



LADY GRIZEL HAMILTON AND WILDBEESTE SHOT BY HERSELF.
—The Bystander.



LADY GRIZEL HAMILTON, WITH A CAPE BUFFALO SHOT BY HERSELF.
The bagging of this particular animal entailed hours of crawling under a blazing sun.
—The Sketch.

WOMEN IN NEW SPHERES.

Lady Hamilton Kills Big Game— Suffragettes Mob Ministers.

Women are coming to the front. Not that they have ever been anywhere else. But they are now advancing on the affrighted face of things with such force, precision and speed as to make tradition hit the trail for the tall timber. There are creases in the venerable toy balloon known as woman's sphere betokening an early collapse. Woman has a glitter in her eye; she is on the warpath. She is gunning for members of Parliament along the Thames and relentlessly destroying big game in the wilds of South Africa. She has not yet declared a campaign against man in general, only members of Parliament and Prime Ministers, but there are scientists who say that she is always after men. The conquest of man goes on under the waning light of the gas jet in the front parlor and the fatigued glances of the moon at the garden wall.

How faint and feeble seem the early romanticists' characterizations of a languishing, hoop-skirted, Dresden china sex. It was the duty of man to protect her from mice or something. A spider made her hysterical. You would not burden her fragile brain with a discussion of politics. She was a little lower than the angels and a little higher in intelligence than the inmates of Mattawau. Anything robustious and pertaining to life had to be kept away from her. In the country the man of the house drowned the kittens and decapitated the chickens, leaving to her the womanly task of picking the feathers. She could pick the feathers without stepping out of her sphere, which was mostly the kitchen. On sparkling nights she nibbled candy in the parlor and shuddered at the devilry of her young man in hunting rabbits.

We have changed all that, as Robespierre said when they asked him the day of the week. Consider the recent charge of the suffragettes on British legislators, their enthusiastic strangle hold on the staid British constabulary, their defiant speeches from the dock to fuzzy, wigged judges and their taking up of the cross of jail

martrydom with the esprit of early heretics, who danced joyously amid curling flames. One might regard the suffragettes as an exception, but there are too many instances of unrest, insubordination, mutiny and rebellion of the sex throughout the world for that. The new woman is on the job and proving it in all sorts of ways.

She is taking up every challenge that used to be lightly thrown at her by man. A woman can't fight? Ask the British "bobby." A woman can't play politics? Ask ministerial speakers whose meetings were broken up by rude questioners. A woman can't argue law? Ask some New York men attorneys. A woman can't hunt



LADY GRIZEL HAMILTON AND LIME CURS CAPTURED BY HERSELF.
—The Bystander.

big game, y'know. Ask Lady Grizel Hamilton and look at the variety of her recent South African "bag," comprising the festive hippo, the treacherous leopard, the ferocious rhinoceros and the redoubtable Cape buffalo. Among the beasts of story book and jungle the Cape buffalo is acknowledged to be one of the worst and most dangerous.

Lady Hamilton, daughter of the Earl of Dundonald, has just spent six months slaying big game in the newly opened wilds of the Trans-Tana region. She was accompanied by her husband, the so-called master of Belhaven, but not because she needed him. He volunteered to go with her and take pictures of her alongside the monsters laid low by her trusty .303. How she stalked the Cape buffalo for hours under a blazing sun, plugged the hippo under the ear when he looked up from his watery retreat and casually imparted a nunc dimittis to the leopard while she was waiting at a remote Jerseylike railway station—these are matters that will doubtless be set forth in a large and fitting way in some forthcoming edition de luxe.

It mitigates the pain of lovers of the past to see that a woman big game hunter does not neglect her coiffure. Her costume is appropriate; she is neat, chic, as if going to a garden party. There may be a few boxes of cold cream in the saddlebags with the ammunition. Note the superior femininity of the veiled pith helmet to the sombrero of our Western cowgirls. The arid African landscape is lightened by her presence. She does not gloat over her prey, like a man accumulating lantern slides for a lecture. The sport of ennui nobility is surely refined by her entrance in the lists, and if the animals could speak they would probably declare themselves heartily in favor of being slaughtered by a woman. When the suffragettes are able to choke legislators with equal grace and aplomb, the day of universal emancipation will not be far distant.

FOR HIS OWN PLEASURE.

Terry Casey—What's the matter, Jerry? What are you running for?

Jerry Lacey (messenger boy)—It's all right, Terry. I'm off duty now.—Illustrated Bits.



LADY GRIZEL HAMILTON AND RHINOCEROS SHOT BY HERSELF.
—The Bystander.



LADY GRIZEL HAMILTON, WITH HIPPOPOTAMUS SHOT IN THE TANA RIVER BY HERSELF.
—The Sketch.