

nestling by the sea, called Trilia—the surroundings being much like the Riviera, especially with the very blue sea and sky.

In Trilia, the street was divided by the main drain, four feet deep and as many wide, which was crossed at intervals by a few loose planks. The road on either side was so narrow that in several places there was only one inch or two to spare; and our mud-guard had to scrape the wall of the house it was passing. We had to cross and re-cross several times on the loose planks; and in the end the whole drain was boarded over in an equally rickety manner—and we ran down on the middle of it, wondering every minute when a board would give way, and we should be precipitated into all sorts of unknown horrors.

The Greek monastery proved well worth our journey. Some four or five centuries old, it stood on the mountain-side, surrounded by fields; the outer walls were very strong, the windows small and very high from the ground; and over the door a small projecting turret, from which to hurl boiling oil on any unwelcome intruder below. The building had also been used as a sort of hall, with an inner courtyard, round which ran a wooden gallery, on to which the monks' cells opened. The church was very curious, and approached down narrow, winding stairs with doorways so low that anyone entering had to stoop double, and was thus at the mercy of the defenders. This was done to protect them against Turkish intruders in olden days. Inside the walls had been painted in a curious crude way, but the ravages of time had nearly obliterated the pictures. Behind the screen was a small stone chapel, containing a crucifix and several ancient and beautifully illuminated missals on a very dirty table.

The effect of a very fine icon was entirely spoiled by tawdry drapery of muslin; and in another chapel we found a well-worn treasure-coffer, hidden in a corner and covered with dust. The monastery is now used as a *tchiftlik*, or farm.

The remainder of our journey home was without event; a very rough sea in the "Baslinjik" made us very thankful to see the Galata quay; and it was with distinct feelings of pleasure that we returned to our hospital at Scutari, where we found our colleagues busy as usual, and very glad to see us back.

KATHERINE H. WHEATLEY.

PSYCHOTHERAPY AND THE INEBRIATE.

On Tuesday, January 14th, at 4 p.m., Dr. Hugh Crichton Miller, M.A., opened a discussion on "Psychotherapy and the Inebriate" in connection with the Society for the Study of Inebriety. The Society is doing good work in promoting the scientific study of this question, which must be dealt with from the scientific as well as the philanthropic standpoint if progress in knowledge of underlying causes is to be made. The Hon. Secretary is Dr. T. N. Kelynack, 139, Harley St., W., and the annual subscription, including copy of *The British Journal of Inebriety*, post free, 5s.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

Women throughout the United Kingdom have little faith that they will be fairly treated in their relation to the Franchise Bill, the Committee stage of which will commence one day this week. The suspicion held is that even should Sir Edward Grey's amendment to omit the word "male" be agreed to, the Government will immediately after the voting, drop the Bill and adopt the Plural Voting Bill. Anything is possible to prevent women obtaining political power. We are cheap, cheap, cheap—long may we remain so is the ardent, if inarticulate, prayer of the "anti." That we can be "nasty" as well as cheap must, however, be prevented at all costs. So into jail we must go for outrageously long terms of imprisonment (if the law is broken by way of protest) in comparison with the sentences of those guilty of the hideous crime of violating children of three years old!

In passing sentences on Suffragettes of eight months' imprisonment at the Old Bailey last week, the Recorder said that he had no doubt that the accused were animated by the highest and purest motives in what they did, and that, having spent many years among the poorest class of women, they had been impressed by the miseries which resulted from the sweating system, which everybody knew was constantly in force, and which often led to the degradation of women and to other results almost too terrible to contemplate.

Women were most unconstitutionally excluded from the public court by the Recorder, thereby depriving them of a public right. We are glad to note that one of the prisoners, Miss Louisa Gay, made a protest against no women being in the court—thus treating them like pariahs and not as human beings.

Meanwhile Suffragists go gaily in the State of New York—the mail brings a *Tribune*, and there, in the very centre of a picture of a group of charming Suffragist Scouts, who have marched from New York to Albany to present a message to the Governor-Elect, Mr. Sulzer, is our own dear Miss Dock, looking as bright as a bee.

We learn, and can well believe it, that the women, as it happens, have done more than walk—they have talked, volubly and vigorously, all along the way, and always to that aroused and interested curiosity which is the finest of ground in which to sow any seed. Braving laughter, derision, and insult, they have encountered none of them except in minute quantities and mild forms, but much of courtesy, helpfulness, and applause. Everything considered, the marchers have reason to congratulate themselves on their achievement. They have gained an enormous amount of advertising, and far, far be it from us to deny that advertising pays.

The Rotherham and Woking tragedies of rape and murder of children still remain mysteries, and

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