

Thus, a woman's wages are always lower than a man's. Take teachers, doing the same work; the man is paid more than the woman because of the fact that he is a man, and the same thing holds good throughout the labour market. Many reasons are given for this, all of them inadequate. The old cause, the subjection of women, is at the root of it all.

MISS ROPER,

Secretary to the Union of Suffrage Societies in the North, said that there the Suffrage movement amongst women was a natural one. Operatives there worked under conditions largely regulated by the House of Commons. For this reason the labour representation movement was obtaining a strong hold. The Trades Unions were financing the movement by the levy of a 4d. rate. In Clitheroe, out of every 100 subscribers to the Labour member's salary sixty were women, but these women had no power to vote for the candidate who should represent them. In Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire working women were alive to the value of the franchise.

MR. STEAD

said:—"What's the matter?" You. Have you thought how contemptible and miserable your position is? If 500 men in this room knew they were ruled by women, that women fixed their taxes, framed their laws, that the judges, juries, barristers in the courts of law were women, would they stand it for a moment? No. But women take it lying down all the time. When they get tuned up to fighting-pitch they will do something. Fighting not physical force was wanted.

An amendment to the resolution was proposed by Miss Ford, seconded by Mr. Coit, and carried after excellent speeches by Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy, Mr. Robertson, Mrs. Montefiore, and Mrs. Fenwick Miller.

The meeting before it dispersed sent a message of affectionate greeting to Mrs. Bright McLaren.

WOMEN.

His Majesty the King in Council has, on the application of the Senate, approved an amendment of Section 113 of the Statutes of the University of London, which will have the effect of facilitating the entrance into the University of women who have passed degree examinations at Oxford and Cambridge.

The new literary club for women is to be called the Lyceum, and is to have its headquarters somewhere between Charing Cross and Fleet Street. It will be thrown open to women journalists, authors, black-and-white artists, doctors, women with university degrees, and the wives of distinguished literary men. We see no *locus standi* for the last-named class; such women may not be literary and may be illiterate.

Mrs. Montague Fowler, the foundress and president of the Brindisi Society for the Protection of Animals, has issued a neat illustrated booklet descriptive of the work of the organisation in the famous Italian port. Her account of the cruelties practised upon horses, mules, and donkeys by thoughtless drivers proves how urgently such a society was needed.

Someone asked a bright woman the other day what was the vital difference between the Anglo-Saxon and other peoples. "The former loves dogs, and the others work them," she promptly replied. Love of animals is certainly one of the virtues we may justly claim, and it is one we should carefully cherish.

The National Council of Women.

The London and North-Western, Midland, Great Central, and Great Western Railway Companies are prepared to make reductions on tickets for passengers attending the Cheltenham and Gloucester Conference of the National Union of Women Workers of Great Britain and Ireland on November 3rd. Application must be made to Miss S. Roberts, 17, Pittville Parade, Cheltenham, or Miss A. Lemon, Oaklands, Barnwood, Gloucester.

A Book of the Week.

THE METTLE OF THE PASTURE.*

What is the charm by which Mr. Allen works upon us all, and which triumphs over even such a terribly-expressed opening as the first few words of his present book—"She did not wish any supper!"?

It is the charm of an irresistible personality. Page after page overflows with it, and in it the reader floats along, so in love with the motion of the boat as hardly to care what scenes it is travelling through.

From the point of view of the mere critic, the book is full of faults; full of ideas and characters merely touched upon not elucidated, and full of that curious kind of hysterical enthusiasm over birth, family, and ancestry which only American writers can compass. Even Hawthorne was not free from this taint; and it is very likely natural in a new and democratic country; but to the English it always and inevitably sounds like bad form.

The story is of a country town, and begins with the rejection of Rowan Meredith by Isabel Conyers.

These two are destined for each other, and are deeply in love. Rowan's love is so true that it nerves him to confession; and Isabel, recoiling at once and completely from the man with a past, discards him altogether. Not content with simply declining to be his wife, she declines even to be his acquaintance; a state of things which, living as they do under the eyes of a large circle of intimate friends, causes much scandal.

Isabel's instinctive recoil from what she is told—her first feeling that under no circumstances could she become Rowan's wife, is no doubt natural; but the author gives a touch of greatness to the character of the girl, which makes us resent her subsequent conduct. She passes sentence, and the man rejected makes no effort to persuade her. He lies down under the misery she has caused; and two or three years after, when, for no reason in particular, she changes her mind, he meekly comes at her summons, marries her at her command, and dies next year. So told, the story is sickly enough. But the underlying idea of Mr. Allen is one with which all women must, or should be, in sympathy. It is the idea embodied in Browning's "Any Wife to any Husband"—the eternal question from the woman to the man: "Why must I, 'twixt the leaves of coronal, put any kiss of pardon on thy brow?" Why, argues Isabel, must I, who come to my lover wholly his, have to put up with less than I give? Surely a whole woman should have a whole man! Thus Isabel expresses her grief:—

"I am afraid you do not realise what it means to a woman when a principle like this is involved."

* By James Lane Allen. Macmillan.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)