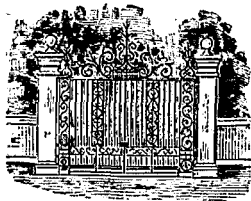


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The fate of the Women's Enfranchisement Bill in the House of Commons, on Friday in last week, when it was shamelessly talked out, has aroused a deep sense of wrong in the minds of intelligent women, and its treatment cannot fail to inspire them with a deadly determination to submit no longer to their present position of degrading subjection, a subjection which classes the most honourable woman with base and criminal persons, compels them to obey unjust laws, and takes their money by force to support laws which offend their consciousness of right.

This light treatment by our legislators must surely rouse us to action, and the best thing the average woman can do is to give financial support to the societies organised to lift us out of the mire.

Mr. Zangwill, whose witty tongue and sincere sense of justice makes him an extraordinarily useful asset to the suffrage cause, announced at the great Protest Meeting at Exeter Hall on Friday night, that men who felt keenly the gross injustice women suffer from the deprivation of citizenship were going to form an association of men to work for their enfranchisement. This is the best of news, as their votes are the lever they can use to enforce their views.

Mr. Zangwill said some remarkably wise and witty things at Exeter Hall. For instance: "The Bill had been again and again before the House, but on what previous occasion had it been before a House like the one of that day, a House guarded by policemen, who, when they saw half a dozen girls coming out of an 'A.B.C.' shop, called for reinforcements."

"The Bill had been talked out. Very well, this meeting was here to talk it in again. By their processions, moreover, women could walk the Bill in. Policemen might arrest them, but they could not arrest the movement."

"Women had gone to prison to support a movement approved by four successive Prime Ministers."

"In a letter from Mrs. Humphry Ward, published that day, she said if woman had the franchise she would have power without responsibility. He had not the faintest idea what the remark meant, but considered this catchword was Mrs. Ward's best contribution to fiction."

"Some ladies said that they were Liberals first and women afterwards. Well, those ladies clinging so desperately to the Liberal Party offered a pathetic figure of unrequited affection."

Mr. Zangwill poured ridicule on the Anti-Suffrage League. It was redolent of all the old hatred of women by women, it was a treason against the sex, a disregard of the laws of evolution. "Why Eve might as well have remained a rib!" was his final comment.

Father Bernard Vaughan is still castigating Society women for their irresponsible frivolity. No doubt, when they spend £2,000 a year on personal adornment, it leads to all sorts of naughty shifts and subterfuges, because bills must be paid, and lawful lords and masters naturally object to pay them.

But when the good Father condemns women's "dog worship" because "the practice of lavishing love upon brutes which should be bestowed on husband and child will bring some horrible curse with it!" we opine he knows very little about human nature. A love of animals—as apart from the tiger instinct of the care for cubs, is one of the most humanising influences in the world, and one which has kept the British people kind and good. As long as Society women love their dogs they are not past redemption.

Book of the Week.

THE KINSMAN.*

Mrs. Sidgwick is one of our favourites, who has been too long silent, but she comes back to us with a novel marked not only by her usual freshness of style, but also by real freshness of plot.

Mrs. Sidgwick's strength lies largely in the portraiture of the lower middle class; one has always felt this, when she gives us a glimpse of them—usually far too short—in such books as "The Beryl-Stones." Therefore, it was with delight that we found ourselves in company with Mr. Herbert Gammage and his fellow clerk, Mr. Salter, first in the office, and then in company with Florrie Martin, and her estimable family.

Let it be conceded that the plot hinges on a very unlikely thing—namely, the likeness between two second cousins, of so remarkable a nature that slight acquaintances mistook one for the other. But this forms no real drawback to the success of a novel. The fact that such a thing is unlikely is just what makes the charm of it. One sees how, if it did happen, the reclaiming of his identity by Roger Blois, wholly unknown to anybody in England, would be by no means the simple matter it sounds at first. Herbert Gammage and Roger Blois were the grandsons of two brothers who went to Australia. One returned, married beneath him, and his daughter married a clerk, Mr. Gammage, whose only son is Herbert. Roger, son of the other branch, is the heir to a considerable fortune, and returns to England to make the acquaintance of the cadet branch of his side of the

* By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Methuen.)

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