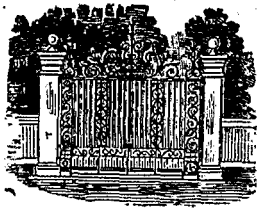


Outside the Gates.]

WOMEN.



The Canadian Maple Leaf Party held on Wednesday at the Imperial Institute was a very happy idea. The party was organised by Lady Knightley, of Fawsley, President of the British Women's Emigration Society. By arrangement with the Canadian Government, Miss Agnes Deans Cameron gave an account of her 10,000 miles' journey down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Ocean, illustrated with dissolving views from her own photographs.

The main purpose of the Maple Leaf Party was to enable those who have enjoyed Canadian travel and hospitality to show their gratitude by telling people in England about them.

Lady Strachey has been re-elected Chairman of the Lyceum Club, 128, Piccadilly, W., Mrs. Bedford Fenwick Vice-Chair, and Mrs. Philp, Deputy Vice-Chair.

The Militant Suffragists are waiting to know their fate at the hands of the new Government, but if the Premier refuses to give them the vote their demand has been plainly put in the following terms:—"We require that a Government declaration shall be made at once, to the effect that Women's Suffrage legislation shall be undertaken by the Government itself in this opening Session of Parliament. A clear and explicit statement to this effect is necessary."

Mrs. Fawcett is of opinion that some of our eminent pro-consuls who have lived long in the East have got out of touch with Western civilisation, and have become imbued with almost oriental ideas of womanhood.

Signor Gallini has introduced a Bill into the Italian Parliament conferring the municipal franchise and a right to vote for Chambers of Commerce upon women of more than twenty-five years of age and women engaged in business respectively. The Prime Minister, in a very sympathetic speech, stated that the intellectual, social, and economic condition of women had latterly undergone a profound change which had not been followed by a corresponding change in legislation. He was, therefore, willing to consider the proposal. Italian legislators compared the spirit animating their Prime Minister's speech, with that of English Ministers.

Glasgow University has now come into line with Edinburgh by deciding to admit women to its Law degrees, but there can hardly be any great demand for enrolment in the law classes until women are admitted at least to practise as solicitors. The Faculty of Advocates may be expected to hold out even longer.

Book of the Week.

AUNT JANE OF KENTUCKY.*

Lovers of American literature should be fascinated with "Aunt Jane of Kentucky." It is full of charm and tender pathos, but humorous and cheery withal.

Aunt Jane is a delightful old lady, whose shrewd comments on men and things make excellent reading, and she discourses on a variety of subjects, while her busy fingers are engaged on "piecin' quilts" or peeling apples for dumplings; for, as she says, "You see I never was one o' these folks that's born tired. I loved to work. I hear folks prayin' for rest, and wishin' for rest, but, honey, all my prayer was, 'Lorg, give me work and strength enough to do it.' And when a person looks at all the things there is to be done in the world, they won't feel like restin' when they ain't tired."

Her theology is open to criticism, but the following extract seems to hit the mark: "It takes all o' Marthy's time to be a Babtist, and all o' Amos' to be a Presbyterian. They ain't got no time to be Christians."

Apparently she is no great admirer of the sterner sex, for she remarks:—

"The Bible says an ass spoke up and reproved a man, and I reckon if an ass can reprove a man so can a woman, and it looks to me like men stand in need of reprovin' now, as much as they did in Balaam's day"; or, "You see I never was any hand at submittin' myself to my husband, like some women . . . and I can't see but what we got on jist as well as we'd 'a done, as if I had 'a submitted myself."

The authoress sketches charmingly the chapter entitled "Aunt Jane's Album," which she herself shall explain to us.

"These quilts is my albums and diries, and when I can't get out to see folks, I jist spread out my quilts, and look at 'em and study over 'em. There ain't nothing like a piece of caliker for bringing back old times, child. Now, this quilt, honey, I made out o' the pieces of my children's clothes; some of 'ems dead, and some of 'em married and a long way off from me, further off than them that's dead, and I sometimes think, and when . . . I look at this quilt I can see 'em playin', and hear 'em cryin' and laughin' and callin' to me."

But there were no tears in her voice, for Aunt Jane always smiled when she talked of those that were gone; but there is one thing she can't "get over"—"Ain't it strange that a piece o' caliker will outlast you and me?"

In the "Garden of Memory," she has no skill to describe the flower that lingers sweetest there: "It was yeller, but that word yeller don't tell you the colour the rose was."

We take leave of this dear old woman looking "wistfully towards the evening skies, beyond whose stars and clouds we place that other world called

* Eliza Calvert Hall. (Cassell and Co., London, New York.)

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