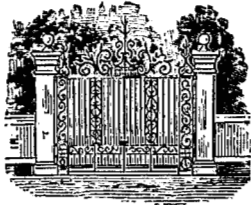


Outside the Gates.**WOMEN.**

It is reported that it is woman suffrage that has made the working man the balance of power in New Zealand. When the law was first put in force many of the richer women stayed away from the polls, while the wives of the labouring men voted for what they considered their rights and those of their husbands. Today father and mother go to the polls together and vote, and when labour questions are before the country the women of the working classes are out in force.

"What has woman suffrage done for New Zealand?" was asked a New Zealand lady. "Amongst other reforms," she replied, "it has closed 25 per cent. of all the saloons for good, and it has closed all of them after ten o'clock p.m. We have parts of New Zealand where there is absolute prohibition. There are no public-houses or saloons as you call them. I have one town especially in mind. This was noted for its drunkenness and disorder. It is now one of the quietest and most respectable of communities. It has diminished its police force, and its goal for want of use has been made the headquarters of the Salvation Army. It has fixed the hours of woman's labour in all the factories. It has stopped sweating, and it has given the laboring women some of the rights that are accorded labouring men." Why do not the Temperance Leagues unite and go for woman suffrage? It appears an easy method of dealing with "drunks."

"There is no longer any question says the "Outlook" of what women may do, but only of what they may not do, and there is not much left for them to usurp. Woman now does everything that man does, and she does it as nearly like him as possible. That, in fact, is the special mark of the present-day woman, from "Society" down to comfortable Suburbia. A horsey woman was once somewhat of an oddity; now women are all horsey, golffy, bikey, literary, nursely, and ping-pongy—all or one of these things, the more the better pleased." This paper might have added that the up-to-date woman is also clever, courageous, cheery, healthy, handsome, and honest, for it is true.

The Walthamstow Urban Council have appointed Miss Draper resident medical officer at the new Isolation Hospital.

The Rev. G. Grimshaw Brown, vicar of St. Oswald's, Blackburn, refused to accept ladies as voters at a recent vestry meeting. In an interview he said that he had been advised that male householders were the proper voters at such meetings, and that ladies had no locus standi. We wonder if the ladies who worship at St. Oswald's, are permitted to relieve the vicar of the greater part of the parish drudgery in Sunday School, district visiting, church decorating, school feasting; also are they permitted to pay parish, including Church, rates? Presumably not.

A Book of the Week.**THE COLUMN.***

Since the appearance of "The Forest Lovers" there has been no book published which approaches in power this now before us, by an author who does not appear to have published anything previously.

The two books are alike in nothing but in their strange unlikeness to most of what has preceded them, in their freshness and spontaneity, in their appeal to the influences of nature. Here all comparison between them must end; for Mr. Marriott, though he gives us a heroine who is a re-incarnation of the old Earth-worship of the Greeks—a priestess of the cult of physical perfection—is himself an author of the most sophisticated description, sometimes plunging us into a scientific jargon that savours of the pedantic; as when he casually remarks, at the opening of one chapter, that "men and women fall admirably into the classes, Exogens, Endogens, and Acrogens." Also he has read and is acutely conscious of, his George Meredith; in fact, the curious story of the birth of Edward Hastings, is so reminiscent in style, of an episode in the "Amazing Marriage," as almost to mar, for a time, our impression of the author's great originality. But not even his literary admirations can hold back Mr. Marriott from being original; and this, although he has chosen an idea, a plot, which debars him from many of the possibilities, which imposes on him stern limitations; for Daphne is an impersonation, not a personality, and so cannot be suffered to approach too near to any of the very human people who inhabit the rest of the book.

Edward Hastings, agnostic and Hellenist, has lived in Greece for years, and has returned to Cornwall, his father's county, a widower with one daughter. One is given to understand that Daphne's mother was a Greek; probably not a Christian. At any rate, Daphne was born on Greek soil, of a parent who worshipped passionately the stones and bones of that wondrous land. The sole object which Hastings has brought with him to England to remind him of the land of his love, is a Doric column, which he plants in a laurel grove on a hill over-looking the sea. The column fascinates Daphne, yet she dreads it. It has for her a hypnotic influence. Her father brings her up as a fine healthy animal, swimming, the gymnasium, running, throwing, all things to ensure physical perfection. She also plays the viola.

It is perfectly true to life that a girl so brought up, with a plentiful fund of animal vitality and absolutely no experience, should fall in love with the first man she meets; equally natural that she should shrink from leaving the place where she has been brought up, that, like a wild animal, her own lair should seem preferable. Her father has written a book called "Subsoil," the extracts from which positively make us yearn to read the whole.

The whole of the village coterie, though dashed and splashed somewhat, are flung upon the canvas with tremendous force and vitality. Herbert Waring, Mrs. Bargister, Miss Williams, Caspar Gillies, are all most rousing people to encounter; in fact, the talent of the author in this direction is so marked, that one wishes he would give us more of Mrs. Bargister and her kind. All he touches is done with real knowledge; the

* By Charles Marriott. John Lane.

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