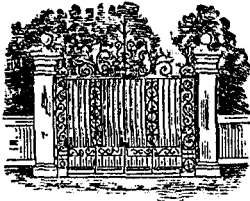


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The following is the type of twaddle we constantly find in the male-edited Press:—
 "The individual woman, taken separately, may be a capable and useful member of society; but to find seven or eight who will act intelligently in concert seems well-nigh impossible, and the masculine verdict that a Ladies' Committee generally resolves itself into talk, temper, tears, and tea, although brutal, is not, after all, so very wide of the mark."—*Vanity Fair*.

We attend a large number of Committees entirely composed of women, where affairs are conducted with courtesy and dispatch, and it is only at meetings of the Royal British Nurses' Association, where the officers are men, that friction and mismanagement are proverbial.

The *Reich* publishes a report of a visit of the German Empress to the Home Work Exhibition in Berlin last week. According to the report Her Majesty listened attentively to the explanations offered by experts. On a metal worker explaining that certain details of locksmith's work were not now made by men but by women because wages had sunk so low, the Empress exclaimed:—"I do not see that at all. Women should be paid the same wages as men for the same work." On being shown some buttonhole and glove stitching at which women could only earn from $\frac{3}{4}$ d. to $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. per hour, Her Majesty remarked that something ought to be done to remedy this state of affairs. The answer of the lady-superintendent of the exhibition was:—"It can only be remedied by legislation fixing a minimum rate for piece work."

During the Berlin Women's International Congress in 1904, when the Empress received the Presidents of National Councils, that grand veteran suffragist, Miss Susan B. Anthony, spoke with Her Imperial Majesty on the matter, and she is then reported to have replied: "That since her only daughter, Princess Louise, began to grow up, she had thought much of the position of women in relation to the community at large," and implied that their position was not based on abstract justice.

From Oregon, U.S.A., comes the joyful news that the women have succeeded in obtaining the signatures of one-tenth of all the registered voters of the State to a petition for the submission of an equal suffrage amendment to popular vote, under the initiative and referendum law. This is the first victory of the Oregon campaign, and the friends of equal rights all over the United States are rejoicing. We rejoice with them.

Book of the Week.

A LAME DOG'S DIARY.*

In the present dearth of novels, resulting from the General Election, it is indeed a refreshment to come across "A Lame Dog's Diary."

I do not remember to have encountered any of the writer's former work, but a perusal of this one makes one feel inclined to buy and read all the others.

The book is written, as a diary one supposes must be written, in the first person; and the writer is a young English officer, who has had his leg amputated in the South African campaign, and is condemned to a sofa, and the society of a country village. One suspects that the sex of the writer is not the sex of the diarist; but to say this is no disparagement at all. Of whatever sex this author is, he or she rejoices in that wondrous power to chronicle small beer without being tiresome. The humours of the little place are in some cases perhaps just a trifle overdrawn, as when the Miss Traceys, two elderly maiden ladies, cannot make up their mind to give a party without their brother to chaperon them. That would have been abundantly possible in the days when Mrs. Gaskell wrote "Cranford"; but though there are still more shady corners in England than most people know of, one feels one would hardly meet this.

There are so many delightful passages that one is tempted to quote at great length. I hardly know whether to fix upon the supper party at which the sweet Palestrina tries to be fast, or the suburban garden party, at which everybody present apologises for living in an unfashionable suburb, and says they feel "quite lost in Clarkham!"—or the account of Mrs. Macdonald and her housekeeping. Perhaps I will, on consideration, choose the last of these. There is a feeling abroad of late that young ladies are not so domestic as they should be, and that their husbands do not get the care they found in olden times, when marriage was looked upon as an almost universal vocation. Hear the other side.

"Mrs. Macdonald was brought up in the old days, when a young lady's training and education were frankly admitted to be a training for her as a wife. She belonged to the period when a girl with a taste for music was encouraged to practise, 'so that some day you may be able to play to your husband of an evening, my dear,' and was advised to be an early riser, so that the house might be comfortable and in order when her husband should descend to breakfast. And now that that husband, having been duly administered to, is dead, Mrs. Macdonald's homely talents, once the means to an end, have resolved themselves into an end, a finality of effort.

"One certainly imagined that the late Mr. Macdonald must have been well looked after during his life, and it was something of a shock to me to hear the account of his death, from the lodge-keeper's wife, one afternoon when she had come in to help with the cleaning, and was arranging my dressing-table for me. The rest of my bedroom furniture was then standing in the passage, and I had found my cap in one of the spare bedrooms, and all the boots of the house in the hall.

* By S. Macnaughten. (Heinemann.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)