

"Ga'rn, lidy, you'll peach if I tells yer. You won't? A' right! Well, 'ere goes—I just feels 'ungry for 'em, and as 'ow I must smash that thar glawse, and git inside and teer 'em all darn, and trample 'em all into mush, so as if I caw'nt 'ave 'em, other kids 'as got to do wi'art—that's 'ow I feel, s'elp me Gawd. Now 'and us over the pawcel"—which command I meekly obey.

Neither does it occur to me "to say a word in season" to this dripping scarecrow with his wide knowledge of the dark side of nature.

I am already struggling for an answer to the social question, "Does the creed of the Gold God, and of his high priest, Luxury, breed anarchy?"

And if so—*whither?*

E. G. F.

WOMEN.

We observe that a letter has been addressed to the daily press by seven ladies intimately connected with the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, pleading that all who care for the well-being of women should contribute in some measure, be it large or small, to the funds of the National Union. The claims of this society must commend themselves to every thoughtful woman, and we hope that at least all readers of the NURSING RECORD will do something to help the Union to attain justice for women; setting aside the fact of our public duty, the reflex effect of the attainment of women's suffrage upon the furtherance of the objects which trained nurses have at heart cannot be over-estimated.

Lord Tweedmouth has lately expressed the opinion that he is not afraid of manhood suffrage, and that the vote should attach to a man as a citizen, and not because he owned some kind of property; but he was not prepared for woman suffrage. Liberals should return to the principles of "Peace, Retrenchment, Reform," and act upon the old maxim, "Liberty of the individual for the good of the whole." And this from a man who has the honour to be the brother of Isabel, Countess of Aberdeen!

Are we to understand that Lord Tweedmouth is of opinion that any besotted male tramp is more capable of exercising the franchise justly than Her Excellency, the wife of the Governor-General of Canada, whose ability as a social reformer is acknowledged from one end of the Dominion to the other?

When Liberals learn that "liberty of the individual" can only be attained by including women, and that "manhood suffrage" is adding insult to injury, so long as women are excluded from voting, they will cease to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of just persons. Again, we repeat, no Liberal Party can ever again exist for any practical purpose so long as women are denied their right to share in legislating for the nation of which they form a part. All sorts of programmes will be proposed—many high-sounding phrases will be adopted—but so long as more than half of the population have no voice in the State, the Liberal Party is a mere sham, a delusion and a snare, and it will remain devoid of that momentous power which makes progress possible, and which owes its impetus to a righteous cause based on justice.

Can anything be more futile than the present constitution of the County Councils? We have a body whose duties comprise many domestic and educational and sanitary matters, which affect women equally with men, and what do we find?—that the sub-committees dealing with these questions are compelled to *co-opt women* in order to carry out their work in a just and efficient manner. This is proof positive that the constitution of the County Council is unjust and defective, and that an amendment to the Act defining the County Council should be at once introduced to make it legal for women to be elected on the same terms as men. Free co-opting of women should not be possible—women are lacking in self-respect who encourage laws, grasping at and utilizing their expert services, yet denying to them personal responsibility on the plea of sex. The splendid work of women on the School Board is convincing many men of the absurd anomaly of excluding women from any part in making the laws they are forced to obey.

The council of Bedford College, London, has appointed Miss Beatrice Edgell, B.A., to the Professorship of Mental and Moral Science.

A conference of ladies was recently held at the Domestic Economy School, Manchester, to discuss the domestic servant question. As an outcome of this it is hoped that a Domestic Service Guild will be formed, to be registered under the Friendly Societies' Act. It is desired to obtain the promises of one hundred ladies to subscribe two guineas a year to the guild for the first five years. The revenue thus obtained will be used for—(a) The technical education of all servants who wish to become members of the guild; (b) Bonus payments to guild servants when married, during sickness, or after ten years' service under guild regulations. The guild will also undertake the education of servants in the various branches of domestic service.

A Book of the Week.

"THE MILLS OF GOD."*

If this is the work of a beginner, it shows promise of a noticeable sort. It is a tale unusual in its conception, and original in the working out. The author is evidently American, and the scene of the story is laid in a farm in New Jersey, the abode of one John Rudderow, an orthodox Calvinist of the type that seems to be so unmitigated and so terrible in the United States. The wife of the farmer is little "Ma Kate," and it is her love for her younger son Jim which makes the pathos of the book.

She has been brought up a Unitarian, and it is chiefly the object of the writer to show how the truth of the Incarnation reveals itself to her, through her intense and devoted love for her own son.

I do not profess to be so well up in the ways of American Dissenters as the author of this book must be; but it seems to me inconsistent with the narrow orthodoxy of Rudderow that he should have ever selected as his wife one whom he of course believed to be fore-ordained to eternal perdition. Like Mr. Harold Frederic's wonderfully clever story, called

* "The Mills of God." By Francis Hardy. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

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