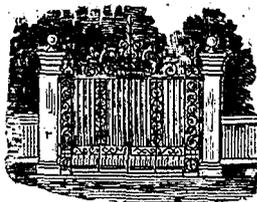


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Mrs. Greenwood and Mrs. Bulstrode were the hostesses at the members' tea on Tuesday in charming old Clifford's Inn, when Mrs. St. Hill, President of the Chirological Society, gave a talk to the Society of Women Journalists on the "Psychology of the Hand," more especially in relation to the writer's hand. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick presided, and the room was crowded with a deeply interested audience.

Before the close of the meeting the presentation of an address and beautiful opal pendant and gold chain was made to Miss Mary Fraser, the late Hon. Secretary—subscribed by her fellow members. In clasping the gift round her neck the President remarked that it was given with sincere affection and as a token of warm appreciation for the manner in which Miss Fraser had worked for the Society and the help she had always given to the members who came to consult her about their work. Miss Fraser spoke feelingly, in expressing thanks, of the benefit which her association with the Society of Women Journalists had always been to her, of the invariable sympathy of her colleagues, and how deeply she appreciated their friendship and generosity. Altogether the gathering was a very happy little interlude to hard work.

Mrs. Hylton Dale, of 60, Onslow Gardens, S.W., has arranged an At Home for December 12th for the National Association of Women's Lodging Homes, Rowton Houses, at which the speaker will be Mr. Mackereth.

No one who read a paper by Mrs. Hylton in a recent issue of *The Common Cause*, now reprinted in leaflet form, reviewing a book entitled "Where Shall She Live," can fail to appreciate the primary importance of this question to the woman worker.

The book, which is written by the joint secretaries of the above Association—Mrs. Higgs, of Oldham, and Mr. E. E. Hayward—"throws a positively lurid light on certain phases of social life affecting a large number of women workers, who, being without homes and with no friends, are kicked about like footballs, the sport of a cruel social system." Mrs. Hylton Dale pleads for the establishment of municipal lodging-houses for women on the lines of those maintained by the Corporations of Manchester and Glasgow, and said, "We do not think of herding the sexes together in the tramp ward; yet throughout the country conditions are allowed to common lodging-houses (or 'doss-houses') which denote a state of barbarism." In London there is at present not a single municipal women's lodging-house, and the police actually lock girls up in prison sometimes as the only safe place.

Sir Victor Horsley, always a thorough-going Suffragist, says in his address to the electors of

the University of London, which, according to precedent, takes the form of a letter to Sir Thomas Barlow, Chairman of the Committee promoting his candidature for representation of the University in Parliament, "The question of the political enfranchisement of women, which affects so directly the interests of many graduates of the University, is one which is before the electorate. . . . I shall strenuously support any measure which will help to bring about this much needed social reform."

One more State has been added in the United States of America to those in which the women have obtained their political enfranchisement. We heartily congratulate the women of Washington on obtaining their political freedom.

Book of the Week.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.*

"Ah!" said the Tinker, "I never read a novel with a tinker in it, as I remember; they're generally dooks, or earls, or barro-netes—nobody wants to read about a tinker."

"That all depends," said I. "A tinker may be much more interesting than an earl, or even a duke."

The Tinker examined the piece of bacon upon his knife-point with a cold and disparaging eye.

"I've read a good many novels in my time," said he, shaking his head (here he bolted the morsel of bacon with much apparent relish). "I've made love to duchesses, run off with heiresses, and fought dooks—ah! by the hundred—all between the covers of some book or other, and enjoyed it uncommonly well—especially the dooks. . . . 'Young fellow,' said he, 'no man can write a good novel unless he knows summat about love, it aren't to be expected.'"

And no doubt the majority of novel readers agree with him. The author recognising his theory as sound, tells his public that in the book that lies before them though they shall read, if they choose, of country things and ways and people, something also of blood and of love. So skilfully are these desirable ingredients manipulated that they produce a volume of rare charm and distinction.

The broad highway calls to Peter Vibart in his fallen fortunes, and he decides to go on a walking tour, and when his money is all gone to turn his hand to some useful employment—digging, for instance.

"'Deuce take me,' ejaculated Sir Richard feebly, 'the boy's a Revolutionary.'"

The reader must know that the times of this story are the days of postchaises, duels and highwaymen—when young bloods would carry off distressed damsels against their will—and, bearing this in mind, may be sure that the King's highway would not be lacking in romance for him who had a mind for it.

* By Jeffrey Farnol. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., London.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)