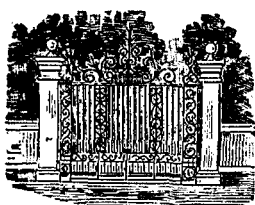


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The officers of the National Women's Social and Political Union are to be congratulated upon the success of their great procession and demonstration held in Hyde Park on Sunday. It was stupendous; moreover, it was a great big bit of business, splendidly organised by women, and proving what we know well, that women have a genius for order, detail, and endurance. Given a glorious summer's day, and a great cause to inspire one, how happy the human being who lives through it. Everywhere were to be seen the Union colours—purple, white, and green—loyalty, purity, and hope—on banners, scarfs, and badges, to say nothing of hats, caps, and parasols. Trained nurses again walked behind a special banner, upheld all the way by a matron and nurses, on which was presented a red cross on a white ground, and bearing the motto: "Faithful Doing Day by Day."

Never within our memory have such vast crowds—largely in sympathy with our cause—been gathered together in Hyde Park. 300,000 is given as the number of those present, but, as an eyewitness, we should think it nearer half a million. All went well. The bands played quick time, and the seven processions marched briskly, not one woman falling out by the way. The onlookers were in the kindest of holiday moods, and the speeches from the twenty platforms in the Park on a high and fearless level. The inevitable pale-faced, ill-grown young hooligan disported himself after his fashion, but to no appreciable extent; and, as we heard a woman remark, "Lord love yer, they don't mean no 'arm, its all along of our pore food and no room to stretch theirselves. When we women 'ave got the vote we won't breed that sort any more, not that it is altogether our fault; we does our best, but their bones is soft, and so is their brains. Don't 'eed 'em; pity 'em, is what I sy." Wisdom while you wait!

Indeed, nothing can be more educative than passing around in such a crowd. One comes into near and intimate touch with one's kind; and on Sunday, after an orderly march—in which so many fresh young women took an enthusiastic part, listening in the Park to casual remarks, and taking part in a dangerous squash near the "Tube," one came to the conclusion that the coming generation of mothers have plenty of force, and that good health, physical endurance, good temper, a pretty wit, and pluck, are no mean qualities for a sex to which to entrust the responsibility of the vote.

Sunday's demonstration (to say nothing of Pudsey) means that in quite a little while they are going to get it, and as at five o'clock a bugle

rang out from the central conning tower, and the Chairman at each platform put the following resolution: "That this meeting calls upon the Government to give the vote to women without delay," which was carried with apparently little opposition, one hoped the members of the Government who have hitherto opposed this great ethical reform, would realise that it has got to be, and the sooner the better.

The Women Suffragists of France were strongly represented in the procession, and the following message was read from one of the platforms:—
"Les feministes de France sont de cœur avec les suffragettes Anglaises. Ils leur envoient leur fraternelle sympathie et vœux ardents pour le réussite de la cause si juste qu'elles défendent avec tant de vaillance." This message was received with hearty cheering, followed by three special cheers for the entente cordiale.

Miss Margery Long, who is equal to the fourth Wrangler, was born at Dundalk, and now lives in Dublin. She was partly educated in Ireland, and afterwards went to the North London Collegiate School. She entered Girton in 1905 with a Skinners' Company entrance scholarship. During the whole three years she has read with Miss Meyer and Mr. Munro.

Book of the Week.

THE SHAME OF MOTLEY.*

"The Shame of Motley," by Rafael Sabatini, belongs to the romantic school or fiction; it is a tale of breathless adventure and hairbreadth escapes, relying for its interest upon the skill with which each exciting episode is worked out. One could expect nothing else of a story that has anything to do with a Borgia.

The hero, Lazzaro Biancomonte, known as Boccadoro, the fool of the golden mouth, has a strange story. He becomes jester to Giovanni Sforza to save himself from being hanged, but he only desires to live in order to support his mother, who is utterly dependent on him. The motive does not count with his fellows; it is thought a shameful thing that a man with patrician blood in him should prefer donning the motley to death, and he sinks so far beneath the level of his equals as to be almost forgotten. At the end of three years he has himself become almost accustomed to the degradation, and slipped into a semblance of content. But that his manhood is not dead is proved indubitably as the story goes on: the marvel is that, having so much spirit in him, he could have contained himself so long.

Of course, it is love for a woman that first awakens him. The moment he sets eyes on Paola di Santafior, she becomes the one woman in the world for him, but how shall a Fool aspire to the hand of a highborn lady? As a matter of fact, Paola is little better than a political pawn, destined to be used in a game of statecraft, very much

* By Rafael Sabatini. (Hutchinson and Co.)

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