

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick has been re-elected Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Lyceum Club, 128, Piccadilly, W. Mrs. York Trotter and Mrs. Philp have been re-elected Vice-Chair and Deputy Vice-Chair respectively. Several new members have been elected on to the Committee, which is wise, as new ideas and points of view are thus available.

No more effective plea could have been advanced in support of the project to extend the London (Royal Free Hospital) School of Medicine for Women, for which purpose the Duchess of Marlborough presided at a meeting at Sunderland House on February 18th, than the statement made by Sir Alfred Keogh, Acting Director General of the Army Medical Service, that the work of women doctors at the front was beyond all praise, and he had asked two of the staff from Paris and Boulogne to return home and take charge of a hospital of 500 or, if they pleased, 1,000 beds. Medical women are greatly to be congratulated on having used the opportunity afforded them by the French Government so brilliantly that they have impressed upon our own War Office the expediency of securing their services in a position hitherto jealously guarded as a male prerogative. Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson will have charge of the hospital.

The Women's Total Abstinence League, 4, Ludgate Hill, E.C., referring to the suggestion made by Lord Kitchener that Committees should be formed with the object of spreading information as to alcoholic drink, states that it has an organisation well qualified to do this work, and a staff of organisers ready to conduct missions, and give lectures in any part of the country. Through its Nurses' and Deaconesses Leagues it is in touch with women whose influence is great. Clubs for women have been arranged, refreshment and recreation have been provided for soldiers and efforts to obtain the earlier closing of public houses have been successfully made.

The women of Holland have undertaken to organise an International Women's Congress, to be held, probably at the Hague, in the latter half of April, as it is felt that women should face the responsibility of making some constructive contribution towards the solution of the problems arising out of the present War, and the peace settlement which is to follow. An informal Conference was held in Amsterdam last week, and some of its members are convening a public meeting to be held at the Caxton Hall on Friday, February 26th, at 7 p.m., at which all women interested in the subject are invited to be present.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"SINISTER STREET."*

(The Second Volume.)

In order to understand rightly the inwardness of this second volume of Mr. Mackenzie's remarkable story it is necessary to have read the first. Our readers will remember that it gained notoriety. We would emphatically state that this is not a book for the young person, but at the same time it should be read with interest and even profit by those of mature mind. Of its fascination there can be no two opinions.

Part One is wholly delightful; it deals with Michael Fane's undergraduate life at Oxford, written—without a shadow of doubt—by one who knows that life intimately from within. We can imagine that old Oxonians will read this portion of the book with many a sigh and smile, and many a regret for the old careless irresponsible days of undergraduate life.

Michael and Alan go up for their first term together, though not to the same college.

Michael's first day, its etiquette and uncertainties are described in detail.

"Michael made up his mind to obtain his cap and gown after lunch. Lunch! How should he obtain lunch? When and where should he obtain lunch? Obviously, there must be some precise manner of obtaining lunch, some ritual consecrated by generations of St. Mary's men."

Presently the scout comes to the rescue. "Will you take commons, sir?"

Michael looked perplexed.

"Commons is bread and cheese; most of my gentlemen take commons."

Next he visits Alan.

"Hullo!" he cried. "I say, why do they stick Mr. in front of your name over the door. At St. Mary's we drop the Mr. Look here, I want you to come out with me at once to get some picture wire and a gown, and a picture of Mona Lisa."

"Mona how much?" said Alan.

"La Gioconda, you ass."

It is impossible in this short notice to even touch on Michael's university career, abounding as it does in brilliant sallies, intellectual difficulties and the underlying deeper wistfulness, which is at times so exquisitely expressed.

The last evening of the last term conveys its subtle sadness to the reader.

"At a few minutes to midnight, 'Auld Lang Syne' ought not to be difficult. It had been sung nearly as often as the comic song, but it was shouted more fervently somehow, less in tune somehow, and the silence at its close was very acute."

The second portion of the book deals with the underworld. The lives of that sad company are boldly discussed.

* By Compton Mackenzie. London: Martin Secker.

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