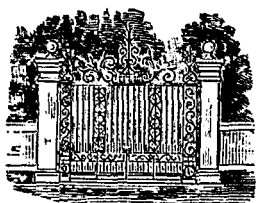


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The first number of "Votes for Women," the new monthly journal issued in support of Women's Suffrage, is full of life and information. It is edited by Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, to whose conscientious generosity and financial support is mostly due the wonderful progress made recently in the movement. The journal costs 3d., and should be taken and carefully read by every woman who can afford it—and the well-to-do might then pass it on to their poorer neighbours. A weekly supplement, price a halfpenny, is issued every Thursday.

The bit of news of the week is that a Bill has been submitted to the Dutch Parliament by the Government modifying the Constitution to render possible the establishment of universal suffrage, votes for women, and the eligibility of women to sit in Parliament. The right of amending the Bill is not granted to the First Chamber. The Dutch Woman's Suffrage Society includes some acute business women and many devoted workers, amongst them Miss Martina Kramers, and Dr. Aletta Jacobs.

The Council of the Society of Women Journalists regret to announce the impending resignation of Mrs. H. T. Bulstrode, the Hon. Secretary, after five years' devoted service.

Already there are ripples on the waters concerning the International Council of Women's Congress to meet at Ottawa in June, 1909, which we hope may indicate that great waves of interest may be aroused in Great Britain, which will propel many more of our best women to Canada than found their way to Berlin. Canada will not be satisfied with anything second rate, and if experts accept invitations to contribute papers, it will be a poor compliment to the daughters of the Great Dominion if they are not present to read them.

At the opening of the London School of Medicine for Women, Miss Sarah Gray, surgeon to the Nottingham Hospital for Women, declared that some authoritative pronouncement on fashions for lady doctors was necessary, and she hoped that before long some standard of etiquette with regard to dress would be adopted.

It is to be hoped that Sir Henry Burdett will not have a voice in this important pronouncement, or lady doctors will find themselves handicapped by frumpish attire. There are still men sufficiently obtuse to imagine that good taste in dress is immoral. The most successful lady doctors we know are the best dressed.

Book of the Week.

BACHELOR BETTY.*

One of the books of the present season, not only to be read, but to be purchased, is "Bachelor Betty," and Miss Winifred James is greatly to be congratulated on giving to us a book, not only well-constructed, and carefully written, but fresh, spontaneous, and pervaded by a sense of humour, which is all the more precious because it is so rare. Bachelor Betty is an interesting personality; we follow her fortunes as she sets out from her Australian home, which has been broken up by the marriage of her sister, to try her fate in the literary world in London with the keenest interest.

At Colombo, Betty went ashore, and she shares her enjoyment of the place with us. "We went along the red road that lies almost level with the sea, and skirts the brilliant turquoise ocean that washes up on to a beach of pale yellowy-pink sand. Past the Club-house to the Calle Face, and on through the native town, where little fat brown babies are tumbling in the dust, and steady-handed tranquil barbers are shaving serene and untroubled customers on the threshold of the shop. Always the little brown children, scarcely more than babies themselves, with other babies astride a hip, run along beside the rickshaw with the unencumbered hand outstretched. And the scrap of a thing that straddles on the hip of the bigger baby, without knowing why, thrusts out its tiny fist, cooing in the same caressing voice that belongs to the ruffian of the bazaar, till you long to take it up in your arms and cover the round wondering face and dimpled, shining body with kisses, and kisses, and kisses."

Read too, her description of the native servants: "These dignified, mystical men, with their proud, patient humility, that is as far removed from servility as the stars are from the earth."

Here is one of her first experiences in London: "Why should one person, who is apparently made of the same mixture as a great many others, simply walk right in and take possession of your heart and brain and understanding with the first word she utters."

"Why should she make the laughter come to your lips and the tears catch in your throat at the same time for no explainable reason at all, and why should you want to stretch out your hands with your heart big and tender, and say, 'You dear!' to a woman you had not even seen five minutes before? I don't know.

"It was Ellen Terry."

Bachelor Betty amusingly tells of the disappointment of the more sporting people she met.

"They had read books about Australia, and I was not acting up to form at all. I did not stroll down Piccadilly in a scarlet shirt, cracking a stock-whip, and shouting 'Coo-ee' lightheartedly and cheerily as I strolled, nor did I come to logger-

* By Winifred James. (Archibald Constable, & Co., Ltd.)

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