the fact that as soon as the invalid's normal forces return she drops the needle.

Your true lover of sewing, whether she be of to-day or of all the yesterdays, would consider that in my small tribute the real point of the needle was missed; as though one should confuse the art of Sargent with the amusement of painting the gate.

In the face of our limitation as amateurs let us try for a moment to regard the needle from the point of view of the expert.

To the woman of old who had need be a house-wife (or aid to a house-wife) or nothing, the product of spinning-wheel and needle stood as a symbol of success, stood for riches.

We have no wish to deny that it stood also for things in the category of satisfactions more creditable than display, or than pride of possession.

Some of these satisfactions survive to-day in the peculiar pleasure given to many a woman by the mere spectacle of stores of fine household linen; in the subtle response of fabric under knowledgable fingers; in the critical appreciation of herring-bone stitch, in the delicate intricacy of drawn-work.

The "new woman" has often looked with a wondering pride at the needle-wrought treasures which women of another age have left behind. As time goes on, the wonder tends to show tarnish, the pride is dashed with pity and fear.

(*Continued on page* **78**)

The New Discipline

to be clothed, fed, exercised, and trained strictly according to the hygienic principles of growth. But what we are apt to forget is that the spiritual part of the child must also be catered for.

"I am going down to feed the ducks this afternoon; will you come with me?" elicits a far more satisfactory response than "Go and get ready quickly; you must go for a walk." To hold out an attractive prospect like feeding the ducks is not bribery, such as offering sweets to the child who is quickest in getting ready; it is rather presenting an attractive side to a physiological necessity, encouraging a quick and ready obedience to a law of nature, the need of the young animal to exercise, submission to which allows pleasant opportunities of a legitimate kind.

Co-operation—the magic word in dealing with children. We do not adopt it because it is without it that children are most easily dealt with—that is sheer opportunism. That children should be easy to get on with is not the *aim*, but the result of good education. All the instincts in your beautiful children are there, waiting to be used, waiting to be developed. The desire to help, so common in little children, must not be roughly turned aside "because mother is so much quicker." Mothers make supreme sacrifices for their children; let them make this small one of waiting for the baby. Development is a slow thing, but worth waiting for even in small matters like these.

Again, the desire to please must be gently and tactfully dealt with. The very little child tends always to find concrete examples of his abstract ideas. To please mother is to please God, with him. If the mother is wise, she understands that his faith in her may be the result not so much of her character as of her position, and she will help the baby and the older, growing child, too—for the principles of discipline apply to the adolescent as well as to the child—not by excessive humility in telling him that she is unworthy, nor in excessive pride in assuming a calm and omnipotent attitude towards him, but by showing him that she, too, is the follower of the big principle, the student of what Froebel calls the "inner law which is in all things."

But let the child be subservient to the law in his own way. Do not force your grown-up ideas upon him. Sift the soil, and stimulate the root by the best treatment—physical, mental, and spiritual—which you can give him, and reap your reward in the wonderful flower which will appear. Enjoy it—even though you may find a yellow sunflower instead of the pale lily you had, unconsciously, expected.

"She Loves to Sew"

(*Continued from page* 31)

We come to see in these embroidered coverlids, in these elaborately wrought collars and undersleeves, these long flower-sprigged veils, relics of restricted life and lost opportunity.

The needle not only produced these examples of patient work; like that other needle called hypodermic, it kept the women quiet. It did as much to keep their minds unexercised as it did to keep their bodies undeveloped.

The corseted lady with her eighteen-inch waist sorely needed some occupation which could be carried on with practically the only member of her body left unhampered—her hands—since the use of her tongue was as ill-looked on as the use of her legs.

When a woman is young, not even a corslet of steel and trailing skirts would keep her tethered for those long hours necessary for the doing of that work she has left for our admiration and our warning. But sore feet could be trusted to reconcile the needlewoman to her sedentary occupation. To get at one reason of her quiescence, we have but to look at the shoes she wore. The eighteen-inch waist lady never possessed a pair of walking boots. Walking boots were not made in women's sizes. They were not made for girls. So, old and young, they "put by the time" sitting at their needle.

Some of those needlewomen were artists.

We need never waste pity upon artists, though whether the needlewomen of a hundred years ago would not have been happier artists had they been less circumscribed and physically unfit, I shall not stop to examine. The needle in the hand of an artist is an implement of deserved honour.

It appears to be the fact (and there is more in it than may at first be supposed), the adept needlewoman does her work as all the higher craftsmen do—with the best and most alert she has at command. She does not, as a rule, in her hours of weariness or her times of recreation, turn back to needlework whether of the plain or the decorative sort.

The point insisted upon is that the artist's work not only absorbs but stimulates the worker. It is your dull, driven amateur who is to be pitied—and rescued. Most of us are dull, driven amateurs when we ply the needle. Yet there is hardly a woman of conscience over thirty in the world who does not think she is under an obligation now and then to sew or knit something. Whether she goes for a walk, spends the hour studying a language, attends a meeting, or plays with the children—seldom (*never*, I think, in my heart) can she feel the peculiar sense of destiny fulfilled which she experiences in darning a hole.

We do not forget that this still common obsession cannot hope to be admitted by that proud creature, the Needlewoman Elect, as "love" of the craft.

Our humble obsession has nevertheless affinities with that love.

A. As an aspect of æsthetics (offering lowly tribute to the beauty of tidiness).

B. As amusement.

C. As narcotic.

Though there is more to be said about B., I turn to C.

Never was the narcotic aspect of the needle more plainly revealed than during the war. Women had no need to say, as many did, that they would not have known how to live through the horror of those years but for the inexhaustible demand for socks and shirts and all the varied forms of soldiers' necessaries.

Such women as had hitherto escaped the old dominion fell in the Great War at the point of the needle. Anyone not a nurse who did not sew hospital "supplies" or knit "comforts" was an anomaly which called for explanation. What the amateur needlewoman produced during the war may not always have been a "comfort" to the soldier. It was comfort beyond telling to her.

A new minor industry sprang up at the great receiving centres: the unpicking of impossible products. No one complained. The soldiers could do well without such

"She Loves to Sew"

eccentric socks, but everyone understood that women could ill do without the anodyne of making them.

It is this "dope" aspect of needlework, and of kindred pursuits, which has received least and deserved the closest scrutiny. There are women—we should have said before the war that few of them are young—who sit down to the needle as the drunkard does to his bottle.

What some of these women have come only so late in the day to see is that if needlework is not your business it is likely to be one of three things:

1. False economy (an aspect considered in a former paper).
2. A form of mere fidgetiness.
3. Self-indulgence.

For ages the needle and the wheel have met the widespread need for a respectable narcotic. Amateur needlers do not so much "love to sew" as love to forget. They *need* to forget—that they are defrauded and aimless; that they are wasting their capacity for greater pleasure and nobler pain than any they are allowed to know.

Even with the woman who is not aimless—the professional woman—old habits, as established by the unprofessional, count for much. We cannot forget that the difficulties in the way of the professional woman, being still what they are, her temptation to seek refuge in forgetfulness is often more acute than in the case of her amateur sister. In varying degree then, to the aimless and the baulked in aim, to the sluggish-minded and to the overstrained the needle promises this respectable narcotic—a something which not only does not demand thought, but which lulls and dulls and extinguishes real thought.

Poor little needle! one could almost yield to sympathy with the minute object under such a weight of objurgation but for remembering its incalculably greater number of victims than fall at the point of that other (hypodermic) needle whose effect is speedy and spectacular instead of being insidious and long-drawn-out, whose amateur use is universally condemned instead of being universally honoured—or rather (a different matter) universally approved.

So then let the indictment stand: False economy, self-indulgence, or that fidgetiness which is one of the well-known signs of overwork, or work under hampered conditions.

One of the strongest arguments we know against the early establishment of the equality status is woman's apparent inability to avoid overwork if she works at all. No one will maintain that the needle is her sole enemy. I do maintain that, enemy as it is to the spare hour and to general exercise, the needle has played an all too important part in the lowered health standard of the mass of women and girls.

The Woman Question is the Health Question.

The commonest enemy to health among all women who are not idlers is fatigue. Yet does even the "educated" professional woman rest when she is too tired or too discouraged to work at her special craft? Has the Academy rejected my picture? I'll put a new braid on my skirt. Am I dismissed from the Civil Service? I'll knit a jumper. Have I committed the offence of matrimony and thereby lost my post of overseeing the welfare of infants?—where is the stocking-basket?

Shopping in Soho

(*Continued from page* 24)

sugar? Without cheese? Gruyère only 2*s.* 6*d.* Surely a little flask of wine—and the coffee?" He says this as though he were your host, and you are bound to feel his guest, and that payment is a vulgar and almost unnecessary detail. He also hates you to carry things and begs you to let him send them.

He will offer you a far greater choice of cheeses than your own provision merchant—or rather a greater choice of soft cheeses. They will some of them be quite unknown to you unless you have lived abroad, but nearly all of them are worth sampling—some of the Italian cheese is quite costly—4*s.* a lb., and yet in Soho there is a good sale for it, which there would not be for any cheese at a high price in an English working-class quarter. Coffee will be a problem for you to solve for yourself. Some of the French coffees sold in Soho are roasted almost to blackness and coarsely ground—not the fine powder that one gets from an English grocer. The flavour is different, and if you like it, you will never allow your coffee to be ground fine again. If your preference is for a special kind of berry, you will be able to satisfy it in one shop in Soho where coffee is a speciality, and the scent of it draws you in, in spite of yourself. Here too little French biscuits filled with preserved fruit and obtainable nowhere else can be bought. In another neighbouring shop, chocolates made in Turin and a famous sweetmeat, made up in small cartons, will look well in your dessert.

Now, to vegetables. Buy too many, unless, of course—but no, first thoughts are best, buy more than you think you want. There is not one vegetable which, cooked hot for Saturday, will not taste better cold as salad, or fried or braised again in butter or oil.

Your Sunday will then be no problem, when servants find they can't work, or even when you let them go out; your meal is ready at a moment's notice. Talking of a moment's notice, this is cheating, but as we are on the track of Soho shopping, it will not be out of place, even though it is not quite Good Housekeeping. There is a certain shop in the Charing Cross Road at which, if you are late for your Friday's lunch or dinner because of the extreme attractiveness of Soho, you can dart in and buy a chicken ready cooked, and exquisite.

If you are detained in town on Sunday and do not wish to go to restaurants and your cupboard is bare, you can always find in Soho, if you start out early in the morning, shops where you can buy almost anything. This is one of the secrets which the hand-to-mouth housekeeper keeps to herself. Sabbath shopping does not shock Soho: it is not always desirable, but it is always possible. And fresh bread, long batons or rye bread with caraway seeds in it, are only possible in the foreign quarter.

Buy your bunch of herbs in Soho; do not forget your lettuces, or you will shock those foreigners who really understand salads; and do not forget OIL, which you

image credit: Doris Pailthorpe
Good Housekeeping Volume 2 (December 1922) page 85

Oppressed by the Needle

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Elizabeth Robins

1922, 1923.

"Woman's ancient slavery to the needle has survived the newest gains in freedom . . . But there are women in whom needling has become a vice, and about these the well-known writer has some pungent remarks to make."

206. FOUR: "Temptation." *Good Housekeeping* 3 (Mar 1923): 35,143.

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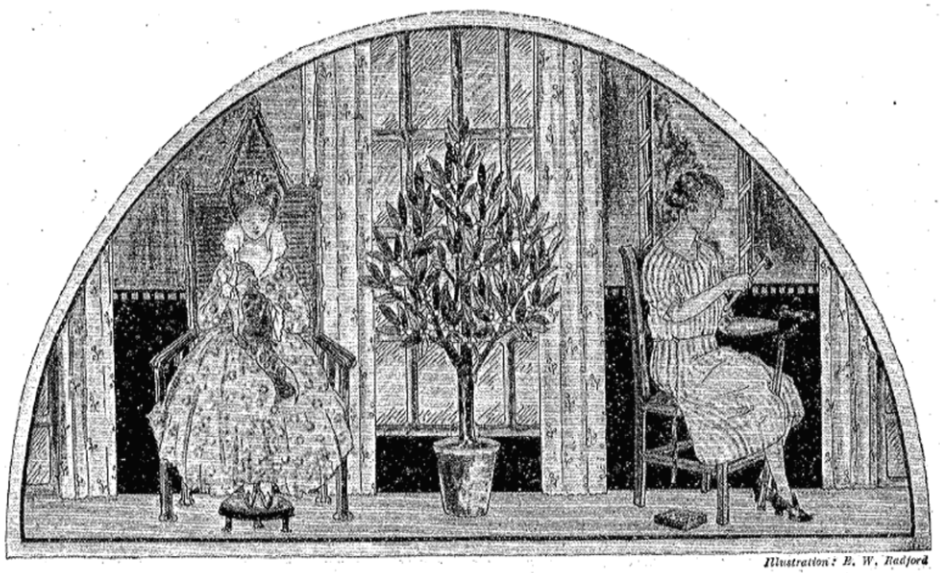

Illustration: E. W. Radford

All through the centuries women have used up time and strength in what can only be described as domestic pottering. Yesterday it was embroidery, to-day it is amateur shoe-mending

TEMPTATION

By

ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North," "Camilla," "The Convert," etc.

THE fortunate girls who are being prepared for life at schools on the modern plan, find themselves less and less tempted by amateur arts and crafts at home.

Our reassurance in face of this fact is sobered by remembrance of that army which has no faintest chance of being so equipped, and the millions on millions of girls and women in other lands for

NEARLY every woman is a Jill-of-all-trades. No matter how emancipated and progressive she may be, a huge variety of little tasks flanks her daily path. Are all these odd jobs really inevitable, or is woman so firmly rooted in the old habit of unflagging domesticity that, whatever the risk to health and mental poise, she cannot withstand the temptation to be always pottering at something, whether it is the darning-basket or the latest

new sanction has stimulated our natural desire to "make something"—for choice, something we have never tried to make before.

If the Women's Institutes are to grow in value as well as in numbers they will develop along two lines. (1) Stiffening the standard of work and relating it to existing markets, or creating new ones. (2) Helping women to a new estimate of the value of their time, apart from its

IMPRIMATUR

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Our reassurance in face of this fact is sobered by remembrance of that army which has no faintest chance of being so equipped, and the millions on millions of girls and women in other lands for whom such equipment is as unthinkable as it is unattainable.

Those millions will be servants still, of the One-eyed Master and of masters yet more ill to serve.

Our most immediate concern is to realise that even the more fortunate girls are being prayed and besought (where not coerced or not coercible) to return to the evil courses known as "the good old ways."

The ears of the young are filled as never before with echoes of the anxiety and fears of the old.

The girl of to-day has to take up life at a very difficult moment. The old securities are gone. The new securities have not arrived.

Instead of finding herself free to fashion something better than has been, the girl is urged by every influence abroad to pick up the broken pieces and endeavour to patch up a semblance to that condition of things which the old tell her was so entirely beautiful and good.

Thus homes on the wasteful pre-war basis must, the young are led to think, be maintained at all costs.

Girls in their thousands, belonging to the order which has never imagined a world without a servile class, are occupied to-day in trying to maintain the outward frame of the old life by constituting themselves a new servile class.

NEARLY every woman is a Jill-of-all-trades. No matter how emancipated and progressive she may be, a huge variety of little tasks flanks her daily path. Are all these odd jobs really inevitable, or is woman so firmly rooted in the old habit of unflagging domesticity that, whatever the risk to health and mental poise, she cannot withstand the temptation to be always pottering at something, whether it is the darning-basket or the latest art-craft? Elizabeth Robins answers the question in this intensely interesting article

There is obviously no disposition to advertise this fact. Only a careful and privileged inquiry would reveal the extent of the practice.

There has no doubt always been here and there a lady who loved dabbling lace and dainty fabrics in a basin of foamy warm water. To-day, faced by the rise in cost of labour and the fall in quality of much of the work, many an educated, much-occupied woman has taken to doing a good share of her own—sometimes of the family laundry.

The tendency of the time not only leads women to amateur cleaning, tailoring, upholstering, but to amateur everything else that is held to be a saving in the conduct of a home or the reparation of a wardrobe.

I take my life in my hand when I say that the rural bodies known as Women's Institutes, though they turn out here and there highly skilled and even original work, do nevertheless show a widespread tendency to nurture the serpent of amateurism in our bosoms. On every hand we see how enormously the new sanction has stimulated our natural desire to "make something"—for choice, something we have never tried to make before.

If the Women's Institutes are to grow in value as well as in numbers they will develop along two lines. (1) Stiffening the standard of work and relating it to existing markets, or creating new ones. (2) Helping women to a new estimate of the value of their time, apart from its social value.

In teaching us a new lesson in the value of a better knowledge of one another, the Women's Institutes have done a quite incalculable service.

Meanwhile, the weight of influence, public and private, continues to urge women to fill their days with the practice of what are called the Domestic Arts.

The airy plural tells not only of ignorance of the field. It strikes a blow at a power so indispensable to excellence as concentration. No man is expected to practise Arts. If he attempts more than one craft, he is jeered at: a Jack-of-all-trades. But Jill must be restrained from perfecting herself in some one occupation lest she graduate out of amateurism into professionalism. Whether this dreaded thing has happened, whether she has graduated or not, by every device of advertisement and suggestion the leisure of girl and woman is invaded by calls to what cannot so properly be called domestic arts as domestic potterings.

Even before the war the comparative financial poverty of the woman, coupled with the old idea that however much time she wastes, if she wastes it doing little things about the house she is fulfilling her mission, laid her peculiarly open to the (*Continued on page* 143)

Temptation

(*Continued from page* 35)

temptation of every conceivable sort of petty economy.

My point is that the woman needs no urging towards, but warning against, such pursuits, except as acknowledged pastime.

We cannot as yet expect the warning to come from so essentially masculine an enterprise as the Woman's Paper or even the Woman's Page. With a notable exception the spirit presiding over those provinces is inspired by man's long knowledge of the limitation of the woman's field, and his belief (still shared by many women) that the general good is served by this limitation.

Even as we quote the honourable exception, do we not remember that in the first number of our own GOOD HOUSEKEEPING a new trap was set for the leisure hour? Was not the hope of an economic future life held out for those fragments of soap which collect on our washing-stands?

Whatever else women lack, we all have bits of soap. We perceived as we read that instead of the annoyance felt of old when the diminished cake fell to uselessness in our hands, we would positively hail the moment of disintegration. What woman with a house of her own and memories of war-time shortage was safe from a stir of delight at thought of gathering together those fragments of English violet and lavender, those attenuations of French soap which elude the slippery fingers of haste? All together, the delightful *mélange* would go into a nice little saucepan—— But I am spreading the temptation.

No matter how alien to our proper business, the Household Hints column has for us a fatal attraction. I have seen it snatch away the attention of a woman politician from an important press telegram to a paragraph in a neighbouring column which invited her to feed the leather of her shoes! To this end, she was told, she should make her own blacking—and *how to do it*! Who could resist so handsome an offer?

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Lurking under the mask of economy the old mud-pie rapture fell upon the politician as it falls upon the woman of a different type who yields to a sense of flattered ingenuity at the invitation to make "a useful Christmas present" out of the upper part of an old silk stocking and her husband's discarded necktie.

The Editor-in-chief has no need to impress more deeply on the mind of his woman subordinate the "kind of thing" that should go in a Woman's Page. Nor is either Editor or Sub-editor far wrong in acting on the assumption that the majority of women, badly trained, or not trained at all, have little better to put into a vacant hour than amateur dealings with the needle, with the penny aniline dye-packet, with the electric iron, with glue and fancy tacks and all the rest of the small fry to be netted in the shallows of the Home Hints preserve.

We must come to see these things in terms of temptation. We are not yet on the level of our friend M. Bergeret, playing about with hammer and nails. For M. Bergeret knew he was making high-holiday—celebrating the departure of his wife. He was not elevating his "toys" to a place where they shame the rational mind.

The worst of it is that the woman of ability and conscience will be more easily warned against domestic pottering than against domestic drudgery.

Her temptations in this direction, both natural and acquired, are lent new force by the most insistent influences about her at the present moment.

Oppressed by the Needle

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1922, 1923.

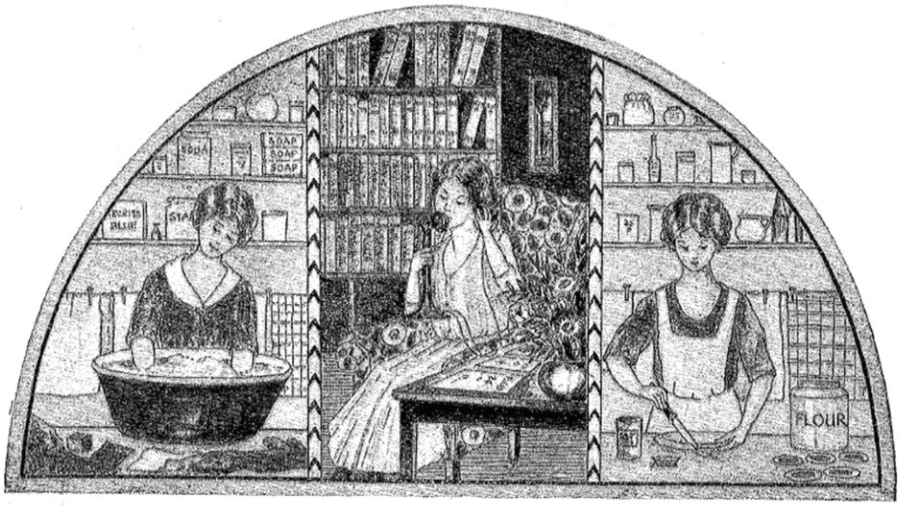
"Woman's ancient slavery to the needle has survived the newest gains in freedom . . . But there are women in whom needling has become a vice, and about these the well-known writer has some pungent remarks to make."

image credit: Doris Pailthorpe
Good Housekeeping Volume 2 (December 1922) page 85

As recorded in the Sue Thomas Bibliography:

207. FIVE: "Reaction." *Good Housekeeping* 3 (May 1923): 44, 109.

Details and commentary follow the sequenced articles, which are separated by a version of this header page.



In reply to the question "What shall we do with our daughters?" comes the answer in masculine tones, "Let them return to domestic accomplishments." (Or should it not be, "to the primitive drudgeries"?)

REACTION

By Elizabeth Robins

Author of "The Convert," "Camilla," "Way Stations," etc.

NEVER before has the summons, Back to the needle! (and to kindred pursuits) echoed on a note of such passion as through the late discussion in the newspapers: "What shall we do with our Daughters?"

WAS woman put into the world simply to make it more comfortable? Is her one duty in life, as a correspondent to *The Times* asserted, "to learn to cook and wash and sew . . . her reward the love surrounding her"? With such statements as these, flying highly coloured prejudices in the press,

uniformed women in the streets, men in khaki and out lost no opportunity of deriding and denouncing woman's performance of work she had been prayed and besought to learn. Not only the soldier, any man out of a job, however ill qualified, felt that he had a prior right

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NEVER before has the summons, Back to the needle! (and to kindred pursuits) echoed on a note of such passion as through the late discussion in the newspapers: "What shall we do with our Daughters?"

"Return to primitive accomplishments," urges the press, using the voices of older women who are naturally ready enough to cry out under the burden of the old, wasteful ways. "We are now the worst cooks in the world, the worst laundresses, and the worst needlewomen. It is for us to restore our supremacy in these arts; and these feminine qualifications are necessary to the preservation of life. War has driven us back upon ourselves, and instead of thinking what the world wants we are thinking of what Ermyntrude wants. The world does not want Ermyntrude at all; it wants its hard-worked mothers helped; it wants its food properly cooked for its men; it wants its little children nursed and fed and clothed. But Ermyntrude wants to be a young lady in an office. The architect, the lawyer, the doctor do not want her; they want a woman to do woman's work, *without which they perish.*"

Though these outcries come from women, they are made not in the interests of women—above all not in the interests of the younger women.

"I wish to impress on every woman to-day," says a recent correspondent to *The Times*, "no matter what her position, that it is absolutely essential to family life that she learn well to cook and wash and sew. It needs little imagination to realise what such accomplishments, the most primitive in the world, mean for comfort around, and

WAS woman put into the world simply to make it more comfortable? Is her one duty in life, as a correspondent to *The Times* asserted, "to learn to cook and wash and sew . . . her reward the love surrounding her"? With such statements as these, flying highly coloured prejudices in the press, life can never be dull. For they set light to controversies that had their beginning in the Stone Age and are waged to-day, more subtly and logically, by such clear thinkers as the brilliant author of this article

she is put into the world to make the world more comfortable, and her reward the love surrounding her."

We are not told why man should be debarred from this reward; nor why, if not debarred, he should not earn love by sharing some of the duller work. Nor why women's part in life should be "primitive" still, whatever the stage attained by the rest of the world; nor why she may not decide for herself whether "comfort" is the summit of her own ambition, or her provision of it, her highest service to man.

Women have not failed to notice that this call to the primitive drudgeries followed two violent attacks upon the approximately better position which had been won. The first of these attacks was upon woman's work. The second was upon her play. As to the first, there has been no manifestation of sex-antagonism more general, or more unblushing, than the story of the forcible disbanding of the woman's uniformed Services.

Frankly written, it will make curious—all but incredible—reading for future students. But not content with hissing uniformed women in the streets, men in khaki and out lost no opportunity of deriding and denouncing woman's performance of work she had been prayed and besought to learn. Not only the soldier, any man out of a job, however ill qualified, felt that he had a prior right to a job held by a woman, however well qualified.

But it was not enough to restrict her work. Her play must be restricted, too. Those games which, played out of doors, tend most to strengthen, must be reserved for the stronger sex. Even fencing was declared to have the direst effect upon women—according to many men, and even according to some women who had never fenced. Women were turned out of the Football Associations.

A Joint Committee on the Physical Education of Girls declared, through its secretary, that "football, hockey, lacrosse, and other violent forms of sport *threaten sex extinction.*"

A lively pressman headed his account: *Kicking Sex into Limbo.*

This, of course, is merely masculine hysteria. Behind it is the more sober fear that in default of the cheap handmaid "men will" (as the press cries out) "perish."

They will be less comfortable, but they will not perish even in the interim before the day of adjustment.

The playing of athletic games by girls is destined to do much for the world. Already, wherever a practice of some duration, it has had a marked effect upon physique. Many a woman, tallest of her contemporaries, sees herself in middle-life overtopped by a new generation as manifestly superior in strength as in stature. It is found that in this matter one (*Continued on page* **100**)

Reaction

(*Continued from page* 44)

hand washes the other. If you play energetic games you are hungry. If you have a good appetite you are likely to build the body that does well at games.

The athletic young woman is helping to explode the old fallacy that growing girls need nothing like as much as growing boys, a doctrine which had its undoubted share in creating the condition it enunciated. At any age we may learn how prolonged restriction of appetite may weaken appetite. Habit is a force here as elsewhere. There are those who still are revolted at the sight of a woman who proves with relish her capacity to dispose of a square meal.

I imagine we would search all known records in vain to find a heroine who is shown sympathetically as delighting in meat and drink, whereas without the mighty deeds of trencher-men and scenes of deep-drinking, the annals of heroes would shrink uncommon.

What if the newer ideas as to food and outdoor exercise prevailing even in the cheaper, obscurer schools (and to a growing extent in their homes) are responsible for this new race, whose more competent physique seems to be further expressed in a more competent way of managing life. Would we not, in that case, have come upon a reason, having nothing to do with sex, for many of the "inferiorities" hitherto held to be an inalienable portion of woman's lot.

Since more falls to be said on this head than can find place here, we may leave the matter with a single reminder: that the cry for more abundant food would certainly in the past have found an echo outside the ranks of "working girls." The admissions of the Brontës, and of women still alive, bear out this view.

Too seldom is it recognised in fiction. When Miss Dorothy Richardson's "business girl" says somewhere of others less pinched for the means of life: "They never seemed to flag. . . . Perhaps it was partly their regular meals"—we are inclined to cry, "Oh, wise young Daniel!" and to read a volume in the heroine's confession: "It was dreadful always to be the first one to want food."

If, in the past, people have acted on a false premise in assuming that a hungry girl needs less food than a hungry boy, the error may account, at least in part, for the preponderance of girls conspicuously undersized (by comparison with men of their class) to be found in domestic service, in factories and slums, in the lower-paid occupations, or in the better-paid and more dangerous trades notably that of the streets.

In speaking thus of the small in stature, those of us who remember the struggle for woman suffrage will run no risk of thinking the little woman is of necessity a weakling. But the Genius that may at any time transcend all laws must not be confounded with the common equipment which conditions the rest of mankind.

A certain never-to-be-forgotten impression of my own (received while collecting material for a book) survives in no detail more vividly than in the undersize and constitution of the overwhelming majority of the girls and women who paint the midnight in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square.

What better have they been taught to do? How many skilled workers are among them?

For the second and third articles:

Link to the full volume

https://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/pt?id=inu.30000080775558

Note that this is the British publication of *Good Housekeeping*.

Items TWO 203 and THREE 204 are Accessed through *Hathi Trust*, from the Volume Digitized by Google held by Indiana University. Text images are downloaded as jpg and uncropped. See the last page in this file for details and link to the full volume.

Image numbers included:

456: December 1922, Table of Contents

538, first page of The One-Eyed Monster, numbered page 84 (detail of graphic is used as article separator page.)

546, second and concluding page of The One-Eyed Monster, numbered 92

654, Table of Contents for January 1923

683, first page of She Loves to Sew, or page 31 of Jan. 1923

728 continuation page of She Loves to Sew or page 78

730 concluding page of She Loves to Sew, or page 80 of Jan 1923.

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Link to the volume's first Robins page, 456, the December TOC:

ONE, FOUR, FIVE: These Items 202, 206, 207, supplied by OCLC. Cropped for readability.

Note: these are publications of the British-based *Good Housekeeping*, not to be confused with the longer running American publication, where ER's "Under His Roof" was anthologized in 1913. For information about that story of militant suffrage, see link to the *Good Housekeeping* version at: http://www.jsu.edu/robinsweb/docshort/uhisroof.html.