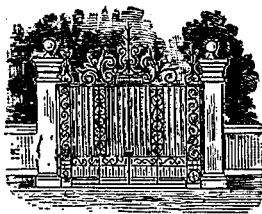


preparations that have been made and the fitting out of the Flying Squadron, has nothing to do with the African Question, but that the destination of the war-ships is the Dardanelles, where we, in concert with France and Russia may make an attempt, though somewhat late, to redeem our obligations to the oppressed and ill-treated Armenians.

The Ashantee expedition is marching steadily towards Coomassie, in spite of the attempts of envoys to delay the progress of the troops, by offering to sign any treaty so as to prevent the force from reaching the capital unopposed, as it seems likely will be the case. The envoys admit that the Ashantees have sufficient gold to pay an indemnity for the last war, but maintain that they are unable to pay the expenses of the present Expedition.

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



MRS. ERNEST HART is exhibiting at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries a series of interesting and curious pastels, called "Studies of the Glories of the Sky and Sea" in the far East, as a result of her journey round the world. Some of these harmonies

in yellows and reds are charmingly suggestive and picturesque, but are of course quite different from our own conventional sunsets and effects. The collection is very well worth a visit.

Mrs. Lillie Adams, a mantle maker of Hackney, who was summoned under the new Factory and Workshops Act, for working 23 women overtime in a room which only contained an air space of 148 cubic feet for each person, whereas the Act requires at least 400 cubic feet for every individual, pleaded guilty, but said although she knew the requirements of the Act, she did not know what cubic feet meant. If this woman sets out to employ labour and to make profit out of it, it would be well for her to acquaint herself with the conditions under which it can be done without injury to health or life. In these days of sanitation it seems rather absurd for a woman to plead that she does not know what cubic feet means. Anyway the Magistrate fined her 40s. and 5s. costs. It would be cheaper for her to attend a course of Lectures at the Sanitary Institute and find out the meaning of cubic space.

Olive Schreiner, who seems destined to take as leading a part in politics as she has in literature, will no doubt be delighting in the downfall of Mr. Rhodes, whom she regards as the enemy to progress in South Africa, and as the representative of capitalism and tyranny.

In writing on Mrs. Kronwright-Schreiner, *The Cape Times* has an admirable article on the necessity for women to take a leading place in politics. The

article in question says, "We are badly in need of a little petticoat politics. We are suffering from what must presumably be called, by analogy, trouser politics. The money-jingling, whisky-bibbing, stock-jobbing, saloon-bar side of life is more than adequately represented. A little more of the home view would be welcome; a little more 'mere sentiment,' an ideal or two, would be thankfully received. We do not agree with Mrs. Kronwright-Schreiner that, barring the parental sentiment, men and women are mentally similar. We like to think that mentally, as otherwise, they contribute to the common stock (with exceptions) a slightly diverse idiosyncrasy. That seems to us a more interesting conception of human sex, and altogether more creditable to its inventor. But it is just because of this that we want the feminine note in politics."

This is one of the best conceptions of the effect on the human family of the introduction into its government of the feminine element, that has yet been written, and all thinking people will agree with the following deduction: "We are suffering from a false kind of virility; that of the schoolboy sickening with his first cigar, or of Dickens's youth who had 'seen a deal of life' out of the back window of an inn. And to arrive at the true man, in this unhealthy social state, there is only one way. We want the stimulus of the true woman. As Ibsen said long ago, our social reserves, which must be called up soon, are the workers and the women."

Mrs. J. G. Scott has lately returned to England from nearly five years spent with her husband in the jungles of Indo-China. On one occasion she went with the Commissioner on a mission to the Kachin country, where he had to arrest a lot of natives who had murdered a captain of military police. The escort of Goorkhas, headed by Mr. Scott, marched up to the village unopposed, when suddenly a volley was fired from the stockade. The fire was returned, and the Goorkhas promptly rushed the place, when, contrary to anticipation, the villagers did not take to the jungle, but doubled round outside the stockade to where Mrs. Scott and a few guards had been left with the baggage. Their old muzzle-loaders, holding about half a yard of powder and slugs, did considerable execution at the short range, and in a moment three ponies had been killed, as many wounded, and two of the guards shot. One of them was Mrs. Scott's own escort, and was standing at her side, in the middle of the small party. Mrs. Scott at once scrambled on to a small eminence, where she was dangerously conspicuous, and, with shots resounding from every bush, so directed the men that, later on, the Goorkha non-commissioned officer was deputed to say that they asked for no better leader than her in case anything happened to the Commissioner.

The Coroner and the City Physician of the Town of Pender, Thurston County, Neb., U.S.A., is Dr. Kate G. Horner. The woman question is being settled in the North-West with a rapidity that is fairly startling. In Emporia, Kan., there is a woman who has invented a new calling for her sex. She goes out as company for wives whose husbands are away, and charges \$5 a week for her services. She also goes out for 75 cents

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)