

## OUTSIDE THE GATES.

### WOMEN.

Mrs. Garrett Fawcett, President of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, asks that we should each personally do an important service to the cause of Women's Suffrage during the short time which is now left before the Government Franchise and Registration Bill goes into Committee. It is that we should get one man at least among our friends to write to his Member of Parliament, and beg him to support the Women's Suffrage amendments to the Bill. This is a bit of service we can each perform at very little trouble.

Suffragists were asked to spend a day in silent prayer in Westminster Abbey, on Thursday, 2nd inst. "O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come." This call to prayer was signed by Mrs. Fawcett, Lady Frances Balfour, Mrs. H. Percy Boulnois, and others.

We are rejoiced to hear from friends in the United States that there is a great awakening throughout the nursing world there on the question of suffrage. They are beginning to realise the spiritual significance of the movement throughout the world. Well may American nurses do this, when they grasp the impetus given to this righteous demand by such women as Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Anna Howard Shaw, and Carrie Chapman Catt, not to mention our own dauntless stalwart, Lavinia L. Dock.

Alas! weeks pass, and the ruddy-handed rappers of innocent children are still at large. Apparently they can evade capture by the police at will. Neither the murderer of the two little victims at Rotherham, nor of the little girl scout at Woking have yet been discovered; and as the weeks pass one wonders if they ever will be! Horror and indignation appear unavailing where these lustful crimes are concerned; and unless murder is added to the more cruel crime of rape, the punishment is so inadequate as to be quite negligible. Surgical science, if permitted by a wise law, could soon stamp out this heart-breaking and abominable impulse—and would be just one of those Acts which women's votes could demand should be placed upon the Statute Book. Miss Dock writes in the *American Journal of Nursing*: "These hideous conditions underlie the English militancy, and it is time that all persons understood the truth."

It is stated by the *Law Journal* that a firm of solicitors, acting on behalf of a lady anxious to become a solicitor, have invited the Council of the Law Society to say whether they would give her facilities to raise in the High Court the question whether women are capable of being admitted.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### MARRIAGE.\*

"And the poor dears haven't the shadow of a doubt they will live happily ever after." Thus Mr. Wells on the title page. This will lead intelligent persons to perceive that it was not going to be all honey for Marjorie. Marjorie was the daughter of Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope is a priceless person who could only have originated in the brain of Mr. Wells. He first realised his daughter when he discovered Mr. Magnet's face was transfigured when he looked at her. He perceived in a flash for the first time that this troublesome, clever, disrespectful child was tall and shapely and sweet. "He did not recall how bitterly he had opposed the college education which made her now so clear in eye and thought, nor the frightful shindy now only three months since about that identical green dress in which she now stood delightful. He forgot these petty details as an idealist should."

But Marjorie does not marry Magnet. After a long struggle of mind she becomes engaged to him, and after a short engagement she throws him over for Trafford, who falls from an aeroplane on to Mr. Pope's croquet ground. Magnet addressed her as Magsy, and surely that was a quite sufficient excuse, especially when one's betrothed is only just tolerable. Trafford was, of course, the one man in the world for her—they found that out in a very short space of time.

"She would have fled now to Trafford if an army had pursued her. There he was, dim and mysterious and wonderful, holding the gate open for her, and she was breathless and speechless and near sobbing. She stood before him, her face moonlit, and laced with the shadow of little twigs, and then his arms came out to her.

"My darling," he said, "oh, my darling!"

In spite of Mr. Pope, "Marjorie carried her point, and was eloped with romantically and splendidly into a glorious new world."

It was in a boat among the reeds upon the lake of Orta that Trafford first became familiarised with the idea that Marjorie was capable of debt. Marjorie was, in fact, a spendthrift, and Trafford's income was limited, so that it is easy to understand how difficulties arose. It was these very difficulties that form the string upon which the beads of this story are hung. "There was only one little thing at the back of her mind that alloyed her sense of happy and complete living, and that was the ghost of an addition sum."

The delightful furnishing of Trafford's study, the candlesticks she could not resist, the old brass-footed box they cried out for. "She decided to call this latter a *hors d'œuvre*. She also decided she would some day economise it out of her dress allowance. In fact, everything which an artistic mind admired was obtained." Trafford,

\* By H. G. Wells.

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