is little short of a grave scandal that Parliament after Parliament should meet and be dissolved without having its decision challenged on a question of such vital import to the whole community. Whether the enfranchisement of women will benefit the Commonwealth, or whether the admission of women to full citizenship would be detrimental to the State, the duty of the House to express its opinion is the same. That so grave an issue should be evaded Session after Session without any opportunity being afforded Members of declaring their convictions on the subject, is in itself a cogent argument in favour of woman's suffrage. It is because women do not count as an electoral force that their claims are met in this shilly-shallying fashion. If they had votes they would have no difficulty in securing from the House a plain Aye or No to any question in which they are so deeply interested.

"The women of the Mother Country are now at a position of disadvantage compared with the women of the Colonies. The women of New Zealand and of Australia are enfranchised, but the women of England, Scotland, and Ireland are denied a vote. They, or some of them, were content with the right to various municipal franchises, and, as a result, they have seen one post of vantage which they had won after the other torn from their hands. In this matter of citizenship there can be no standing still. As Mr. Morley has recently admitted, until the suffrage is conceded, women have no security for any of the privileges which they now enjoy by grace of the dominant sex. There is only one sound logical principle upon which this question can be settled once for all. The Constitution should be as colour-blind as to sex as it is to sect. If women are physically weaker than men, that is assuredly the worst of all possible reasons for handicapping them still worse by adding to their natural disabilities other artificial man-made disabilities calculated to prejudice them at every turn in the battle of life."

In the House of Commons on Monday last, Mr. Maconochie gave notice that he would, on that day fortnight, call attention to the question of women's suffrage.

The following retort, which appears in a Kentucky paper, is perhaps uncalled for, but it is certainly amusing. It refers to a recent attack upon the American women made by a well-known New York clergyman: "The Rev. Morgan Dix tells us that the woman of to-day smokes, swears, gambles, and drinks. Can't somebody introduce Mr. Dix into a little decent society?"

The late Frederic R. Coudert, the well-known American lawyer and wit, had a great fondness for children. He collected indefatigably the quaint sayings of children, and one of the treasures of his library was a small manuscript volume filled with definitions that children had composed. This volume was called a "child's dictionary," and these are some of the definitions that Mr. Coudert would read from it: "Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out of it; Snoring—Letting off sleep; Apples—The bubbles that apple trees blow; Back-biter—A mosquito; Fan—A thing to brush the warm off with; Ice—Water that went to sleep in the cold."

A Book of the Week.

THROUGH SORROW'S GATES.*

The author of "Shameless Wayne" is a writer possessing his own particular virtue and flavour. He is of the Yorkshire Moors, as Mr. Eden Philpotts is of Dartmoor. The difference between the two is curiously the difference between York and Devon; between the mild, wild, south-west and the fierce wild north.

But Mr. Philpotts gives you the real lives and characters of the Dartmoor folk, while Mr. Sutcliffe draws largely upon his imagination, and there is always a flavour of fairy-tale in his writing.

We like an author who writes of what he knows best. But, in spite of undoubted merits, this last book does suggest forcibly that Mr. Sutcliffe's limits are narrow and have been reached.

The hero is Griff Lomax, who, for reasons which are given only at the end of the book, and which appear strangely inadequate, lives in a log hut on the moors, alone but for Trash, his dog, and occupies himself in working out his curse, Adam-wise, with a spade—tilling the waste as a kind of penance. Griff is, in reality, Squire of Marshcotes. What he does with his own acres, while striving to wrest new ones from the moor with such ardour, the author does not inform us. It would seem a curious perversion which lets fertile acres rot while struggling to fertilise barren ones; so we conclude that Griff left a steward of some sort in charge of his house and estate; but if this steward ever consulted his master, we do not hear of it. This wildness of improbability in the central character and situation gives an air of unreality to much which would otherwise be excellent reading. Griff's solitude is daily invaded by a full-blooded young person called Hester Royd, who comes to fettle up, and makes eyes in vain at the unemotional widower. Hester is a vivid character, well conceived; so is Ned O'Bracken Clough; and the incident of Griff fighting the shilly-shallying lover, to oblige him to fulfil his obligations to Hester, is racy of the soil and delightful in its telling. But we are growing a little tired of the half-mad crew who ramp and roar over the moorland, and shriek with terror at a boggart, in the midst of their wildest drinking bouts. They had a kind of fascination in "Shameless Wayne," but we are beginning to feel that they are played out.

Griff is going home one night, in a snowstorm, when he comes upon a half-dead woman holding a dead child in her arms. He takes them both home to his hut, and there nurses the invalid back to health. It is quite conceivable that a recluse like Griff, thinking he has done for ever with the thought of home and wife and love, should be blind to the anomalous character of Nell Nethercliff's position beneath his very uncomfortable roof. But afterwards, when he has discovered that he loves her, we think his author wrongs so noble a gentleman in making him still wish her to live at the hut before their marriage. For the sake of the fair name of the woman he loved, the mother of future squires of Marshcotes, no man would have done this, however secure in the consciousness of his and her honour.

Mr. Sutcliffe's gift of poetic description of scenery is undeniable. His knowledge of Nature is deep and intimate and thorough. There is something noble and poignant in Griff's struggle to redeem himself

* By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Fisher Unwin.)

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