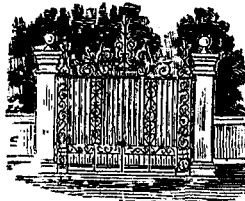


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



During the Prime Minister's recent visit to Bristol a memorial was privately presented to him, thanking him for his personal sympathy with the principle of the political enfranchisement of women, and urging him to introduce a Government measure before the end of the present Parliament. Miss Priestman, of Bristol, president of the Women's Reform Union, has received a reply from the Premier's private secretary, asking her to inform the numerous societies which signed the address that he recognises the force and temperateness with which they have stated their case, and that he is in hearty sympathy with the claims advanced.

The Act whereby the College of Surgeons has to refer numerous questions to the reactionary College of Physicians is apparently standing in the way of carrying out the admission of women to the examination and the contingent privileges of women if admitted fellows and members of the College of Surgeons. It would be a very useful rule in legislation if every Act of Parliament and Royal Charter were overhauled and brought up to date from time to time, thus adapting them to the age.

The inaugural meeting of the Dublin Branch of the Women's National Health Association of Ireland was held in the Hall of the Royal College of Physicians, Dublin, on Tuesday. The Countess of Aberdeen took the chair at 4 p.m.

Lovers of the beautiful should pay a visit to the antique room of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody in Wigmore Street, where there is to be seen a charming exhibition of old glass, needlework pictures, brocades, and other "collectors' bits." Many are already sold.

The following are extracts from Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's "Little Stories":—

"They quarrel and part," said the woman.

"That is friendship," said the man.

"We quarrel, and we do not part," said the woman.

"That is love," said the man.

And again:—

The fair woman heard a nightingale sing in a grove.

And later she repaired again to the grove and said to the nightingale, "Sing for me the sweet strain which thou sangest when we were happy."

And the nightingale obliged her.

"It is not the same," said the woman.

But it was.

## Book of the Week.

### THE BROKEN ROAD.\*

Mr. Mason has lighted upon a new and very interesting theme for his latest book. It is one that has probably occupied the minds of hundreds of thinking people, but until now it has not been prominently brought into fiction. Many are the theories respecting the mismanagement of our various colonies. There are faults to be found in every direction, justly or unjustly. After reading Mr. Mason's book one would say there could be no two opinions on the subject that he airs. He has pleaded his cause most efficiently, at the same time providing us with a very interesting story.

"It was the road which caused the trouble," nominally Linforth's road, which "snaked treacherously further and further across the rich valley of Chiltistan towards the Hindu Kush, until the people of that valley could endure it no longer." "We are better without the road, your Excellency. Will you kindly stop it?" the merchants would say, "and Linforth would proceed to demonstrate how extremely valuable to the people of Chiltistan a better road would be." So there was a great rising. The young Khan, who favoured the English, took refuge with his wife in a strong fort under British protection, but Linforth lost his life on the road, and the Government saw that operations must be suspended. At home his widow wept over the cradle of their infant son, whose life was already dedicated by his father to the continuance of the road. In the besieged fort there was born to the Khan at this time a son, and he also was dedicated to a career, despite the advice of a level-headed political officer named Luffe, who prophesied disaster. But the prophet died, and in due course Shere Ali was sent to England for his education. At Eton he met Dick Linforth; they went on to Oxford together, and together talked of the road with all the arrogant but beautiful enthusiasm of the very young. They were friends—the East and West—for the time being, standing seemingly on equal ground. Shere Ali was received in Society, made much of. He was a Prince; moreover he was handsome. There are Europeans darker than he was. In England the limits are not outwardly defined. But the mischief of it was that Shere Ali was destined for a ruler in his own native state, with his tastes cultivated upon Western lines. He was eventually recalled to India, whither he returned with every instinct opposed to his fate, and, worst of all, his heart left in England. With telling strokes Mr. Mason sketches out the unfortunate young fellow's subsequent career, diagnosing the workings of the poison. First the rudeness of the awakening to the fact that in his native land no education, however British, could equalise black with white—the line there between the races is hard and fast. One seemingly insignificant fact that he inadvertently discovered rankled deeply to begin with: No matter how brave their conduct, "we do not give the Victoria Cross to natives." It opened his eyes, and the film of flattery and friend-

\* A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)