

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

H. R. II. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.—An interesting ceremony took place in the hall of the Albert Institute at Windsor on Saturday last. Princess Christian is a real "ministering angel" in the royal borough, and is universally beloved by all classes. Wishes have often been expressed that the general feeling of respect, admiration, and gratitude for Her Royal Highness could be translated in Anglo-Saxon fashion into some costly gift offered for her acceptance. Finally these abstract ideas took concrete form, and a subscription list was opened for the purpose. Very quickly more than two thousand donations were obtained, and the coming of age of the Princess's eldest son was made the appropriate occasion for a public meeting to give expression to Her Royal Highness's popularity. After the Mayor had made a neat little address, he handed the Princess a beautiful album bound with carved oak from Windsor Forest, ornamented with silver plates, and bearing the arms of Prince and Princess Christian and of the royal borough; and also a magnificent oval diamond pendant, garnished with large sapphires and a costly pear-shaped pearl, and a diamond ring. The Princess returned thanks in a few graceful words, and wore the ornaments at an entertainment given the same evening to the Crown *employés* and their families.

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ARE WOMEN CLUBBABLE?—There is an interesting article in the *Woman's World* for this month upon Sappho, by Miss Jane E. Harrison, and among other things she writes:—"These Lesbian women had their clubs, in which they developed to the full that peculiar form of social enjoyment which comes to women from the society of women—only an enjoyment that supplements, nowise supplants, their enjoyment of the society of men. These Lesbian clubs and societies met not for the discussion of domestic machinery—a thing permissible and even laudable, yet scarcely stimulating—but for the keen and emulous culture of the arts. This social instinct between women and women has for centuries been well-nigh dead. How should they care to meet and talk when they had nothing, or but two things, to talk of?—two for the middle classes—economy and husbands; two for the upper—fashion and scandal; interesting for five minutes, bearable for ten, wearisome exceedingly (saving the last) for fifteen. But the true social instinct among women is reviving, thanks largely to the impulse of collegiate life. It is possible now to ask a dozen women to meet without the melancholy conviction that one-half will bore and the other be bored. Women, we are told, are not clubbable. Well, who knows? They *were* in Sappho's days. One thing is certain—a woman who does not know the joy of meeting a chosen few of

her college friends—her own elect—at a well-appointed feast (Sappho herself loved 'things delicate') has a fine sensation yet to try. It is a joy that man, with his keener and healthier *fleur* for pleasure, has ever been careful to secure, this privilege to keep some social unions for his own sex alone, and most reasonably. Between man and woman there is and must be ever that mysterious and all-pervading thing—that barrier, or rather most intimate bond, of diversity which we label sex. The very magnetism that draws has power also to paralyse; the very charm that inspires speech can in a moment confound its freedom. Strife between man and woman, even in words, is a graceless and, save for the lightest parrying, should be an impossible thing; between man and woman there is no 'give and take'; each must give all, and though friendship is possible, *camaraderie* stands for ever forbidden by a thousand beautiful conventions from within, not from without. So for *camaraderie*, for all absolute relaxation of social strain, for all keen unflinching conflict of wits, we will do as the Lesbian women did—have our women's clubs." The experiment to ascertain whether women are clubbable now-a-days is going to be tried, at any rate. The Somerville Club, which is only for ladies, was formally opened on April 10th. The members of the ladies' committee received the visitors, being distinguished by badges of daffodils tied with yellow ribbon, and in a short space of time all the rooms were so crowded that it became almost impossible to move. They are very bright and pretty, with draperies of Madras muslin, the paint and paper being stone colour and a greyish blue. In the evening there was a meeting, at which Mrs. Symes Thompson took the chair and Mrs. Scharlieb gave an opening address on "Some of the Advantages of Club Life for Women." On the 17th inst., at 8 p.m., there was a lecture on "Dramatic Expression," given by Mr. Edward Russell. The Club is situated at No. 231, Oxford Street. All information as to membership, etc., can be obtained from Mrs. Fleming Baxter, the hon. secretary, 55, Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W. Tuesday evenings are to be devoted to debates, lectures, and entertainments. Among the lectures will be one in May by Miss Whitehead on "Browning as a Teacher of the Nineteenth Century." Debates are also to be opened by Miss Hagemann on "Corporeal Punishment," and one by Miss Macdonnell on "The Place of Women in Practical Politics." Nursing so far has not attracted the club's attention, but it will doubtless not be long before it does so. Any way, the movement is one more sign of women uniting to help themselves, and we wish it all success.

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AN ELECTRIC WOMAN.—A scientific gentleman in France has discovered what he is pleased to call an electric woman. He has embodied the results of his observations on this natural curiosity in a formal

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