

he will sweat her when he gets her to his office." The only possible answer is one which makes the case worse for women in a civic sense. Women are sweated (1) because they will not combine as men have done to win a status, (2) because their work is inferior, and (3) their work is inferior because under the age of thirty they cannot be got to regard work seriously. They look upon themselves, very properly, as mere probationers in the industrial field; they are only putting in time and earning "a little" against the great day when they will be emancipated by marriage (save the mark!).

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I have had a good many years' experience of the sex in all capacities, and have, I hope, the liveliest feeling as to the best and the worst of them. But the fact remains that as a worker woman is comparatively slipshod, and is willing to go through life incuriously ignoring the most essential things. Introduce a boy and a girl into a printing office together. The girl will be steady and industrious; the boy will be tricky, inclined to rove about the place, to be interested in matters with which he has no concern. He is, we shall say, apprenticed to be a compositor; but he will itch to try working a machine, and one day you will discover that he knows something about all the machines in the place. At his case he may be slower for a time than the girl. But it is notorious that a girl, no matter what schooling she may have had, will set up any kind of gibberish, never stopping to try to understand what she is putting into type. Whereas the boy will try to puzzle out what the peculiarly written word is, and will refer to anyone standing near rather than set what he does not understand.

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Not Inferior, but Different.

But all this does not mean that woman is inferior. It only means that she is different. She is interested, not in industry, but in the home and what belongs to it, and will do fifty things in a morning before breakfast time in the way of lighting fires, setting the pots and pans going, and putting the house to rights. The home that wants a woman's touch is simply no home at all, no matter what money may have been spent in it or what merely male resources it may command.

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One has seen a waitress carry the details of scores of dinners in her pretty head, and be able to put down each of your four courses on the pay-slip half-an-hour after you have had them and after she has served scores of others. In the course of the table-talk you may have forgotten all about what you have had; but although she also has had table-talk—plenty of it—she can remember quite accurately not only your meal, but the scores of others she has served. Try to talk to her about public questions or anything a little abstract, and you find her grossly ignorant; but she has that other simply marvellous faculty of memorising. You couldn't do it for ten thousand a year; but she does for it ten shillings a-week and penny tips left below the plates. A dinner, of course, correlates itself to a person—the diner—and women are interested in persons. There is nothing abstract about a four-course dinner. It is woman's interest in people and in the