

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

Her Majesty the Queen had a great reception when, as joint patron with Queen Alexandra, she opened the new buildings of Bedford College for Women on July 4th. It was quite a brilliant function, and the students looked charming in their white dresses and college gowns and caps. Nothing can be more beneficial to the future of the nation than the encouragement of education for both sexes, and women are naturally delighted that Queen Mary is supporting her sex in their demand for a fair field and no favour, so far as the cultivation of their brains is concerned. Some day, let us hope, the world generally will awake to the necessity of a defined curriculum for the education of the trained nurse.

The King and Queen intend to invite representatives of the teaching profession in London to a garden party at Buckingham Palace on July 19th.

The "Suffrage" event of last week was of course the Banquet arranged by the Women Writers' Suffrage League on July 2nd at the Criterion Restaurant. Mrs. Flora Annie Steel presided supported by the Countess of Selborne and many distinguished people. THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING table, with fourteen guests, formed a merry party, all of course ardent supporters of justice for women.

After dinner there was a reception in the ante-room to listen to speeches, the case for the "antis" being put in her earnest, scholarly, illogical way by Mrs. Humphry Ward—and pointedly approved by the majority of the male sex present—and the case for suffrage being presented with extraordinary spiritual force by Mrs. Steel, who demonstrated the fact that the demand for political power by women is the demand for free expansion of the soul—spiritual evolution which cannot be suppressed by any material force. As hostesses we listened with what patience we could command to Miss Gladys Potts' apotheosis of the male sex, and depreciation of her own, and with relief acclaimed to the echo the brilliant and forceful wit of Miss S. MacNaughtan, who exposed the prejudice, vanity, and selfishness of the opposition to votes for women with irresistible good humour. She told us some amusing stories, and when referring to the question of physical courage as a test for the vote, recalled how some stalwart sportsmen in Scotland, when confronted by a bull, beat a hasty retreat and skipped over the fence with celerity. Out of a neighbouring cottage came a little girl of five, and flapping her pink pinny in the face of the animal, she exclaimed, "Oh, you bad beastie to so frighten the bonnie gentlemen."

Lady Frances Balfour, at the close of an address at the Suffrage Club, St. James's, said that she

believed a peeress had the right of voting on the floor of the House of Lords on certain occasions and the right to be tried by her peers. It was suggested that the matter should be looked up, with the object of making a test case. Lady Frances replied that she did not think they would find a peeress to do it.

About 1,000 women workers of the Army Clothing Factory in Pimlico marched to the War Office to protest against the reduction of their wages. They complain that the rate for making drab coats has been reduced from 2s. 11½d. to 2s. 9d. each—a reduction from the wages of the sewers of 2d. and of the machinists of ½d. They were anxious to secure an interview with the authorities at the War Office, but as previous notice of their intention had not been given no conference took place. The War Office has always been a great offender in connection with the cutting prices it pays women workers.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

V. V.'S EYES.*

The originality of its title should in some degree be a guarantee of a novel, and in the case in point the book is no less arresting than its title. Those readers to whom the memory of "Queed" is still fresh will indeed need no other guarantee for the excellence of a work from the same pen. "V. V.'s Eyes" is a very long work, running into over five hundred closely-written pages; but it is almost safe to say that every page is worth reading; also it is a book with a purpose, and that a very noble and inspiring one.

"V. Vivian, M.D.," by the paint upon his window, dwelt in the Dabney House; Mr. Heth—pronounced Heath—dwelt in the house of his cognomen. Over and in the Heth house there prevailed the most charming air of ease with dignity, of taste plus means, that you could well imagine, while the atmosphere of Dabney House, not to put too fine a point upon it, was the abomination of desolation."

V. V., in point of fact, was a slum doctor, who laboured among the employees of the Heth factories. The condition of these buildings has much to do with the making of the story. V. V. had made them the subject of a burning half-column in the *Post*, and Carlisle, the lovely and only child of the Heths, fiercely resents the unknown busybody who had presumed to criticise papa. Added to this, Carlisle had refused to set young Jack Dalhousie, V. V.'s friend, right in the eyes of their world on a point of honour, the clearing up of which would have involved her name in gossip. These points cause them (V. V. and Carlisle) to be in constant antagonism, though at the same time their affinity is quite apparent.

* By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Constable & Co., London.

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