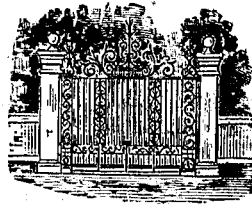


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Eighty-six women stood for election in London as Poor Law Guardians, and out of that number no less than sixty-two were elected. Miss Leaf, so says *Woman and Progress*, received more votes than any other candidate.

Amongst those elected we note the name of only one woman doctor, Dr. Kate Haslam.

Never did man a more mean and despicable trick in the House of Commons—and that is saying much—than the now notorious Mr. M. Levy, in bringing in a dummy Bill, to prevent discussion on Sir Charles MacLaren's motion in favour of Women's Suffrage. Such actions only drive deeper and deeper the knowledge that to be compelled to obey laws made by such men, ranks every woman as a serf.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, our very good friend, did not spare the opponents of Women's Suffrage at the Queen's Hall meeting last week. The opposition to Women's Suffrage, said Mr. Shaw, had brought into existence in England a most utterly disgraceful and most absolutely contemptible form of Conservatism. "Don't be taken in," Mr. Shaw added. "A man who won't give you any instalment does not mean to pay you at all." "So long as the House of Commons consists of men, it will never consist of the 670 best people in the country, because some of them are women," and "Human nature is not masculine nature, or feminine nature, but human nature."

Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., who followed, strongly recommended the withdrawal of women's support from all parties until a settlement of the suffrage question was arrived at. The coming of women into politics, he added, would eventually mean a new-civilisation.

One of the keenest supporters of Women's Suffrage north of the Border is the widow of the late Sir James Steel, a former Lord Provost of Edinburgh. To her has fallen the distinction of being the first in the northern kingdom to suffer in vindication of her views. In proof of the sincerity of her opinions, she assumed the rôle of "passive resister." She declined to pay the Imperial property tax, amounting to £18 9s., upon her house. The inevitable consequence resulted, the sheriff's officer seized certain of her furniture and sold it at the Market Cross of Edinburgh.

La Francaise, published in Paris, is a new journal dealing with woman's progress. Miss Jane Mismé is editor-in-chief. She is anxious to have news of our doings in England, so naturally communicates with the Lyceum Club, which is

a veritable hive of energy where woman's work is concerned.

This club, which is housed in a fine mansion in Piccadilly, finds even its majestic size all too small for the necessary expansion of the various branches of practical work dealt with by its numerous Boards and Circles. The new International Board is arousing wide interest, and the national circles—Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and American—appear full of sap and amiable rivalry.

The Commission appointed two years ago by the Bishop of Birmingham to enquire into the spiritual needs of the diocese reports that few things would be of more value to the Church life of the diocese than the foundation in its midst of some centre where women workers could be trained and whence they could be sent into the different parishes. Dr. Gore is one of those who appreciate women's work.

Book of the Week.

EXTON MANOR.*

In these days when one so commonly sees a writer produce something which has merit—make an instantaneous success, and forthwith proceed to pour out upon the public a flood of hurried, indifferent work—it is, indeed, joy to come across an author who, like Mr. Marshall, is slowly maturing.

In short "Richard Baldoock" was good in many ways, but faulty in construction and tedious in parts; but "Exton Manor" is good all through, and good in a rare way—the way which is quiet and reticent, and is detected only by the appreciative reader. Jane Austen herself might be proud of the group of characters which Mr. Marshall has collected about him. The story is throughout pitched in the quiet key of a country neighbourhood; but the action is so well sustained that it is hard to put down the book before completion. The story of a struggle is always interesting, and the struggle between Lady Wrotham and her vicar and also the various residents upon her son's estate, is by no means diminished in interest, because it is openly being said that "Exton Manor" is a *roman à clef*.

Lord Wrotham's mother comes, as a dowager, to live at Exton, and end her days among the people there. She has also every intention of ruling their lives, their creeds, their matrimonial alliances, and all the other details of their existence. But the folks of Exton are, on the whole, either less subservient, or less accustomed to the feudal yoke than the natives of the country in which the dowager has hitherto held sway. They object, even violently, to being dictated to by a complete stranger. It is in the feeling engendered, the bitterness, the annoyance, the schism, and the consequent display of innermost characteristics on the part of people who, in the stress of conflict,

* By Archibald Marshall. (Alston Rivers.)

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