

The platform—one might almost say, was decorated—with the Executive Committee. It is delightful to see the freshness and prettiness of the "new woman." Time was—and not so long since—when political women and "female suffragists" as they were almost contemptuously dubbed—were supposed to be always hideously garbed; mostly spectacled, and with ill-fitting waistless gowns, skirts limp and badly hung, and making no pretension to conceal the blue-stocking—the cloven hoof—which betrayed the woman of "views." A very different picture might be drawn of the feminine politician of our time. Lady Carlisle, who presided at the opening meeting, was most becomingly dressed in black silk and lace. Mrs. Broadley Reid, who supported her, wore a very pretty brown crêpon dress, with profusion of lace, and a pink and black hat. Mrs. Wynford Phillips was somewhat startling in a black and white costume, with cape of the same, and a canary-coloured silk bodice. Mrs. Ernest Fordham formed a charming bit of colour in an artistic combination of heliotrope and green, while Mrs. Price Hughes wore a kind of nursing costume—the regulation nurse's bonnet with grey silk strings, a plain black gown with hospital-like collar and cuffs.

Lady Carlisle, in her opening address from the chair, urged upon the delegates present from every part of Great Britain, to work their hardest to bring women to see the importance of Woman's Suffrage, and to spread the Gospel of Progress and to shoulder arms for the good cause. She told the audience, amid cheers, that the new Welsh Federation—for the first time in the history of politics—has admitted women on absolutely equal terms with men. She also dwelt on the subjects which specially needed women in public life. She reminded them of the fever-dens that needed rooting out, of the bad water which needed replacing by good, of the terrible defects in sanitation which must be remedied by women, irrespective of any consideration for vested interests.

Mrs. McLaren followed with a most charming speech—womanly, broad and tender—dealing with the manner in which women may work for the best interests of men as well as for the advantage of their own sex.

A very strong resolution was framed and passed, as to the advisability of all drinking-bars being closed on election days, so as to banish from the boasted civilisation of our times the horrible sights so often seen at elections, when hordes of electors are taken to the polls too intoxicated to know for whom they are recording their votes.

Another resolution was passed with acclamation, to the effect that the acceptance for a brief period of parish relief—owing to sickness or want of employment—should not mean that the individual should forthwith be struck off the Register.

The subject of Police Matrons elicited a most interesting discussion, as did the question of Midwives' Registration. Lady Henry Somerset spoke with her usual eloquence on the subject of Temperance Reform, a subject the Women's Liberal Federation has deeply at heart. Everyone concerned feels the utmost satisfaction at the undoubted success of the meetings throughout.

## Notes on Art.

Of all the exhibitions now competing in London for notice, none should be so interesting to Nurses as the "Fair Children" assembled in Grafton Street. After the noisy colour and hot "newness" of the Academy, and the "New," the loveliness of Reynolds, Romney, Hoppner, Gainsborough, and Greuze, is like cold water to a thirsty soul.

Every properly constituted Nurse of course loves children, also babies, and the baby-lover will find more here to interest her than pictures merely, for in the glass cases in the latter rooms are collected the daintily embroidered garments worn by the babies of two and three centuries ago. As far as one could judge, these were, in cut and fashion, not very unlike the christening robes of to-day, except that the material in many cases seems to have been silk or satin; but these robes were doubtless worn only on the one important occasion, and put away in lavender for the benefit of succeeding generations.

How much I wished to be allowed to open the cases, and handle the tiny caps, shoes and gloves—gloves seem to have formed a very important part of one's baptismal outfit! I suppose those sweet little close-fitting caps were not to be recommended from a hygienic point of view, but how becoming they were to the precious little bald pates, and how excellent for the limp and flapping ears!

If you are curious about the kind of toy that Pharaoh's daughter provided for the delectation of Moses, go and look at the Egyptian dolls (No. 373)—probable date 2000 B.C.! How weird it sounds, and how oddly it seems to bring us near to those remote ages! To think of the warm little plump hands that played with that wooden pigeon, and that have been dust these four thousand years!

There are many other quaint relics of bygone child-life—a feeding-bottle of Nuremberg glass, with the family arms of its aristocratic small owner, and a collection of children's books which is as interesting and as funny as anything I have ever seen. But we must not forget the pictures.

The art of child-portraiture seems to have been a thing always acquired late in the civilisation of nations; as everyone knows, even the Greek sculptors were never successful in their children. The children in the famous Laocöon and Niobe groups are not children at all, but only men and women a size smaller, and thus most of the portraits in the earliest room fail to convey the ineffable charm that surrounds a child. One wonders whether the difficulty of inducing the little models to keep still had anything to do with it.

There is one Titian which is, however, lovely. The demure little maiden of the Pandolfini family, with the large, calm eyes, in a bronze coloured frock with corals. The "Portrait of Benigna," aged 1½ years, is so pathetic, with its long petticoat and ruff. The well-known "Good Shepherd" of Murillo is here; in fact, there is such a collection of gems, it is hard to know which to pass over. Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated portrait of the first Earl of Durham, Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Puck" and "Robinetta," a very clever portrait of Miss Linley and her brother by Gainsborough, and several fine Romneys, are perhaps what strike us most.

Our modern masters of the art of child painting are well represented—Millais, Leighton, Shannon, and so on. Whistler's celebrated portrait of Miss Alexander, which was at the Guildhall last year, is also here, and Watts and Burne Jones must not be forgotten.

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