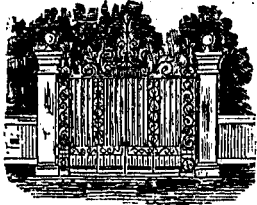


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Mrs. J. A. Crawford, of Dunsfold Ryse, Surrey, who has conceived the idea of the "Householders' League," is to be congratulated on initiating a society which has already "caught on." The League is an association of women who pay no rates or taxes of any kind whatever, whether directly or indirectly, and under this heading we may class the large majority of our sex. The members are pledged to work only for such parliamentary candidates as will give a written promise to support the Women's Parliamentary Franchise. This is a good sound basis on which to take a stand, and if the League can muster amongst its members women who can take an active part in elections of members of Parliament, and prove that it can help to carry just men to power, it will have a most useful future before it. The wobbling attitude of many so-called women suffragists on this point, placing Party before Principle, has been our undoing in the past. Before we can hope to influence our legislators we must convince them that we are true to what we consider right; to hedge is hopeless. Those interested in the work of this League should address Mrs. Crawford, at the Lyceum Club, 128, Piccadilly.

The Society of Women Journalists have made a move, and, owing to an increase of membership and general success, are now located in a delightful self-contained suite of rooms at 1, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, E.C., a most desirable situation as a *pied-à-terre* for the ladies who wield the instrument which is more effectual than the sword. The rent of the new offices is, naturally, considerably in advance of that paid for the one little room in Arundel Street, and, in consequence, the upkeep will entail a relatively-increased expenditure. Many useful gifts toward "housekeeping" have already been received from members and their friends; but the able hon. secretary, Mrs. Bulstrode, will be pleased to receive contributions towards fitting up the new chambers in a cheery and charming manner.

Do men "sponge" on women's clubs? Some club-women are inclined to think they do; and we think there is reason for their suspicions. For instance, when one sees repeatedly the same men, who are not members, lurching, dining, occupying the cosiest chairs nearest the fires, smoking strong cigars instead of innocuous cigarettes, and "spreading" themselves generally at the same club, one is inclined to think a strict rule should be made by the Committee that persons who are not members should not be permitted to accept the hospitality of the club more than once in three months. The upkeep of women's clubs is now very costly; necessarily a very large number of members must be admitted to pay the way, and the majority are quite sufficiently crowded without the addition of a large number of men, who enjoy the benefits provided without paying a penny. We commend this question to the attention of the Committees of the popular women's clubs—it is a serious one.

We have received information that those visiting Berlin would find themselves most comfortably done by at the Pension Scheele, Würzburgerstrasse 1, Berlin, W., where an English lady has enjoyed a beautiful room, good food, and bath-room, &c., all for 4s. 6d. a day. We learn that it is kept by delightful women, and that it is an "ideal pension for girls studying in Berlin, and for business women on a holiday."

The proprietors, the Fräulein Scheele, are direct descendants of the famous chemist and rationalist Scheele, whose native house is still shown in Stralsund, and whose monument stands in Stockholm.

A Physiological Fact.

I once knew an orphan girl who spent her life, time about with two aunts.

In the home of Aunt Maria she gave one the impression of being quite plain and ungraceful. When the guest of Aunt Annabel she flashed out into a wonderfully pretty girl.

"How is it, Lola?" I asked her one day after once more observing these chameleonic characteristics.

"Atmosphere," the girl replied laconically.

Aunt Maria, a smart little woman who clung tenaciously to a waist and complexion, was pouring out tea.

In comes Lola,

"Now, my dear girl," her aunt exclaims, "why will you enter the room like a Grenadier? That ugly angle of elbow you have lately assumed may be very suitable for the race course, but is quite out of place in a drawing-room. Oh! and you have on that hideous hat again. Women with beaks should never wear toques; they only become a *nez retroussé*, and with your skin, green—"

The door slams. Lola has gone.

Now Aunt Annabel was all smiles and dimples, and her eyes had a marvellous faculty for seeing beautiful things.

Once more we are at tea.

In comes Lola. Same elbows, same nose, same hat.

"Ah! there you are, my dear, looking as fresh as a rose," cries Aunt Annabel; "come and kiss your old auntie. What a charming hat! Green is certainly your become. It's a great gift to know what suits you, and how to put on your clothes."

Here aunt and niece embrace with fervour, and Lola flits serenely upstairs to remove her wraps.

"Why, she looks quite lovely to-day," I exclaim in astonishment. "It's just the queerest thing—"

Aunt Annabel laughs.

"A physiological fact, pure and simple, the result of my beauty salve," she replies. "If you want a woman to be beautiful, make her happy. Women are like flowers, the sweetest cannot bloom in a nippy atmosphere. I was a bag of bones when I married, and John, he would have it he admired a 'slyph-like form'; later those bones were no longer apparent, and that most inconsistent of men entirely changed his taste, 'comely' was then his *beau idéal* of womanly beauty. I was just delighted. Maria called it wicked flattery; it was just loving kindness, and it kept me young for years. There is plenty of beauty floating around if you only have eyes to see it."

E. G. F.

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