

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

The Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury have appointed Mrs. Creighton to be a member of the Joint Committee of the several bodies of Insurance Commissioners under Section 83 of the National Insurance Act. Mrs. Creighton—as a past President of the National Union of Women Workers—is much respected and beloved by a wide circle of fellow workers.

The Women's National Health Association of Ireland is doing very useful work, especially in interesting all classes in cleanliness and a high standard of physical well-being, but the suggestion that it should be used in support of the National Insurance Act, by becoming an approved society under the Act is not in our opinion calculated to maintain the harmonious working of the Association. This suggestion, put forward last week by Lady Aberdeen (the President)—before branches at Queenstown and Cork—met with opposition. At Queenstown it was decided that the branch should be in no way connected with the Insurance Act; and at Cork it was decided to defer the consideration of the subject.

Criticising a press statement in which an opponent to giving women the vote says:—

"We are living to-day in a world that is liable at any moment to be convulsed by wars that can only be waged and won by men"

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence writes in last week's "Votes for Women":—

"In modern days, the service of women is indispensable in the time of war. We are told that Florence Nightingale did more for the well-being of the British Army than any one man that could be named, and that was because she realised better even than the War Office of her own day that the conditions of warfare have undergone a profound change during modern times. She discovered that the efficiency and strength of an army depends enormously to-day upon its rear. As with our fire-arms, so with our armies—the *loading point has been put farther and farther back*. And women as well as men are the loaders of our modern Army machine, and women even more than men are the cleansers of it when it becomes fouled through fighting.

"The military organisation developed by modern conditions demands an ever-increasing proportion of non-combatants to combatants, for at the back of every combatant we have a whole line of workers, through whose exertions alone he is able to take the field. Our military organisation, in fact, has developed just as our civil organisation has done, and depends not on mere physical force, but on an economic combination which draws upon the whole community for its supplies."

"The co-operation of women in a thousand ways is necessary to the efficiency of any modern army on the physical, the material, the moral and the spiritual plane, and for that reason alone, if for no other, they might base their claim to the right to be represented in the Councils of the State."

THE SEVENTH
MARCHIONESS OF RIVIÈRE.

A PSYCHICAL INTERLUDE.

(Continued from page 36.)

Papa sat at one end of the breakfast table, Andrea at the other. They were alone, because the past three years had brought great changes to Carillon.

Where was Mama?

"Just resting," said Andrea, and when the curate would explain further, she looked through him in that disconcerting manner, her chin lowered, her brilliant eyes gleaming through a mere chink of fringed lids, which fired him with passionate zeal to pluck this particular brand from the burning. If only— But when the girl bent and kissed her "most beautifullest" bow-wow—which, as usual, was seated on the edge of her skirt—between the eyes, and asked "Do you think this dear hound will go to Heaven—'cos me doesn't want to go without him?" he rose hastily—but ultimately consented to stay and eat apricots hot off the garden wall. He was one victim of many!

Then both the beauty sisters had married in their teens, to the supreme satisfaction of Mama, who eyed Andrea suspiciously on her nineteenth birthday, and expressed the pious hope that Fate did not intend to spitefully use her by making her the mother of an old maid. For there really were old maids in those days—dear unappropriated blessings—the salt of the earth—who lavished prodigious affection on the younger generation—and oftentimes performed the maternal duties omitted by the exhausted mother of a dozen children.

Then, also, all the brave boys had gone forth, to carve out great careers, the intention of all brave boys, whether they rise or fall—and though Andrea envied none of them, yst—when you were darning stockings most exquisitely over a wooden egg—it was a relief to prick your finger, and realise that you were a live and sentient being with red blood in your veins! And then if you glanced into the pasture, you could see Dimple and Cowslip, and a dozen other pure-bred mothers of the herd, serenely chewing the cud, and conscience-stricken you might call out "Oh! you beautiful, dignified, generous dears—do you know how much the quality of our race depends upon your maternal capacity?" and you might furthermore slip over the wall, and sit on a carpet of buttercups in their midst, and thus quell divine discontent—until aspiring warblers upsprang beside you, and sounding their silver trumpets—soared and soared towards the sun—where you could never follow!

"Ah," exclaimed Papa from his end of the table, balancing his specs on the end of his nose, "This is good news indeed."

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