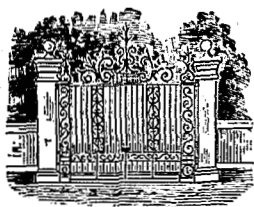


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Miss Beale, Principal of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, is about to receive the honorary degree of LL.D. of Edinburgh University.

Miss Kapadia, the lady doctor in charge of the Ranchodalal Zenana Hospital, has just passed the F.R.C.S. Ireland examination, and has received the hearty congratulations of the college authorities on being the first Parsee lady to do so.

Speaking at a meeting of the Kensington Branch of the Women's Liberal Unionist Association in Whitehall, Mr. Arnold Foster, M.P., said it was of enormous importance that women should go out to South Africa from this country. The Committee of which he was a member recommended that not only the wives, but also the intended wives of settlers should be sent out at the expense of the Government. We hope that women who are urged to migrate to South Africa will make their consent conditional upon the granting of equal civil rights with men to their sex.

Mrs. Fenwick Miller, who has lately attended the Convention of the Women's Suffrage Society held at Washington—as the delegate of our English and Scottish Societies—writes brilliantly in the *Morning Leader* of the Equal Rights movement in the States. The Women's Suffrage Society's proceedings, she says, were a revelation to her, so wide-based and effective was their organisation seen to be, and so earnest and able the numerous women engaged in the practical management of the propaganda of what they wisely prefer to call "the Equal Rights" movement. That phrase expresses the claim—equal rights in the state and before the law for men and women—and it is both more pleasing and more accurate than "women's rights." In four states, Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, and Utah, equal rights are gained already.

The occasion of calling for the money, we are told, was the birthday of the veteran leader of the movement, the heroic woman of Quaker blood, who urged it and organised it in the teeth of the keenest opposition half a century ago, and has worked for it ever since, Miss Susan B. Anthony. She has given up the presidency of "the National" since she attained the age of eighty, and the president now is a very graceful and elegant and also intellectually brilliant and tactful woman in the prime of life, the wife of a leading New York merchant, Mrs. Chapman Catt. But Miss Anthony was there, at every session, alert and wise as ever. On this her eighty-second birthday flowers, fruit, and addresses were presented to her, and as the audience of affectionate women-folk looked on her face and felt what it means to be eighty-two, many tears were shed.

Another interesting moment was when the president called upon the delegates who were themselves taxpayers to stand. Fully two-thirds of the two hundred

women present rose, and it was clear that it is really the class who have practical reason to feel that "taxation without representation is tyranny" that is the force of the movement for the enfranchisement of women.

A special effort was made at this National Convention to lay the foundations of an international organisation, through which the women of every country may support and advise each other in the claim that they should share in the government of their nation, and should possess equal rights with male citizens in all respects before the law. England and Scotland, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Australia, and the South American Republics were represented at Washington. More will probably be heard later of this large idea.

A Book of the Week.

SCARLET AND HYSSOP.*

Mr. Benson's new book is quite in his "Dodo" manner; but with a touch of nature that was wholly wanting in his odious "Mammon and Co." The moral of this new venture is still the same—to protest against the worship of the "Golden Calf;" and it treats of the same set of people. It is the world of Sunday bridge parties, of shady stock-broking peers, of intriguing wives and faithless husbands, of titles bought and sold, of selfish, scandalous godlessness.

That there exists in England a set of this description is no doubt true. But the number of books now written about them would seem to ascribe to them an almost undue importance as a factor in our national life. But perhaps it is better to attack such an evil forthwith and incessantly, lest it eat out the national heart. The "Smart Set," as depicted by the pen of E. F. Benson, John Oliver Hobbes, or Mrs. L. B. Walford, would not seem to have one single trait to recommend it. It is without scruples—which often survive morals—it is greedy, treacherous, lascivious, lying, corrupt, and wholly despicable.

In this set, Mr. E. F. Benson imbeds a jewel,—Marie wife of Jack, Lord Alston, who, although, for all we hear to the contrary, she lives wholly for herself, spends her time entirely upon her own amusement, neither loves nor sympathizes with her husband, and goes in for all the Sunday bridge parties and worship of Mammon like other people, has nevertheless actually made up her mind that there are some things she cannot do. Among these is adultery. Jack, her husband, has for five years carried on an intrigue with Mildred Brereton, the wife of a millionaire of no particular ancestry; and everybody in their set is fully aware of the position of affairs, except Marie herself. The book abounds in Mr. Benson's smart pieces of description; as for example, the introduction of Mildred's husband.

"Andrew Brereton, Mildred's husband, was a man about whom little was known, and hardly more conjectured, since he was emphatically of that type of man who arouses in none the remotest feeling of curiosity. Physically he was thin and meagre in build, and habitually wore a harassed and troubled look, especially in his own house, where he sat at the head of the table,

* By E. F. Benson. Heinemann and Co.

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