

through Committees. By such an arrangement 1,000 women Guardians would at once be swept away.

It is sometimes suggested, said the speaker, that women may safely leave their interests to the goodwill and care of Parliament. Recent events must surely have convinced the most trustful woman that without the franchise she has no security that she will retain any positions she at present holds.

MRS. MORGAN DOCKRELL,

in a most able and convincing speech, traced the birth, growth, and far-reaching influence of the Woman movement during the last half century. In the past, woman reigned supreme in the home; her life was busy, full, and satisfying; the baking, brewing, spinning, weaving, and other domestic industries were in her hands. Then a horde of speculating men entered and destroyed the woman's world. She was left her sphere, the name without the thing, and for years women immured themselves in their sphere. They played the piano—indifferently well—they made crochet antimacassars, they sought in matrimony refuge from the gibe of "old maid." Then with the dawn of mind and soul they left behind them poor old exploded sphere, and, in spite of ridicule, anger, and slander, women were now holding their own in the working world. The curse of England to-day—it was an ugly word, but it was the right one—was sex antagonism. The domestic woman was needed in public life, to care for the poor, the sick, the afflicted. What could be said of the domesticity which looked out from its own comfortable sheltered place and concerned itself not at all with the world at large. The race needed mothering as well as fathering, and until this was recognised we should never have a perfect public life.

Referring to the nearness of a General Election, the speaker said, "There is a grand opportunity coming; are you going to let it slide away?"

Mrs. F. Donaldson spoke of the proposed constitution of the National Church Council and the injustice which would be done to women if Lord Hugh Cecil's notorious amendment to insert the words "of the male sex" were enforced.

Miss Flora Stevenson, of Edinburgh, speaking for those who, though working for long years, might not live to see the suffrage granted to women, asked the present generation to acquaint themselves with the work of the older women and to honour their parents in experience.

Mrs. Haslam, Hon. Secretary of the Irish Women's Suffrage Society, gave a history of the movement in Ireland, and spoke of the stimulus given to it by the entry of women into public life.

Mrs. Maurice Dockrell, Rural District Councillor for Scotland, spoke from the Scottish point of view. Women had, she said, kept their ideals; men to a great extent had lost theirs; women were, therefore, an ennobling, refining influence in public life. They were also a placative influence, and they were doing more than they thought in training men to believe that they ought to be with them and of use. Every woman who goes into public life holds the door open for other women.

Miss Isabella Ford (Parish Councillor, Leeds) said that women were rapidly losing their position in the country because they did progressive work. They had to contend against other persons on the Boards on which they worked. Landlords, for instance, interested in keeping them quiet. The better work they did, therefore, the more insecure their position. The Women's Suffrage movement was not a movement of women for women,

but of citizens for the benefit of the community. At present in their public work there was the depressing element of knowing that anything they had done might at any time be wiped out. When they gained the suffrage they would have a weapon to fight for the welfare of the world they had never had before.

Mrs. Sheldon Amos said it would be impossible to find any stage of society in which men have not expected a higher moral standard of women than of their own sex.

Mr. T. W. Russell, Member for S. Tyrone, said there was not a single division on the Women's Suffrage question in the last eighteen years which he had not been in. He had even voted against his own party on the question and taken the consequences which had not followed. The position of the women's movement was a serious one. Neither the Government, nor leaders, nor parties in the House could be counted on. The House of Commons was full of men who cared for none of these things. It was cram full of all sorts of interest, and its principle was "You scratch me and I'll scratch you." The present House was in earnest about nothing; what hope was there until there was a House of Commons impressed with the great fact that "righteousness exalteth a nation"? It was a great thing to be in the right, to know that truth, and righteousness, and justice were behind you. To obtain the suffrage, women must do two things—persuade men that they had the right to it, and that the country could not get on without it.

Mrs. Fenwick Miller pointed out the drawback it was to women themselves to be shut out from great wide public interests through which life was pulsing. From the age of twenty-two to thirty she was a member of the London School Board, and her experience in that capacity had been most educative.

The Chairman pointed out that if women worked for men who would vote against them, they were working against men who were suffering for them. Is that, she asked, loyalty to friends?

On Saturday morning a private conference was held at the Holborn Town Hall, when resolutions bearing on the future policy of the movement were carried, and arrangements made to give them effect in view of the General Election. A special fund opened to promote the campaign realised £570 in the room.

## A Book of the Week.

### THE CALL OF THE WILD.\*

The novel with a brute for the central figure is a characteristic product of an age which lavishes upon four-footed objects the sympathy it often denies to its brother—or more particularly sister—in distress.

Mr. Ollivant squanders—if we may be allowed the term—a very pretty talent upon Dandie Dimmons, but Mr. Jack London does more than this.

"The Call of the Wild" is a wholly original piece of work, though most of its critics have seen fit to remark that it reminds them of Kipling—we do not know why, except that Kipling once wrote a story in which an Arctic dog figured.

The supreme art of Mr. London lies in the completeness of its concealment. It is a plain, unvarnished—almost bald—narration of what goes on in the far North day by day.

\* By Jack London, Heinemann.

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