

I think it should always be recognized that a ladies' club is intended essentially for the unmarried, and not for the married, unless she be a widow or childless.

It gives a woman a sense of independence unattainable in any other way. It enables her to meet her friends of both sexes with the utmost ease and freedom. If she be poor she can live in one room



M. Cotton, Photo.
Mollyhawks. "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

in London, and enjoy all the privileges of a luxurious home at a comparatively low cost. She can sleep here after concert or theatre, aye, and dress here, too—no small boon to the woman who lives in the suburbs, and works in London all day. I have known many a bachelor woman, who, when pressed to marry, replied somewhat to this effect: "What! give up my free life and my club and the kindred spirits I meet there for a life of dull routine and of domestic drudgery? No; I cannot do that; the sacrifice would be too great."

And the man, as he goes away abashed and crestfallen, recognizes the fact that women are not like so many ripe peaches, ready to drop into the hand of the man who would pluck them from their sunny wall of untrammelled womanhood.

Mind I do not decry marriage. I think it is the highest form of happiness to which any woman can attain. What I decry is the attitude of men towards women, an attitude largely due to the fact that the woman, by sheer force of cir-

cumstance, has been driven to make herself too cheap—too cheap, that is the pity of it. "We women should be wooed, and were not made to woo." And the man in his turn says: "Poor things; there are so few of us, so many of them, and they are all dying to get married!"

Or, again, when they look at the unmarried woman of uncertain age, and with a shrug of the shoulders remark: "An unappropriated blessing!"

I would these men could be brought to realize, once and for all, that the opportunity has come and has been waived aside for a life that seemed to the woman more full of blessing than if she had been misappropriated by a man—that she is single to-day not because she couldn't, but that she wouldn't get married.

There was a time in England when the lady set her true love tasks before he won her. The lady's glove stuck in his helmet was deemed worth dying for by my Lord of Surrey, and the smile of the Queen of Beauty was the best prize of the tourney.

To judge by the conversation of the other sex one is driven to realize that the days of chivalry are over.

It is not nowadays, "Will she have me?" but, "Shall I do her the honour to ask her?" and if by lessening the supply the ladies' clubs remove that stigma from our sex, then have they not been instituted in vain.

East and west home is best, but when home, by the unavoidable force of circumstances, is unattainable, then let us do the next thing and make the world our home. Let us find in social intercourse and social interests the talisman that will keep us from getting sad and soured, that will keep us happy bachelor women instead of the discontented, cross-grained spinsters and old maids of fiction. And remember the club is not the exclusive luxury of the rich, it is