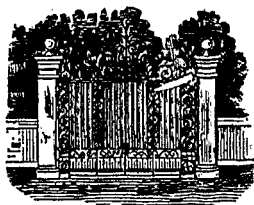


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



In accordance with the scheme announced twelve months ago, the Archbishop of Canterbury has, after full examination, granted the diploma of Student of Theology (S.Th.) to the following ladies:—

Miss G. M. Bevan, Miss M. Bremston, Miss Ellen Frere, Sister Juliet, of the Community of St. Mary the Virgin, Wantage, and Sister Lavinia, of the Community of the Holy Family.

The diplomas were formally conferred at Lambeth Palace last week. A service was held in the Palace chapel, after which the formal granting of the diplomas took place. The Bishop of Gibraltar accompanied the Archbishop on the occasion.

The Archbishop proposes to grant a licence to teach theology to such holders of the diploma being communicant members of the Church of England as make application for it and satisfy him as to their fitness.

Mr. Asquith's reply to Women Suffragists has disappointed them. It need not have done so, as it is quite consistent, if far from flattering. Rich women may be satisfied with "influence," but the worker wants bread, and bread honestly earned, not supplemented by the degradation of what can be picked up on the streets.

Miss Gore Booth and Miss Roper, the co-secretaries of the Lancashire and Cheshire Textile Women's Representation Committee, spoke sense at Woolwich on Monday.

Speaking of the wages and conditions of women, the latter remarked that the Government tailoresses at Pimlico, an expensive place, were expected to keep themselves in decency on 15s. a week, and she claimed that a large quantity of the clothes for the Army were made in the villages of England by women on a starvation wage. There were 5,000,000 women workers in England, and every day the number of women who had not means to keep themselves was on the increase. Other workers had votes, by which they could influence the conditions of their trades, and the sad lot of women workers could only be improved by the granting and proper use of the vote.

It is these 5,000,000 wage earners who contribute by their labour to the wealth and prosperity of the country who deserve votes, and whether the pussy cat women beloved of the male sex ask for it or no is of no importance whatever. So long as they are not required to earn their keep and clothes they care but little who starves and who goes naked.

Next week the Annual Conference of the National Union of Women Workers and the Meeting of the

National Council of Women opens on Monday, 22nd October, in the Opera House, Tunbridge Wells, when a great number of Papers will be read and discussions take place thereon. These meetings are always largely attended, and amongst the most interesting subjects to receive attention this year are the following:—

"Parental Control and the Development of Individuality Within the Home," by Mrs. Creighton; "The Development of the Sense of Honour," by Lady Battersea and Miss Gardner; "The Servant as Citizen," by Mrs. S. A. Barnet. The most important session, however, will be held on Thursday morning, the 25th, when Mrs. Henry Fawcett, LL.D., will open with a paper on "The Indirect and Educational Uses of Women's Suffrage," and Mr. Bruce Glasier will deal with "Why Working Women Want the Suffrage." Altogether, the meeting will, no doubt, prove as its predecessors have, a very great success.

Book of the Week.

"PRISONERS."*

A new book by Miss Cholmondeley is an event. It is an open secret that she took between three and four years to write "Prisoners," and it bears upon the face of it the marks of careful, finished workmanship.

It is, moreover, exceedingly original in theme. The idea of the story is given out upon the title page.

"But for the failing of love on our part, therefore is all our travail."

The whole book is an attempt to present this truth to the world under the convincing guise of a story—that all failure and all sin is failure of love: that where love triumphs over all, all is well.

This is a theme which has been altogether degraded for us by the ghastly misuse of the word "love" by writers and poets. Love is self-sacrifice; how have we come to use it for the most wholly selfish impulse of which mankind is capable?

Fay thinks she loves Michael; as a matter of fact she does not love him at all. She loves herself, and anything that ministers to her pleasure, her vanity, her comfort, is pleasing to her; but she does not love him. When called upon to sacrifice herself for him she is incapable of any such thing.

It may be objected that Miss Cholmondeley has chosen a somewhat theatrical setting for the first situation in the book; the situation in which Fay breaks down completely and Michael triumphs. But it may fairly be urged that it needs exceptional circumstances to bring out the unexpected strength or weakness in human character.

But the real strength of Miss Cholmondeley's book lies not in this dilemma, but in the delineation of the character of Wentworth Maine.

It is very difficult to draw the character of a prig without exaggeration. It seems to me that Miss Cholmondeley has triumphantly accomplished this. Wentworth is the blameless unmarried Squire, the

*By Mary Cholmondeley. (Hutchinson.)

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