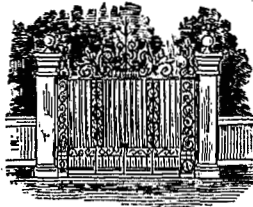


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



From time to time we have received letters appreciating the little "Social Problems" which, woven into a tiny story, have drawn attention to the sorrows of women and children in this column. The same method of drawing attention to the chief events of the month, using them as the central incident of a series of short stories, has commended itself to that man of genius Mr. W. T. Stead, and in the *Review of Reviews*—which, by the bye, appears this month in a new cover—he has handled the burning questions in India, South Africa, and the Never Never Country in his own masterly style. We have no doubt that this new departure will rush up the circulation of the *Review* to untold thousands; it satisfies both the intelligence and the imagination.

Chapter II.—"The Star and the Stain at Delhi"—gives some personal impressions of a man (Sir George Gordon) in the crowd who is watching the great Durbar Procession; he enters into conversation with one "Sister Rose," with whom he has previously been on duty in a cholera camp. Their conversation touches graphically on the political situation. They drift apart, but again when "he was turning to go, with a glow of delight, he saw Sister Rose standing some little distance from him. She seemed, however, to have undergone some subtle transformation. Her face was hard with scorn, his eyes flashed fire."

"Seeing she did not seem to see him, he ventured to touch her arm. She turned as if she had been stung. Then, recognising Sir George, she apologised. She had nearly fainted, and he was glad to lead her out of the press to a quiet nook in the camp.

"She soon recovered her self-possession. 'Forgive me,' she said; 'but some things upset me. When I listened to all the swelling words, a scene came back to me which for the time obliterated all else. I was at Sialkut when the 9th Lancers arrived at their quarters. I had always loved them, ever since I first heard how after the Mutiny they voted that their native water bhisti was best entitled to wear the Victoria Cross awarded to the regiment. But these Lancers are of another sort. They all got drunk that day, and at night, because the native cook would not furnish them with women—Indian women—for their sport, they kicked him to death just outside the barracks. 'Women—bring us women!' they cried, and because he would not, or could not, procure them they kicked him so that, when morning came, we found him soaked with blood and nearly dead. His ribs were broken, his eyes were injured, the poor wretch was battered and bruised from head to foot. We nursed him for a week, but on the eighth day he died—murdered for failing to furnish women for the 9th Lancers!"

"'Yes, yes!' said Sir George somewhat impatiently. 'That is an old story; but you should remember how it was punished.'

"'Punished!' said Sister Rose—'punished not at all! Have you already forgotten that not so very long ago the purveying of girls for your garrisons was one of the regular duties of the authorities? The task being now left to private enterprise, the zeal of the purveyor needs

to be stimulated by menaces of murder, occasionally fulfilled. Don't interrupt,' she said, seeing Sir George making ready to protest. 'You know the fact as well as I. No real effort was made to detect the murderers. The 'honour of the regiment' 'must have women.' You know the sort of thing—'what does a damned nigger matter anyhow?' So they killed another some months back—and why not? And this is your glorious British Empire! Good God!"

"'Hush!' said Sir George; 'you forget how splendidly Lord Curzon acted in that matter. Why, if he had not been overruled from home not a man of the 9th Lancers would have been permitted to attend the Durbar. You know what a fury rages in the Army. 'The Lancers sent to Coventry, and all for a damned nigger who would not get us women, and was killed for his insolence!' Yet he never wilted."

"As Sir George was speaking the stern, fierce expression in Sister Rose's face died away. It was succeeded by a look of infinite compassion. Instinctively she stretched out her hand.

"'Then you haven't heard? You don't know what the Duke has done?'

"Sir George was bewildered. 'The Duke,' he said. 'You mean the rumour about Whitaker Wright? No. What has he done? Has he done anything?'

"The Sister sprang to her feet. 'Look!' she cried, pointing with imperious gesture to the road down which the Royal *cortège* was beginning slowly to defile.

"At first he did not realise what he saw. But as he glanced at Sister Rose's distraught features he heard her murmur almost under her breath—

"'The Lancers, the 9th Lancers!'

"Sir George looked again, and there, promoted to the pride of place by the Royal Prince who represented the Emperor his brother, rode at the head of the Royal and Imperial escort the men of the 9th Lancers.

"For a moment he stood as a man bewildered, then he turned and said with white lips and voice full of pain, 'You are right. The Stain has dimmed the Star!'"

## A Book of the Week.

### TWELVE TYPES.\*

Let us turn aside for this one week from our usual course of novel-reading, not only to notice this remarkable—more than remarkable—book of essays, but to do homage to a new star—to hail what sounds as though it might be the voice of the new prophet of the new century.

It would be practically true to say that, six months ago, nobody except the inner circle of literary and newspaper men and women had ever heard of G. K. Chesterton, and to-day, wherever you go, the first question you hear is: "Have you read 'Twelve Types'?"

This little volume of two hundred "light" pages contains in every page as much original thought as we got in the last twenty years of the nineteenth century. Here there has arisen a man who is, without doubt, strong enough to think for himself. It does not matter a straw to him how the Cosmos has revealed itself to others; he sees it wholly and solely for himself and in his own way. He takes a collection, which seems haphazard, of women and of men as various as Charles II., Francis of Assisi, Charlotte Brontë, William Morris, and, looking into their minds and hearts as though he looked into a clear well, he

\* By G. K. Chesterton. A. L. Humphreys.

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