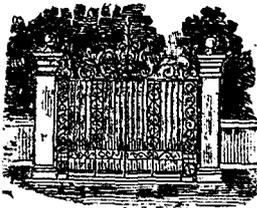


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Suffragists are again in high hopes of success, the Premier having promised time for the second reading of the Parliamentary Franchise Women's Bill—on Monday and Tuesday, the 11th and 12th of July.

All the societies are therefore working all they know. There will be a great demonstration with speeches in Trafalgar Square on July 9th, and another in Hyde Park on July 23rd. Both must be enthusiastic and imposing.

There is to be an Autumn Session, so now there can be no possible reason why the Bill should not become law if the House of Commons fulfils its pledges. Intelligent women quite realise that without the vote they have no security in the body politic.

Lady Frances Balfour, who presided at the annual meeting of the Freedom of Labour Defence Association, said that nothing very serious had been directed against women in the past year, but they had one arch-enemy, as she might call him, a personal friend of her own, Mr. John Burns. In these matters she considered him quite one of the most dangerous and most revolutionary of Ministers. He was one of the vicious class of men who were always trying to do good to women without in the least consulting women as to whether they wished to be done good to in that particular form. He was an advocate of that form of benevolent despotism which he himself would have most disliked if it had been turned against himself in his unregenerate days.

The Englishwoman is very good this month, and the article on that great pioneer, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, who has recently passed away in her eighty-ninth year, by Mrs. Fawcett, strikes a necessary note "because I think that one and all we take for granted far too much, without gratitude, barely even with acknowledgment, all that has been gained for us by the generations that have preceded us. We regard it all as if it were manna dropped from heaven, freely granted by the bounty of Providence, without continuous human effort or sacrifice."

Mrs. Fawcett speaks of her deeply religious nature, and of the spirit in which she approached the relations between immorality and disease, and how to help to establish more worthy relations between men and women, became one of the objects of her life. "I will never," she wrote, "so help me God, be blind, indifferent, or stupid in relation to this matter, as are most women. I feel specially called to act in this reform when I have gained wisdom for the task. The world can never be redeemed till this central relation of life is placed on a truer footing."

She felt both as a physician and as a citizen the enormous importance of a healthy family life, and she wrote:—

"The physician knows that the natural family group is the first essential element of a progressive society. The degeneration of that element by the degradation of either of its essential factors—the man or the woman—begins the ruin of the State."

The Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts for the current year, the highest honour in the gift of the society, has been awarded to Mme. Curie for the discovery of radium. With the exception of Queen Victoria, Mme. Curie is the only woman to whom the medal has been awarded.

Book of the Week.

THE DOP DOCTOR.*

The scene of this wonderful story is laid in South Africa. Its opening chapters are perhaps its greatest, and the tragedy enacted under the gorgeous beauty of the African sky cannot fail to appeal to the imagination of the reader.

It begins by describing the progress of two large heavily laden waggons.

"Days and days, and nights and nights, of billowing, spreading, lonely sky-arched veld intervened between each homestead. . . . Perhaps there would be rain ere long. There had been rain already in the foremost waggon, not from the clouds, but from human eyes. A Kaffir drove the second waggon. It held stores and baggage belonging to the Englishman, for you would have set down the man who owned the waggons as English, even though he called himself by a Dutch name. The child of three years was his. And his had been the dead body of the woman lying on the waggon bed, covered with a new white sheet, with a stillborn boy baby lying on her breast. For this the man who had loved and taken her, and made her his, had wept such bitter scalding tears. For this his dead Love, with Love's blighted bud of fruit upon her bosom, had given up her world, her friends, her family—her husband, first and last of all. . . . Amid the shouting and cursing of the native voo-loopers, and the Boer and Kaffir drivers, the rain of blows on tortured, struggling bodies, and the creaking of the teak-built waggon frames, he only heard her weakly asking to be buried properly in some churchyard or cemetery with a clergyman to read the Service for the Dead."

When the Englishman learns that it is still three days' trek to the nearest village town and pastor, he made up his mind. "He would bury her since it must be, and then fetch the clergyman to read the prayers. . . . No other hands than his own should prepare a last bed for her, his dearest. It should be deep, because of the wild-cat and the hungry Kaffir dogs. It should be wide, to leave room for him. . . . All the day through and all through

* By Richard Dehan. (William Heinemann, London.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)