

## Outside the Gates.

## WOMEN.

The dissolution of Parliament is imminent, but the Women's Conciliation Suffrage Bill still unpassed, and on Friday in last week a Caxton Hall meeting under the auspices of the Women's Social and Political Union sent deputation after deputation to the House of Commons to interview the Prime Minister on the subject. The first was led by Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., late Mayor of Aldeburgh, and Mrs. Hertha Ayrton, discoverer of the electric arc. The demands of these splendid pioneers received but little consideration; but it matters not, the enfranchisement of women is practically won whichever Party is returned to power.

Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., in a letter to the *Times*, emphasises the fact that the Women's Deputation to the House of Commons had a legal right to go and ask for the extension of the suffrage to female householders. "Why, then," she asks, "were the police courteous and helpful to the leaders of the deputation and brutal to those who followed them? . . . There was no raid, or anything that could be mistaken for it, and every member of the deputation was entitled to the protection of the police."

At a meeting at the Caxton Hall on Monday last Miss Christabel Pankhurst referred to the "triumph of last Friday," and spoke of the heroism of those who were taken into custody. The performance of the Home Secretary's orders entailed acts of brutality. The discharge of the prisoners was an admission that those who in the past had suffered imprisonment had been wrongfully and unjustly imprisoned, and that the women had won. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence said that on Friday the uniformed police had received instructions to throw the women back, to be dealt with by disguised officers present in the crowd. Between the police force and the police organising the mob it was a mercy when women were arrested.

Miss F. E. Dawson, Hon. Secretary of the Legal Committee of the Women's Industrial Council, and Miss Wyatt Papworth, Secretary and Treasurer, have addressed a letter to the President of the Local Government Board on the subject of the Public Health (Health Visitors') Bill, in which they state that it is not quite clear to the Committee what reason exists for introducing the Bill, inasmuch as the particular work of instructing mothers in the care and nurture of infants is already undertaken by women officers in many parts of the country who are appointed as Assistant Inspectors of Nuisances. They also protest against the clause of this Bill which gives power to the local authority, on the advice of the Medical Officer of Health, to determine the qualifications of the woman whom they propose to appoint to this important work. The Women's Industrial Council feels strongly that the women appointed should have a high standard of training, and be raised beyond possibility of doubt, above the ignorance against which they have to contend.

## Book of the Week.

## NONE OTHER GODS.\*

The dedication of this book takes the form of a letter, in which the mind of the author towards the chief character is disclosed, and gives some clue to his defence of the most extraordinary caprice of a young Cambridge graduate.

He says: "The people who are kind enough to read his life—or rather the six months of it with which this book deals—must form their own opinion of him. Probably a good many will think him a fool. I daresay he was; but I think I like that kind of folly. Other people may think him simply obstinate and tiresome. Well, I like obstinacy of that sort, and I do not find him tiresome."

The brief outline of the tale may be told as follows: Frank Guisely, young, well-born, rich, is at the close of his University career disowned by his father on account of the change in his religious beliefs. Without hesitation or anger he leaves Cambridge within twenty-four hours, and, despite the entreaties of his friend, Jack Kirkby, prepares to tramp the country with only the clothes in which he stands upright. "But . . . but its perfectly mad. Why on earth don't you get a proper situation somewhere—land agent or something?"

"My dear man," said Frank, "if you will have it, it's because I want to do exactly what I am going to do. No; I'm being perfectly serious. I've thought for ages that we're all wrong somehow; we're all so beastly artificial . . . And I'm really going to do it. I'm not going to be an amateur, like slumming. I'm going to find out things for myself."

"But on the roads," expostulated Jack.

"Exactly. That's the very point. Back to the land."

"And Jenny Lawnton," he said. "I suppose you've thought about her . . . Is it quite fair?"

"'Good Lord!' shouted Frank, suddenly aroused. 'Fair! What the devil does it matter? I do bar that rotten conventionalism. We're all rotten, rotten I tell you; and I'm going to start fresh. So's Jenny.'

Early in this quixotic enterprise, he joins forces with the Major and Gertie Truscott.

"They were standing with the sunset light behind them as a glory—two disreputable figures, such as one sees in countless thousands all along the high roads of England in the summer. The Major had an old cricketing cap on his head; trousers tied up with string, like Frank's . . . He was not prepossessing, but Frank saw with his newly gained experience that he was different from other tramps. He glanced at the girl and saw she, too, was not quite of the regular type, though less peculiar than her companion . . . He knew also by instinct, practically for certain, that these two were neither husband and wife, nor father and daughter. The type was obvious."

Degrading and sordid as were the experiences

\* By Robert Hugh Benson. (Hutchinson and Co., London.)

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