

eyed—the young, dissolute and passionately distorted. It needed but little imagination to realise the scene from the Paris prisons in those sanguinary September days of 1792, when the innocent prisoners stepped out into gutters of blood—to meet death from the brutalised, drunken mob!

Hundreds of police had been called up to keep these Englishmen—our lordly Law-makers—from assaulting, and tearing the clothes off the backs of decent women! From obscene insult they could not deter them, but to keep them in check at all, the mounted police had to ride them down, pell mell, off the pavement into the gutters, from whence it is to be hoped they sprang.

But did they? The press has asserted that some of the ringleaders were medical students from Guy's and the London Hospitals. We should be sorry to think it possible, but we think the football teams of these two homes of healing owe it to themselves, and to their hospitals, publicly to deny this accusation if it is false, and if they cannot exonerate themselves from this most injurious statement, we consider that Lord Goschen, the Treasurer of Guy's, and the Hon. Sydney Holland, the Chairman of the London Hospital, should institute a searching inquiry into the matter at once.

The daily press has during the past week teemed with matter in reference to this great human question of Votes for Women, which cannot be batted down or ignored, and we could quote columns of apposite criticism if we had space. Suffice it to reprint a few lines of a letter from Mme. Leroux in the *Standard*, in which she says:—

"I have just arrived in John Bull's Island, filled with the romantic ideas we all share about our British allies. Here it is my good or evil fortune to fall into the midst of the Suffragist trouble. What do I see? One of my ideal Englishmen, square-shouldered and tall, shamefully illtreating a lady, tearing her dress and bonnet, and throwing sand over her. I protest. He tells me she has forgotten that she is a woman. I retort that this should not make him forget he is a man, and then I have to be protected by your fine English 'bobbies.'

"I begin to wonder if I am in a civilised country, or *chez les sauvages*! In France every man in the crowd would have rushed to the rescue of the woman, if her sisters had not already torn the offender to ribbons.

"I think that for a free country yours is perhaps the only one where lady political prisoners are condemned to hard labour. I hear that torture in the guise of forcible feeding has also been resorted to, and I wish you to know that such facts have thoroughly converted me. I go back to Paris a full-blown Suffragist, to plead the cause of Englishwomen abroad. To-morrow I will purchase a 'Votes for Women' button, the size of a saucer. Not that this will make any difference to my compatriots. When once I set foot on French soil, I am a woman—sacred and adored by men who worship their mothers."

THE SEVENTH MARCHIONESS OF RIVIÈRE.

This sketch will be concluded next week.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MARGARET HARDING.*

The scene of this engrossing story is laid in South Africa, and racial problems figure largely therein. It is distinctly a book to be read. Clever character study and originality of theme are only among some of its attractions.

Dr. Jakes, when a struggling practitioner, had always visions before his eyes—a "great, quiet house, noble and grey, harbouring within its sober walls the atmosphere of distinguished repose, which goes with a practice of the very highest class." In due course he married and went to South Africa, and, by the time the first baby came, Dr. Jakes was already buying his whiskey by the case. All life is a compromise. Between the dream and the exigencies of Dr. Jakes's position the sanatorium had emerged."

To this place Margaret Harding, who was lungy, came from England for treatment.

Mrs. Jakes is a wonderful piece of drawing, and alone is sufficient to make the story. Always on guard is she to shield her husband's failings and supply his deficiencies.

"Margaret had looked to find at her journey's end a doctor with the marks of a doctor, social adroitness, personal strength, and style. This little man dazed and dumf, standing apart like a child who has been put in a corner, did not realise her expectations. "You have only three patients here now?" she asked Mrs. Jakes.

"At present," answered Mrs. Jakes. "It's a convenient number. The doctor, you see, can give so much more attention than if there was a houseful. Yes, it's really better for everybody. The Karoo doesn't suit him a bit; he's often quite ill, but he won't leave."

"Why?" asked Margaret.

Mrs. Jakes looked serious and pursed her pale lips.

"Duty," she replied. "His life work, you know."

"It's—it's very unselfish of him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jakes, "it is."

Margaret, ignorant of the prejudices of the country, forms an acquaintance with a Kaffir, who had been educated in England, and had qualified as a doctor. He returned to his native country, franked by the Government, to work among his own people, only to be met with bitter hatred and distrust of his English dress and speech. Among the European settlers of course, his position was far worse, so that he was practically outcast.

"You know, it won't do for you to be seen with me," he said gently. "It won't do at all."

Margaret laughed.

"I think I can bear up against the ill report of the neighbourhood," she said. "My kingdom is not of this particular world."

The Kaffir shook his head.

*By Percival Gibbon. (Methuen & Co.: London.)

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