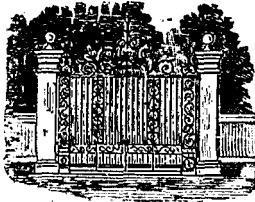


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The Earl Marshal has directed that the Society of Women Journalists shall be honoured by representation in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation of the King and Queen. The Council of the Society unanimously requested that Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, their President, should represent them, and naturally she has had the greatest pleasure in complying with their request. We warmly congratulate the Society of Women Journalists at receiving this marked distinction.

The Coronation Dinner of the Society at the Criterion on the 20th promises to be a great success. Mr. Joynson Hicks, M.P., Master of the Girdlers' Company, will make the speech of the evening on the Three Estates of the Realm, and amongst the guests will be quite a number of eminent people, notably Miss McMurchy, the President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, and Mrs. Fisher, the wife of the Premier of the Commonwealth of Australia.

The march through London on Saturday next, arranged by the Women's Suffrage Societies, "to show the strength of the demand to win votes for women in the Coronation Year," promises to be a record. Nurses form up in Section H 2, on the Embankment, near Horse Guards Avenue, and we hope they will prove their desire for citizenship by coming in hundreds. Among those who are expected to take part in the procession are many enfranchised women: Notably Mrs. Fisher (wife of the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia), Mrs. McGowan (wife of the Premier of New South Wales), Lady Cockburn (wife of Sir John Cockburn, Agent Governor-General for South Australia), Lady Stout (wife of Sir Robert Stout, the Lord Chief Justice of New Zealand), and Miss Vida Goldstein, the President of the Women's Political Association of Victoria, and a monumental list of well-known women at home. It is calculated that, seven in a line, the procession will be five miles long.

Blessed be Colonial Premiers! These experienced men of affairs are quite *au fait* with the woman movement, and are our very good friends. In spacious new Dominions men are not jealous of women. We hear nothing of sham chivalry, but much of mutual admiration, affection, and help. This is the right relation of the sexes, and the only one on which to build up a self-respecting people. We hope our insular men are learning wisdom from their outspoken over-seas colleagues. "We have no use for serfs in white British Australasia," one visitor made us remark, "We want our people free-born."

Speaking at the International Women's Franchise Club at the reception given to Miss Vida Goldstein, President of the Women's Political Association of Victoria, the Hon. Andrew Fisher, Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, said it was wonderful the interest that the country took in women's affairs when once the women had the vote, and he was entirely in accord with their movement. He had been asked whether in his opinion the granting of the franchise had in any way deteriorated the women of the Commonwealth. In his opinion it had not injured but had benefited the women there, and the men and children too, and he knew the same result would follow in this country.

What everybody except Lord Gladstone expected, says the *Globe*, has happened, and the white people in South Africa are beginning to take the law into their own hands and to protect their women in their own way. At Bergville a lynching was only prevented by the fact that the police removed the prisoner to Ladysmith; while at Bulawayo a gentleman whose little girl had been insulted went to the place where the native offender was employed, took him out, and shot him. We should deeply regret to see lynch law in South Africa, but what is the alternative?

Book of the Week.

LILAMANI: A STUDY IN POSSIBILITIES.*

The authoress of "Captain Desmond, V.C.," so evidently well acquainted with Anglo-Indian life and conditions as depicted in that interesting story, has in "Lilamani" chosen for her subject the subjugation of an English artist to the young and beautiful daughter of a cultivated high caste Hindu gentleman, and his subsequent marriage with her. Closely following this event comes the news of his father's death and his own succession to the title, and all the responsibilities of a landed proprietor. He first meets Lilamani (Jewel of Delight) in an hotel in the Riviera, where his artistic sense is at once delighted by her. "He saw this child of an alien race rather as a possible picture than a possible woman."

But that was all changed after the consent of her father had been won to her sitting for the picture which made his fame, and a little later in the book we find them in the early days of their wedded bliss.

"I am *suttee*," she said simply.

"Lilamani, what do you mean?"

Only, in old days when *suttee* was not outside law, girl brides would fear sometimes, were they strong enough, were they worthy? Then they would make test, holding smallest finger in the fire till flesh burnt from bone, or stirring with bare hand rice when boiling. And I—I have done that last, though I never told anyone till now."

As may well be supposed, this beautiful child

* By Maud Diver. (Hutchinson and Co., London.)

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