

not speak our language, and we often have to make ourselves mutually understood as best we can in one which is foreign to both parties, when time—such precious time!—health and reputation are all at stake.”

I have in mind, too, the graphic descriptions given me by a German nurse, called in at a minute's notice to attend an American lady in her confinement. Neither knew any language but her own. Each had decided opinions as to every detail connected with the advent and management of a baby, based respectively on venerable German domestic tradition and the most up-to-date of new-fangled American notions. The triumph and relief of the nurse on finding a dictionary died down speedily when she discovered how insuperable were the difficulties of English spelling and American pronunciation.

Now, these must be typical examples of innumerable instances in which Esperanto would indeed be a boon if known even to one side only, for in this case communication could be made with a dictionary. It might also be a decidedly useful means of entertainment for many convalescents. Nurses will benefit with the rest when the proceedings of the International Congress of Women are carried on in Esperanto.

But we are mistaken if we are content with merely putting to ourselves the question, “Of what material gain will this new language be to me?” There is no doubt, in the minds of those competent to judge, that Esperanto has come to stay. It already has adherents in sixty-six different postal territories, of which I could give the names did space permit. It will be—indeed, is being—a great factor in the internationalisation of commerce, science, and art and in the better understanding and cordial relations between men of various tongues. It must tend towards the spirit of brotherhood between nations, and help to work wonders in the direction of what one might call ethical ophthalmology, by which I mean a correction of our insular short-sightedness—and as regards insight, increase in power of accommodation, of strength and of range of vision, as well as ability to see from points of view quite other than those to which we are accustomed.

To such ends all should work who desire the reign of Love, Truth, and Right. If we believe that the introduction of Esperanto tends in this direction we must do our share towards its adoption, each individual deciding for herself what that share should be.

A. S. W.

## Women's Progress.

A petition signed by 1,200 working women and girls was presented last week by Mr. D. J. Shackleton, M.P., to the Home Secretary, asking for more women factory inspectors.

The quarterly issue of the *Women's Suffrage Record*, just issued, is most encouraging, taken as a whole, although the Women's Suffrage Bill did not reach a division this Session, owing to the tactics of a few professional obstructionists on all legislation which makes for justice to women.

We have to thank Mr. Slack, who introduced the Bill, and Sir John Rolleston, who seconded it.

It is good to turn to the Colonies, where men do not appear to suffer from “green-eyed monster” where the fair sex are concerned.

The Women's Franchise Bill has been passed by the Victorian Legislative Assembly.

Miss Grata F. Matilda Greig, the first woman to be called to the Bar at Melbourne, made her first appearance in court on Tuesday last. Sir John Madden, the Chief Justice, in a few graceful remarks congratulated Miss Greig on her unique position, and expressed his gratification at the revolution which her success heralded.

## A Book of the Week.

### THE MARBLE CITY.\*

With the hot weather and the holiday season comes a demand for light literature—something that can be read upon the sands or among the heather, something that will amuse, or perhaps thrill, but prove no exertion to the intellect.

To holiday readers we recommend a book like Mr. G. B. Burgin's “Marble City.”

The prologue is excellent; in fact, from the standpoint of the critic, it is far the best thing in the book. “Injun Joe” has the secret of a spot, far hidden in the wild forests of the French-settled part of Canada, where nuggets may be picked up for the stooping. He has from time to time taken nuggets and sold them to “Old Man Evans,” but has carefully refrained from telling him whence they come. But Old Man Evans, being inquisitive, has presented Injun Joe with enough whiskey to render him incautious; and then, riding upon his one-eyed mule, has followed the Indian's trail into the bush. His stratagem is as effective as he could possibly have wished. He tracks the Indians to the point at which the Squaw, “Melon Seeds,” has knifed her drunken lord because he would not let her have whiskey; and thus discovers the secret city.

This idea touches a delightful train of romance. A mythical, legendary, gleaming white city, hidden deep in the bush, talked of only as a tradition among the settlers, the ground carpeted with nuggets! We feel all our fancies tingling, all our imaginations working, as we guess how it could possibly have been that the city was left deserted, overgrown and swallowed up by the forest—how it was that such a city ever came to be built at all.

Well! The explanation of the mystery, when it comes, is of that artlessly impossible kind which is the sole prerogative of the male novelist. No woman would dare to pen such nonsense as most of the plot of this book consists of—the critics would be so mercilessly down upon her. But it sometimes seems as if there was nothing too silly, too unreal, too wildly improbable, for the male novelist to expect his readers to swallow—nothing too treacly in the sentimental line for him to be doubtful as to its pleasing them. The same trait is to be noticed in the books of Mr. Keble Howard. Encouraged by the warm praise which his brother journalists cordially afforded this writer, the present reviewer last summer tried to read one of his effusions. It was, if I remember right, called “Cupid in the Garden,” and sillier stuff never ran from the pen of a schoolgirl of seventeen. But there must be a public which yearns for this simple

\* By G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson and Co.)

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