

The emancipated women may enjoy rank, wealth, position, nay, even knowledge; they may know French and play on the organ but what then? They do not know what to do with themselves. They rush here and there among outward things, pushing, carrying, dragging, busy tying this knot and untying the other, blaming this person and cursing another. They sulk, they sneer, they scold, and complain bitterly against all and sundry that the elements are unfriendly and they are not having a nice time. They waste their emotions on vulgar trivialities, and the frippery and the tinsel absorb all their energies. When they escape into solitude, they have a strained harassed, haunted, nervous look. A nameless sadness weighs them down and they become delirious and deranged when the shocks and the outrages of life overtake them. Life has become what we see in pictures and cinemas — an idiot's tale, full of pain and piffle, which signifies nothing. It has no living sense or purpose. Liberty from external restrictions is not enough. A state of things in which everybody is free to do what he likes, read what he will, is infinitely more dangerous than one in which everybody is kept in bondage by social codes and church dignitaries.

(206 words)

### Vocabulary

## Emancipated Women Life

The emancipated women may enjoy their wealth and position but they do not know what to do with themselves. They ~~wondered~~ start wandering, keep busy, balming others, complains about others and they are not having a nice time. They waste their time on vulgar trivialities, they look harassed and nervous. They look sad. The life in which one have freedom to do whatever he want to do is more dangerous than living by social codes (74)