

an easy-going man who gets enjoyment out of life ; but how often do we hear the wife and daughters of such a man despise him for his good nature and lack of ambition ! That is where they come in. " Go out and get money for me ! " is the command expressed or implied.

As to representation, some class must always be left out, and why not women, who are usually dependents, even when, or especially when, they are most well-to-do. There are at present something like seven and three-quarter million Parliamentary voters in Britain. (Considering how much they know about politics it is perhaps seven millions too many ; but that by the way : the men have it, and you can't take a bone from a dog.) But supposing we gave eight millions of women the Parliamentary vote there would still be thirty millions of the population who would be voteless, and on the suffragettes' claim unrepresented. Young people ! it will be said. Yes ; young people ; and it is quite right that they should have no votes. Nothing is hurting them that they would be likely to remove by voting.

The truth is there are far too many votes in the country already. A vote is not so much a right as a duty and a responsibility which cannot be discharged without a good deal of historical and political knowledge, experience of life and work, and much maturity of judgment. None of these do women as a class possess nor are they ever likely to possess them. Even in Australia, where women have now for some time had all the franchises, their reading is the same as in this country. The women's papers are full of stories, fashionable news, and notes on clothes and hats. They have no political articles. All that the granting of the Parliamentary franchise has meant has been an increase in the total number of votes polled by the respective parties, and a consequent increase in the expense of elections.

A Great Woman on Her Sex.

This is exactly what one would have expected. Votes or no votes, there is no altering what George Eliot described as " the sparrow-like frivolity " of her own sex. It is not without significance that the greatest of women novelists of the Victorian era, like the most serious and diversely cultured of present-day women novelists, Mrs. Humphry Ward, should have discounted their sisters on the score of intellect. George Eliot knew her sex, as Mrs. Ward knows it. It was George Eliot who wrote :—

" I tell you there isn't a thing under the sun that needs to be done at all, but what a man can do better than a woman, unless it's bearing children ; and they do that in a poor makeshift way : it had better ha' been left to the men—it ha' better been left to the men. I tell you, a woman 'ull bake you a pie every week of your life, and never come to see that the hotter the oven th' shorter the time. I tell you, a woman 'ull make your porridge every day for twenty years, and never think of measuring the proportion between the meal and the milk—a little more or less, she'll think, doesn't signify : the porridge *will* be awk'ard now and then : if it's wrong, it's summat in the meal, or it's summat in the milk, or it's summat in the