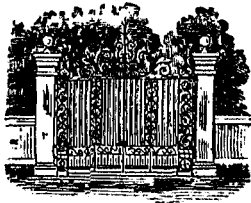


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The Royal Assent has recently been given to an Act passed by the Queensland Legislature conferring on women the right to practise as barristers, solicitors, or conveyancers in that Colony. Members of the Colonial Bar have the right to appear as advocates before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on Appeals. We may therefore have a lady barrister appearing before that august tribunal on an appeal from Queensland.

To celebrate the birthday of Shakespeare the Society of Women Journalists were At Home on Monday afternoon at Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, those present numbering over 400. An appropriate programme of songs and recitations, drawn chiefly from "Twelfth Night," "Othello," and "Hamlet," was contributed to by Madame Blanche Marchesi, Mr. Courtice Pounds, and Mr. H. V. Esmond. Among those present were Mrs. T. P. O'Connor (President of the Society) and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Sir Charles and Lady Stevens, Lady Foster, Miss Eva Moore, Miss Decima Moore, Miss Beatrice Waller, Mrs. W. W. Jacobs, and Mr. Pett Ridge.

The Marchioness of Exeter has been elected people's churchwarden at Deeping St. James, Lincolnshire.

Degrees were conferred on many ladies at a meeting of the Senate of Dublin University on Saturday last. They had passed their schools at Oxford and Cambridge, which will not accord to women the degrees they have earned. They therefore go to Ireland for the justice and chivalry denied them by their own Universities.

A new women's organisation is the Women's Labour League, which will hold a preliminary Conference at Leicester in June. It is to be recruited from the women members, and the wives and daughters of members, of existing trades unions, trades councils, and co-operative and Socialistic societies, and will work with the Labour party. Amongst the objects for which they will work is to secure the full rights of citizenship for all women and men. They will also watch the interests of women, and strive to improve their social and industrial conditions.

The audience, which listened to the address of Baroness Bertha von Suttner, the winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, included the King of Norway, and many members of the Government, the Storting, and the diplomatic body. The address, the *Tribune* correspondent reports, was followed with great interest, punctuated by frequent applause. It was a fine oration, which we regret space does not permit us to print in full.

Book of the Week.

THE MAN OF PROPERTY.*

Mr. Galsworthy's book is certainly the best product of the present season so far. It must undoubtedly set him in the front among novelists with a purpose.

He has invented a new name for Philistinism, and created a new type of unfaithful wife.

The Forsytes are a large family of what may be termed the upper middle class in London. They are all prosperous elderly men, and we are introduced to them, their wives, their sons, and their daughters. They are Philistine to a degree that sends cold shudders down the spine to read about. Property is as much their war cry as it was that of the Northern farmer. They are of the very fibre of English prosperity, comfort with security is their motto. They regard all things from the standpoint of property. Touch their pocket or their domestic hearth, and you touch the whole man. Nothing else has power to shake them.

Among these people moves Irene, the wife of Soames Forsyte.

Irene is among the most interesting of modern creations. She is frankly, and without disguise, woman from man's standpoint. She is beautiful, passive, and yielding. From the beginning to the end of the book she never once makes a remark. She remains an enigma, the only language she understands being the language of the passions, the language which is talked with eye and lip—with the mantling of soft blushes; and even the outline of a figure. She has, as far as we are told, no pursuits, no interests in life, outside the domain of the senses. When not required by her husband or her lover, she appears to sit at home and do nothing at all. She is a tablet upon which a man may record his impressions. Here is the author's own description of her:—

"Her face was not the face of a sorceress, who in every look holds out to men the offer of pleasure; it had none of the 'devil's beauty' so highly prized among the first Forsytes of the land; neither was it of that type, no less adorable, associated with the chocolate box; it was not of the spiritually passionate, or passionately spiritual, order peculiar to house-decoration and modern poetry; nor did it seem to promise the playwright material for the production of the interesting and neurasthenic figure, who commits suicide in the last act.

"In shape and colouring, in its soft persuasive passivity, its sensuous purity, this woman's face reminded him of Titian's 'Heavenly Love.' And her attraction seemed to be in this soft passivity, in the feeling that she gave, that to pressure she must yield."

This we imagine, is the description of primal Woman, and the appeal she makes to primal Man. What would a woman of this kind become when her allurements faded? When she could no longer do the one thing for which, apparently, she was created? She is fit only for seraglio life, to be duly taken care of while dangerous, and hidden out of sight when *passée*. She is not fit to be trusted alone, as Soames, her cut-and-dried husband, finds out.

* By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann.)

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