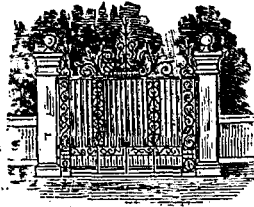


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Mrs. Booth, in her review the other night of Women's Social Work, made a rather good point in claiming that the Salvation Army is doing those who pay the rates and taxes a service of high value:—

"With us, the loafing, out-of-work woman costs about £6 a year; in the workhouse, £26. With us, the inebriate woman costs about £25 a year—and we save half of those who come to us; in the county institutions she costs at least £30, and I, with many others, am waiting with anxious concern to learn the number who will remain sober after their term of treatment has expired. With us, the criminal woman costs about £12 a year; in prison, nearly £30. I am afraid that even then the prisons do not reform very many, while we can assert that fully 65 per cent. of those who come to us do not go back to dishonest courses, or to be chargeable any more."

We note that several of the London mayors who were present eulogised very highly Mrs. Booth's work.

The starvation wages of the girls employed by the A.B.C. Company have recently received considerable attention, and the public conscience, at no time oversensitive, has been aroused by the conditions of labour imposed on these employees by a company which pays 42½ per cent. dividend. The *Morning Leader* publishes a list of clergymen who are shareholders in this company, headed by the names of Bishops and other clerical dignitaries. The clergy are notoriously bad men of business, and presumably have in many instances taken these shares on legal advice; but we hope that now they will raise their voices in protest against the scandalous conditions under which the girls are employed by this company, and that they will refuse to take dividends derived from grinding the faces of the poor.

The report on the Yeomanry Hospitals in South Africa, to be issued shortly by the Ladies' Committee, will be a lengthy affair, filling three large volumes. Edited by Countess Howe, who was chairwoman of the committee, it will give a complete record of the origin and work of the hospitals, and will be of interest to the future historian of the war, if only as showing what was done by voluntary agency during the struggle to relieve the sufferings of sick and wounded.

Miss Olga Nethersole, who was the guest recently of the Manchester Arts Club, earnestly pleaded for the establishment of a national conservatoire for acting, with a Royal charter and the power of conferring diplomas. Though the stage was vastly superior to the stage of thirty years ago, she said, mediocrity obtained everywhere, resulting from a lamentable absence of the doctrine of selection. The stage was regarded by many as the last resource of respectability. How often it happened that a woman whose name was momentarily before the public through some act of notoriety was placed upon the stage by speculators, and the public encouraged the vandalism by crowding to see the curiosity!

It is stated by the Women's Union of the Church of England Temperance Society that there are 8,900 incurable women drunkards in London, compared with 4,300 men in the same hopeless condition. This is terrible!

Miss Ada A. Hogarth, who has held the post of Female Health Visitor at Leigh, and has had similar experience in London and Lancashire, and Miss Annie Townend, have been appointed Health Visitors in connection with the Health Department of the Preston Corporation.

An English lady, Miss Ethel Bloome, has taken the degree of M.D. at Leipsic. She is the first lady doctor to graduate at Leipsic University.

A new society has been formed in Durban, called the Ladies' Hospital Society. The object is to arrange for a supply of flowers and fruit for patients in the Government Hospital, Addington.

A Book of the Week.

THE SUCCESS OF MARK WINGATE.*

Miss Silberrad's books are always interesting. There is a quality of originality about her work which prevents her from ever being dull. Few writers have more fearlessly challenged dulness than has she in the "Success of Mark Wingate."

Mark Wingate is a lower middle-class boy, interested in chemistry. He is of the type rendered immortal by Mr. Wells in his marvellous "Love and Mr. Lewisham."

But Mark is really clever in his own line; clever and determined too. When he has been through his educational course, and taken every prize that was to be had, he looks about for a market for his talent, and finds, as Huxley found before him, that such a market is practically non-existent.

However, he succeeds in obtaining a post at £1 a week—wages no bricklayer would accept—and in his spare time makes experiments, with the help of a beautiful wild girl called Judith Loring, whose father had come down in the world, having given his life to scientific problems, and, dying, left her penniless and alone. Mark avails himself of Judith's help as he might of that of a boy. He is utterly and completely without sex feeling apparently. Judith is a magnificent woman, a kind of female Vulcan, with muscles of iron, but a heart overflowing with woman's love towards the fish-like Mark.

His relations begin to make unpleasant remarks concerning the terms of the young couple's friendship, and at Mark's suggestion Judith retires from the scene and goes to London, where she obtains a post in a school, and works out problems in pure mathematics to beguile her leisure hours. It may be remarked that, though the labour market for women is notoriously more crowded than that for men, yet for the purposes of the novelist the penniless Judith at once obtains a situation which enables her to maintain herself. One wonders how she procured the clothes.

And now occurs the cleverest part of the book: the account of the life of the bachelor girl drawn from the seamy side. In "The Intrusions of Peggy" Mr.

* By Una L. Silberrad. Constable, Westminster.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)