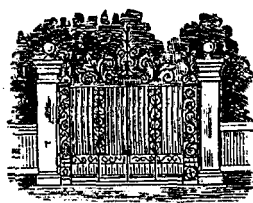


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



In a letter addressed to the Prime Minister, and signed by over 300 women serving on the education committees of county and borough councils, the Government is asked to consider whether steps can be taken to enable women to be elected and to serve as members on county councils, borough councils, and metropolitan borough councils. The letter states that the supervision of children under seven, and the education of girls, especially in domestic matters, are among other subjects requiring the consultation and advice of women.

The Liberal ladies of North Islington, led by Mrs. Waterlow, the member's wife, are actively engaged in an effort for the provision of a convalescent home in conjunction with the Great Northern Hospital.

In reply to a question in the House of Commons from Mr. Jowett (Bradford), Mr Churchill stated that it was not the intention of the Government to include the political enfranchisement of women in the Constitution about to be conferred upon the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies. It will be remembered that an appeal is shortly to be presented to the King to grant full political rights to coloured persons in these colonies. British women will do well to refuse to emigrate to South Africa until they are accorded the same rights as those demanded by the coloured people.

The news of the death of Miss Susan B. Anthony at Rochester, U.S.A., will cause profound sorrow to all women workers. Miss Anthony came of Quaker stock, and received her education in a Quaker school. She was a great women's suffrage leader, and her name will ever be held in honour in this connection. Who that was present will forget the reception given to her at the Suffrage Meeting in the Queen's Hall, London, in 1899, when, in simple dress and red shawl, her head crowned only by her silver hair, she rose, a veteran of eighty years, to address the great meeting, which she held entranced by her wisdom and her humour. Temperance work, and the anti-slavery agitation had her warm support, and at one time with Mrs. Cady Stanton and Lucy Stone she edited a journal devoted to women's interests called the *Revolutionist*. A great woman has passed to her rest, and the world is the poorer.

A meeting to inaugurate a Ladies' Association in connection with the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney, was held by permission of the Hon. Mrs. Lawrence at 23, Eaton Square, on Tuesday last. The object of the Association, which is to secure the earlier election of friendless cases of poor incurables, is an admirable one. We hope that having accepted the help of women in this direction, the Committee of the Institution will reconsider its attitude in regard to their eligibility for election on its Governing Body.

## Book of the Week.

### THE MAYOR OF TROY.\*

At his best Mr. Quiller Couch is hard to beat, and I am of those who believe his best vein to be his Troy vein. Not that I have not thoroughly enjoyed his excursions into a more serious manner. But this merry, simple, shrewd humour of his, this Cornish humour, with an old-time flavour and a tang of the sea, is the thing that no man but himself can work properly.

Once more he is drawn by his natural bent to the time when the shadow of invasion hung over England. Napoleon and Napoleon's doings had no competitors as matters of interest, except the smuggling affairs which Troy was always so deep in.

Reading this book and others like it, how one wonders what would have happened had the invader actually succeeded in reaching our coasts! The folly and simplicity of the gallant defenders, as represented by the Troy Gallants and the Looe Die-hards, is almost beyond belief. But credible or no, the whole story of the attack on Tallant Cove is simply delicious reading. Major Hymen, Mayor of Troy, designs a night attack upon Tallant Cove to test the readiness of the Looe Die-hards. It is to take place on the last night of April, and to be followed by a breakfast of good fellowship between the two opposing forces. But, at the same time, a cargo is to be run. The Major's plan is well thought out. The excise man thinks he is on the scent, and orders out a regiment of dragoons. The suspicious luggers are boarded, the casks brought out and opened on the beach, and found to contain only rotten pilchards! Troy has the laugh over the Dragoons and the Revenue; but the prosperity of Solomon Hymen is near its close. He goes to Plymouth on business, and by a singular chain of coincidences gets pressed for the Navy, and taken aboard a bomb ship, the "Vesuvius." The account of the pressing of the members of a travelling company who are enacting a nautical drama is one of the funniest episodes. The remarks of the sailor men, seated in the gallery, as they listen to the nautical hero's impassioned account of his own prowess in a gale "off Pernambuco"; the bewildered way in which they endeavoured to make a man-o'-war, as represented on the stage, square with their own notion of the thing; and the final seizure of the virtuous seaman, not to mention the wicked lieutenant, make the best of reading. Then there is the scene in which the Captain, who was dead drunk over night, when the Press took place, awakes in the morning to find the crew of grease-painted barnstormers prostrate about his deck in various phases of sea-sickness.

But there is a dash of most poignant pathos in the return of the Mayor.

It is ten years before he, who has been reported killed by an explosion, returns to his native town. He has a bald head, a wooden leg, and a scarred face, a bullet having gone into his cheek, and affected the muscles of his tongue, so that he cannot properly articulate. Of all the townsmen who adulate his memory, not one recognises him, with the solitary

\* By Q. (Methuen.)

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