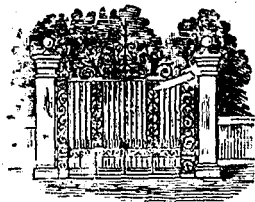


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The Annual Dinner of the Society of Women Journalists, which was held in the Empire Rooms at the Trocadero Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus, W., on Saturday, December 8th, was a very pleasant and successful function. The

guests were received by the President, Mrs. Burnett Smith (Annie S. Swan), and the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. H. T. Bulstrode. The dinner tables, each of which was presided over by a distinguished member of the Society, were lighted by candelabra with rose-coloured shades, and decorated with chrysanthemums. After the toast of the "King and Queen" had been duly honoured, the President, in a graceful speech, proposed that of "Our Guests," which was responded to by the Lord Advocate for Scotland (the Right Honourable Thomas Shaw), and the Editor of the "Daily Chronicle" (Mr. Robert Donald), "The Society of Women Journalists" was proposed by the Editor of the "British Weekly" (Dr. Robertson Nicoll), and "The President," by the Editor of the "Gentlewoman" (Mr. J. S. Wood), the toast being received with enthusiasm. It is evidence of the increasing influence of the Society that a number of editors of important papers were present as its guests, and that its membership now amounts to between 300 and 400.

The complimentary banquet at the Savoy Hotel on Tuesday to Mrs. Cobden Sanderson and her colleagues, recently released from Holloway prison, was very successful. Mrs. Fawcett, LL.D., who presided, said the guests of the evening had rendered great service to the woman's cause, their example of courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice having fanned in all suffragists a keener flame of idealism and a grander desire to serve the cause they had at heart.

Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, who was enthusiastically greeted, announced the intention of suffragists to continue their campaign inside and outside the House until their demand was granted.

We have received a letter from Mr. Walter S. B. Maclaren, Chairman of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, 25, Victoria Street, S.W., and the Secretaries, Miss Edith Palliser and Miss Frances Sterling, clearly defining the policy of the Society in regard to the basis upon which it is desirable to work for the admission of women to the franchise. Their object is to let women come in on the present basis, and they are convinced that it would be fatally bad policy to depart from that simple demand. It is on this simple issue that over four hundred members of Parliament have in the main pledged themselves; it is to this demand that the Prime Minister has given his cordial assent.

The *British Medical Journal*, in an interesting

article on the Psychology of Women's Suffrage, says: "History and modern experience alike show that some women can govern, fight, endure martyrdom, and display literary and artistic powers of the 'first order.' Recognition of the possession of these qualities cannot be denied to them even if the number of those who possess them is, partly by nature, partly by force of circumstances, not great. They may be wrong in their idea of trying to extend to a class the privileges which can only be rightly exercised by the few; but, since the same may be said of the sex which at present holds the power, it is an issue to be settled, not by arbitration, but by revolution. Since the modern 'emancipation' of women and the removal, to some extent, of the weight of disability which lay heavily upon them they have revealed their true nature, and the revelation has astonished those who were unaware of the latent force of the female mind."

The Women's Local Government Society, 17, Tothill Street, Westminster, have published an interim report on their work for the Local Authorities (Qualification of Women) Bill, concerning which since the statement of the Prime Minister on May 19th, that the Government were unanimously in its favour, an active campaign has been kept up with the object of inducing the Government to adopt the Bill.

Book of the Week.

THE FAR HORIZON.*

The great literary event of the autumn season has been the appearance of Lucas Malet's new novel. The rumour of the care and time which the author was expending upon it has made its perusal a thing eagerly sought for; and now it has come, we unhesitatingly say that it is a book with a strange power and delicate charm; but whether it is a book for the many is another question.

The hero of the story is, as far as we can judge, a completely original type.

He is one Dominic Iglesias, the son of a revolutionary. Though he has always lived in England, he is not English, either in blood or in temperament.

The urgencies of small means, and during his early manhood, a helpless mother to keep, have condemned him to an office stool. But soon after his fiftieth year, the Bank suggests that he should retire, in view of his not very good health. He draws a small pension, and has besides, enough of his own to keep him from poverty.

So, at fifty, this dreamer and idealist, this lover of beauty who all his life has been held in the iron chains of routine, in the grind and struggle of the London fight for existence, finds himself without warning a man of leisure.

The personages of the story are woven into place with much skill. There is George Lovegrove, the underbred, well-meaning little friend of his boyhood, who has always vaguely understood that the hand-

* By Lucas Malet. (Hutchinson.)

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