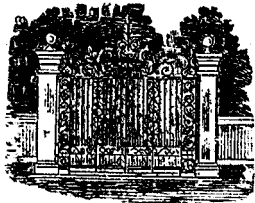


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The decision of the Queen that her train, at the ceremony of the Coronation, shall be carried by members of her own sex has given unqualified pleasure. Her Majesty has nominated the following ladies to be her train-bearers:—Lady Mary Dawson (daughter of the Countess Dartrey), Lady Mabel Ogilvy (daughter of the Countess of Airlie), Lady Victoria Carrington (daughter of Countess Carrington), Lady Eileen Butler (daughter of the Countess of Lanesborough), Lady Eileen Knox (daughter of the Countess of Ranfurly), and Lady Dorothy Browne (daughter of the Countess of Kenmare).

At a Conference convened by "The Friends' Social Purity and Abolitionist Association," and held at the Friends' Meeting House, St. Martin's Lane, W.C., on March 10th, Mrs. Bramwell Booth gave an earnest address in the morning on Rescue Work.

At the afternoon session Mr. Maurice Gregory, Secretary of the Association, gave an account of his recent visit to Gibraltar, which revealed the depths of degradation to which women there are exposed.

"I felt I was both in heaven and hell," was his succinct way of expressing the combination of good and evil which exists there. To give a clear idea of these opposing forces it would be as well, perhaps, in a limited space, to catalogue them as described by the speaker.

Evil.—Gibraltar is, he said, under martial rule, practically no civil Government, therefore no political enfranchisement—no vote—Great Britain, of course, responsible.

Vice is State regulated, but the proofs are out of sight.

One street is entirely given up to vice.

There are between 4,000 and 5,000 soldiers and 10,000 sailors stationed at Gibraltar, and—one shudders to write it, because of its awful significance—150 licensed women! Even allowing for those men who live straight lives—and one authority has put them at 50 per cent.—the significance remains awful. Mr. Maurice Gregory alleges that there is no place of greater temptation for young men, and strongly deprecates the long period of five years' service, which he likens, to five years' penal servitude. He considers the dullness of the life a great incentive to vice. There are twenty-three thousand civilians in Gibraltar, and they say this sinful traffic cannot be abolished.

Good.—There is a great deal of private philanthropic endeavour at work in the port. Two Scotch ladies are spending their lives in doing splendid work among the men there—probably much in the same way as Miss Agnes Weston is working for the sailors at home. There is also a certain captain who, by his example and work, does an infinity of good.

No girl under 18 is allowed in a house of ill fame, and English girls are not allowed to be imported for immoral purposes. These regulations can only be called negatively good.

The hope of the future seems to be principally in arousing the consciences of the civil population to a proper sense of corporate responsibility. So long as they affirm—with folded hands—that the evil is incurable, the evil is likely to remain without a cure.

Nevertheless, the very fact that these things are known, and spoken about by earnest-minded people, is an initial step in the path of reform. It is essentially work in which women should participate.

B. K.

Book of the Week.

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.*

Miss Marjorie Bowen has given us another of her fascinating historical novels, and even those of our readers who would vote history dull reading will gladly swallow a pill that is concealed in such delightful jam.

Like its predecessor, it follows the fortunes of William of Orange and the De Witts. Its opening chapters touch on the brilliant Court of Charles II., and describe the negotiations, conducted by Bab Mompesson, with the Stadtholder for the hand of Mary Stuart.

"Mr. Mompesson," said the King, serenely, "do you believe in God?"

The young man answered evenly: "Most assuredly, sir."

"Any particular form or manner of God?" he asked, holding his olive-hued hands to the fire blaze.

"I am of the Church of England, sir, and zealous for the Reformed Faith."

The King's gaze searched him intently.

"My Lord Arlington went to offer my niece's hand to my nephew and it was refused." He paused a moment and then added, in an authoritative tone: "This is the mission I will send you on—and this time the hand of Mary Stuart must not be refused."

Mr. Mompesson, striving to repress a flutter of excitement, tried to leave the palace as carelessly as he had entered it. A girl in a mutch and cloak of grey satin was waiting by theewel post.

"Mr. Baptist Mompesson," she said, sternly; "I wish to speak to you."

"Madame," he began, with a stammer. But she gave him no time for more.

"O Lud!" she cried, angrily; "there is a silly moppet."

A childish laugh from behind the stair-rail showed Bab that his enemies were two. . . . The girl in the grey hood gave his arm an impatient shake.

"Come with me," she commanded. "I am Mary Stuart."

The Princess darted an impatient glance over Bab's tall person and good-tempered face.

* By Marjorie Bowen. (Methuen and Co., London.)

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