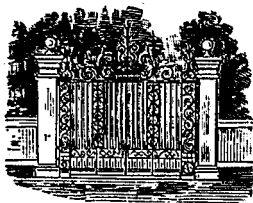


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



There was a very pleasant and crowded meeting of the Society of Women Journalists at the Society of Arts, 18, John Street, Adelphi, on Friday last, presided over by Lady Troubridge, when Mr. Alexander Kenealy, Editor of the *Daily Mirror*, gave a fascinating address on illustrated journalism. Some of us may think that the worries of an ordinary editor cannot be excelled, but they are dwarfed by those which beset the editor of a daily illustrated halfpenny paper. Paragraphs cannot be cut down at the last moment to make room for late news, and in making a block from a negative six different perils are encountered. If, however, all these are surmounted, it is possible to make a block and print from it, in 1 hour and 40 minutes after the negative has been received—smart journalism indeed. We were glad to hear Mr. Kenealy speak warmly of the important share of women in modern journalism, which he asserts cannot be successful without their aid. As the brother of several talented sisters who have made their mark in literature and journalism, he is in a position to gauge the value of women's work in these directions. At the close of his witty and instructive address, Mr. Kenealy showed some excellent lantern slides, illustrating the type of picture popular with the public, and others from pictures telegraphed by a process, which, when perfected, will add enormously to the possibilities of illustrated journalism.

The lecturer was cordially thanked for his address by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, and amongst the members and their friends present we noticed Dr. Arabella and Miss Henrietta Kenealy, Miss O'Connor Eccles, Mrs. Greenwood, Mrs. Rentoul Esler, the Hon. Secretary Mrs. Timbrell Bulstrode, and several Nurse Journalists.

One of the saddest things in the world for women is to part with little old articles of value, which have been the treasures of their home life, and which they may have inherited from those dear to them in the past, and especially sad is it to be compelled to sell them for less than they are worth.

Some years ago a few ladies formed a Committee, and have annually held a Sale in London of bric-à-brac of all kinds received for disposal from ladies in reduced circumstances, who desire to realise the just value of old family possessions. Collectors and the kindly rich have patronised these sales with the result that several thousand pounds have been paid to those in great need of money, and so popular has the Sale become that it is proposed to hold it again this year at the

Modern Gallery, 61, New Bond Street, W., from the 6th to 15th of May next. Georgina, Countess of Guilford, the Lady Muriel North, the Hon. Mrs. Harry Lawson, Lady Prinsep, and many others, who are on the Committee, are greatly interested in the *raison d'être* of the Sale. Will our readers kindly make this useful bit of work known amongst their friends who love bric-à-brac?

Book of the Week.

POISON ISLAND.*

To Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch we always look for a tale of stirring adventure, and *Poison Island* does not disappoint us. "Q" is a veritable master of incident. Event on event crowds into his pages without the least strain upon the reader's imagination, and we follow the fortunes of the mysterious chart of the Island of Mortallone often with breathless interest.

In the Island of Mortallone there is buried treasure—the chart is the sole key to its position. It is not a pleasant possession to hold, for disaster pursues each individual into whose hands it falls. Despite this fact it is coveted by many, and thought worthy of purchase by murder or any other villainy suggesting itself. There is very great ingenuity in the narration of the chart's adventures, and one begins early in the book to look upon its appearances with a kind of superstitious fore-knowledge of inevitable evil to come. The thing becomes imbued with a dreaded personality, and when finally it arrives in the decent and orderly household of Major Brooks, where no one wanted it, the result is, as usual, fatal. But in the said household is an exceedingly dauntless and delightful being—by name Miss Plinlimmon, whose soul overflows into absurd verse at every emotion, but who, nevertheless, is also of a practical turn of mind. She it is who suggests that the chart shall be made use of, and so carries away her hearers by her enthusiasm that they eventually make up an oddly assorted company and start in pursuit of the treasure. Needless to say, they meet with some very curious experiences, and their final adventures are fairly blood-curdling, so ingeniously handled that their impossibility quite escapes notice. The ship's crew is really inimitable. With each individual we have already become familiar with an honest liking. There are three men, two women, and a small boy, six distinct types of humanity, and all delightful: One is assured that in their hands the treasure must cease to exercise its ghastly fatality—the spell will be broken at last.

In the earlier chapters the book has quite a Dickens flavour about it. "Stimcoe's," the school to which young Harry Brooks—narrator of the story—is sent: Mrs. Stimcoe, who shelters her drunken, but scholarly, husband behind the excuse of "ill-health": Captain Branscome, sometime tutor at the school—a gentle but forcible personality: Captain Daniel Coffin, the tipsy, ignorant seaman, who is the connecting link be-

* By "Q." (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)