

when engaged in one occupation, there is at least a strong probability that, either the occupation itself, or the sort of life that it entailed, has been unsuited to the character of the individual concerned. A change of work and surroundings may remove the cause of the trouble.

A striking example of this kind was the case of a toy-maker whose house I once visited in the Tyrol. This man was for many years a *nèr do well*, who refused to work, drank heavily and was supported by his wife, who worked terribly hard to maintain the home and children by any odd jobs that she could get. By some chance, the man all at once discovered that he had a talent, and, which was infinitely more important, a desire to paint. He was soon hard at work painting quaint conventional ornaments on boxes, baskets and furniture, and wooden figures of people and animals cut out in silhouette. Before long he had developed a most profitable business and was employing several men and women to copy his designs. He had become a thoroughly respected member of the community – a reformed character in every way.*

From the raised site of the institution, a road between the fir trees led us down to a broad grassy opening and the sloping banks of a round pond. 'This is where the men will bathe,' said Mr Mies. 'I can see them all sitting together out here in the evening after the day's work is done. ... We must not treat them as criminals, they are just men like ourselves, who are down and out and have had nothing but hard luck. ... We want to give them a chance here to build up their health and their manhood and to start life again. ...' So he talked on in his enthusiasm.

There was a glamour about the place with its dark trees and vastness of snow covered country, the keen sweet air, and the broad sky now flooded with evening gold. Such a strong fine contrast it was to that dismal prison in the town with the bowed listless men and the women always cooped in the same dreary house of cells. I could see the men, as he could, ploughing, sowing and reaping and working at all their many trades. I

* This refers to an episode in Partenkirchen during the holiday to Austria and Germany that Emmeline Pethick Lawrence invited Sylvia and Annie Kenney to join her on in the summer of 1910. Sylvia would also recall this individual in her suffragette memoirs, once again as a means of critiquing a prison system that denied prisoners productive activity and self-respect: 'the organizer of the industry [toy and furniture painting] had been the "black sheep" of his village till he discovered his aptitude for this craft. That took my thoughts back to the drear wastefulness of our English prisons, and my impatience to have the vote struggle over and done with that we might move on to constructive work caused an unrestful undercurrent in my mind'; Pankhurst, *The Suffragette Movement*, p. 335.

could see the women too, milking the cows and feeding the chickens and tending the garden patch. I could see them out in the hayfields in the sunshine and working in the little cottages with the windows opened wide. And, as well as the men, who would bathe in the pond each morning and lie around it, telling stories perhaps, after their day's work was done, I could see the women playing too. Once or twice I asked him questions about the women and the plans that were being made for them, but though he answered kindly enough, it was easy to see that all his hopes and enthusiasms were for the men. And so, as I heard him talk, I prayed that some woman with heart and brain tuned to the task might have the power to plan and strive for the women and to toil to make a new future for them also, as this man was doing for the men.

Then we went back to the little house, where the farmer's wife gave us great glasses of rich milk and huge brawn sandwiches and cake, beside the kitchen fire. Afterwards she came out on the step with smiles and kind words to watch us go. The farmer and one of the prisoners held the gate open for us and helped us to settle our rugs in the car as we set off in the dusk. Mr Mies talked on still of the farm and its possibilities, but there was a weight on my heart, for I knew that those who had conceived this work of human regeneration would not be allowed to build it. This would either be done by other people, perhaps by people whose sympathies were alien to the task, or the whole scheme might be dropped for years to come.

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THE WATER

When I had scarcely reached the borders of Wisconsin, on buying a newspaper in the train, I learnt that there was a typhoid scare in Milwaukee and that a hue and cry was being raised about the water. Typhoid had been rife in many other cities that I had visited and I was frequently warned not to drink the water anywhere, unless I could learn on good authority that it was pure. But in no town save Milwaukee, had the water question appeared to arouse excitement.

Milwaukee draws its water supply from Lake Michigan, on whose banks it stands, and it drains all its sewage into the Lake. Ever since the town began this has continued, and as the population has grown, the evil effects of the practice have naturally grown with it. Generations of administrators had come and gone from the City Hall and had done