

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

Viscount Wolmer has brought in a Bill to enable women to become barristers, solicitors, or Parliamentary agents, and another to limit the hours of employment of officers and servants in asylums, and to amend the Asylum Officers' Superannuation Act, 1909.

At a large W.S.P.U. suffragist demonstration held in the Albert Hall last week, Mrs. Drummond presiding, subscriptions amounting to £15,000 were announced. Telegrams were sent to Ministers asking them to inform the House of Commons that it was their answer to the "Cat and Mouse Bill." The Government is reported to be very anxious to empty the war chest.

Mrs. Pankhurst has been released on licence from Holloway after a nine days' fast, and is being nursed in a very good nursing home we know well. Miss Olive Wharry fasted for 32 days before her release. Even then their condition was not so shattered as after forcible feeding.

American nurses are greatly rejoicing that "we have won Alaska." In other words, that territory (to be some day a magnificent and opulent State) has granted woman suffrage without a dissentient voice. Wise men! They realise to-morrow is for the nation whose mothers are freewomen. Lie in the Indian reservations has proved the fate of nations born of the squaw.

Her Excellency Lady Gladstone, presiding at the tenth annual meeting of the Women's Hospital Board of Aid, in the City Hall, Capetown, congratulated the Board on their splendid result in collecting some £1,100 odd during the year. There was a point in the report about the new departure of having women on the Somerset Hospital Board of Management. They all felt it had been a very useful departure, and that excellent work was being done by the two ladies on the Board, and that their services had been of the greatest value to the hospital. The interesting part of it was that it seemed to open up quite a new field for women to work in.

A correspondent in the *Times* draws attention to the need of suitable legislation in India for the employment of medical women, and expresses the hope that consideration of this subject is included in the programme of the Royal Commission to India. The woman behind the veil, hidden from man, is always a most pressing problem, and we are told that "many of the Hindus are as particular about the observance of 'purdah' as the Mohammedans. Any statement that the *purdah-nashin* is dying out should be discredited."

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE ANGLO-INDIANS.*

The very real problem of Anglo-Indian life is gone into and discussed intelligently in this book.

The call of the East makes itself felt, and its characters are divided into two classes—those who respond and become next to intoxicated by its spell, and the other class that hankers and longs for things European, and to which the *laissez-aller* existence, and its mystic atmosphere speaks but to repel.

Quite naturally are these two views set before the reader by one who has evidently studied and experienced both sides of the question, though the bias is towards the claims of the East.

Mrs. Fleetwood, born, married and whose married life had been lived in India, is a very convincing person. "She had the kindly importance of manner becoming in a mem-sahib of her age. Was she not the wife of a mightily senior civilian?"

Her only trouble was that her two elder daughters came under the European classification. "It was their aunt in London, just before they came out here, that did all the mischief. How could I foresee that they would turn up their dear noses at Indian society and Indian husbands? It sounds dreadful"—a little moisture dimmed her blue eyes—"as if they were snobs. Actually they won't let me have my Jeypore brass tables and Benares pots in the drawing-room, or anything Indian that can be avoided. It's ridiculous."

In strong contrast to her elder sisters, Fay Fleetwood worshipped India with a passionate devotion.

Captain Somerton, whom she afterwards marries, asks her:

"Why are you so fond of India?"

"She gave a little sigh. 'I can't help it. I love India. I love the people, and the language, and the life, and the sun, and—and—the very smell of it. I do hate the thought of going home next year. It will be so cramped, and so cold, and so stuffy.'"

Captain Somerton was the "bear leader" of the young Rajah of Rotah, teaching the boy to play cricket and tennis in the compound, that could be viewed from the Fleetwoods' garden, teaching him to take walks, a form of exercise openly detested by the young prince.

We are given a glimpse into zenana life.

"The little Rani must have been rather younger than Fay. Her small oval face was dull and expressionless, her skin was pitted with smallpox, her solemn eyes, the lids painted with kohl, looked immense.

Mrs. Fleetwood asked for the baby, and was surprised and concerned to see two large tears gather in the little mother's eyes and roll, unhindered, down her cheeks. She caught at the Englishwoman's arm. "Lady—come and see

*By Alice Perrin. Methuen & Co., London.

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