

the year that to me has been one of sorrow and sickness, and had grown to nobler stature because of them." The afternoon session presided over by Mrs. Eva Maclaren was almost entirely occupied with a discussion on a resolution sent by 282 branches, asking Lady Henry Somerset to allow herself to be renominated for the presidency. The utmost freedom was allowed to those present to say all they wanted to say, and when the question was put to the meeting an overwhelming majority voted in favour of her renomination, and a telegram (without one dissenting voice) was sent to Lady Henry expressing "our love and loyalty"—a happy termination to a painful episode.

Amongst the most encouraging reports submitted to the Association was that by Lady Henry Somerset upon her Duxhurst Colony. The official of the Home Office, who last week visited the Colony, said, that the Government would take Duxhurst as a model for any State inebriate retreat that might be the outcome of the Bill now under consideration. Lady Henry also stated that that the State had further agreed to keep the two cottages in course of erection supplied with State patients. It is noteworthy that the humane and rational treatment of inebriates, as initiated at Duxhurst, has been planned and organised, and been carried out by the "British Women." We are not aware that so far the State has ever discussed, or medical science suggested, a like reform. It has been effected by the efforts of a woman possessed of sympathy, genius, and the wealth to carry out their scheme. And that such women are denied a voice in the Government of their country is not only unjust but false economy. How many more women are there with brains to conceive, and energy to carry out, schemes which would be for national benefit, whose ideas and work are lost to the nation owing to our present unjust laws?

The Council of the Association at its final sitting passed a resolution expressing determined hostility to every form of official regulation of immorality, satisfaction that the Government was considering the question of prison reform, satisfaction at the good work done by magistrates in asking publicans not to supply liquor to children under thirteen. The Council also requested the Home Secretary not to grant a license to the Institute of Preventive Medicine, and other kindred topics were dealt with.

A great number of American women of fashion resolved the other day to taboo French garments, and the New York modistes at a big meeting agreed not to import French modes for the next two years. This is the outcome of French sympathy for Spain. It is to be regretted, as *chiffons* suit ethereal American beauty.

The Technical Education Board of the London County Council announce that they have decided to offer annually thirty-two scholarships in cookery, giving free instruction for a period of twenty-one weeks at the National Training School of Cookery, in Buckingham Palace Road. Sixteen of these scholarships are open to girls, not less than fifteen years age, who have attended regularly at cookery classes in Evening Continuation Schools. The remaining sixteen scholarships are open to scholars at the Board's Domestic Economy Schools, eight being offered each half-year at the conclusion of the five months' course.

A Book of the Week.

"A BACHELOR GIRL IN LONDON."*

This is a delightful book; thoughtful, fresh, of excellent tone, yet free from any suspicion of cant or a desire to preach. The aim of the author has apparently been to show the inherent disabilities of the average well brought-up English girl, when plunged into the atmosphere of business and bachelor independence. Judith Danville is by no means a fool. She is a girl of more than average capacity, of considerable grit, of keen appreciation, and with powers of perseverance and fortitude. Yet her utter inexperience, her want of knowledge of character and of the world, and above all the imperative need of her eager young soul for companionship and sympathy, lead her into very crooked paths; indeed.

The author of the story knows her London most thoroughly; also the buses. Her descriptions of the drivers, the conductors, the racing of the rival companies, the chaff of the men, the emulation and the humours of the road, are simply excellent, and, for studies of things as they are, can hardly be overpraised.

The descriptions of the little literary clique of the Bachelor's Club and of Cynthias Enfield, are also very well done. She has caught the tone of a certain small minority in the literature of the day, and lets us see all its ridiculousness, and also feel its charm.

"It is not the inherent right or wrong of the situation," some one else said in the pause that followed. "It is the way it is presented. A lapse in artistic presentment is an unpardonable crime, a lapse of morals is a venial fault."

"If you're discussing one of those sex problem books," said a girl, addressing the man who had last spoken, "You're out of it. Sex is off, I guess. We're not men and women any more, we're all one sort."

Poor Judith! Her experiences are of the most poignant kind; and the great art of the author is, that all through one is able to forgive Judith, everything she does is done so artlessly, with such good intentions, and the horrible unlooked-for results, are so indescribably awful to her.

Miss Mitton evidently holds with strenuous conviction, the great truth, that we are most of us nobler than our actions might lead others to suppose. Judith, at the end of the book is not the only one to need forgiveness; but we will not spoil a charming story by an outline of the end, which is rather unexpected, and most satisfactory.

The name of the author is new; we have many works from her pen. So many of our good women-novelists have been silent of late, that a new addition is eagerly to be welcomed. In this book both manner and matter are heartily to be commended. The interview between poor rash Judith and Lex Rosslyn could hardly be better.

It fairly made one shrink with the sense of the girl's danger and the pitifulness of the whole transaction. The book, too, is full of touches that show observation of the best and closest kind,—the poor people in the public parks, the policemen, the street boys, the various ingredients that go to make this London life that we love such a curious, complex thing. It is a book to put down with a sigh of regret, and a most sincere longing for more.

G. M. R.

* "A Bachelor Girl in London." By G. E. Mitton. Hutchinson & Co.

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