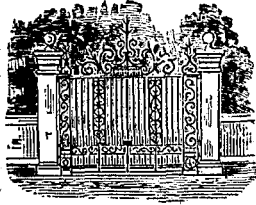


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



We are informed by Miss Edith Palliser, the able Secretary of the Central Society for Women's Suffrage, that New Zealand does not now enjoy the proud prominence of being the only country in the world where women have the parliamentary franchise, and therefore where a just basis of representation exists. Last month women in Australia were given the franchise for the Federal Parliament. Poor old Mother Country still snoozing!

"I would not deny to the most powerful or the most helpless people in this world the right to establish their own form of Government," exclaimed Senator Bailey of Texas in a burst of eloquence a short time ago, in referring to the Coronation, "but I must regret that in this enlightened age they see fit to establish a monarch instead of a republic."

"A monarchy is not so very much worse than an oligarchy," writes Mrs. Ida Husted Harper. The Senator was comparing Great Britain with the United States. He is an avowed opponent of suffrage for women. In Great Britain women have a voice in electing their entire Government except the Parliament. In the United States they have no voice in electing any of it. What is Senator Bailey's idea of a republic?"

It would appear after all British women are not so far behind.

It is matter for great regret that at the recent biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs it was decided that no coloured delegates should be admitted to the Conventions. This seems a very retrograde step in a federation of which the object is "to bring into communication women's clubs throughout the world in order that they may compare methods of work and become mutually helpful." Surely distinction of colour is out of place in a society of this kind.

We are glad to observe that at the meetings of women's societies resolutions are being passed expressing heartfelt joy at the termination of the war.

Many interesting resolutions were discussed at the twenty-sixth annual council of the National British Women's Temperance Association, under the presidency of Lady Henry Somerset, held at Birmingham. Miss Johnson, in a report on the working of the Act restricting the sale of drink to children, said it was not quite the success it might have been, because of the clause permitting the sale of drink in sealed vessels to children. There had been between 1,000 and 2,000 prosecutions under the Act in 230 towns. Miss Mason (Ashton-under-Lyne) moved a resolution, which was unanimously carried, protesting against the Education Bill on the ground that it deprived women of their privilege to co-operate on the same terms as men in the administration of education. A resolution was

passed welcoming the movement in Glasgow against the employment of women in bars. Another resolution which was passed expressed great apprehension at "the growing tendency to promote public-house trusts as a means to lessen or mitigate the drink evil."

Miss Bate is to be congratulated on her important discovery in Cyprus of the remains of a fossil dwarf hippopotamus, far smaller than the long-famous Maltese species. There is, of course, a very small pigmy hippopotamus still existing in West Africa, and the Cyprus relic is regarded as forming a link between this form and another, long extinct, in Italy. The fossil animals of the islands of the Mediterranean are thought to have survived by a considerable period closely allied species on the mainland.

El Book of the Week.

THE KENTONS.*

There is something about the work of Mr. Howells which is very hard to describe, for the simple reason that his charm is difficult to analyse. It can best be shadowed forth, perhaps, by the word "endearing." He has the knack of endearing his characters to the reader—of making one feel a real affection for them, so that we are interested in the merest detail of their lives, and care greatly about their futures, however dull and mediocre one might consider them, if one were to meet them casually in society.

The Kentons are an American provincial family of the most mediocre type. Their simplicities, their curious little peculiarities—if they were English people we should call them "insularities"—are just those of many other American families. One meets such people in every Swiss hotel, and perhaps, if we were let into the secret of their daily life at home, we might find them as interesting as one finds the Kentons.

And this in spite of the fact that the eldest daughter is in a highly neurotic state as the result of her having wished to marry one of the most unmitigated bounders in the pages of fiction; of the younger daughter being of the type that goes "buggy-riding" with promiscuous young men; and of the boy being a flagrant example of the young America which airs its views, snubs its parents, and quarrels with its sisters.

In this group Mr. Howells succeeds in making us profoundly and even eagerly interested. Nay, more; he even succeeds in enlisting our sympathies for that male *soufflé*, the Rev. (?) Hugh Breckon, who is an exponent of a creed so vague that he himself does not seem in the least to know what it consists of, and whose congregation is in so hazy a mental state that he feels it would be folly to take them seriously. As the author remarks, at the end of the book, of the married happiness of this gentleman and his wife:—

"That he is in love with her still is the serious present belief of his flock, if they are a flock, and if they may be said to have anything so positive as a belief with regard to anything."

This vague young gentleman is the second object of the affections of the invertebrate Ellen; and we actually await with sympathy the dénouement, and do not begin to wonder, until we have closed the book, what it must be like to live with a person who has not made

* By W. D. Howells. Harpers.

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