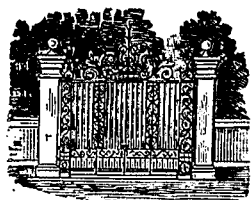


## Outside the Gates.

## WOMEN.



The Court of Common Council, at their meeting on the 1st inst., adopted the report of the Officers and Clerks' Committee recommending that the maximum salaries of the women sanitary inspectors should be increased to £200 per annum, to be reached by annual increments of £10. It was further decided that the salary of the third woman inspector should begin at £120 per annum, and rise by annual increments of £10 to the maximum of £200.

The Women's Anti-Suffrage League is composed, so far as the women are concerned, of very illogical people. To record a vote once in seven years at an organised election is presumably a most unsexing process, but to occupy the chair efficiently, make speeches from a platform at a large meeting in the heart of the Metropolis is apparently an amusement permissible to the most modest violet. Frankly we have no patience with ambiguous nonsense. The "Antis" are out at the call of their "men." Let them own it honestly.

The *Daily News* sums the position up with admirable lucidity. It says:—"The women who are at the back of the Anti-Suffrage movement are not opposed to women taking part in politics. Indeed, many of them, as members of the English upper classes, and relatives of prominent politicians, are past-masters of the game. Their real objection is to sharing the power which, from their position, is already theirs, with their poorer sisters. The Anti-Suffrage League is one of the many retreats where aristocratic privilege is defended, and therefore it meets in drawing-rooms and concert halls. It can never descend into the streets and make use of that democratic forum, the orange-box, at the street corner, as do the members of the Suffrage Societies."

A Bill has been introduced into the Italian Parliament which will be discussed when Parliament re-assembles, conferring the municipal franchise upon all women, married or single, who have attained twenty-five years of age—the period at which Italians reach their full legal majority—provided that they possess the other qualifications necessary for male voters. A second clause in the Bill throws open all the liberal professions and all posts in the Civil Service to women.

The beatification of Joan of Arc is to take place on April 18th, and Rome is so full of visitors that many have to stay outside the city. The Archbishops of Rheims and Lyons, the Bishop of Marseilles, and all the French Cardinals are expected to be present.

## Book of the Week.

## THE NEW JUNE.\*

The clean scent of sweet lavender. The fresh fragrance of Mother Earth in April under the mist that steams up out of the soil after a shower. The modesty in the face of some little Irish maid. These are the things which spring to mind, as I lay down "The New June."

For it is essentially a clean book, and a fresh book, and one remarkable for a wise and gentle reticence. And in these days when we are growing deathly tired of "the problem novel," its wrongs that are presented as rights, its unnatural desires, twisted into a semblance of natural evolution, we are heartily thankful for a clean book.

It is hardly possible to believe, as I read it, that it is a book of the 14th century. Thomas, Earl of Kent, the pupil and hero of his squire, John Marland, Richard the Second of England, with his acute instincts, his love of the dramatic, and the one mistake which cost him his crown and his life, the Earls of Kent and Huntingdon, his ruthless brothers, Gian Galeazzo Visconti, the masterful, just lord of Milan, founder of the splendid Certosa at Pavia. These, and a host of lesser men, of squires and monks, and of ladies, some fair, some learned, are living and lifelike. We live with them. We follow breathlessly the career of Tom Holland, the master whom Marland loved through boyhood to manhood, from indecision to strength of will and purpose, as nearest in council to the King, Earl of Kent, Duke of Surrey, Earl Marshal of England, Lieutenant of Ireland, the successful wooer of an enemy to his house, the husband entirely happy in his wife's love and loyalty. We follow because he is alive for us, and we, too, love him. And when we see him die, betrayed, after saving half an army through his self-sacrifice, by the axe, at Cirencester, we feel as John Marland felt, that all is over.

And yet John is the hero of the book, and the King is his own hero-in-chief, and beyond his beloved young lord. For him he lives in the Carthusian monastery founded by his lord, the only place of refuge which can hide him from the usurper, Henry of Lancaster. Here he hopes, when hope revives, to be allowed to wait, like some great watch-dog for his master, until the day when the usurper shall be put down and the rightful King bear rule again.

But Richard, imprisoned at Pontefract, never came forth, nor was his murder known certain for many years after. Here lies the main interest of John's story, as affecting the man himself, his mind, and character. In the monastery he has found rest and peace, a solitude within a solitude. His bruised heart has its balm. The far-seeing Prior, his old-time friend, has wrestled for his soul, and with love's gentle craft made life a possibility to him. If the time should come—when the time does come, what is John's decision: to go or stay?

This is where, once more, the humanity of the

\* By Henry Newbott. (Blackwood.)

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