

devolves upon those electors. They should at once form themselves into a Women's Personal Rights Association, making the enfranchisement of their sex in the sister colonies of New South Wales and Victoria a test question. Thus to be true to their sex they should put political party totally aside for the time being, and support only by their votes those men who will pledge themselves to work and vote for a Bill, to give the parliamentary franchise to the women of every state included in the Australian Commonwealth.

The apathy of our United Women's Suffrage Societies at the present electoral crisis, has bitterly disappointed their most earnest supporters, and we rejoice to see the "Personal Rights Association" has issued a strong protest against the suicidal policy of women working for the return of candidates of their own party colour, but opposed to giving the vote to women. Having settled the burning question for providing the cosmopolitan "white man" Uitlander of the Transvaal with his "just rights," it is to be hoped that the righteous indignation of our truly Imperial Government will now find time to expend itself upon the degradation of its "white women" Uitlanders at home! Anyway, the "Personal Rights Association" suggests the most practical method of arresting their magnificent attention.

A Book of the Week.

"A THOROUGHbred MONGREL."*

This whimsical little animal story is written from the beast's point of view; and it is decidedly original, both in matter and treatment. An assemblage of persons round a dinner table, for instance, is described from the point of view of the person who sits underneath the festive board and draws deductions from shoe leather.

"There is a great deal to be learned from under table, and yet it is a point of view entirely neglected by humans at the present day. In the good old times I believe this was not the case, and humans frequently disappeared beneath the table (especially after a hearty meal), to contemplate those characteristics of their fellow creatures which I find so interesting and so full of unconscious revelation. On this particular morning, a single glance at the dozen pairs of human paws told me that I should not be at a loss for occupation."

The two dogs, Hett, the terrier, and Jock, the collie, have their noses put out of joint by the arrival of a miniature dog from Mexico—a Chihuahua dog, which appears to resemble those artificially stunted plants which are grown in Japan. Now this dog is a fraud; the real Chihuahua dog expired on the voyage, and the unhappy man entrusted with the care of him, purchased what purported to be a dog of the same breed from Mr. Menzies, of Seven Dials.

The point of Mr. Townsend's joke is that the dogs instantly detect the sham, but the human beings don't.

The poor little deformity, artificially stunted with gin, is known as drunken Billy, and in his first access of drunkenness he lets out his Cockney origin hopelessly to the two experts.

* By Stephen Townsend. (Fisher Unwin.)

The manners of the little Cockney, who is plucky enough, whatever his other deficiencies, are certainly extremely entertaining.

But there is a pathetic element too. At first, Billy is aggressive, just a successful, vulgar little fraud; he even, through the squaring of the judge, wins a prize at a local dog show; but then the scene changes. Drunken Billy is found out. He begins to grow. Then comes misery for the poor little chap.

"I wish I was dead," he says. "My life's a 'ell; he's whacked me every day this week. I can't get a drop to drink. I wish I was dead."

Hett, the terrier, is the most generous of her kind; she undertakes the reformation of the poor little dethroned court favourite, and to still the cravings of alcohol teaches him to hunt rats. Billy has many faults, but cowardice is not one of them; when he lays a rat nearly as big as himself at the feet of Higgens, who has so often whacked him, his sad days are practically over.

The book is illustrated with some drawings of varying merit, and also with some photographs of Hett, the terrier, who is evidently a real person. It is charmingly got up, and will strike the true note in the ear of the true dog lover. G. M. R.

What to Read.

- "The Story of Florence." By Edmund G. Gardner.
- "The Woman of the Renaissance," a Study of Feminism: By R. de Maulde la Claviere. Translated by George Herbert Ely.
- "Augusta, Empress of Germany." By Clara Tschudi.
- "Thomas Sydenham." Masters of Medicine. By Joseph Frank Payne, M.D.
- "Irene Petrie," Missionary to Kashmir. By Mrs. Ashley Caruz-Wilson, B.A.
- "The Lane That Had No Turning." By Gilbert Parker, M.P.
- "The Renaissance of South Africa." By Archibald R. Colquhoun.
- "A Japanese Maiden." By Annie M. Piercy.

Coming Events.

October 23rd to 26th.—Annual meeting of the National Union of Women Workers. (The National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland) at Brighton in the Dome and Pavilion. President the Hon. Mrs. A. T. Lyttleton.

Devotional Meeting 10 a.m. In the Rest Room. Sessional Meetings 10.30 to 1. 2.30 to 4.30. 8 to 10 p.m.

October 24th.—Reception and Afternoon Tea to "The National Union of Women Workers," at Sir Julian Goldsmid's Home of Rest for Nurses, 12, Sussex Square, Brighton. 4 to 6.

October 26th.—Princess Henry of Battenberg opens the New Pavilion of the Infirmary for Women at Edinburgh.

October 27th.—Annual meeting of the Hospital Saturday Fund at the Mansion House.

November 1st.—Quarterly Meeting of the Matrons Council, Matron's House, St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Agenda:—"To consider the Revised Draft Constitution for the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland." 4 p.m.

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