

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

The events of last week proved that the most vital question at the present moment before the country is that of the Enfranchisement of Women, which has quite put the Coal Strike into the shade. On Wednesday the anti-suffragists demonstrated in the Albert Hall, at an essentially man's meeting, although we had the humiliating spectacle of a woman, Miss Violet Markham, abasing herself in support of the unrestricted domination of the male sex. In spite of paragraphs in the press, stating that the Hall was crowded, we learn from an eye witness that it was only some two-thirds full, and as no policy which is obstructive, rather than constructive, has vital force, suffragists may rest content.

The second demonstration, that of the militant suffragists, has, of course, aroused criticism and condemnation. We offer no criticism on the policy of the leaders of this movement, for the reason that those who feel strongly on the suffrage question, but are not taking punishment for conscience' sake, can but refrain from criticism of those who are suffering the legal penalty of infringing man-made laws, and who feel under no obligation to keep them until it is conceded that women have human rights in common with men.

The harsh sentence of six weeks' imprisonment with *hard labour*, passed on Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson for breaking a window, has aroused widespread indignation.

A concise little pamphlet has been issued by the Women's Industrial Council, which tells of what it is and what it does. The object of the Council, briefly summarised, is the improvement of all industrial conditions, whether general or special, in which women are concerned. Sectional committees undertake special work; thus the Investigation Committee is at present engaged in drawing up the report of an extensive inquiry, which has been carried on for the last two years in the provinces, as well as in London, into the effects, social, economic and hygienic, of the industrial work of married women and widows.

The Education Committee is now turning its attention to the question of day schools or training homes, where girls from the elementary schools shall be able to obtain practical training in the care and management of babies and young children. A scheme has been drawn up which recommends at least a year's course at a training home, and the Council is at present engaged in starting an institution of its own at 4, King Edward Road, Hackney, N.E., which it is hoped will prove a useful model to be followed in other parts of the country, and will induce public authorities to take action in the matter. Information concerning the most useful work of the Council can be obtained from the office, 7, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

THE SEVENTH
MARCHIONESS OF RIVIÈRE.

(Continued from page 176.)

CALLED BACK.

The moon illumined Andrea's room, and oblivious of the flash and unrest of the world pursuing its ephemeral diversions, she stood at the open window, solacing her spirit with the beauty of the night.

The evening's post had brought her a note signed "Rosabelle," containing the cry "*Call back the soul of your lover.*"

By and by the door was opened, and Mrs. Leroy, in her brilliant ball-dress, came in. She glanced anxiously at Andrea, then she placed her arm around her—and kissed her pale cheek.

"Andrea dear," she said in her soothing way, "I do hope you are not going to make a fool of yourself."

"That all depends upon the point of view," replied Andrea.

"It is not reasonable for a woman to refuse to be Duchess of Beauvais," said Mrs. Leroy with conviction, "and he is so splendid—like a Prince in a fairy tale. Ah!" she added with a sigh, "if such a fate had been mine!"

Andrea took her friend's hand and laid her cheek against it. "There is tragedy in it," she said softly, "and marriage is so material. Suppose it broke the spell—in spirit we are safe—but can the body for long imprison the soul?"

Call back the soul of your lover.

Was not this the stern demand of justice?

She had thrust the asp-like note into the bodice of her gown—and its fangs had already fastened upon her tender heart.

"You know," she continued speaking into the night—"the call of duty, at the dictate of conscience, is so far more insistent, so far more powerful, than any incentive to personal happiness—because happiness for ever eludes the disregard of its command."

Anna Leroy was silent. She glanced at the pinched profile of the friend she held in such warm affection, and resented this bloodless creed—wherein heroism took precedence of happiness in the ultimate evolution of the human race.

"You see," Andrea continued as if reading her thoughts—"we are of this sphere for so short a while. Just a whiff of life—and away we go. Think of the eons and eons of time through which we shall soar away into the sublime!"

"But I don't want to think of them, I want you to be happy now, dear child," said the woman who longed for love—and had little appreciation of the sublime

"To-morrow I shall grasp happiness," said Andrea gaily; "I am going into the country for one whole perfect day. May is passing; and I must pass into the Spring light, and breathe the scent of the hawthorn, and listen to the maternal music of the birds, and kneel down on dear mother earth, and feel that we are all one and indivisible."

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)