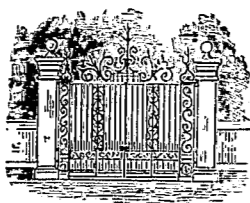


Outside the Gates.**WOMEN.**

THE Earl of Minto, the Governor-General of Canada, last week unveiled a statue of the Queen erected at the imposing entrance to the Royal Victoria College for the Higher Education of Women at Montreal. Her Royal Highness Princess Louise is the sculptor of the statue. The magnificent college building was presented to the McGill University by Lord Strathcona, in whose honour a brilliant reception was given.

At the recent election for the Presidency of the United States, the women of four States were entitled to vote, Idaho exercising the privilege for the first time this year, following Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming, which voted at the last election. Throughout these States the women have organised themselves into Democratic and Republican clubs like the men. Two things have, it is said, been introduced by women's suffrage—namely, order at the polling-booths, and "an appeal to decency in the personal qualifications of the candidates nominated by all the parties."

We hear that a fierce battle is raging over the question of Woman's Suffrage in Victoria, and no wonder. 50,316 women now exercise the municipal franchise in that colony. The "House of Ratepayers," as the Tory Victorian Legislative Council is called, has four times rejected a Women's Franchise Bill, passed by overwhelming majorities in the Assembly. A demand of a strong and persistent character has therefore arisen for drastic reform of the Council.

Miss Helen Blackburn, a veteran and most devoted worker for the enfranchisement of women in this country, has kindly given us some mature advice, the result of invaluable experience. We have felt very sore over the rejection of women from the municipal government of London, and also at the disloyalty of many of our sex in working hard at the recent elections for the return of men to Parliament who are opposed to the enfranchisement of women, and we have exclaimed perhaps somewhat indignantly, why should women betray their sex for Party and Personal advantage?

We are very pleased to find that Miss Blackburn does not despair of the situation, she says, "perhaps you will think it sounds like lack of enthusiasm when I say that to me the defeat on the Boroughs Council Bill feels of comparatively little hurt—because it is such a pin prick compared with the great question of enfranchisement. We know very well that if we had the franchise that slip backwards would never have taken place. We know that the ground is one to be speedily recovered when we get our vote. Meantime, it seems to me sometimes almost a blessing in disguise, for it has taught the lesson more forcibly than any eloquence could, how utterly insecure all our gains are, till we have the firm foot-hold of direct representation. That M.P. was wise in his generation who

voted for women on the Borough Councils, because he did not want to supply the Woman's Suffragists with a grievance."

Miss Helen Blackburn feels convinced of the "root growth" of our suffrage cause, and adds, "it is easy to get up demonstrations when money is forthcoming, but supporters who show their desire for more activity by cutting off their subscriptions take an odd way of furthering the work. Better let them double their subscriptions." This is practical advice.

A reform for which every single organisation of women in New York has recently been agitating, seems about to be carried into effect, says the *Morning Leader*. This is the appointment of a special magistrate and the establishment of a special court for children. It is some years since the New York City Mothers' Club and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, ardently seconded by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, began the fight against the abuses that ensue from penning up for hours in the same dock in a police court mere children, accused of stone-throwing and other trivial offences, and professional burglars and malefactors of the worst die. It was found in many cases that an ultimate career of vice had its origin in this deplorable association in early days.

A Book of the Week.**CUNNING MURRELL.***

Once again has Mr. Morrison exerted his wonderful power of mastering detail in the lives of the common herd. Put this young man down in any village in any county, and presently he will know the ins and outs of every feud, the sympathies and antipathies of the little knot of gaffers in the ale-house, the good stories, the traditions, the loves, and the sorrows of the neighbourhood, as it is given to few to know and understand. But chiefly he turns with the sympathy born of entire comprehension, to the Essex men, those who by gravitation towards a common centre have become, or are becoming East Londoners. He has followed them out. It was in the mean streets of London-over-the-border that he first lifted up his noticeable voice. Then he moved on to the Cockney rusticity of Epping; and now he has gone farther afield, to Hadleigh and the green level swamps of Canvey Island. Here the villager is untainted, local, smacking of the soil; and here Mr. Morrison has collected, out of the apparently slender materials that such a neighbourhood affords, the foundation for a charming little romance.

In conjunction with the novel, one ought to read the author's article on "Cunning Murrell," which appeared in the September number of the *Strand*. For the Essex wizard is a real person, and loomed largely in his day, not so very long since, being consulted even by clients from London, who manifestly should have known better.

It was a saying of "Cunning Murrell" that there should always be three witches in Hadleigh! The proof of their existence was that somebody or other was bewitched. The method of identification was for "Cunning Murrell" to fill with mystic contents an iron

* By Arthur Morrison. Methuen.

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