

WOMEN AS CITIZENS.

On May 28th a great and dignified procession of women is to march through London to the Albert Hall to show how numerous and how representative are the women who are now asking their share in the work of citizenship. All classes are to be represented, women doctors, graduates, writers, actresses, and so on, and it is hoped that there will be a strong nurses' contingent. Some well-known matrons and nurses have already arranged to take part, and all are cordially invited to join the procession, which will form up on Victoria Embankment, Charing Cross, at 2 o'clock. Nurses may wear uniform or not as they wish, and, of course, they come as individual women and not as representing any particular hospital or society. Further information as to the nurses' contingent can be had from Miss Buckley, W.S.P.U., 4, Clement's Inn, W.C.

THE SUPERFLUOUS SEX.

To facilitate the emigration of our terrible superfluity of women a Committee of Colonial Intelligence for Educated Women has been formed. It is proposed to establish in each colony an agency which will investigate local needs. In a public appeal it is stated: "In nursing, in teaching, in clerical work, and in a score of other activities, the Colonies report that there is a need of women's assistance." This may be so, but from nurses in most of our Colonies we hear that all the best paid posts can easily be filled from training schools on the spot. What is wanted is domestic labour, and such labour as our domestic class are not called upon to do at home. Before emigrating to a colony women should put just this one question: "Have women votes there?" and if they have not let them avoid it at all costs. Where men deny the vote to women they deny equal industrial chances and equal pay, and there is no need to emigrate to provide cheap white labour for the inevitable exploiter. And don't forget that the new iniquitous Constitution just granted to United South Africa enfranchises coloured men and excludes white women from citizenship!

THE HIGHWAY OF THE SUN.

A small book of verses, "The Highway of the Sun (and Other Verses)," by Miss Lina Mollett—sister of our Miss Mollett—has just been published, and may be obtained from Mr. E. H. Blakeley, 11, Adam Street, Strand, W.C. Its dainty brown and gold cover encloses many beautiful little poems, from which we quote one. We should advise our readers to secure the booklet, price 1s. post free, without delay.

THE KEY.

That is the joy of life:
To work, to strive, and to run,
To pass without rest from the strife,
When the task is done.

Let me live without fear,
Holding a toil of my own,
Seeing a duty each morn shows clear
For that duty alone!

Book of the Week.

ACCORDING TO MARIA.*

"According to Maria" is a book whose frank aim is to amuse, and it succeeds. If you find yourself taking life too seriously, take up Maria, and you will smile, against your will perhaps, but you will certainly smile, and probably your companion in the other armchair (Maria needs an armchair) will inquire with thinly-veiled annoyance what you are laughing at.

Maria always comes out top, for, as we are told on the opening page, she has no sense of humour, which, according to the law of compensation, saves her the corresponding amount of pain.

"Still, in spite of being a philosopher, she confessed to me that one of the greatest obstacles in her social career was the name Samuel had bestowed on her in the Wesleyan Chapel in Brixton—Smith. Indeed, she never ceased pointing out to him that Smith is an impossible name with which to aspire, and when that is further handicapped by retail groceries, she felt the burden too much for her.

"In a way Samuel had himself constructed the rod that so often smote him, for he had once unluckily told Maria that Mr. Hicks had that wonderful combination, a wholesale soul and a retail eye, and Maria, who took no interest in Mr. Hicks's soul or his eye, treasured this remark in order to reproach Samuel when she was cross, with having a retail soul as well as a retail eye.

"Before she died, she said, with considerable pathos, she wanted to think of him, not as a grocer, but as a managing director, and groceries, when conducted in a superior limited liability company way, do not prevent anyone from mingling with the noblest in the land, as he would know if he read the *Morning Post*. . . . Years after, Samuel described to me with a shudder the awful summer when Maria took him to Switzerland. He couldn't begin to say how he hated it."

They meet there two Americans, who were "going to London to discover their coat of arms," and much annoyed Maria by insisting on seeing Samuel's. "But Maria told them with much presence of mind they had left it at home."

However, she perseveringly ascends the social scale, and no sooner is she settled in Clapham than Diana is sent to a select day school. "But unfortunately the little Church of England pupils would not play with her because it was rumoured she was a little dissenter; indeed, it was for this theological reason that they pinched her."

Samuel, however, was quite willing to go to the Established Church when he recognised its broad spirit. As a Wesleyan, his chapel-going had been an uncompromising function, and on Sunday morning "he realised for the first time the comfort of going to a Church to which he was not obliged to go."

Samuel, though he is "so tired of moving," finds himself by and by in West Kensington, for

* By Mrs. John Lane. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, London).

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