

ideal. . . . If we had a little of that higher tone given to the voting of this country, it would be a good thing." As Chairman of the Board which does the diocesan work for the children of London, he would be only too thankful to find that women had the vote. He thought the real sufferer from women not having the franchise was man.

We commend the new quarterly to the notice of all, men and women alike.

Women and the London County Council.

A report has been presented to the London County Council by the Local Government Committee stating that the Committee has considered a petition from the Women's Local Government Society, and has come to the conclusion that it would be advantageous to have the co-operation of women in various branches of the Council's work. The Committee recommends, therefore, that a petition be presented to both Houses of Parliament praying that steps be taken for enabling women to be elected to, and to serve on, the County Council on the same conditions as men.

The Men's Weeklies on Women.

SEMI-DETACHED SOCIETY WOMEN.

It was better times when a lady was proud of her preserves, and wore a large bunch of keys at her waist. In England, home-life is practically being ruined by the refusal of society women to perform the household duties that devolve upon them at the altar. Their idea seems to be for each to constitute herself a kind of bachelor-woman with a husband.—*Country Life*.

QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY.

The reign of the majestic and magnificent maiden is over. It is the dainty, fairy-like, vivacious little maid who is now in favour, and go where one will one sees the girls all frills and laces and gauzy filminesses, with pretty, thoroughly feminine ways and a bewitching manner of looking up at instead of down upon their attendant swains. Of course, it is the modiste and the milliner who have come to their aid. This year she has certainly worked wonders by skilfully-cut skirts, fluffiness and furbelows, to seemingly cut down the girl to a pretty height and literally to make her just the incarnation of indescribable daintiness that man has come to discover is his ideal after all.—*Lady's Pictorial*.

WOMANHOOD'S WOES.

In sixpenny or penny ladies' papers alike there seem to be but three forms of mental agony which force complaint even from the lips of a Griselda, and make her prefer the semi-public confession of a pseudonym to silent endurance of wrong. The first is when her hair falls out. The second is when she has spots on her face. The third is when a man is cold to her. On these three fundamentals hang all the woes of womanhood.—*Saturday Review*.

LADY AND LIDY.

In England there are now no distinctions of social rank among women, except perhaps that a duchess is a woman while a laundress is a lady. The type-writing girl has not yet decided which class she belongs to.—*Free Press*, Singapore.

A Book of the Week.

THE WIND IN THE ROSE BUSH.*

There is no doubt in the mind of the present reviewer that a collection of ghost stories is a mistake. To be credible, a ghost story must be exceptional. It is possible to persuade ourselves that things inexplicable happen now and then; but not that they happen every day. If you read a collection of unusual experiences, you are driven to one of two conclusions—either that these things are the general rule, or that they are not true.

It is, therefore, an enormous tribute to the genius of Miss Wilkins that in these curious tales she never fails to compel a fascination of horror; and not only are all of them ghost stories, they are all, without exception, stories of haunted houses.

Something in the New England temperament, as rendered by Miss Wilkins, seems to lend itself peculiarly to the idea of haunted houses. These intense, narrow, rigid, fervent, sincere, proud, obstinate men and women had a way of twining themselves about certain localities, of saturating inanimate objects with their strong personality, of so completely identifying themselves with their possessions that these, we can readily believe, became imbued with a portion of their spirit. And here the thoughtful may be pardoned for noticing, in passing, the meeting of extremes. These same eclectic New England Protestants would hold it a debasing superstition to suppose that virtue resided in relics of the saints. Yet it is apparently not unusual for them to believe in the active malice of a dead woman pursuing those who occupied her place, informing the garments she wore, proceeding to such lengths of physical spite as to sew up the sleeves of a dress bodice, or tie a night-cap tightly about the throat of a sleeper.

One and all of these stories under criticism show— if they show anything—the increasing tendency to recognise and to explore this mysterious subject of the influence of mind on matter.

The first is perhaps the most original, and the most "creepy." But all of them have a noticeably "hair-lifting" quality. Something about the everyday life of these middle-aged, uninteresting, plodding women gives a terrible intensity to the horrors that befall them, interspersed with dish-washing, cake-mixing, and the mysterious occupation of "making over shirt waists." By the bye, how useful an Anglo-American dictionary would be! Is "sombre" the same as *sombre*? And what is "lovage"?

Perhaps the most impressive, the most typical story, is "The South-west Chamber." The way in which the spirit of the bad, bitter, lonely old woman routs one occupant after another is admirably given; and the touch by which the young minister, eager to confute superstition, is denied even entrance to the sacred precincts by the truculent old spinster is the touch of a hand which understands its craft indeed.

"The Lost Ghost" is pathetic; but a child-ghost which collects the things you leave about the house, and carries them upstairs to your door, perhaps makes too large a demand upon a power of belief already considerably strained in "The Vacant Lot."

G. M. R.

* By Mary E. Wilkins. John Murray.

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