

WOMEN AND WAR.

The Tipperary League is an effort made to provide "Tipperary Rooms" to afford sailors' and soldiers' wives, and ultimately the working women of the country, opportunities for meeting socially.

On Thursday, December 10th, a very pleasant "At Home" was given at the Institute of Hygiene, Devonshire Street, W., when Lady Jellicoe, wife of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, received the guests. Sir William Bennett, as President of the Institute, welcomed Lady Jellicoe, and said that association with so illustrious a name would add a memorable page to its records. The longer the War lasted the more trying did conditions at home become, and the scope for voluntary social workers became increasingly extended. This was a field open to those not capable of undertaking nursing or hospital work.

In a short speech in reply Lady Jellicoe warmly commended the objects of the Tipperary League to support. At the conclusion of her speech a very pretty ceremony was the presentation of a flower-laden ship—the Iron Duke—to Lady Jellicoe by a tiny maiden with a head running over with red-gold curls, supported by a sailor boy.

Later, in the lecture-room upstairs, Dr. Murray Leslie presided, and Mrs. Juson Kerr, founder of the League, explained its objects in an eloquent speech. We asked, she said, an abnormal life of working women, so that they got into the habit of expecting always to be at work, and felt that they were neglecting their duty if they ever left their homes. After a most interesting cinematograph display of pictures of War and other scenes, Dr. King Brown, Medical Officer of Health for Bermondsey, spoke of the real need for a social organisation such as the Tipperary League. Slum life was, he said, not only degrading to those who had to endure it, but was also the complete negation of principles of national health and economy. The bearing of children could not be understood by a mother as the crowning glory of her life if she was stifled in a fetid dwelling, and enfeebled by bad food and continual drudgery. Mrs. Cloudesley Brereton claimed that the club idea was a sound one, and had in it the elements of permanence.

WOMEN'S VOLUNTEER RESERVE.

As we go to press a meeting is being held at the Mansion House, at which the Lord Mayor will preside, in support of the Women's Volunteer Reserve, when its aims and objects will be explained by speakers, who include the Viscountess Castlereagh, Colonel-in-Chief, the Hon. Evelina Haverfield, joint Hon. Secretary, and the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, P.C. The principal object of the Corps is to organise, train, and drill suitable women to form disciplined bodies all over the country who will, in the unlikely contingency of

invasion, or any other national crisis, be ready to assist the authorities in transport, the carrying of despatches, and in any other way. It may appear at the moment unlikely that the Corps will be called upon, but when we remember how unlikely it seemed, when the Territorial Force Nursing Service was organised, that it would ever be mobilised, and know how indispensable it has now proved itself, we realise the wisdom as well as the patriotism of the Women's Emergency Corps in being prepared.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"DUKE JONES." *

Those of us who have read "A Lady of Leisure" will welcome this sequel to her career, but it will in no way hinder our enjoyment of "Duke Jones" if we are not fortunate enough to have done so.

Charles and Violet Shovell are a delightful honeymoon couple, who had run away in the most original fashion from the stately dulness of Ingestre Hall, which had been lent to them for this important occasion, by Cousin John, and had fled to the more genial atmosphere of an hotel on the Cornish coast to finish their holiday.

Charles, of course, put the responsibility of this escapade on Violet.

"She simply wants to cut a dash at table d'hôte, instead of merely astonishing the Ingestre's butler."

It was at this public function that they came across Duke Jones.

The hotel ladies frequently forgot all about him, even when he was sitting in their midst. "Harmless little beggar," was the way the men put it, "though a bit straight-laced."

He at once conceived an adoration, of perfect propriety, for Violet Shovell, which never wavered in fidelity or respect.

And all went merry as a marriage bell till Felicia appeared on the scene—a sort of cousin of Violet's.

It would take more space than we have available to describe Felicia. She had run away from home under a cloud, and by a coincidence had lighted on the hotel where the bride and bridegroom were staying.

The waywardness and fascination of this young person—to say nothing of the responsibility of controlling her—rather decided for the curtailing of the honeymoon.

Violet intended to let mother feel her obligation to Felicia. "I believe she would not let her, being an Ingestre grandchild, risk cutting her throat."

Said Charles: "Its an awfully nice plan, darling; quite worthy of you. Will it work?"

"Probably not," said Violet. "We couldn't

* By Ethel Sidgwick. Sidgwick & Jackson. London and Toronto.

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