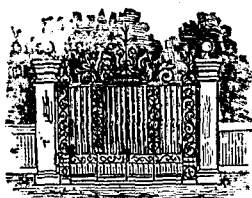


## Outside the Gates.

## WOMEN.



Nearly a thousand Northamptonshire Liberals were last week entertained at East Haddon Hall by Mrs. D. C. Guthrie, President of the Northampton Sub-Committee of the Liberal Social Council, which is a women's society. The Hon. Ivor Guest, M.P., spoke on the present supreme opportunity of the Liberal Party, and Mrs. Bryce said that the help of women was especially needed in order that the Liberals might be restored to power to counteract the blighting effects of Tory rule. We hope, before women promise their assistance to any Parliamentary candidates when a General Election takes place, they will first obtain a definite promise from them in relation to their support of Woman's Suffrage. Further, that they will work against any candidate, of whatever politics, who does not give this promise.

In this connection the views of the Boston *Transcript* are interesting:—"The attitude of British male politicians towards political women is cynical in the extreme. Recognising their utility for election purposes, they must 'keep in' with the women's organisations, lend grave attention to their resolutions, and talk in as platitudinous and non-committal a way as possible on the franchise question."

The Secretary of the Women's Local Government Society, 17, Tothill Street, Westminster, will be glad to supply to applicants a leaflet which gives in a concise form notes for the guidance of women who are qualified to vote in various elections. It is most important that all women who are eligible to be registered, either as occupiers or owners, should get put on the register if they are not already there; otherwise, though qualified, they will be unable to vote. The last day for sending in new claims is August 20th. Miss Vernon Jones, Secretary of the Women's Local Government Society, will be glad to give any further information as to registration on application at its office.

Higher education for women is denounced as unwise by Dr. Laphorn Smith, of Montreal, in a paper read at the American Medical Congress. He declared that the health of American girls, the future mothers of the race, was not nearly so good as that of their mothers and grandmothers, and added:—

"For this condition we must blame the over-education of women in these days. The blood that is necessary to women's many natural functions is diverted to the brain, gorging that, while the other parts of the sensitive body wither into disease.

"If children do come to these highly-educated women, they are usually few in number and physically or mentally deficient. The phosphates that should be in their little bodies have been stolen to fit out the brains of their mothers."

Several well-known physicians who have discussed Dr. Smith's remarks express the opinion that he is sounding an undue note of alarm. They do not believe that the subject is as serious to the homes of America as he asserts.

## A Book of the Week.

## A DAUGHTER OF THE SNOWS.\*

It must be regarded as a distinct misfortune for Mr. London that Miss Elizabeth Robins published her wonderful "Magnetic North" before the appearance of "A Daughter of the Snows." When "The Call of the Wild" appeared, the author was revealing new wonderlands to us. Not only had he a certain incisiveness of diction which was almost epic, but he had a new country in his pocket. We most of us know Mr. Owen Seaman's delightful skit upon Mr. Seton Merriman, in which the tall, stern, silent man goes into Cook's office, and says: "Give me a new country in which I may go and be a hero." That country was Mr. London's; but, like the first gold-rushers in his beloved Klondyke, he only got a very small start; and, now that he brings out his second venture, behold! a woman has been there before him. We all feel that we know Dawson City; we know the dancing saloon and the unmentionable ladies there, and the tenderfoots, and the old-timers, and the rest. Most of all do we know the going out of the ice upon the Yukon River, and we feel that nobody can give us over again that peculiar, wondrous thrill, that tingling of the blood, which we felt when we watched it side by side with the Boy.

This, of course, is a disadvantage to Mr. London. As Del Bishop would phrase it, Miss Robins has "got a cinch on him" as regards his own territory. There must be something of sameness in all stories of this particular kind of new country. The salient points in the young civilisation are few and easily remembered. It is, therefore, all the greater tribute to Mr. London's originality and genius to say that his story is full of interest.

He dares greatly; he gives us a Klondyke heroine. Jacob Welse, the Dawson millionaire, has a daughter, Frona, who has been away to be educated, and now, at the age of twenty, returns to her father, a product of the wild, free colonial life, and with the added lustre of the highest educational polish.

It is wonderful how nearly the writer succeeds in making Frona convincing and altogether lovable. When first we meet her, and she takes shelter in the hut of Vance Corliss, at Happy Camp, on the Dyea trail, we feel that she is perfectly delightful, and all that we hope for from the new womanhood. But a little further along we find that she no more understands herself than the merest twittering young bread-and-butter miss of the fiction of the forties and fifties; and when her broadmindedness takes the form of complete indifference to the open *liaison* of the man she imagines that she loves with a notorious *demi-mondaine*, at the time he is engaged to herself, we shake our heads over what is either Mr. London's ignorance, or his deliberate want of taste.

Things come right at the end. Frona does find that she prefers the clean-minded man to the vicious one. But she is very careful to explain that she would not have minded the vice, had the man not happened to be a coward and a traitor as well.

The underlying thread in the book is Mr. London's own particular theory about the strength of the animal in man—the strong pull of the principle of rever-

\* By Jack London. (Isbister.)

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