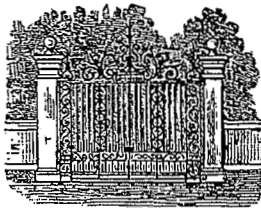


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



DISCUSSION on the Revolt of the Daughters still rages in the monthlies, Lady Kathleen Cuffe and Miss Alys Pearsall Smith taking up the cudgels for the daughters. Speaking "in the name of the average more or less unemployed, tea-drinking, lawn-tennis playing, ball-going damsel," Lady Kathleen says:—"She considers it hard that she cannot walk the length of two or three—even five or six—streets to visit a friend, without having first provided herself with an unhappy maid or attendant of some description, presumably to prevent her from losing her way or getting run over. Or, if the friend she wishes to visit reside at a greater distance, she is not considered capable, without the aforesaid chaperon, of driving quietly in a hansom as far as that abode. So it is in everything. No early morning stroll in the park, or afternoon tea-party, may be undertaken without the same faithful domestic walking gloomily by her side, or waiting drearily for her in alien front-halls. A young married woman does not wear her wedding-ring in her nose or other prominent spot to assure the passer-by of her social status; and, owing to prevailing fashion, her clothes do little to distinguish her from her unwedded sister. Yet she can walk through the streets alone, and drive in hansoms alone. Why cannot the girl?"

Miss Pearsall Smith goes more to the root of the matter when she writes:—"Possessing no money in her own right, and obliged to beg, too often from an unwilling father, for all she gets, a girl of character, as she grows into maturity and lives on as a woman in her father's house, suffers from a sense of bitter humiliation that no one who has not experienced it can understand. Many young women, under these circumstances, would gladly engage in any honourable labour, however menial, that would enable them to be independent and to own themselves. But this, of course, is not to be thought of for a moment. Could the parents of these daughters, who have never thought of them as independent beings, but only as appendages to themselves, created for the purpose of ministering to their pleasures and waiting upon their fancies—could they for one single moment get a glimpse into the hearts of their quiet, uncomplaining daughters, they would be astonished and perhaps horrified. 'What can our daughters want more than they have now?' they would ask. 'They have a good home, and every comfort, and the society of their parents' friends; perhaps a carriage to drive in and horses to ride. What more can they possibly desire?' To such parents I would reply, 'Your daughter wants herself.'"

Mrs. Crackanthorpe, who let loose the dogs of war, says the last word, and is painfully truthful concerning the unrestful middle-aged matron and mother. Of these she truly writes:—"They paint enchanting pictures of the beauty of the modest maiden waiting like

the violet in the sweet seclusion of home until the casual passer-by, man, shall cull her and transplant her to his own sunny bank. But do these ladies ever pause to reflect that they themselves are the prime authors of the pother, if pother there be! Why do they write books? Why do they write plays? Why do they sit on committees here and committees there, slumming in the East, drinking tea and promoting 'causes' in the West. Their mothers did none of these things. They were content with flannel petticoat-making for the chilly Hottentot, or at most with the sight of his counterpart, the converted Jew, on tour with a travelling mission. What about School Boards, Boards of Guardians, political work of all sorts, to say nothing of 'Rescue Homes,' 'Happy Evenings,' and 'Girls' Clubs?' What about exhibitions of Women's work, Women's trades-union organisations, and a host of other public and semi-public occupations too long to enumerate here? Do they for one moment imagine, these happy, well-employed, and resourceful women, that their adoring little daughters (for daughters do adore until 'Thou shalt not' checks the ardour of their devotion) are not taking notes by the way, and saying silently in their loving little hearts 'My mammy does so and so; when I am grown up I mean to do just the same; I shall write plays and go 'behind'; I shall make speeches; I shall run about, too, just like her!'"

## — Science Notes. —

### ALCOHOL AND THE LOWER ANIMALS.

DARWIN, in the first chapter of the "Descent of Man," discusses, among other evidence in favour of man's descent from a lower form of animal, the facts that some of the lower animals, and especially monkeys, suffer from the same diseases as man, are liable to communicate to him, and to receive from him, certain diseases, and are similarly affected by drugs.

Many kinds of monkeys have a strong taste for tea, coffee and spirituous liquors, and some will smoke tobacco with pleasure. The same tastes even appear to be shown by some animals much lower in the scale. Darwin was informed by a naturalist, who had kept three individuals of the *Phascolarctos Cinereus* (a kind of Phalanger), that, without being taught in any way, these little animals acquired a strong taste for rum and for smoking tobacco.

It is said that the natives of North-East Africa catch the wild baboons by exposing vessels containing strong beer, by drinking which the baboons become intoxicated. Next morning they exhibit every symptom of the after-effects of their indulgence; they are quarrelsome and dismal by turns, hold their aching heads in their hands, wear a pitiable expression, and turn away in disgust when wine or beer is offered to them, but relish the juice of lemons. An Ateles (one of the New-World monkeys) was once made drunk by brandy, and could never afterwards be induced to touch it.

The domestic cat and dog, as a rule, exhibit a great aversion to the smell of any alcoholic liquor; nevertheless, an account has recently appeared of experiments made on dogs by giving them different kinds of alcohol, in order to note the consequences. Ethylic

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