

In conclusion, Dr. Murray Leslie says:—
“The work of women along social and national lines during the past three years has proved of such vital importance to the Empire, that at last eminent women share with men both honours and titles as rewards for national service. These have been accorded to them by their sovereign with the unanimous approval of the whole empire.”

The book is emphatically one which women should both read and recommend. M. B.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

We are pleased to note a strong protest in Canada against hereditary titles. Mr. Fielding, former Minister of Finance, will move in the House of Commons, Ottawa, that they should not be granted in Canada.

The British Columbia Legislature has adopted unanimously without debate a motion against hereditary titles in Canada.

Everyone who has realised as many have in this country, the vulgarity engendered of late years by such purchasable honours, will commend this self-respecting attitude upon the part of the Canadians. We are rapidly becoming a race of bounders of a deplorable type; we workers have taken note of this demoralization in connection with the war. We need Florence Nightingale in our midst once more to place what she termed “the fashionable asses,” in proper perspective. She had no use for them.

Sir Robert Borden introduced into the House of Commons at Ottawa, on the 20th inst., a Bill to give women the franchise. The franchise is extended to all women on an equal basis with men. The only women barred are women married to enemy aliens, and rightly so.

The allocation of honours in the British Empire Order is widely regretted in Australia, because some of the most prominent war workers have been given the lowest degree and others are ignored. Australians generally deprecate the distribution of war honours exclusively to civilians of the upper class, while humbler workers go unrewarded.

At home, bestowing honours on a woman who has figured as a co-respondent in the Divorce Court, because she has influence, whilst our great Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett and other representative women remain unrecognized, makes us sympathise with the Australian point of view.

A facetious person has named the O.B.E. the “Order of the Bad Egg,” and a recipient of the honour acknowledged congratulations by replying that he was one of the “First Hundred Thousand.”

The March issue of the *Englishwoman* is an “Enfranchisement Number.” It appears the irony of fate to newly enfranchised Nurses to find a

whole page advertisement in it of the War Charity Scheme for undermining the economic independence of the Nursing Profession—the so-called “Nation's Fund for Nurses.” Of all magazines the *Englishwoman* should avoid accepting advertisements of schemes for women which are so contrary to the principles upon which in its letterpress it prides itself.

In this connection a Matron writes:—

“Now we have the Vote, it is to be hoped non-wage-earning women will study political economy, or not meddle in our affairs.”

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

“VAE VICTIS.”

This tragic story of German frightfulness cannot be read without horror of the picture depicted. It tells of what is, alas! by no means a flight of the imagination, for no imagination could have conceived such infamous depths of wickedness as are set forth in this sad chronicle and which we know by well-established evidence to be true in substance and fact.

The story is told with an appealing charm in spite of its terrible import, and though terribly realistic, is told with delicacy and restraint. Two young, charming Belgian schoolgirls, with a German nursery governess, were enjoying their summer holiday at the sea between Nieuport and Ostend on July 30th, 1914.

“Mademoiselle Chérie, you go not in the street without your shoes and stockings, and your hat.”

“Nonsense, Frieda. In Westende everyone goes to bathe like this,” and Chérie waved a bare, shapely limb and kicked her pink toes at Amour, who barked wildly at them.

“I do not care how everyone goes; you go not,” said Frieda Rothstein.

Chérie hurriedly drew on her black stockings, glancing up occasionally to smile at little Mireille, and nothing could be sweeter than those shining eyes seen through the veil of falling hair. Now she was ready, her flapping *Bérgerge* hat crushed down on her careless curls, and Amour hoisted on her arm again, and was down the *Rue des Moulins* with her smiling face towards the sea. A charming picture this of happy, innocent girlhood. On their return from this their last happy day they found a letter recalling them from their holiday.

“But why, why,” cried Mireille. “Doesn't maman know we have arranged to have your birthday party here?”

“Yes, she knows,” said Chérie, turning her sweet perplexed eyes from Mireille's disconcerted face to the impassive countenance of Frieda, “but she says there is going to be war.”

* Annie Vivanti Chartres. Edwin Arnold, London.

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