

Martyr, Southwark, the Rev. Russell Wakefield, Mrs. Gilliland Husband, and Mrs. Brynmor Jones, who took the chair.

At Mrs. Jopling's Lady Strachey presided, and the speakers were Lady Grove, Mrs. Francis, Mr. C. T. Mitchell, and Mr. J. C. Lockwood (member of the Kensington Vestry).

Resolutions were passed protesting against the action of Parliament last year in excluding women from the Borough Councils, which are to replace the London Vestries, and promising to obtain support for the amending Bill—London Borough Councils (Women's Disabilities Removal) Bill—which is to be brought forward on May 23, as first Order of the day, by Mr. Lough, member for Islington, who was more fortunate in the ballot than Mr. Courtney, by whom the first notice of the Bill was given.

The Society hopes to hold further meetings to carry on this work.

It behoves women to bestir themselves, and make their voices heard with no uncertain sound on this most important question. We hope that the Women's Local Government Society will find it possible to organize a large public meeting at which the opinions of women on this subject could find expression before May 23rd.

An interesting display was given on Wednesday in last week by the lady pupils of Sandow's School at 115A, Ebury Street. The spectators heartily enjoyed watching the dumbbell and other bodily exercises, and the twelve ladies who took part in the Display, and who varied in age from twenty to fifty years, were all most enthusiastic as to the benefit resulting from the practice of the exercises. Four medals were awarded, after inspection by Mr. Sandow, for proficiency and careful study to Mrs. Gerard Mathieson, Hampstead; Mrs. England, Lee; Miss Edward, Edinburgh; and Miss Mabel Ford, Notting Hill.

The women workers of the City have now a club of their own, as the Enterprise Club, at 52, King William Street, has been opened, largely owing to the energy of the Hon. Secretary, Miss Mabel Morgan, for women over eighteen years of age, employed as clerks or secretaries or in kindred occupations. It is satisfactory to note that "neither philanthropy nor patronage is wanted." The annual subscription to the club is ten shillings, which may be paid in quarterly instalments. There are already 150 members, and applications are coming in fast, so that the club should be a great success.

It is noticeable that although there are some hundreds of women graduates of London University they will not be allowed to vote for the candidate whom they desire to see returned as Parliamentary Candidate for the University. The injustice of excluding any of those qualified to vote on account of their sex, is obvious.

Owen's College, Manchester, has now a new hall of residence for women students at Ashbourne House, Victoria Park, which has rooms for sixteen women students. The head of this "younger sister of Newnham," as it is called by Mrs. Sedgwick, is Miss Stephen, the daughter of the late Sir James Stephen. The house has been given to the college by Mr. R. D. Darbishire, one of the Whitworth legatees.

## A Book of the Week.

### THE PROFESSIONAL AND OTHER PSYCHIC STORIES.\*

It need scarcely be said that the extremely interesting collection of psychical stories which Miss Goodrich-Freer edits, and to which she is herself a contributor, does not appeal to its readers through the medium of mere sensationalism, seeing that every tale in it is in accordance with canons deduced from carefully considered and exclusive methods of research. Nevertheless, those who take up the book will certainly find matter strange enough to set them wondering of possibilities as yet but vaguely dreamed of in our philosophy. Curiosity, too, is pretty sure to be stimulated at the outset, for has not Miss Freer told us that of the seven tales four are "taken directly from life." One reader at least has been lured into much pleasant speculation as to which these four should be. Perhaps he has even made his selection. If so, all that he will commit himself to saying is that in the first of the tales he does not fail to note the all-pervadingness of the "historic present!"

The more fanciful three, however, whichever they may be, are, we are assured, "still to nature true," so let us set speculation aside and turn for a little to the actual stories. And opening the book at the beginning, we encounter a strange little "Professional person." Jeanie, a typical little Yorkshire mill hand, is sometimes dominated by the spirit of Lulu, a little negress. On these occasions, of course, no visible change takes place; the body is still the body of Jeanie, the speech and actions are those of Lulu. In both characters the child possesses some insight into the affairs of those around her, but the Lulu-possessed Jeanie has the gift far more strongly developed. Stranger still, Lulu, as she informs a fashionable audience, "knows all about Jeanie, but Jeanie don't know nuffin' about Lulu." Great mental exhaustion or some sudden bodily shock such as that caused by an accident immediately brings about the change, and in the latter case, whichever be the incoming spirit, the body is absolutely free from pain. That this analgesia does not affect the mortality of the poor little body is sadly instanced in the upshot of the story.

In each of the next two tales we read of intense concentration of thought upon a given subject producing either a vision or an actual apparition which becomes the means of righting a wrong. If there are any who think that both these wrongs might not inconceivably have been righted without any spiritual assistance they should be conscious of no such drawbacks to complete enjoyment in reading "The Haunting of White Gates," by G. M. Robins (Mrs. Baillie Reynolds). Into the details of this weird haunting we need not enter here. Suffice it to say that the ghost is thoroughly well exploited, and that the tale very successfully combines the "breathlessness" of the old-fashioned with the careful darning of the new-fashioned ghost-story. We turn back, for a moment, to the middle of the book to notice the fateful "History of Malcolm Mackenzie" (by Miss Olive Birrell). Here the problem of the usefulness or futility of foreknowledge is made the basis of a tale which is vigorously, and in spite of its inherent sadness, humorously written. Witness Miss Grizel Dykes, that very ancient woman who by reason of her ancientness "could do nothing except tear up

\* By A. Goodrich Freer. (Hurst & Blackett.)

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