



# QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL



VOL. XXIX.

FEBRUARY 28, 1902.

No. 8.

## WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS WOMAN.

*With no apologies.*



CERTAIN pragmatical person who had contrived to assume a little enthusiasm, no doubt, for the time being, sent in a certain quantity of manuscript to this paper recently on the subject of womankind. The editors of the paper, of course, who are expected to enter at once into the whims of all sorts and conditions of people could by no means refuse to publish the article which was in this way thrust into their hands. The subject at least was one of almost universal interest and as there was at the time a comparative scarcity of matter suitable for the printing press, to say nothing of the threats and entreaties of the writer, the persons who preside over the publication of this paper had no course open to them but to publish the dissertation handed them by their importunate contributor. The title which he had placed at the head of his production and which, as some will remember, was borrowed from a recent well-known book, was only set up in print after much altercation between the writer and the editors. Our pragmatical friend, as we have called him, at first insisted of adding in small capitals some such phrase as "Copyrighted by T. Sandys," or "J. M. Barrie please copy," which of course the edi-

tors would not for a moment hear of. On the contrary they made the stipulation that an express apology should be offered to their friend Mr. Barrie, for thus making use of his celebrated phrase; and they would offer no mollification to their less famous contributor except that of putting the apology in the very smallest letters to be found in the printing-house.

We must admit however that our private differences and contentions with this champion of womankind ought not to blind us to his genuine enthusiasm for the theme. It is a theme which should stir the most phlegmatic and indifferent person to some activity and make him capable of producing a few high phrases of his own or from the lines of some erotic poet. In extreme cases one might even pardon the writing of a woeful ballad or an apostrophe to the moon's pale beams. So long as there is enthusiasm for the theme, there can be some allowance for the form which the enthusiasm takes. And it is for this reason that we have endeavored to overlook the peculiarities of our recent friend and contributor, and to do him justice, as one who had a great theme in his head and some energy in expressing himself upon it.

But the theme upon which this energetic writer ventured is one which de-