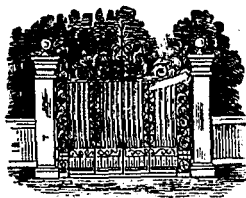


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The Society of Women Journalists, by kind permission of Mrs. Bland Sutton, were at Home to their friends at 47, Brook Street, on Tuesday evening, the guests being received by the President of the Society, Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, Mrs. Timbrell Bulstrode, the Hon. Sec., and Mrs. Bland Sutton, all beautifully dressed, and making a most gracious trio at the head of the stairs. The beautiful rooms were tremendously crowded throughout the evening and presented a most gay appearance, charming music and excellent refreshments adding to the general enjoyment. Many lovely gowns were worn, and we specially noticed Lady Ludlow, Mrs. Alec. Tweedie, always so distinguished, and Mrs. Baillie Reynolds in pale blue. The Society of Women Journalists continues to increase both in numbers and popularity since it has occupied its new delightfully, old-fashioned offices at 1, Clifford's Inn. Here busy women writers on the daily press can work undisturbed into the small hours in the very heart of the newspaper world, and by co-operation are benefited in numerous ways, not the least advantage of belonging to this professional Society being the strong sense of fellowship which it engenders.

In his new book *Ring in the New*, which is concerned with the triumph of the Labour Party at the last General Election, Mr. Richard Whiteing says:—
"Women are the characteristic figures of the unrest of the time, and any one of them placed in its most trying circumstances—say a little work girl trying to earn her bread—might typify the whole struggle for life in our age. On the other hand, they will probably be the first to find a remedy in the jumpy synthetic fashion of their sex. They may be expected to start illogically and yet to get there while the men are only thinking about it. Without them our perhaps too ponderous democracy will find it impossible to ring in the new for the regeneration of mankind."

According to male conception of women's intelligence "Princess Ena's Hats" appears to be a matter of entrancing interest, to judge by the columns devoted in the daily press to their description. It would seem that "hat mania" is a veritable phase of female degeneracy after all.

The Council of the British Women's Temperance Association recently passed a resolution in favour of the prohibition of the employment of women in drinking bars after the lapse of seven years from the date of the passing of an Act for that purpose.

Book of the Week.

THE JUNGLE.*

Now that the exhibition of Sweated Industries is touching the hearts—let us hope—of all London, it is strongly recommended that all should procure and read this awful, merciless book.

We have, most of us, had the idea, more or less persistently, that if the economic industrial conditions in England were bad, there was at least America across the sea. America, land of the free, where the kitchenmaid sat down to table with her master, the negro helped to make the laws, the meanest and the poorest was the equal of the President; and that Democracy in short was the panacea for injustice.

To have read Mr. Upton Sinclair's book, is like having been led through the lowest circle of an inferno so far worse than Dante's that one feels the tragic sublimity of the Lake of Pitch would be as a garden of Eden in comparison with Packing Town.

That man is corrupt through and through, that to cheat, to over-reach, to tyrannise, to grind down the weak, and outrage them and murder them, and rise to prosperity upon heaps of their rotting, writhing bodies, is the ordinary course of things with the American industrial capitalist—this is what the Jungle will tell you.

Carry his body hence,
Kings must have slaves!
Kings rise to eminence
Over men's graves!

sang Austin Dobson. But all the wrongs ever perpetrated by kings in history are as a grain of sand when weighed in the balance against the great wrong now crying to Heaven out of the home of democracy.

The tale concerns itself with the fortunes of a group of simple Lithuanian peasants, who, tired of the fight with poverty in their own land, collect the whole of the family resources and emigrate—to Packing Town.

Grimly, strongly, unsparingly, the author works out their doom—shows them to us happy, confident, struggling, losing heart, failing, agonising, still struggling, frantic, blaspheming, defying God and man—sucked under by the Maelstrom, overridden by the awful Juggernaut of money-hunger and corruption.

Corruption! One holds one's breath at the revelation. All that you have ever read of the condition of the French peasants before the Revolution is not half—no, nor one quarter—as awful as the corruption which apparently walks rampant in Packing Town, each rogue playing into the hands of his fellow rogues, and ready to crush any who dares to lift hand or voice against the monstrous system.

Jurgis, the big, strong, simple brave heart, and Ona, the loving, the pure, the helpless, how we feel for them as the remorseless system of things gradually draws them in, drains them, leaves them ruined.

Packing Town is the centre of the canned meat industry. Here are the killing beds, reeking with

* By Upton Sinclair. (Heinemann.)

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