

In September my sister, Christabel, returned from her self-imposed exile in Paris, by which, since March 1912, she had evaded imprisonment with Mrs. Pankhurst and the Pethick Lawrences on the Suffragette conspiracy charge. The Amnesty covered her now; she could come and go as she chose. She was to speak in the London Opera House on September 8th. I had not heard from her since our Federation was severed from the W.S.P.U. at the beginning of the year.¹ I went to the meeting. The empty stage was hung with dark green velvet. She appeared there alone, lit by a shaft of lime-light, clad in her favourite pale green, graceful and slender. Her W.S.P.U. adorers filed up and presented her with wreaths. She laid them in a semicircle at her feet.

The tableau was charming; but to me, imbued with the sorrow and suffering of war time, strangely incongruous and unreal. She vouchsafed not one of the militant suffrage points her audience desired to hear. Victor Duval, of the Men's Political Union for Women's Enfranchisement, interrupted with a cry of "Votes for Women." She checked him impatiently: "We cannot discuss that now." Her speech was wholly for the War; light, dialectic, as though of some academic political contest; no hint appeared of the appalling tragedy. I listened to her with grief, resolving to write and speak more urgently for peace.

When she had done, I made my way to the speakers' ante-room. Christabel was alone there, save for an occasional steward or secretary, coming and going for this or that. An impenetrable barrier lay between us. "Is Mother here?" I asked her. She answered laconically that she would be coming soon; and occupied herself over some papers, with unraised eyes. I waited, impatient, till Mrs. Pankhurst entered, surrounded by a group of women I may have known, but did not recognise. We exchanged a brief greeting, distant as through a veil.

As I left the hall alone, a little knot of East End women, with yellow-haired Mrs. Watkins and black-eyed Zelig Emerson in the van, raised vociferous cheers for me, which were cheerfully echoed from the outer fringes of the crowd gathered at the doors. Embarrassed, I pushed my way hastily through the press, and heard the shrill yelling of my name, in opposition to cries for Christabel and Mrs. Pankhurst, as they came out to a waiting car. I was irritated beyond measure, and hurried home without waiting for my henchwomen.

Again Mrs. Pankhurst and Christabel were in Paris. Then, a little later, it was announced that they were coming back to England for a platform campaign to recruit men for the Army. Reading the Press announcement I wept under a surge of old memories and affections, which broke over me—I thought of my father's peace crusade of the 'seventies in which she had met him, the girl, Emmeline Goulden, in the ardour of her youth; his unswerving life-long advocacy of Peace and Internationalism, in which, for nineteen years, she had supported

¹ See *The Suffragette Movement*, by Sylvia Pankhurst. Longmans Green.

him; her stand with us, her children, against the Boer War—all this negated a vast rift lay between our past and her present intention!

I wrote to her on the impulse. She replied, very haughtily: "I am ashamed to know where you and Adela stand."

It was a shock to me when I read some speech of hers that she wished her boy had been marching with the armies. The vision of him came to my eyes, that gentle youth seeking amongst ancient philosophies the perfection of ethics. I knew that he must have loathed the War. A doubt sprang to my mind; would he have been coerced into enlistment by his love for her? Was it best that he had died? The very thought seemed treason to him. Yet the doubt troubled me, as though he were here with the choice before him. Her words recurred to me horribly. She wished he had been marching with those poor lads driven out there to the carnage. I was anguished that she had said it; that she could contemplate the thought of sending him to destruction. Had she forgotten him in his loveliness, that boy my heart would have burst to save? Whenever the memory recurred, it stabbed me with a new wound. How could she think of sending her darling to be rent and mangled? How could she know so little of him that she had failed to sense how alien, how hideous in its bestial hate and gross materialism, this butchery must have been to him?

conference, J. R. MacDonald, who had been a party to it, characteristically replied that it was a compromise. He urged his critics to "be very careful to remember the date on which it was passed."

Across the ruins of the International came the voice of Karl Liebknecht, demanding on the floor of the Prussian Landtag the democratisation of the franchise and of foreign policy.

"Democratic control by the people would have prevented the War. . . . Away with the hypocrisy of civil peace! On with the international class struggle for the emancipation of the working class and against the War!"

His words thrilled round the world, evoking the heartbeat of a multitude. Brave Karl Liebknecht!

Already on December 2nd, 1914, he had voted against the War Credits in the German Reichstag. No British Socialist was ready to follow his example. On March 10th, 1915, Liebknecht repeated his negative. We learnt with joy that on March 18th several thousand women, who had organised secretly with this intent, had appeared before the Reichstag, shouting for peace. Karl Liebknecht from a window in the Reichstag had addressed them. As punishment he was ordered to the Front—to his death his friends feared. He had been joined by Ledebour, Ruhle, Mehring, Clara Zetkin and Rosa Luxemburg in a manifesto calling for an immediate peace, without annexations, which would secure political and economic independence to every nation, disarmament, and the compulsory arbitration of international disputes. At Christmas Liebknecht had conveyed a message to the I.L.P. in London appealing for a new Socialist International.

In March a conference of Socialist women, summoned by Clara Zetkin, the International Secretary of the Women's Socialist Organisation, and one of the leaders of the German Social Democratic Party, met secretly in Berne. It was attended by delegates from both factions of warring nations, who met in their old fraternity, to utter a call for the speedy ending of the War, and a peace which should impose no humiliating condition on any nation. Unheralded and unchronicled, little was heard of the event. Women Socialists of all countries had overcome the nationalist hysteria of war time, which held the male leaders of the International in its grip. Clara had planned this conference with Rosa Luxemburg. They intended to go together across the frontiers to visit the Socialists of the other nations. Then Rosa was arrested. Clara saw her in prison, then went to Holland, but was unable to pass the Belgian frontier. She sent couriers to Huysmans but he did not reply. Soon Clara was herself in prison for four months; she was ill when she came out, but she persevered with the conference. The Social Democratic leaders declared it an offence against the discipline of the Party and forbade their members to distribute the conference manifestoes.

Amongst women of another milieu a movement for peace was also

germinant. At Christmas Emily Hobhouse, Helen Bright Clark, Margaret Clark Gillett, Sophia and Lily Sturge, Isabella Ford, Lady Barlow and Lady Courtney of Penwith had addressed a letter to the women of Germany and Austria, urging them to join in calling for a truce. Through *Jus Suffragii*, the organ of the International Women's Suffrage Alliance, whose editor, Miss Sheepshanks, bravely upheld its internationalism, despite very great discouragement from the majority of the British Suffrage Societies, a response was received from prominent German and Austrian women.

Dr. Aletta Jacobs and other Dutch Suffragists now issued an appeal for a women's international congress at The Hague, to urge the belligerent governments to call a truce to define their peace terms; and to demand the submission of international disputes to arbitration; the democratic control of foreign policy; that no territory should be transferred without the consent of its population; the political enfranchisement of women; and the inclusion of women delegates in the conference of Powers which would follow the War. The conference was to cost £1,000; the Dutch Suffragists offered a third of the sum; the German Suffragists responded with a further third. The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies under Mrs. Fawcett, which represented British women in the International Suffrage Alliance, repudiated the Congress; but a group of seceders from that organisation met with other women's organisations, including our Federation, in conference at the Caxton Hall to answer the invitation from Holland. The delegates were enthusiastic. More than 200 of us volunteered to go to The Hague.

The Congress now began to receive tremendous publicity. The Press condemned it; prominent women assailed it. We who had agreed to go were execrated. Mrs. Fawcett declared that to talk of peace while the German armies were in France and Belgium was "akin to treason." Mrs. Cecil Chapman, President of the New Constitutional Society for Women's Suffrage, considered the time "painfully inopportune" for members of the belligerent nations to confer. The W.S.P.U., which had been *hors de combat* and existing on occasional speeches by Christabel and Mrs. Pankhurst, now burst into life to oppose the Congress. The *Suffragette* reappeared on April 16th, 1915, after eight months' suspension, declaring in its leading article that it was a "thousand times more" the duty of militant Suffragettes to fight the Kaiser for the sake of liberty, than it had been to fight anti-Suffrage Governments. Nina Boyle, in the Women's Freedom League organ, *The Vote*, attacked *Jus Suffragii* for becoming "the mouthpiece" of the promoters of the Conference, and protested that the Women's Freedom League "refused to ask for more legislation—even reform legislation—until women could help to control and administer it." She marvelled that there should be Suffragists "who imagine it possible for them . . . to be an international power, and set in motion reforms vaster and more quixotic than any body of men with franchise, representatives, and Cabinet Ministers in their pocket, would venture to attack at the present moment."

CHAPTER XXV

WOMEN'S WAR SERVICE—RIVAL DEMANDS—LLOYD GEORGE AND MRS. PANKHURST—THE EAST END PROTEST—THE MUNITIONS ACT AT WORK

THE Coalition Government had started off ostensibly with the support and good will of all parties ; but this was by no means the case. Many were determined to be rid of Asquith, and his nearest colleagues. The surrender of Haldane, who had been awarded the Order of Merit on his retirement, had by no means placated them. Agitations blustered against the Government, demanding increased stringency of the blockade, and especially that cotton should be declared contraband, let the United States say what it would ; the banishment of all persons of German birth or descent from the Government service ; above all, Conscription—military and industrial.

Out of 27,241 women who had by this time registered for War service, only 2,332 had been given work. Propaganda was insistent to get women into the munition factories, and every sort of work ordinarily performed by men. The sections clamouring for the military conscription of men saw in the industrial service of women a means to their end. Feminists who were advocates of Conscription for men believed themselves adding to the importance of women by demanding that women also should be conscripts.

The reawakened W.S.P.U. was loudest in the demand for "compulsory national service for men and women alike" ; "Women demand the right to help in saving the country !" Lloyd George now possessed the implicit confidence of his old enemies Christabel and Mrs. Pankhurst ; he was cheerfully disposed to accept their services. He agreed to receive a women's War Service deputation, to be organised by them on Saturday, July 17th ; and to review a great procession which was to march with it. He promised finance for the show out of Government funds, and placed the official War Service registers at the disposal of the W.S.P.U. The Press boomed the function as a national event. Women with handbills advertising it were rushing round the East End. A letter signed E. Pankhurst, calling women to the War Service demonstration, was mistaken by some in our district as an appeal from me. That cut me to the quick ; for my struggle was to prevent the exploitation of the people in the interests of the War.

Old militants of the W.S.P.U., who had suffered the hunger strike and been forcibly fed, were now interrupting its meetings with cries of "Votes for Women." Members of our Federation joined in the heckling. I did not want that ; I desired our women to employ themselves

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in constructive effort, not in the fruitless decrying of those once our comrades, who had departed, as we considered, from progressive paths. If we must attack, let us attack the Government which held the power. At our members' general meeting I got a resolution passed that it was no part of our policy to interrupt the meetings of other Suffrage Societies.

Yet I could not rest content that this jingo demonstration, with its demand for compulsory War service, should stand forth unchallenged as representing the womanhood of the nation. Still less could I let pass, without protest, the new legislation which was so adversely determining the industrial position of women in war time. Our Federation also demanded an interview with Lloyd George and arranged a procession to Parliament for the night of Tuesday, July 20th. "*No National Service under Makers of Private Profit !*" "*Down with sweating !*" "*A Man's Wage for a Man's Job !*" "*Down with High Prices and Big Profits !*" Such were our slogans.

Lloyd George refused to receive us, but many both Labour and Liberal Members of Parliament urged us to persevere, including J. R. Clynes, though he was one of the greatest jingoes in the Labour Party, and Philip Snowden, who wrote:

"The fight is awfully hard, I know ; but you are doing magnificent work."

How greatly subsequent events were to alter his political attitude !

The big W.S.P.U. procession was produced according to promise. Boomed as it was, it could not have been otherwise. There were two miles of closely massed ranks, a pageant of the nations, led by Belgium with bare feet in sandals bearing a tattered flag. There were representations of the trades and professions in which women were called upon to serve. Women who had registered for War work and could not get it, munition workers and trainees released from the grind of their seven days' work that they might march, warmongers, war workers and sightseers, office and shop girls who had stayed in town to see the fun, soldiers' wives out for a jaunt, women of all sorts and conditions fell in behind the banners and bands, and sang the popular war-songs, "Tipperary" and all the rest. The procession was lauded as a magnificent achievement, and a proof of the enthusiasm of women for the National Cause.

The significant fact remained that the organisation of this demonstration had been paid for by the Government ; whereas in the pre-War struggle of the Suffragettes larger and more elaborate demonstrations had been financed by the enthusiasts of the movement itself. Where were those enthusiasts now? Scattered in a hundred directions. Even in the thinned ranks of those who remained supporters of the W.S.P.U. in its changed policy, there was not the disposition to sacrifice all for the Union, which had made it a power in its Votes for Women fight.

Lloyd George received the deputation in the wooden buildings



DOING THEIR SON'S JOB

Alfieri

Attacked from the Left and Right, the Government struck out at its less powerful opponents on either side. The Independent Labour Party's head office was raided in London and its printing works, the National Labour Press, in Manchester. The cases were heard in camera. Seven thousand pamphlets were destroyed by order of the Court,¹ and some which the Manchester magistrate had ordered to be returned were nevertheless destroyed by the police.

An International Conference was held at Zimmerwald in September, on the initiative of the Italian and Swiss Socialist Parties. F. W. Jowett, M.P., and Bruce Glasier of the I.L.P., and E. C. Fairchild of the B.S.P., were appointed as delegates, but the Government refused their passports.

The conference, which became a name to conjure with in the Socialist Movement, strongly condemned the War and repudiated all Socialists who had supported it. Lenin, who was one of the promoters of the conference there, upheld the doctrine that Socialists must not content themselves with pacifism, but must oppose the capitalist war with sabotage and insurrection, calling into being the Social Revolution to establish the Socialist era of international fraternity. These views were steadily gaining ground, but only amongst a minority of Socialists.

A representative delegated from the conference to confer with Socialists in this country was refused permission to land.

In an Abertillery lodging house a man peered over the shoulder of another who was writing, and read a denunciation of war based on a published article of Keir Hardie. The writer, a poor labourer named John Bennetts Bailey, was informed against and arrested. In his pocket was found another anti-war essay, recording a dream of his own. Neither document was intended for publication; but Justice Bailhache at the Monmouthshire Assizes sent Bailey to prison for three months, declaring that had the prisoner been charged with the intention of doing harm the maximum penalty would have been death.

The *Globe*, a Tory newspaper, for extreme militarist attacks on the Cabinet was suspended for a day or so. Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, said of it in the Commons: "So perish all who such crimes commit." Yet though he stigmatised the attacks on the Government made by the *Times* and the *Daily Mail* as prejudicial to British interests abroad, no action was taken against the organs of Northcliffe; the powerful foe who had made, and was preparing to unmake, the Asquith Coalition Government, could publish what he chose.

"Votes for the soldiers in the trenches" was now one of the slogans of the extreme war party. All the advocates of Votes for Women who had maintained their Suffrage propaganda during the War, and many

¹ One of the documents destroyed was a leaflet by Clara Gilbert Cole, *To the Women of the World*, appealing to them to use their efforts to end the War.

who had abandoned it, saw in this cry an opportunity to assert the women's claim. Christabel and Mrs. Pankhurst fiercely opposed all attempt to drag women's suffrage forward until after the War. Their W.S.P.U. was now advertising a so-called "loyal and patriotic meeting" in the Albert Hall, the scene of its old Suffragette triumphs. The object was to demand a more vigorous prosecution of the War. Lord Willoughby de Broke, who had championed the most extreme suffragette militancy in pre-war days, and Annan Bryce, a pre-war anti-suffragist and a leader of extreme militarists, were among the speakers. The *Times* puffed the meeting hugely. Christabel, impetuous as ever, issued a circular bluntly declaring: "The Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey are unfit for the responsible positions they hold."

Two days before the meeting Sir John Simon replied to a Parliamentary question that the proprietors of the Albert Hall would doubtless "consider the propriety of permitting their building to be used for such a purpose at such a time." Already that morning the proprietors had cancelled the letting of the Hall, no doubt on a hint from the Home Office. The *Times* made no protest. The names of Lord Willoughby de Broke and Mr. Annan Bryce were mentioned no more in connection with the meeting. The W.S.P.U. was abandoned to be the scapegoat. The London Pavilion, where the Union had been holding regular weekly meetings, was now also closed to it. Unable to procure any large halls in Central London, it was compelled to fall back on small meetings in its own offices in Great Portland Street.¹

The Archdeacon of Westminster declared Mrs. Pankhurst's attack on Asquith and Grey prompted by their long refusal of Votes for Women in pre-war days, but this she indignantly denied. She and Christabel continued their campaign for the dismissal of Asquith, whom Christabel described as "the best friend of the Austro-Germans," and of Lord Robert Cecil and Sir Eyre Crowe, a permanent official at the Foreign Office, who was vilified for having a German wife and as being himself half German and the nephew of Admiral von Holtzendorff, chief of the German naval staff. The demand for the dismissal of General Sir William Robertson was presently added to the rest.

The W.S.P.U. organ, the *Suffragette*, had now changed its name to *Britannia*. In November it was raided. Its printing was transferred from Spottiswoode's to the Utopia Press of the *Clarion* people, who had come to its aid during the old Suffragette militancy, and who were themselves pro-war. In December *Britannia* was driven by police action from the Utopia Press. Thereafter it came out for some months in all sorts of types and sizes—sometimes a mere single foolscap sheet produced on a hand-worked duplicating machine and scarcely legible. The W.S.P.U. women were printing it on the roofs of houses, someone told me.

All this seemed to me unutterably remote from human realities.

¹ The great building, Lincoln's Inn House, Kingsway, the W.S.P.U. had occupied before the War had already been given up.

The War was being prosecuted to its bitter end whether one would or no. The W.S.P.U. with its women sticking white feathers into the buttonholes of reluctant men, and brandishing little placards with the slogan: "Intern them all!" was only the noisiest of the extreme war factions; its policy was the policy of Sir Edward Carson, who resigned from the Cabinet on the score that the Government had not sent the requisite troops to Serbia, of Gibson Bowles, of L. S. Amery, Captain Guest, Annan Bryce and a crowd of Tory hot-bloods, and of Northcliffe the "Cabinet Maker," who, driven by the Gargantuan hates of war, ended in megalomania and loss of reason.

Few who bore the hardships of the trenches suffered thus violently from the war spirit. I found the soldiers generally of my own way of thinking. As a rule, nothing I could say was too strong for them.

I remember one of our meetings at the Brotherhood Church, Southgate Road, maintained by the efforts of F. R. Swan as a centre of informal Christian Socialist propaganda and an open platform for many sorts of reformers. It was a pitch-dark night and snowing hard. Having gone there previously with others, I had not noticed the way to the church. As I stepped from our door an Army van driver pulled up to attend to his car. He recognised me with enthusiasm and offered to give me a lift. I accepted the offer. With the best possible intentions, he put me down far out of my course. Thus I got to the meeting late. Mrs. Swanwick was on the platform, entirely nonplussed by a crowd of uproarious youths in khaki, who crowded the front seats, and shouted hilarious nonsense in chorus, to the prompting of an officer. "Let us talk it out, boys," she vainly appealed, peering at them through her spectacles; then turned and hurried from the platform, shaking her head. She had seen me coming and left the task to me.

I did not doubt I could win the lads. In the surprise which followed her disappearance, I sped round to the platform and forged ahead on the subject of their conditions as soldiers, and the treatment of their families. At once a number of the disturbers began to listen. When those nearest the officer interrupted me at his signal, others called for order. Failing to secure it, a third of them walked out protesting, and telling our stewards at the door that they agreed with every word I said. A discharged soldier rose to appeal for silence. The officer, anxious to prevent the discussion of the soldiers' own grievances, called his squad to join him in a dirge-like droning: "Why don't you talk about the War?" I offered to explain my opposition to it in ten minutes, and to give any one of them ten minutes to reply. The lads enthusiastically accepted the challenge, and the officer was put up to reply. When he had had his turn, I replied to him, then he to me, and so we continued. There were only two slight breaches of the undertaking to keep order, and presently the lads had become my open supporters, and were shouting: "Good kid!" and clapping with animation, when I scored a point at the expense of their officer. Unaccustomed to platform ruses, he made no effort to disguise his lack of democratic opinion, which the soldiers were quick to perceive. Afterwards they listened to a broad,

war committees, fulminating against "Haldanism," urgent in her insistence that "Asquith must go." She was hand in glove with Christabel and also with important jingoes in the Liberal and Tory Parties.

Closer co-operation with the Allies; one diplomatic centre for the Allies in France, where the roar of the guns might spur it to action, not in London among the safe-placed intrigues of pro-German pacifists; an Allied War Council; an Allied General Staff; naval decisions, as well as military, to be taken by the Allies jointly; cotton on the contraband list; fatty oils on the contraband list; a sterner blockade; more extensive internments; the cancellation of naturalisation certificates to all Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks; expulsion from the Government service of all people of enemy origin and relationships: these were the demands of Christabel in the *Britannia*. Bitter were her complaints that supplies were reaching Germany from Turkey, through the Balkans, from America, through other neutral nations. "Traitor Grey!" Openly, fiercely she stigmatised him, "pro-Bulgarian Grey"! He had forbidden Serbia to attack Bulgaria until Bulgaria herself had initiated the fight, on the pretence that, if left alone, Bulgaria might remain neutral. That Grey had done this, with the clear and treacherous intent to assist Germany, Christabel amazingly asserted—"Traitor Grey," who refused to guarantee Greek integrity to bring her into the War, who refused to recognise the insurgent Government of "great Venizelos," and to secure from him the munitions collected at Thessaly and an army of 800,000 Greek soldiers to fight on the side of the Allies. More soldiers! More soldiers! More men to maim and mangle; that was the insatiable demand of all the War organs, the *Times*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Morning Post*, the *Globe*, and *Britannia* with the rest. *Britannia* shrieked of "pro-Bulgarianism in the Foreign Office!" "Traitor Grey betrays Venizelos." Mrs. Pankhurst declared on platforms that Grey was weak in mind or corrupt. In Suffragette days her references to opponents had been always couched in temperate terms, though her policy had been extreme. All that was changed.

Now that Lloyd George was at the War Office, the W.S.P.U. came forward with another women's war procession, on July 22nd. It was organised under his patronage, and reviewed by him, this time from a War Office balcony, with Winston Churchill and Herbert Samuel at his elbow.

The *Britannia*, which since November 1915 had existed precariously, printed—and none too clearly—ostensibly by its adherents, now appeared under the open imprint of a commercial firm. It had leaked out that Lloyd George had granted £3,000 of Government money to the W.S.P.U. women's munitions procession of the previous summer. Snowden and Pringle had challenged the expenditure in the Commons. The *Britannia* retorted that the much greater sums paid to newspaper proprietors and advertising agents in connection with the recruiting campaign had not been challenged. The W.S.P.U. procession of 1916 was no less elaborate than its predecessor. There were pageants of Empire, of Allied nations, of war-work and what not. Dominant above all was the demand, enunciated on more than half a hundred banners disposed at intervals throughout the show: "We want Hughes!" "Hughes on the War Council!"

"Hughes the People's choice!" "Hughes return at once!" "Come back, Hughes!" "Hughes . . .!" "Hughes . . .!" "Hughes . . .!" This Hughes was no other than the Labour Prime Minister of Australia, the one-time organiser of the riverside workers there, whom his old Labour colleagues now mostly regarded as a disgraceful renegade. He had climbed to office by the Labour-Socialist Movement to become a mouthpiece of extremist capitalist imperialism. For his drastic way with German commerce he had secured a seat on the British Privy Council, and toured this country making bellicose speeches. The W.S.P.U., and its *Britannia*, hailed Hughes as the destined saviour of the British Empire, if only those pro-German wobblers in the Government could be induced to put him in the War Cabinet. If Hughes had been in the War Cabinet all the strategies the W.S.P.U. and *Britannia* approved would have been carried out; the blockade would have been intensified; Bulgaria attacked; Venizelos recognised; Constantine and Sophie, "those pro-German spies," consigned to oblivion; Asquith, Grey, Haldane, "those traitors," altogether dismissed; and Serbia saved—Serbia! Serbia! Roumania would already have come into the War on the side of the Allies, the War would have been won, the Germans utterly vanquished, utterly—if only Hughes had been in the War Cabinet!

The W.S.P.U. had opened a £10,000 "Victory Fund," "to support the campaign against a compromise peace," and "to get Mr. W. M. Hughes of Australia on to the Inner War Council of the Empire." These objects appeared to be synonymous in W.S.P.U. opinion. What an anticlimax for the Union, which had once placed its faith only in women!

The W.S.P.U. was not alone in demanding the return of Australia's "Billy" Hughes. His name had become the general slogan of extremist jingoism. The *Globe* declared he had greater driving power than any British statesman "since Joe Chamberlain in his prime," and asserted that "pro-German influences" were working to keep him at the Antipodes. The *Financial News* asserted that if a plebiscite were taken of the Stock Exchange there would be a 90 per cent. poll in favour of Hughes; the *National Review* that "without him we have little chance of winning the War!" Leo Maxse at the Unionist Party Conference demanded that Bonar Law, as Conservative leader in the Coalition Government, should invite Hughes on to the War Council; but Law replied that only the Prime Minister could do it. Lord Templetown in the House of Lords raised the same slogan. Ladies Templetown and Leith of Fyvie opened an office in St. James's Place to promote a memorial demanding the appointment of Hughes as "a member of the inner and supreme War council."

Whilst the women munitioners cheered him, striking the bright shell cases they had brought from the factory which rang at their blows with a gong-like sound, Lloyd George applauded the "Come back, Hughes" banner. Yet perhaps, after all, he was not much pleased with this Hughes outcry. Certainly he did not put the Australian in his Cabinet when he seized the Premiership for himself. Munition girls saluted Lloyd George with hands of livid yellow. "Those lasses are making their war sacrifice!" a soldier said.