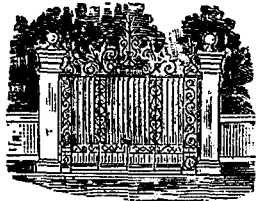


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



doubtedly sat and voted in the House of Lords.

In an address given by Professor Masterman on "The History of the House of Commons," in the Royal Gallery last Saturday afternoon, he said, in reply to a lady's question, that at one time women undoubtedly sat and voted in the House of Lords.

An interesting exhibition will open on May 11th at Prince's Skating Rink, Knightsbridge, S.W., a unique demonstration and exhibition of employments for gentlewomen. It is organised in connection with the *Girls' Realm* "Guild of Service and Good Fellowship," whose founder is the Bishop of London. Mrs. Charles Muller, under whose direction the exhibition is being organised, has met with marvellous support, and there is no doubt it will be a huge success. Daily demonstrations will be given in every kind of employment suitable for gentlewomen, such as dancing, photography, upholstering, hairdressing, gardening, spinning and weaving, dispensing, etc. The whole idea of the exhibition has entirely caught the fancy of all who have discussed it, and it will be well worth a visit.

Among the features of the charter of the new Belfast University, issued recently, are a lady (not yet named) and the president of the students' representative council as members of the Senate. Lord Shaftesbury is the Chancellor, Sir D. Currie, and Sir Robert Hart (if he accept) two of the pro-Chancellors, and Dr. Hamilton, president. Women are equally eligible with men for all positions. Archbishops Walsh and Healy, Mr. Butcher, M.P., Mr. Gwynn, M.P., and Mr. Waldron, M.P., and Miss Mary Hayden are on the Senate of the new Dublin University.

We are informed that the Nursery College at Highgate, which was opened by His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster last week, is not the first Catholic institution of the kind. During the three years the Hon. Mrs. Roger Molyneux gave her services as hon. matron to Our Lady's House for Homeless Babes in Liverpool, young Catholic girls of superior birth and education were received and trained as nursery-nurses.

A most imposing and enjoyable festival took place at Copenhagen on Sunday last, when Danish women celebrated the great event of having won Municipal Suffrage in their Municipal Town Hall. Mrs. Charlotte Norrie writes that at the elections next March trained nurses will vote. The Danish people are wonderfully progressive, and the women have lost none of the delightful charm for which they are celebrated. That proves the croakers all in the wrong, who imagine that if a woman thinks she is spoilt.

Book of the Week.

"THE METROPOLIS."*

Whether it shall profit us or not to know all the ins and outs of a phase of life in which one is never likely to participate is a moot question. It is a matter for speculation as to how much use is "the novel with a purpose." If it reaches one in a thousand of those for whom it is intended the author may think himself fortunate, if it touches one in a million he may be thankful. Is it possible for mere ink and paper to revolutionise the conditions of the world when experience, the hardest teacher of all, fails?

But it is certainly interesting to the onlooker to be thus led into the centre of things that he may have some definite notion of what actually goes on in the world side by side with his own life. It may be that circumstances in his own life enable him to "quite imagine it," or, with a far wider class, he will possibly look upon this travesty of living through the eyes of Allan Montague, with bewilderment, and a growing contempt.

In his endeavour to bring home to us the full significance of the subject he deals with, perhaps Mr. Upton Sinclair is rather too verbose. There is a tendency to sameness about the early part of the book which is practically the diary of Allan Montague, fresh from Mississippi.

Montague is a lawyer whom circumstances bring, with his mother and cousin, to New York. For some years Montague's younger brother, Oliver, has lived in the Metropolis, earning a comfortable income by some means about which Allan is not very clear. Oliver professes himself delighted to welcome his family, and volunteers to give Allan and their pretty cousin Alice an introduction into society. As a beginning he settles them in the most gorgeous apartments imaginable, and sends for the best tailor, who is ordered to supply Allan with a complete and suitable outfit. Alice meanwhile is taken in hand by one Reggie Mann, who, Oliver explains, "advises half the women in New York about their clothes," and the result resembles an elaborate and enormous trousseau. On the head of which there begins a whirl of incessant gaieties amongst a bewildering crowd of acquaintances who all call each other by their first names, and "Montague noticed that these names all ended in 'ie.'"

It is not long before he begins to wonder of what Oliver's business consists, and how he himself could be expected to practise law; but his brother evades the first inquiry and insists that he is going the right way to work for the second—clients are sure to turn up.

Through weeks of dissipation, that seems futile and silly to the simple-hearted, practical man, Allan's eyes are gradually opened to the means by which his fellows, his brother among them, live, and he is thoroughly sickened by the knowledge. It is a relief to him when a client does, in accordance with Oliver's prophecy, appear. He is a good deal staggered by the dimensions of the fee offered

*By Upton Sinclair. (Arnold.)

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