

THE RECOGNITION OF WOMEN.

An analysis on June 19th of the division in the House of Commons on the principle of woman suffrage gives the following result:—

	For	Against
Liberal	184	12
Unionist	141	45
Labour	29	—
Nationalist	33	—
Total	387	57

Let us hope that the majority of the Minority will disappear from political life at the next election.

Mr. Hayes Fisher informed the House on Monday last that the latest date at which an estimate of the number of married women over 30 years of age can be made is the middle of 1916. The numbers at that time are estimated to be: England and Wales 5,597,000; Scotland, 621,000; Ireland, 502,000; total, 6,720,000.

TITLES IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.

The King has been pleased to institute two Orders—the first, an Order of Knighthood, to be styled “The Order of the British Empire,” to be conferred for services rendered to the Empire. It will consist of five classes, and is to be given to women as well as to men. The first two classes will, in the case of men, carry the honour of Knighthood (and, presumably, however unworthy the title of Lady for their wives); and in the case of women, the privilege of prefixing the title “Dame” to their names (what about insignificant husbands?).

The five classes of the Order of the British Empire are as follows:—

MEN.

1. Knights Grand Cross (G.B.E.).
2. Knights Commanders (K.B.E.).
3. Commanders (C.B.E.).
4. Officers (O.B.E.).
5. Members (M.B.E.).

WOMEN.

1. Dames Grand Cross (G.B.E.).
2. Dames Commanders (D.B.E.).
3. Commanders (C.B.E.).
4. Officers (O.B.E.).
5. Members (M.B.E.).

The Badge of the Order to be worn by the first second and third classes takes the shape of a silver-gilt cross, enamelled pearl-grey, in the centre of which, in a circle enamelled crimson, is a representation of Britannia seated. The circle contains the motto of the Order, “For God and the Empire.” The star, worn by members of the first two classes, is an eight-pointed silver star, the centre of which bears the same device as the badge.

The second—“Order of the Companions of Honour”—will consist of one class only, to which women will be eligible equally with men. It will carry with it no title or precedence.

Let us hope that the bestowal of these honours will be kept sweet and clean, and not associated with the political system of sale and barter so notorious of late years in connection with the elevation of persons to the peerage and other titular honours. We shall await with interest the names of the women thought worthy by men of the title of Dame.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

“HELEN OF THE FOUR GATES.”*

This is an amazing work. It has been compared to the writings of the Brontës and of Thomas Hardy. Wild, and dealing with elemental passions, there is yet nothing coarse or unnecessary in the telling.

Genius is a strange thing, and it has chosen the ex-mill girl for one of its prime favourites. We feel as we read that she has been impelled by an irresistible force to produce this first remarkable child of her brain. It is to be hoped that there are many more such, yet to be born.

In brief outline the story is this: Helen Mason is the reputed daughter of old Mason of the farm, and believes herself to be so. In reality she is the daughter of a woman who had jilted him years ago for another lover, and whom he never forgave. More of a fiend than a man, he took the orphan girl with the specific intention of revenging himself on her for her mother's treatment of him. He took her and bided his time till she attained to womanhood and met the man she loved—one Martin, who worked for old Mason on his farm. There is a strong history of madness in the Mason family, and he conceives the diabolical idea of persuading Martin that it would be a dangerous thing for them to marry.

Martin, though loving her passionately, resists her love. “Tha wants to get away and leave me,” she accused him, hotly.

“Listen, Helen,” said Martin Scott. “Last neet I ne'er slept nor the neet afore, and I've got tirt out. What's the good of startin' it all ower again? All I know is—I want to sleep sound, sound, as somebody dead.”

“Poor Martin,” crooned the voice. “Creep close to me. Rest near me.”

“Rest,” he ejaculated in mockery. “Rest—when my days and neets are a hunger and a thirst. I go in th' wood. Tha's bin there. Tha seems to laugh at me, peeping fro' the leaves o' the trees. Th' house is full o' thee when tha'rt out. I try to find places tha hasn't bin—to rest, to get away, where I could sleep sound for a month. Its cruel, and tha's no mercy. Tha canst sleep.”

“Tha's a curse on thee,” he said, in a hard tone. “Can ta pass it on, and on, and on, for ever, to put others through this we're going

* By an Ex-Mill Girl. Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., Arundel Place, Haymarket, S.W.

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