

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

It is to be regretted that there is a widening breach between the constitutional and militant Suffragists' societies. As militancy becomes, as is inevitable, more violent, condemnation also becomes stronger. This is greatly a matter of temperament, and all we hope is that sympathy between women who are striving after freedom of soul will not be shaken. Personally we are of those who indignantly resent the humiliation of the denial by men of full citizenship to women. We are not to be convinced that such denial is not injurious to the moral and mental progress of women, and that for this cause men must be convinced that craft and cruelty can only result in the deterioration of humanity thus despoiled of life's sweet sense of responsibility. The vote we must have—now, *now*; or those who deny justice—must take punishment.

Miss Mary Coleman, of the United States, considers the Rev. Elmer Huffner, of Grand Junction, Colorado, "an intolerable old duffer," and so think all of us. Figure to yourself, as our French neighbours say, this obsolete divine has been prating of "old maids." Fancy "old maids" in the twentieth century. On this side we have pretty maids, bachelor women, and mothers in Israel, all indispensable and lovely people, but no longer any "old maids."

In a recent sermon on love, courtship, and marriage, this clergyman said that no woman had done duty by the world unless she had borne children, and he suggested that spinsters should be banished to a desert island as "waste humanity." Naturally a lively protest has been evoked.

Mrs. William Grant Brown, President of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, says, "When I think of the beautiful and unselfish lives that single women lead, their goodness to the poor and to children, I am stirred with the deepest indignation against their unworthy truder. They are a particularly noble type, far from waste humanity. The unmarried woman is frequently an uncrowned saint."

That very wealthy and noble woman, Miss Helen Gould, defending the spinsters, is advised by the "intolerable" one to take a position in the backwoods incognita, when perhaps she will find a righteous and industrious man who would love her for her true self and for her charming personality.

Mr. Huffner does not notice the suggestion thrown out by Miss King, of California, that "But for the dear old maids some preachers would be hunting for jobs," or the statement of Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly, daughter of the Boston poet, that "The care of the helpless, the weak, the poor, and the sick has almost always been done by unmarried women, who have given up their lives to the service of the Church."

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES.*

The authoress of the "Dop Doctor" has preserved to the full her brilliant reputation in her new book.

So full is it of incident, so varied in theme, so generous in introduction to men and women of absorbing personality—good, bad, subtle, brilliant and simple—all drawn with finish and infinite care, and each convincing.

It is a book that should especially commend itself to nurses, for amidst the uncompromising portraits of human frailty, in contradistinction to the wanton Henriette de Roux, the authoress has boldly introduced "The Lady of the Lamp," under the name of Ada Merling, as the bright and particular star of this remarkable book, and has woven around her a tender love romance. Hector Dunoisse, the chivalrous soldier, the brave gentleman true, though he fell a prey to the siren Henriette, much though there is to regret in his relation with her, died in extreme old age, with the image of this noble woman in his heart and her letters in his hand. "He turned his head that his cheek might rest against the letter-case. The letters told no tale of love—womanly, gracious letters. How devoutly they had been kept and cherished; how delicately and reverently handled" Do you know why Dunoisse would not consent to die? "He was waiting for the letter that told him of her love. He had waited fifty-six years. She died in August, and the letter would never come now."

Where did young Dunoisse first meet the idol of his later years? In a home for sick and aged gentlewomen, whither he went to visit his old governess.

He asks her, never guessing from her simplicity of manner who she is: "Would the directress of this charitable house favour me with a private audience. Could you graciously, mademoiselle?"

"She said, with intent eyes still reading him: 'I should tell you it is the rule of this house that no attendant in it should be addressed as "Mademoiselle," "Miss," or "Mrs." Nurse is the name to which we all answer, and we try to deserve it well.'

"Her smile wrought a radiant, lovely change in her. The pearl, white teeth it revealed shone brilliant in the light of it, and the dark blue-grey eyes flashed and gleamed like sapphires between their narrowed lids. But the next moment she stood before him, pale and grave, as she had seemed to him before, with her white hands folded on her white apron.

"The voice that spoke was sweet—barely raised above an undertone—presumably for the sake of sufferers within neighbouring rooms that opened on the landing."

And afterwards, in the hospital at Scutari: "She stood upon a rising knoll of ground upon the right of the entrance to the hospital. As in his

* By Richard Dehan. William Heinemann.

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