

at the instance of Lady Dilke, a brass plate bearing the inscription:—

Women's Trade Union League.  
In Memoriam.

EMMA PATERSON.  
Born 1848. Died 1886.

"Look to it that ye lose not those things which we have wrought."

Emma Paterson it was who founded the League. She was a notable pioneer of the industrial interests of women, and though not possessed of means was rich in practical far-sighted common sense. It is to the credit of the League that her work is now remembered.

We have received the annual report of the Bradford Women's Home and Shelter, 80, Captain Street, Bradford. There is urgent need of such shelters in all large cities for the many homeless women who are to be found in them. The Bradford shelter has the testimony of the police, that it is one of the best preventive institutions in the city. The shelter seems to be organised on wise lines. Women are received at any hour of the day, and at night must apply for admission to the police, who obtain for them a recommendation from the Night Superintendent at the Town Hall. They are all expected to pay a small sum, and to render equivalent service, either washing, scrubbing, or rug making, so that they can accept the hospitality of the shelter and the safeguards it affords, without toss of self respect.

Mrs. Frances Lee, who represents Arapahoe County in the State Legislature of Colorado, presided over the deliberations of the House one day last week by invitation of the Speaker, Mr. Smith, who took the floor to speak on an important Bill.

Mrs. Lee's embarrassment soon disappeared. She showed herself conversant with Parliamentary tactics, and proved a very good Speaker. She decided several points in dispute with judicial firmness, and once or twice had occasion to sharply call members to order.

During the debates she was variously addressed as Mr. Speaker, Mrs. Speaker, and Mme. Speaker. The most popular seemed to be Mrs. Speaker, which title will be adopted on future occasions.

Lady Curzon will succeed Lady Elgin as President of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund.

The first Brahmin widow re-marriage in Berar was celebrated just before Christmas. Mr. Gokhale, Sub-Registrar, was wedded to Laxmibai. Four hundred people, including all the principal residents, young and old, attended the ceremony, which passed off most successfully.

## El Book of the Week.

### "GYPSY FOLK TALES."\*

Anyone who has read "Aylwin,"—and I hope by this time, that everybody has—will be interested to know something more about the curious and wonderful race from which Sinfu Lovell descended. In this extraordinary collection of tales, Mr. Groome has given a very interesting picture of the calibre of the Gypsy intellect.

\* "Gypsy Folk Tales." By Francis Hindes Groome. Hurst and Blackett.

They are fairy tales—mostly of the kind that we found, as children in "Grimm's fairy-tales," but with an added wildness and a curious inconsequence, which is typical, and unlike anything else one ever read.

They are not so much immoral as totally and completely non-moral—morality, as we understand the word, does not seem to have any existence for them. Treachery to anyone who is not of their own race is also not a fault; the heroes never think of keeping faith with those who get them out of difficulties. Some of them are grotesquely horrible—as for example, that in which a son "lifts the foundations of the house," and asks his mother to slip her breast underneath—promptly letting down the weight of the house upon her, and pinning her there, while he extorts the answers to certain questions.

The totally careless and insouciant manner in which the relations of the sexes are treated, savours of Boccaccio more than any other author; there being however apparently, a kind of unwritten law, well understood by Gypsies of all nationalities—that the young man who has made a girl the mother of a child, owes her a husband's duty and allegiance, even after the lapse of years.

Mr. Groome gets no nearer to the solution of the old question as to who the Gypsies are, and whence they came. Some of the words in the Romani tongue are, he tells us, clearly Persian. He gives the old, quaint legend, that the original Gypsy was the man who made the nails for fastening the Saviour to the Cross, and so was condemned to age-long wandering, like the wandering Jew. But he also gives a variant to this legend which is new to me, and which I like better, namely, that a Gypsy woman, being present at the crucifixion, contrived to steal one of the nails, so that there were only three, for which reason the feet of the Saviour had to be fastened one over the other. For this, the Lord gave them permission to steal once in every seven years, and for this reason stealing is not reckoned a sin to the Romani people!

Apocryphal of this legend, Mr. Groome mentions a very curious and suggestive fact. The earliest known crucifix in which the number of nails is three, is of Byzantine workmanship, and dates from the end of the twelfth century. Now the main craft of all Gypsies has always been to be workers in metals, and the Byzantine Gypsies were specially skilful. It is quite likely therefore, that this crucifix is of Gypsy workmanship, and that it was so fashioned as a protest against the calumny that the nails were fashioned by their people.

There is, as the author remarks, but one really beautiful story in the collection. It is that of a young girl who lived alone and sad and shunned, and nobody loved her. But one dark night there came a mysterious lover to her door, and to him she gave herself body and soul. And when she asked his name he would not at first tell her "for," said he, "if you know my name, you must come with me." But she insisted, and then he told her—"My name is DEATH."

There is a delicacy of pathos in this sole lover of the lonely maid.

Some of the stories are really more like "So she went into the garden to get a cabbage to make an apple pie," than any intelligible order of narrative. But their very wildness is fascinating, and to read them is like taking a dip into a world in which everyone is a child once more.

G. M. R.

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