

naturally to those who try to carry out, in some measure, the first part of the advice.

The Fortress Church of S.S. Peter and Paul, is where the Czars and members of the Imperial Family are buried; and here one sees rows of plain white marble sarcophagi, all exactly alike, from the time of Peter the Great to the present day. The motley collection of memorial wreaths, arranged with little regard to order, give it a very untidy appearance, but its tall, tapering, gilded spire, looking like a big burnished needle in the sun, is very remarkable. It was a great delight to me, as it would be to all lovers of animals, to watch the treatment of horses by the Russians. That barbarous instrument of torture, called the bearing rein, so common in our own country—to our shame be it said—is never seen, but what one does see on every shaft horse, is the *droyah*, a semi-circular wooden yoke, carried over the head of the horse; which is said to relieve it of the weight of the shafts.

The driver does not use a whip either, the horse is well treated, and is quite ready to go without being forcibly urged to do so. Their manner of driving is more curious than elegant; the arms are extended, and a rein held in each hand! There is no maiming of the poor beasts; their beautiful manes and tails are allowed to grow long and flowing as Nature intended that they should. The unenlightened Russians are far ahead of us in some respects, at any rate. What amused me immensely was the uniform size—*great* size—of Russian coachmen! I was told that fashion required that they should be stout, and if they were not so endowed by Nature, then padding had to supply the deficiency! I have seen many coachmen, including the Czar's, almost the width of the seat they sat on!

If they can manage to grow a good beard, so much the better; it is considered very correct, and is much admired, besides which it ensures higher wages!

I went over several Hospitals; they are splendidly managed, quite equal to our own, and some of them superior. Asepsis is a mechanical art, and there is little need for Antisepsis. I was quite able to appreciate the remark of an enthusiastic, garrulous old nurse, who had lived forty years in the Hospital, and loved every stone of it: "Legs off, arms off, never any deaths here!" But I missed the neat distinctive uniform of my own compatriots. That was conspicuous by its absence here. Every nurse and every surgeon was arrayed in a sterilised overall, which I was informed was changed once in twelve hours.

Elegance and effectiveness were subservient to the laws of hygiene.

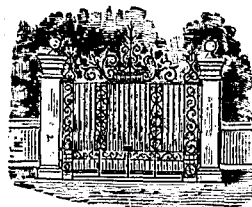
The nurses did not wear caps, unless the three-cornered kerchief passed over the head and fastened under the chin was by courtesy so called!

All good things come to an end, and so did my visit to Russia. I left behind me some of the kindest friends I have made when nursing; they spoilt me with kindness, and made it hard to say good-bye.

BEATRICE KENT.

## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



The Storting last Friday passed a Bill giving the parliamentary vote to women above 25 and paying taxes on a yearly income of at least £22 or being married to a man paying similar taxes. The women of Norway are rejoicing at their victory after a fight which has been in progress for many years. A resolution was also passed expressing the hope that Norway's first Sovereign would announce the reform. About 300,000 women are enfranchised by the new law. We congratulate King Haakon and Queen Maud upon ruling over a free people.

The discussion in the House of Lords on the Women's Qualification Bill excited lively controversy. All it did, said Lord Crewe, was to remove the sex disqualifications in respect of sitting where it had already gone in respect of voting.

One conception of woman, said this witty peer, was that of a combination of maid-of-all-work and ministering angel—that, together with the cult of the saucepan and the mangle, she should be prepared to stand by and wipe the heated brow of the exalted being with whom she was privileged to live. After a life of blamelessness and barley water, she was supposed to retire to a chimney corner and employ herself in making undergarments for innumerable grandchildren.

The opposition of Lords Halsbury and James of Hereford was quite Turkish in tone, both fearing that the measure was a stepping stone to that just reform, the parliamentary franchise for women. The conduct of the women, urged the latter, who had endeavoured with violence to interfere with the free action of Parliament, had taught them what the feminine politician might be. That conduct amounted to a high crime, and ought not to receive any reward at the hands of the Legislature.

How futile was such an argument with John Burns, his prison record for violent agitation behind him—now in the Cabinet—it is needless to point out.

The Archbishop of Canterbury regarded the Bill as representing a true instinct. When he reflected that county councils were concerned in nursing work, infant life protection, the control of midwives, the care of inebriates, and so on, he felt strongly that women ought to have a share in the membership of those bodies. For the benefit of those on behalf of whom the councils acted he heartily hoped that the Bill would be read a second time.

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