

OUTSIDE THE GATES.**WOMEN.**

Deeply thankful indeed are many Churchwomen for the Christian courage of the Bishops of Kensington, Oxford, Lincoln, and Winchester, in coming out and publicly condemning the present intimidation of women who claim political rights. It were best to draw a veil over the attitude of Churchmen in high places, on the greatest social revolution of our time, the demand of the live soul of women for freedom of conscience, and power withal to keep their bodies clean. This is the undying instinct which inspires the whole Woman question, and any man who fails either to realise its significance, or to sympathise with it, is surely unfit for the "cure of women's souls."

Queen Alexandra opened on Saturday last the Mary Curzon Hostel for Women, in King's Cross Road, W.C., in memory of the late Lady Curzon of Kedleston. The Duchess of Marlborough said the hostel was the first of what it was hoped would be a long line of such institutions, which are indeed greatly needed, as Lord Curzon said, "as a haven at night, and a home of rest by day." The building gives accommodation to 55 women of the respectable poor class. There are 49 cubicles for single women, and six larger rooms for women with children. The inmates pay 6d. a night, or 2s. 6d. a week. A hearty breakfast for 2d. and a good dinner for 4d. are provided, so that the institution is run on most generous lines.

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick has been unanimously re-elected Chairman of Council of the Society of Women Journalists, and Mrs. Thomson-Price vice-chair. Greatly to the satisfaction of the members, Mrs. Ethel Vaughan Sawyer, one of our most eminent young lady doctors, has accepted the position of honorary surgeon to the Society. Mrs. Timbrell-Bulstrode, home from her travels in China, has received a warm welcome from her colleagues upon re-election on the Council.

The Mary Kingsley medal of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine has been presented to Mr. F. V. Theobald, M.A., Cambridge, F.E.S. He has rendered great services in the development of tropical medicine and sanitation, and his work on mosquitoes in five volumes is considered a masterpiece by experts.

Women will learn with interest of the official circular which the French Minister of the Interior has just addressed to prefects. The latter are notified that they might make greater use of their power to choose women to represent them on public charitable committees. The Minister says it is incontestable that women who are members of charity-distributing committees would be better qualified than men to see that the new laws regarding aid to large families, especially in the case of child-birth, are carried out properly.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.**"ONE WOMAN'S LIFE."***

Milly Ridge, at the age of sixteen, had divined already the coming degradation of the west side of Chicago. She had hoped overwhelmingly of Chicago. Always all her life they had had to move on, to make a new circle of temporary acquaintances, to learn the ropes of new streets and shops and schools over again. Always it was 'business' that did the mischief, the failure of 'business' here, and the hope of better 'business' somewhere else. Milly's mother had gradually succumbed under the perpetual tearing up of her thin roots and finally faded away altogether. "It's perfectly horrid—a nasty cheap, ugly little box, and way out here on the west side."

Years after she remembered the fierce emotions of that dreary April day, when she had first beheld the little block house on West Lawrence Avenue, recalling vividly her rage of rebellion against her father and her fate, the hot disgust that she should be forced to endure such mean surroundings. But how did Milly Ridge, at sixteen, perceive all this? What gave her the sense of social distinctions? To read this mystery will be to understand Milly Ridge—and something of America as well. When Milly became engaged it was with the determination to "make good." The young financier was small of stature, but Milly noted with satisfaction that plus a silk hat he overtopped her gaze. It appeared that Mr. Parker had positive views only on financial matters. For all the rest he began with a cautious "Well now, I don't know." However, Milly wisely reflected, one didn't marry for the sake of exciting conversation. These minor drawbacks could have been overlooked, but Clarence, in spite of his wealth, was inclined to be careful with his money. And so the crash came, and though Milly did not actually throw his ugly valuable ring at him, it amounted to the same thing, and after when shedding tears of mortification and disappointment, she reasoned herself into a glow of self-appreciation.

"I tried," she said in her heart, "but I couldn't, it wasn't the real right thing."

Of course she had known it all along, but she treated it as a new discovery. Milly felt that she was right. No, she could not do that, she had been true to herself, true to her feelings, woman's first duty a little late to be sure."

She married instead a struggling artist. Milly achieves a great dream when they go to live in Paris. Having no money to speak of, it was of course not worth while to save any. Milly had heard that the Latin Quarter was dirty and "not nice." None of her Chicago friends ever stayed there. So they lived instead in the Etoile quarter, in a very respectable hotel pension. Marion Reddon, whose husband was also an artist, and who saw the necessity of living within one's income, had rather original ideas on marriage, and

* By Robert Herrick, Mills and Boon, London.

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