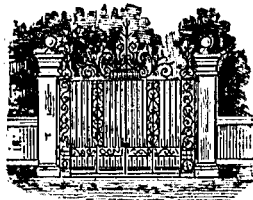


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Lady Henry Somerset recently gave a sympathetic Toynbee Hall audience a brief account of the work at the Industrial Farm Colony at Duxhurst, Reigate, of which she is at once hon. secretary and moving spirit. The colony was inaugurated on the lines of the epileptic colonies in Germany nearly ten years ago, when only the penal method of dealing with inebriate women existed in this country. The principle acted upon was that drunkenness should be treated as a disease; the aim, therefore, of the pioneers was to make Duxhurst "a physical and moral hospital."

The reformers built a village of cottages, allotting to each cottage one little group of residents, with a nurse-sister; and they set the patients to work upon farming and gardening, on the theory that an occupation that was entirely new to them was best calculated to assist in the diversion of their lives into better channels. By-and-by they established a Children's Cottage, which they called the bird's nest. The class of women received is best described in Lady Henry Somerset's phrase, "Every conceivable wreck of life."

And the result, upon the strength of which Lady Henry boldly claimed that the incurability of drunkenness in women was a fallacy, is that during the nine years of the colony's working 60 per cent. of the women who have been sent back to their homes after a term of treatment remain sober and respectable. The best tribute to the success of the work is the fact that the Government have now established several homes on identical lines with those of Duxhurst.

The London District Committee of the Institute of Journalists made an agreeable innovation on Saturday last by holding a *conversazione* as an adjunct of the annual meeting of the district. It was given at the Institute Hall, Tudor Street, and was very largely attended, especially by ladies, to whom the chief attraction was a paper by Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes on "Women Journalists—and Others." Mr. Hughes said he had gained most of his experience of lady journalists as editor of a paper, which, like most good things, died young. To him went lady journalists of several species. There was the determined type, suggestive of the British Grenadier—prepared to go anywhere and do anything. The lady of that class could not be said to be "fair as the moon"; rather was she "terrible as an army with banners." Then there was the lady of prepossessing appearance, whose methods were very subtle. Having accepted her compliments concerning his genius, the editor could do no less than accept her "copy." There was the American girl, who carried all before her. Mr. Hughes said he made a feeble resistance, but she crushed him with a reply which would live with him through the ages: "Come off your perch, birdie; you can't sing at all." Ever since that day he had understood how it was with dukes and earls.

There might be a difference between the lady journalists of that time and those of the present day. There was certainly a difference in the class of work they produced. They now wrote on the binomial theorem and the differential calculus, and he had been told that some of the most remarkable figures quoted in the fiscal controversy had come from women. It was all part of a great movement by which man would be superseded by the other sex. It was not, therefore, altogether surprising to find them making such headway in journalism. The Press Gallery of the House of Commons was the last fastness to be captured, but some day, perhaps, lady journalists would find their way to Westminster, and the world would be told that "the Prime Minister looked charming in a confection of grey."

In the interesting discussion which followed, Mrs. Ballin urged that there should be no sex in journalism. Miss O'Conor Eccles let it be known that women were not in journalism for their health; they were in it for the same reason that men were in it—to make a living. Mr. J. Nicol Dunn (President of the Institute) said that women were doing excellent work in journalism, and there was still room for both sexes.

Mrs. Atherton's novel, "The Rulers of Kings," which will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan, is an audacious experiment. She has written an historical romance, blending imaginary personages with real; but the kings of her romance are the living Emperors of Germany and Austria, and she has done her best to give a vivid portraiture of both in imaginary circumstances. To contrive her plot, she invents for heroine a daughter of the Austrian Emperor, young and beautiful; while her hero is an idealised American, born to countless millions, with brains and ambitions to use them. The action centres about the ever-present Hungarian crisis.

John Oliver Hobbes's new novel, which has to do with life in a small provincial town, will be published towards the end of the month by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

Corley Hall Farm, in North Warwickshire, famous as Mrs. Poyser's dairy, has just changed hands at Birmingham. The sum of £9,200 was paid for the house, with three cottages and 228 acres of land. Corley Hall Farm is in rather an isolated part of the country, but only a few miles from any of George Eliot's early homes.

The Vote on Women's Franchise.

The thanks of British women are due to Sir Charles M'Laren for his motion in the House of Commons on Wednesday night (seconded by Colonel Denny): "That the disabilities of women in respect of the Parliamentary Franchise ought to be removed by legislation."

The report of the debate reaches us just as we go to press, and we shall therefore refer to it at greater length in our next issue. The result of the division was eminently satisfactory, 182 voting for the resolution, and 68 against it, thus giving a majority of 114. Nevertheless, the ribald jokes made at the expense of women by men who presumably consider themselves serious legislators were as unseemly as they were unworthy of the honour of the House.

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