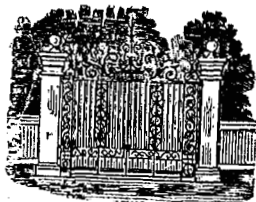


Outside the Gates.**WOMEN.**

The Hon. Sir William Lyne, the Premier of New South Wales, speaking at a meeting held by the Women's Social and Political Union, at the London Pavilion Theatre, said no sane person would object to women's suffrage if he knew what the effect had been in Australia. They were told originally in Australia that women did not want the vote, that they would not vote if they had it, that they could not understand political subjects, that the vote would separate husband and wife, that it would destroy the family circle, that it would unsex women, and that it would make them less inclined to marry. In the first election after the franchise was given 9 per cent. more women voted than men, and on every occasion since as many women had voted as men. The vote for women had purified their Parliament, which was now one of the model Parliaments of the world. If any man had a stain on his character, especially a moral stain, out he went. Altogether the women voted to alleviate the suffering of flesh and blood instead of, as they called it, for "gum-trees"—dividends. They had assisted to raise up the poorer classes of the community. They were a steady influence on all political parties.

In connection with Newnham College, the Trustees of the Mary Ewart bequest have awarded a Travelling Scholarship of £150 to Miss Alice Werner, teacher of African Languages at King's College, London (recognised by the University of London), assistant editor of the *Journal of the African Society*, Member of the Institut Ethnographique International, to enable her to continue her linguistic and anthropological researches among the Bantu tribes in East Africa. The Trustees have also awarded a scholarship to L. N. Swain, who has completed one year's residence at Newnham College, and obtained a second-class in the Mathematical Tripos, Pt. 1, 1911. These are honours of which Newnham has every reason to be proud.

Fraulein Dr. Gertrude Woker, Privat Dozent of Physics and Chemistry at Berne University, has been asked to accept the position of Extraordinary Professor of the History of Physics at the University of Leipzig, and to succeed Professor von Oettingen as editor of the Poggendorff Hand Lexicon of Exact Sciences. She took her degree in 1903. Fraulein Woker is the first woman to whom an Extraordinary Professorship in a German University, with all rights and privileges, has been offered.

Mlle. Lucienne Henvelmans has recently won the *Grand Prix de Rome* for sculpture, a splendid triumph for women in the world of art.

Book of the Week.**I MYSELF.***

Although "I Myself," the autobiography of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, has been published for some little time, it is a book which many people have not yet read, and is a delightful one to include in one's holiday literature, especially for those who are interested in life in the Southern States of America, in the latter part of last century, of which a very charming picture is given. I cannot refrain from quoting *in extenso* the account given by the author in the first chapter, "My first Memory," which is an instance of the devotion of the slaves to the children of their owners, more especially when they are well treated. We are well aware that at the time of the Mutiny many children in India owed their lives to the faithfulness of their native ayahs. Here is an instance of the fidelity of a Texas negress to her "white chile." Mrs. O'Connor writes:—

"According to the fashion of the South, I had a foster-mother, a very black young negress of twenty; she had already become the mother of two lusty little piccaninnies—shiny, coal-black, fat boys. I adored my 'Mammy,' and my adoration was returned a thousandfold. Love means sacrifice: this poor slave was called upon to make woman's supremest sacrifice for her foster-child, and made it with the generosity of an entirely noble nature.

"My two foster-brothers were much indulged and spoiled by my father, who loved all children, white or black. They were continually in the front garden, rooting up flowers (my mother was a passionate gardener), throwing stones at the chickens, and doing other damage. At any rate, my mother, who had been born and brought up to slavery and its injustice as a matter of course (I was literally born detesting it, and I may say detesting all injustice), influenced my father to sell my negro Mammy and her two children to a woman who lived twenty-five miles from Austin in a little town called Bastrop.

"I woke up one morning with a sweet-faced Irish nurse, whom I grew to love very fondly afterwards, and who lived with us for five or six years (she is now a rich woman and the mother of a prospective bishop), but she was a stranger, and I was told that Mammy was gone. I immediately dissolved into tears and wailings, and for a fortnight I cried out by day and night, 'I want my Mammy—I want my Mammy!' Toys were given to me, new dolls, I was allowed to choose my own dresses and sashes every day, but nothing in this world mattered to me—neither dolls, nor candy, nor ribbons. I was perfectly consistent, and I dare say must have wearied everybody out with my continual cry: 'I want my Mammy—I want my Mammy!' Mary, my nurse, said to me, 'Now, will you have the pink dress or the white dress?' I looked at the pink and white dresses through a rain of tears, and answered, 'I

* By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. (Methuen and Co., Ltd., 36, Essex Street, W.C.)

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