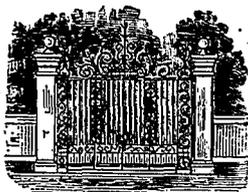


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The Parliamentary Committee for Women's Suffrage has received what are to it satisfactory assurances from a number of candidates who were asked to declare their position on the subject of women and the franchise. They include Mr. S. F. Ridley in South-West Bethnal Green, Mr. W. J. Bull in Hammersmith, Mr. F. G. Seaver in West Newington, Sir T. Wrightson in East St. Pancras, the Hon. Claude Hay in Hoxton, Major Banes in South-West Ham, and Mr. James P. R. Lyell in East Marylebone.

The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies has issued an appeal to all women to point out to all candidates the pressing nature of the question and the "importance of removing a barrier that deprives the nation of the mother element in politics, and deprives women of the opportunity of performing a duty to their country."

Through a printer's error in the production of the Parliamentary register twelve months ago, about twenty women in the Adderly Green colliery district in the Leek Division of Staffordshire, whose names duly appear therein, will be entitled to vote at the general election.

We had the pleasure of attending the opening meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, which held its annual Congress in Paris a fortnight ago, and of learning from that brilliant man of science, Sir William Roberts-Austen, K.C.B., the President, that Mr. Andrew Carnegie had given £6,500 to endow a Research Scholarship which was open to men *and women*. This is good news and no doubt we women owe this new concession to Sir William and his charming wife, both of whom are appreciative admirers of the work of women in science. The names of Mme. Currie, Mlle Klumpke, and Mrs. Ayrton, are a guarantee that the privilege is well deserved.

Hurrah! We can imagine that we hear every nurse on active service giving a hearty cheer when she reads the confirmation of the desire of patriotic woman at home and abroad, just issued from the War Office, that "Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., to be Commander-in-Chief of the British Army." Lord Roberts who was sixty-eight on Saturday last, received the information and many congratulations by cable on that day—a very well-deserved little birthday present indeed.

It is a pity that the Government did not at the same time satisfy the public conscience and allay its keen sense of apprehension by the information that the Marquis of Lansdowne, the present Secretary of State for War, would not dominate the War Office in the new Cabinet. To place the reputation of Lord Roberts,

with his genius for military affairs and lifelong practical experience, at the mercy of Lord Lansdowne would be a crying shame, and one the nation must not tolerate for an instant. Class and Society manipulation of our Army has brought us to the verge of disaster, a situation saved by the ability and devotion of Lord Roberts, V.C., and the nation must see to it that he is master of the new régime and is permitted a free hand in affairs military. There are plenty of sinecures about the Court, saved from times feudal as sops for territorial magnates with octopus armed family interests in political circles. We do not grudge the noble Marquis one of these, but the honour of England, and the life's blood of her sons, are no longer mere baubles and playthings, to be thrown to hungry aristocrats, greedy of political power.

Reams of platitudes have been rolled out from the political platforms during the past week, and touching Army affairs, we have been told that reformation, not revolution is required. Bosh! With the men of '93 we say "*à Mort!*" to the War Office clique.

The fact that Mr. Burdett-Coutts has been opposed in Westminster by another Conservative candidate, has aroused a very deep sense of distrust of the Government in the minds of many humane and honest men. If a man may not even speak the truth when it is a matter of life and death to our brave and honoured soldiers, because it reflects discredit on a Party, and without those in power in that Party attempting to oust him from his seat in Parliament, it is realised that there is not much hope for reform from its Cabinet.

The Business of Life.

AFTER the late glare and sticky heat and the truly awful noises of the United States, how blessed was the "coolth," the quiet, and the solitude of the club on Sunday afternoon, when, cleaned and calmed and rested after our feverish journeyings, I arrived in that haven, and revelled in the papers, and culled the latest items of news. Very little of it finds its way into American papers—especially now when the whole world—outside us—is full of bitterness about our wars. It is touching, if slightly comic, to find the same old things being tinkered up—with very little difference in the article—as obtained three months ago. Even the approaching General Election makes no difference, each hammers away at its own particular nail, so to speak, hoping by much hammering to drive it home. It's an amazing spectacle, and among the most enjoyable items in it, is to view Mr. Labouchere at his weekly task of pouring facts, statements, blue book excerpt, etc., etc., anent the war and the Government into the bottomless bucket of the public mind, remembering that the treatment he is getting now is precisely the portion he meted out to us women when we plied him with truths and statements, and statistics, and the necessity of our having a voice in our own business. It is to be hoped he likes the taste of it; it will do him good, doubtless, and may eventuate in his becoming a wiser if a sadder man.

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