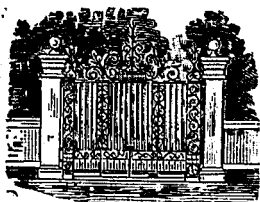


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



By a resolution passed at the International Suffrage Conference, Amsterdam, it was agreed that the annual congress should take place in London next year, as the "Suffrage Storm Centre." The arrangements are in the hands of Mrs. Fawcett, LL.D., and the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies.

As a direct outcome of the Conference it has been decided to compile a list of speakers to be known as international lecturers. These must be well-known as suffrage advocates, and be elected by their societies as strenuous and active workers and eloquent speakers.

The courageous Englishwoman who plunged into the swollen river Aar at Berne last week, and saved two babies whose perambulator had run down into the river, and who were being carried away by the stream, was loudly cheered by the crowd which quickly assembled. On learning that the babies had recovered, she drove quickly away, refusing to give her name.

The question of the admission of women to university study in Germany has been settled. Women who are subjects of the Empire will be admitted on the same footing as men, but women of other countries will require the permission of the Minister of Public Instruction for matriculation.

No speaker at the Biennial of the Federation of Women's Clubs in Boston, says the *Nurses' Journal of the Pacific Coast*, received such a royal welcome, and such signal honours, as did Julia Ward Howe, fraternal delegate from the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and a life member; also president of the New England Equal Suffrage Association. The great assemblage of five thousand club women arose and cheered her to the echo as she entered the auditorium, and again stood up as she left.

Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, in introducing Mrs. Howe, said she had meant at first to present her as Mrs. Howe, of Massachusetts; but New York, Rhode Island, and other States put in a claim to her. Then she thought she would introduce her as Mrs. Howe of the United States; but she remembered that whenever she had been abroad, in England, France, Germany, or Italy, the first woman in America about whom people asked her was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; so she had come to the conclusion that Mrs. Howe was not limited even to the United States, and must be introduced as "Mrs. Howe of the Universe." Thus was a worthy tribute to this venerable advocate of Equal Suffrage given by Mrs. Decker, herself an elector of Colorado.

Book of the Week.

THE HONOUR OF "X."*

"The Honour of 'X,'" by Graham Hope, is an ideal book for refreshing holiday reading. At first glance it contains all that one most desires in a story—a group of quite possible characters: an interesting plot with an element of excitement running the whole way through, and a really charming finale. What more could one want? There is, as a matter of fact, a great deal more. But first to take the story:

"The information which you forwarded has led to the arrest of a dozen persons, some of them women."

"So ran the opening sentence of a letter which had been just delivered to Algernon Clifford, M.P., the recently appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs."

Immediately we guess where we are—the "dozen persons" arrested were Nihilists, the plot an attempt on the life of the Czar, for the letter goes on to state that a certain unknown quantity, by name "X," furnished the information that was acted upon, and that he was suspected of being a member of the "Inner Circle," which was said to be plotting to that end.

Clifford's mind was busy with the letter, though he imagined himself to be superior to any excitement on the subject, when the door opened and "Prince Rurikoff" was announced. In the space of a few seconds we again know where we are—so did Clifford: first a light suspicion, then a certainty, flashed into his mind—this man, whose opinion in the matter he questioned quite lightly, was no other than "X" himself. Clifford's interest was aroused to the point of irritation: what was the man's game? Exiled from his country by order of the Czar long years ago, what was his object in becoming a voluntary spy in the interests of the man who had been so harsh with him for what was after all but a boyish escapade?

The scene is shifted from London to a remote Welsh village where Basil Gregory, artist, arrived and made his way into the heart of the Vicar's family by his kindness to the good man's deaf and dumb son. But a more serious issue of his playing the rôle of itinerant artist was the fact that he fell in love with the charming Nest Llewellyn, and she with him. That it was an unfortunate circumstance can be gauged from the fact that Gregory was Rurikoff in disguise, and Rurikoff "X" and the "Inner Circle," to which "X" belonged, ruled that no member should marry, the penalty for infringement of the regulation being death. That sums the plot up in a nut-shell, but for the skilful working of it the book must be read and it will thoroughly repay perusal.

So much for the story: now for the point in which the author has excelled: Many people have the gift for stringing together quite readable novels, some in a more powerful vein than "The Honour of 'X,'" but what Miss Hope has done so marvellously is the portrayal of her Russian

* By Graham Hope. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

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