

broiling summer day between a man and a woman. Mr. O'Reilly's running commentary on the woman's part in the allegory ranges over the whole alleged evolution of woman and projects itself far into her future as conceived by the author, whose philosophy not only explains and excuses the suffragette, but almost canonises her. An enthusiastic reviewer writes of the book as "the finest appeal on behalf of Woman" that he has seen.

There are indeed wonderful bits of insight in the book, usually running quite counter to the author's main theory, as in the following :—

Here we catch a glimpse into the profound and ever-widening gulf that sunders man from woman. In passion she finds herself : he loses himself. She rushes forward to fulfil her purpose ; he turns back from his. So passion is to her highest self a sacrament ; to his highest self a sacrilege. . . . Woman must know that, from time immemorial, the one universal theme for man's laughter has been the one theme that, in her very nature, she must ever hold sacred. . . . The eternal woman knows that it is her glorified sex that counts—her Motherhood, that is Life itself.

Just so. At any rate largely so. But why, then, try to wean her from her essential nature and try to mannify her by turning her energy into political, industrial, and professional channels ? It is another perverse "invention," like Malthusianism, in which John Stuart Mill, himself childless and one of the early women's-righters, was a firm believer. His wife had a fine daughter by her first husband. There is much significance in the fact of so many Feminists being childless men. Mr. O'Reilly proceeds :

What unspeakable eternities must her sex have weltered through, to emerge, at last, so strangely different from man !

Not at all. All female animals are different from the males of the same species. Woman differs less from man than the lioness from the lion or the peahen from the peacock. One has seen judges' elderly wives who, in wig and gown, would pass for the shaven judges themselves.

Our author describes the evolution of woman (as he sees it) with wonderful catchiness. Thus, between the acts as it were, woman chats of her little drama (tragedy Mr. O'Reilly calls it) :—

"We had our first row when he tried to kiss me. I slapped him : I was that innocent. He said, 'What's that for ?' I said, 'Never you mind.' He said, 'Well, don't you do it again.' I said, 'Just you try.' He said, 'That's the limit—I'm off !' I said, 'Good riddance of bad rubbish.' I wasn't going to let on I liked him ; but, my word, didn't I cry that night !"

There is nothing forbiddingly scientific about that. But—it must have been a jolly long time ago. It is usually so different nowadays, man being in these matters such a gawky.

So man and woman travelled together (within the germinating "idea" of life) right up through chaos, electrons, matter. . . . Then came the first wonder of organic bliss, a united and contented Amœba—at least