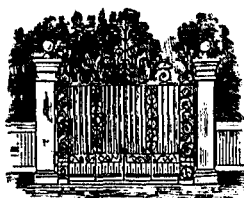


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



We want to express the gratitude of all public spirited women to the progressive young proprietor of the fine *really* Liberal paper, the *Tribune*, which has made its appearance at a most opportune moment, and which in a few days has sprung right away into the front rank of London's daily newspapers, and has, moreover, brought a sense of relief that at last even women may find space for an expression of opinion on matters which not only concern themselves, but are of urgent importance to the welfare of the community at large.

Who amongst us who for years have been working for any cause dealing with the intimate needs of the disfranchised (for we women *were* disfranchised in that year of infamous memory, 1832) have not known the hopelessness of expecting a fair hearing from the majority of newspapers? How many thousands of letters and articles, written perhaps under circumstances of the utmost stress, have not in the past decade been heartlessly consigned to the waste-paper basket by the young men in power in London's editorial offices? Can you not see and hear them laying down the law to a more sympathetic "sub."

"Eh! What! That woman again—Suffrage—State Registration of Nurses—unjust divorce laws—no legal responsibility for her own flesh and blood—husband left his whole fortune to his mistress—wife destitute. Seems to be something in it? Good God, man! if we are going to deal with all these revolutionary reforms who's going to cook our dinner and give us time to govern the Empire?"

Although the *Tribune* has only been with us a few days space has been found for several brilliant articles and interviews dealing with matters of national interest from the woman's point of view. Indeed, it is universally acknowledged throughout the entire Press that the new Parliament is largely a *woman's* Parliament; never before have women so determinedly demanded a *quid pro quo* before using their influence for the return of a candidate.

We have taken the trouble to question women rich and poor on the reason for the clean sweep of reaction, and in the tenement learn from a half-starved mother:—

"I dared my man to vote agin the children's bread, little's enough they git, and I says, says I, if yer wants 'em ter starve, just you si so, and I'll put a knife in 'em, and end their misery, that settled 'im."

From the educated women the answer has been decisive.

"You see I have got to earn my living, and competition is keen enough without the disqualifica-

tion of 'no vote.' I'm tired of working double the hours, for half the pay that my brother does, and if I am to be compelled to obey laws, I'm going to help to make them. Family fireside—household duties—care of my children. Women will look after them all more intelligently if the law does not class them with lunatics, criminals, and paupers; but I have no family fireside, but few household duties, and the moral law (and I have no desire to violate it) condemns the unmarried woman to remain childless. There is the whole matter in a nutshell. I want to be a responsible human being, with the right to work under just laws, and to do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. This I cannot do without the power of the vote, therefore I have worked strenuously for the return of men who will give it to me."

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick has been elected Chairman of the Journalists' Advisory Board of the Lyceum Club. A dinner to eminent men editors will take place at the Club on Saturday 27th, at which Mrs. T. P. O'Connor will preside.

Book of the Week.

SOUL-TWILIGHT.*

The lady who writes under this pseudonym has so many qualities that one wishes she would rise even higher. Her ideas are artistic, her power of creating atmosphere by no means small; but her English is slovenly, and her punctuation at times peculiarly exasperating.

"Soul-Twilight" is a novel of the modern kind, dealing exclusively with the marriage relations of a childless young couple, well-off, and living in London.

There is probably no human being more susceptible to temptation of all kinds than the young, well-to-do, handsome, and childless London wife of to-day. She has the time, the money, the opportunity to do pretty much what she likes, and she has only such duties as may be easily and punctually fulfilled by eleven o'clock in the morning every day. How is she to fill up her time? Naturally enough, by flirtation, if, as is but too probable, she can get anyone to flirt with.

Lilian Ralph, the heroine of this story, has been brought up by an agnostic father to believe that her own strength is enough to enable her to keep clear of all that is unworthy, and to lead a noble, full, and admirable life. She has married a man whose tastes and outlook seemed to correspond with her own—a man with whom she was never in love, and from whom she never received anything but cordial affection and friendship. Living the kind of life described above, the pretty and idle young woman suddenly realises that she has fallen in love with another man, a certain George Conyers, a regular "waster," a man who is more or less a drunkard, more or less a spendthrift, and more or less a lover of women. He is all these things chiefly for want

* By Lucas Cleeve. (John Long.)

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