

question is asked—When are the workers going to have bright and happy homes in which to live? That is a woman's question more than a man's. In London 300,000 people live in homes of one apartment, in all the big cities and in Scottish towns dwellings are equally overcrowded. Women must lose no opportunity of pressing on Parliament and the public conscience the demoralising circumstances under which some millions of the people are housed, and the urgent need of reform. *The Woman Worker* is full of information and only costs one penny.

The Central Society for Women's Suffrage held its annual meeting at the Caxton Hall on November 6th, Lady Frances Balfour in the chair. The report was hopeful, a good bit of sturdy spade work having been accomplished in the most constitutional manner—work which requires much patience and perseverance. The name of the Society was changed from the Central to the London Society for Women's Suffrage. Miss Edith Palliser, who, for 13 years, has worked devotedly as secretary, has been succeeded by Miss Phillippa Strachey, and all present were pleased to learn that the great gifts of Miss Palliser are to be devoted to the cause of Women's Suffrage as Parliamentary Secretary to the National Union of Suffrage Societies. The Society requires financial support, and members are invited to increase their subscriptions.

In spite of the terrible fog, the Queen's Hall was crowded on Monday night at the public meeting convened by the National Women's Social and Political Union to demand the enfranchisement of women. Mrs. Pankhurst was in the chair, and received a great ovation. The speeches were spirited, logical, and humorous, admirably delivered, and inspired the audience with enthusiasm. When Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, the Treasurer, asked the meeting what it was going to do to help, the reply was instant—cheques and written promises for close on £600 were immediately rained upon the platform. That means business. What one really values one is prepared to pay for, and if she cannot do the work herself it is the duty of every woman to give what she can to make it possible for the plucky women who are in the front rank of the fight, to continue in action. The sinews of war in every struggle in these utilitarian times are *hard cash*. Don't forget it.

THE PASSING BELL.

So did the man watching beneath at midnight
Hear how the sound of Death
Over the city hung in benediction.
It blessed the calm dead, the strenuous living,
All souls of the just.
Hidden in dark rooms of the teeming city,
Spirits of love heard it, consoled in slumber,
Pax est electis Ejus.
And Peace replenished the deep wells of the soul.

Poems Old and New,

By Margaret L. Woods.

Book of the Week.

THE STOOPING LADY.*

It is possible that many will find it hard to credit the theme of Mr. Hewlett's latest work: it is a great deal to ask one to believe that a high born lady could fall desperately and seriously in love with a young butcher, blue apron and meat tray complete, however strenuous the circumstances in which she met him. And the circumstances were these: Miss Hermia Mary Chambre and her brother Richard arrived in London as orphans to take up their abode with their grandmother, Lady Morfa, and at her very gates came upon a curious scene—a young butcher, David Vernour, shaking a man as a terrier might a rat, having also sent another fellow spinning with a Herculean blow. The victims were without doubt personages of repute undergoing degrading and summary treatment. But Hermia's sympathies immediately went out to the infuriated young tradesman. She was certainly justified when a moment later she came upon a staked horse, the property of Vernour, which had been killed by the drunken folly of one of these men during his absence.

The event raised a veritable hornet's nest, and became, in due course, of immense political value to the Radicals. For daring to lay hands on a nobleman Vernour was thrown into prison, and kept there without trial for some six weeks, during which time Hermia discovered, to her shame, that the said nobleman was a near kinsman of her own, and the prime instigator in the injustice done to Vernour was her own grandmother. The hornets aroused by this knowledge were something more than political. The high-spirited girl flung aside all conventions, and eventually made a vicarious apology in her own person for her family's tyranny. In his excellent portrayal of Hermia's emotional nature Mr. Hewlett also makes marked allusion to several points which must have served as an education to the girl's particular bent before she ever left her Irish home. Her parents' marriage was a runaway match; her father, Colonel Chambre, a man of the same metal as herself, the admirer and friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—a veritable Quixote. The father's blood, together with his sentiments, moved and ruled Hermia. The picture of her physical beauty, and the simple grandeur of her temperament, the latter so wholly unsuited to life in the house of her grandmother, the great Whig lady, are convincing; which brings us to an avowal that whatever we may think of the plot there is not a character in the book, saving only the hero of it, who is not excellent in this particular. Take Lady Morfa, reserved, strong, steely in conflict, but at a supreme moment, as someone put it, "an old wolf fighting for her cubs," disgrace her as they might. Next her most unworthy son, who is, however, not entirely without something of her bigness. Then there is

* By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan & Co.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)