

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

The second reading stage of the Conciliation Bill is to be taken on Thursday, 28th inst. It is to be hoped that but few members who have promised to support this very reasonable measure for the enfranchisement of women will add to the extreme bitterness of feeling already aroused—by breaking an honourable compact made with women before election. Such conduct undermines the standard of public probity.

The opinion of Miss L. L. Dock on the ethics of Women's Suffrage must be received by all nurses with respect. In a recent letter from New York she writes:—"I am now really so deep in the work for suffrage that I can hardly get letters written. We are not going to jail yet—do not need to do so as yet. We are just in the canvassing and propaganda stage, and hope is high for several States this year. Not New York yet. I am sure it will be one of the last. Here our formidable money power centres, our worst enemy, as it is the enemy of all liberty, democracy, and happiness. The Women's Political Union here, a loyal sister to your W.S.P.U., holds a regular Sunday afternoon tea, with addresses. Yesterday there were most excellent and sympathetic speeches on the "English Situation" to make clear the reasons and policy back of the last militant outbreak, which is being imperfectly understood by Americans unless they follow *Votes for Women* week by week, as some of us do.

"Oh! how dark and melancholy a chapter is this in the world's history! How extraordinary that a Government, rather than grant so obvious a meed of justice, would crush and torture by brute force those rare-souled women, so immensely their superiors. I feel really as if another Christ were being persecuted and crucified before our eyes—and we looking on are just as dead to the sublime meaning of it all as if it were two thousand years ago! How can any woman fail to see that martyrs are again offering themselves as a sacrifice for the sake of mankind? I feel so impatient with the docility of Suffragists who meekly listen and applaud the shifty, evasive speeches made to them by men who simply intend tricking them again. But most of all my wrath rises against the Liberal women. They hold the key to the situation. Why don't they revolt and refuse to do one stroke of work for any candidate until women are enfranchised?"

Miss Jane Addams, of the Hull House, Chicago, whose book "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets," is well known to readers on both sides of the Atlantic, is, states the *Standard*, at present preparing for publication a book on the White Slave Traffic. Anything from the pen of Miss Addams merits the close attention of all persons, and her book will be awaited with interest.

THE SEVENTH
MARCHIONESS OF RIVIÈRE.

A PSYCHICAL INTERLUDE.

(Concluded from page 236.)

"WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT MY SHRIVEL'D
HEART
COULD HAVE RECOVER'D GREENNESS?"

It was several weeks later when the doctor paid his farewell visit to Andrea.

Mrs. Leroy was playing hostess to them in her boudoir, in her own fascinating manner. "Now, Dr. Wiseman," she said briskly, "I hope you will forbid all high-falutin and nonsensical pranks."

The eminent physician shot a kind, yet hesitating glance at Andrea. She returned his smile.

"I have quite decided everything," she said in her quiet, irrevocable way. "You see you don't understand my case a bit—how should you? 'You have been suffering from extreme exhaustion, the result of a severe mental shock,' you tell me. I grant you the exhaustion, but not the mental shock—so I am going to find out these things for myself and others."

"Oh! Andrea," remonstrated Mrs. Leroy.

"Why not the truth?" demanded Andrea.

"Why not, indeed?" echoed the physician; "and what is the great scheme?"

"I will tell you," she answered, rising from her chair and standing before him, a very graceful figure (he realised that) in her white muslin frock.

"I am going to be a great physician," she said, smiling down at him, "really great. Oh! I shall never be rich and tread on your toes, so don't flush—I am going to wrest all sorts of secrets from the borderland—you don't believe in half-tones—or shadows, or the indefinite—you must close your fist tight on things, *n'est ce pas?* You can't dissociate yourself from sex.—I can. In my scheme of research I shall ignore man with a capital M—I shall not treat 'women and children' in the lump—I resent that—I am going to work for all the dear animals—including man—and their ultimate happiness."

"You do not know what you are saying," gasped the fluttered physician.

"You mean," corrected Andrea, "you do not understand what I am saying. But listen, that is not all. Before entering on my medical studies I am going to serve as a nurse in the wards—I want to come into close, hourly personal touch with the sick body—to comfort it—that is the inspiration of true healing. Thus one may influence the mind, and perhaps—only perhaps—get a peep at the soul."

"The whole thing is impossible," broke in Mrs. Leroy in great distress. "You will be pelted with rotten eggs—and bags of flour—and—and insults, won't she, Dr. Wiseman?"

The doctor coughed.

"Won't she, doctor?" Andrea mimicked mercilessly. Then she added, "And if she is, she will show fight, be sure of that. I have been into

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