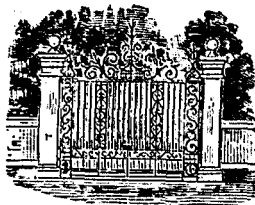


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The Bureau of the Lyceum Club (advised by the Journalists' Board and with the authority of the Executive Committee) is about to issue a News-Letter, for publication in Provincial, Colonial, and Indian papers. The

Club includes material for a unique syndicated letter, owing to its width of interest, and the range of its activities.

The Letter will be weekly, and will consist of twelve paragraphs, not to exceed 250 words, to be supplied by members of the Club. The minimum payment for a fact of which use is made, will be 3s. 6d.; but there will be a scale of higher payments dependent on the value and exclusiveness of news supplied—the rate to be determined by the Editor.

Proposed Sections of News-Letter are:

1. Royal and Social.
2. Foreign and Colonial.
3. Politics.
4. Social Service. Civic Work—Professions.
5. The Arts. Literature—Industries—Painting—Music—The Drama—Minor Arts.
6. Science. University and Educational Movements.
7. Fashions and the House. House Decorations—Household Appliances—Needlework—Cooking—Shopping.
8. Nursing and Medical.
9. Travel.
10. Sport.

The News-Letter will be edited by Miss M. F. Billington (by special permission of the *Daily Telegraph*).

The latest time for the receipt of news for the following issue of the Letter will be Saturday at noon. Paragraphs should be addressed: The Editor of the News-Letter, Lyceum Club Bureau, 128, Piccadilly, London, W.

All the silly women's papers run by, and exploited by, men, on which we imagine the *petit maitre* has much to say, have decreed that Dame Fashion will wear her waist from 15 to 17 inches this season! The average woman in these days has tasted the joys of physical freedom, and will no more "lace" than she will wear a crinoline. But there are still the shop slave and "mannikin," and these poor girls will have to ruin their digestions at the dictates of their employers, if by so doing they can bring grist to the mill. A keen eye must be kept on this form of tyranny, and sensible women should plainly show their disapproval by refusing to deal at the wasp-waist emporiums.

With the Countess of Jersey as President, and the Duchess of Sutherland as Vice-President, a special section of the Franco-British Exhibition

is being arranged to show the arts and crafts of women. The section will be arranged in one of the most handsome completely detached buildings in the Exhibition—the palace of women's work. Separate groups will be collected for Scotland and Ireland, as well as one for the Colonies, and as there will be a corresponding exhibit from France, the women of the two nations will compete in the various handicrafts in which they excel. Domestic and industrial training and social and philanthropic institutions for girls and women will also be represented.

Book of the Week.

THE ENCHANTED GARDEN.*

Mrs. Rawson has indeed provided us with a delightful book this time. Readers of it must be unanimous in their praise; there is, to begin with, nothing in it to which anyone could possibly object, much in it to admire, and a great deal to be thankful for.

"In Mid-Atlantic lay the Island, bathed in sub-tropical sun," and thither Mrs. Stepney Rawson wafts us by a touch of magic only known to the truly atmospheric writer. There she keeps us spell-bound till we, with the heroine, cry, "Enigma—you enigma!" to the Island, and become ourselves its Children.

When Joanna Hurst puts in an appearance at the Island hotel, quite alone, presumably a grass widow, and certainly too delicate for such solitude, she produces quite a pleasant little sensation amongst visitors already there who half the time are dying of dullness in search of health—for the Island is becoming a fashionable health resort.

Thither has come Joanna in search of health also, but why alone? And why should she be so exclusive, so reticent, so unwilling to make friends? These are things that Mrs. Deport Walker would like to know, and on the wings of her surmises float many strange rumours. Mrs. Hurst, meanwhile, looks about her, and to secure greater solitude takes a Spanish villa, leaves the hotel, and enters the Enchanted Garden, where she sets herself to await the coming of her one great friend—the woman to whom she writes as "Benefactress." It is in a letter to this lady that we learn the story of Joanna's self-banishment from England, and, reading between the lines, understand how she is a childless woman, tied to a worthless husband, that presently, when she is stronger, there is to be some settlement made, but at present she is penniless, shrinking from touching a penny of his money, and supported by her "benefactress." But, as she waits, without seeking them, there drift into her life other Children of the Island. Regina de Rosario, daughter of her landlord, for one, and a more perfect study of a wild, undisciplined creature of untameable impulses could not be described. The girl is unhappy. That is the link that brings the women together. Regina is in

* By Maud Stepney Rawson. (Methuen.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)