

"Oh! Wisdom, thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason." Surely, men *had* lost their reason in that particular, until Paré taught them better.

The ligature was used as far back as the 2nd Century A.D., but had fallen into disuse. Paré rediscovered it, and used it, in the face of great opposition, in the place of the painful cautery.

After 20 years of service as an Army Surgeon, spent mostly on the field, Paré returned to his home in Paris, where he hoped to spend the rest of his days in peace. Nevertheless, he had to witness far worse scenes of bloodshed. On St. Bartholomew's Day, 1574, the streets of Paris ran red with the blood of the poor Huguenots. Paré, who was then Surgeon to King Charles IX., who ordered the massacre, was one of the prescribed Huguenots; but the King, valuing his services too much to lose him, was heard to cry, "Kill, kill, but spare Ambroise Paré." So he was spared, spared to attend that miserable man on his death-bed. His successor, Henry III., raised him to the dignity of Chancellor of State as well as Surgeon-in-Chief.

The chief characteristics of this famous Surgeon were noble humanitarianism, moral courage, and humility. He always qualified his successes by saying:

"I tended him, God cured him."

Or, in the old French of that day:

"Je le pensay; Dieu le guarit."

Paré published a book, considered a great work in those days, which he dedicated to Henry III., "The most Christian King of France and Poland." This ascription must have been one of courtesy only, for he was one of the worst Kings of France. The book closes with another ascription, however, which better depicts the man's character:

"And let this be the bond of this our immense labour, and by God's favour our rest. To whom Almighty, All-Powerful, Immortal, Invisible, be ascribed all honour and glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

Ambroise Paré was one of the very few Huguenots in Paris who escaped that terrible massacre. He died in the year 1590.

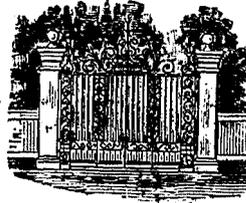
BEATRICE KENT.

Mr. Birrell will, on June 1st, open the Handel Cosham Memorial Hospital, Bristol. The building has cost nearly £30,000. £15,000 is being spent on furnishing, and there is an endowment of £80,000. A medical staff which commands public confidence has been appointed.

Miss Maund, who has been Assistant Matron at the Gloucester Infirmary, has been appointed Matron. We hear that the nursing is to be well organised.

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Mrs. Pankhurst is blessed with the power of repartee, and she was quite even with the hecklers in the Park on Sunday to judge from the following replies:

A Voice: Do women want to go to Parlia-

ment?

Mrs. Pankhurst: We cannot go to Parliament unless men elect us. In addition to your natural superiority you have the superiority in the number of voters. It is proposed to put an end to 100,000 barmaids without giving them a voice in the matter. If public-houses are not fit for women to be in they are not fit for men.

A Voice: Would you allow any of your daughters to be barmaids?

Mrs. Pankhurst: They are full-grown women. There is something worse than being a barmaid, and that is to be a woman dependent on a man who frequents public-houses.

Nineteen women have been returned members of the Finnish Diet in the recent elections.

This is the first case on record in which women have been chosen to represent the people in any national Legislature. Finland enjoys universal adult suffrage, and 200 parliamentary representatives had to be chosen.

The Finnish lady is a wonderfully all round personage. Not only is she highly intellectual, but she is extremely elegant in appearance and manner.

The Society of Women Journalists has issued an interesting programme for the Summer Session, and we note that Mr. Alexander Kenealy, Editor of the *Daily Mirror*, will lecture before the Society, at the Society of Arts Rooms, 18, John Street, Adelphi, W.C., on "Illustrated Journalism," on Friday, 19th inst., at 8.30 p.m. Mrs. Burnett Smith, the President, will take the chair.

Miss Constance Smedley's new novel, "Conflict," is concerned with the life story of a girl (a clerk in a factory, to start with) of modern Birmingham—the milieu of which city is faithfully reproduced in graphic description and acute commentary. The heroine is summoned from her home city to engage in mortal "conflict" with a prominent London financier. Transplanted for a time to the larger and more indefinable atmosphere of the metropolis, she returns in due course to Birmingham. There she fulfils the duties of a patriotic citizeness and, incidentally to the story, strongly champions the cause of woman's economic independence and of the sterner feminine virtues which such a cause and such a championship involve. All women who

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