

Daniel Lesueur, and so on. It is worth noticing that in the one country where the feminine woman is supposed to flourish, homage is not paid her in any particular sphere, but wherever she happens to shine.

We are notoriously bad linguists, and the news that the Minister of Public Instruction in France has decided that English women student teachers shall be admitted into training colleges for primary teachers, to fulfil the duties of assistant teachers of foreign languages is most welcome. In exchange the student teachers will be allowed to attend the different lessons given at the colleges on the theory of education, the French language, science and arts, or to employ themselves as they think fit. They will not, however, be allowed to give any paid lessons outside the college, and they will not receive any salary from the French Government. These students will be treated like the teachers who board in the training colleges; that is to say, they will have a room to themselves within the building, board, and a sufficient allowance of light and firing, on condition that they pay into the funds of the college the sum of 400 fr. (£16) for the ten months of the school year at the rate of 40 fr. a month. They will be boarded in the college free of any other charge during the whole of the school year, from October 1st to July 31st, holidays included. Candidates must not be under eighteen nor over thirty years of age, and must have passed some examination conducted by a British university, or must show other evidence of having had a good education. Some knowledge of French is indispensable, and each candidate will be required to undergo an examination in that tongue. Forms of application and other particulars may be obtained from the Director of Special Inquiries, Board of Education Library, St. Stephen's House, Cannon Row, London.

Miss Beatrice Sacchi, who holds a doctor's degree and is a professor at Mantua, has, according to the Milan correspondent of the *Telegraph*, asked the authorities to permit her to vote at political elections. The Committee of Elections has recognised her right, as there is no existing law which forbids women to vote. This is the first case in Italy of a woman being admitted to political rights. The lady is a sister of the explorer, Signor Sacchi, who died in Africa.

A deputation headed by Dr. Abdurrahman will shortly leave South Africa for England to present a monster petition from the African Coloured Political Association to the King.

It appeals to the King to grant full political rights to coloured persons in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, and asserts that the Vereeniging Convention debarred from the exercise of those rights only aborigines and not coloured persons, from whom it is declared these rights have been wrongfully withheld.

Until the franchise is extended to white women in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony there will be a very strong feeling against the granting of this request. That coloured men should help to make laws which white women have to obey while denied a voice in drafting them is more than flesh and blood can stand.

Book of the Week.

*ROSE AT HONEYPOOT.

It is Mrs. Mann's wonderful gift that she writes always on the same lines, but never repeats herself. She has the extraordinary power of differentiation, of making one village unlike another village, that Jane Austen possessed. Her East Anglian peasant is not a pleasant study, though he is an extremely convincing one, much more convincing than her one inevitable parson, the monotonously limited, unsympathetic and despicable character who appears with miserable regularity in all her books.

When this regrettable person comes to see Rose Abra, he remarks:—

"I have not, I think, seen you at church?"

"No," Rose made answer, "I don't go to Church. At least, I do," she corrected herself, "my church is out of doors. One is as near God there, don't you think?"

The pitiful parson is represented as treating this cheap and shallow and ancient fallacy as unanswerable!

Having lamented the curious weakness which goads Mrs. Mann on to bring so conventional a figure into all her vigorous books, I have nothing more than praise remaining.

Rose is a most natural person. The silly and vague remark made by her to the parson, and quoted above, is very typical of her. She lives in a dream of vague imaginings, in a world where she hopes to enjoy herself, and the thought of duty does not intrude. She has all the sublime, unconscious selfishness of the modern woman.

Her husband is a sailor, and is away on a voyage. She, a very young and attractive woman, had been living meanwhile with his sisters. They were older than she, and were rather dull and prosy, so Rose thought she would escape from them and go into country lodgings, not in itself a reprehensible plan, had Mrs. Abra not been such a light-minded and casual person. From the first moment one sees how right her husband and sisters-in-law were in supposing that she was not to be trusted by herself. A true pagan; she enjoys the passing moment, with no sort of idea of consequences, either to herself or others.

She has hardly arrived at Honeyopot, at the Jaggerd's cottage, when she sees clearly that the place is impossible. She has already been to look at the rooms, and has not diagnosed Mrs. Jaggerd as the inefficient slattern which one could see she is, with half an eye. She has ordered her own bedstead, bed-linen, crockery, table linen and so on, and arrives to find that the only way out of her bedroom leads through another room occupied by a gamekeeper! Tea in the kitchen that evening with the Jaggerd family, would have decided any sane person to forfeit a week's rent and flee the spot. But Rose stays; and though, of course, we know that Mrs. Mann's story would come to an untimely end if she had not stayed; one is yet quite able to believe that she *would* have stayed; for all the natural flirt in her is awakened at the first sight of Laurence Ferraday, the "gentleman keeper."

* By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen.)

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