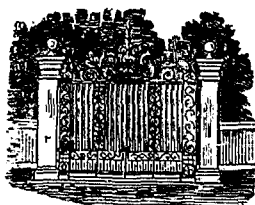


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



On the evening of March 30th, Mrs. Herbert Cohen gave a most delightful party to meet the members of the Society of Women Journalists at her beautiful house, 2, Orme Court, Kensington Gardens,

W., at which everyone was very gay and tastefully dressed, disproving the hackneyed accusation that women who work are usually frumps. The floral decorations in tones of yellow, tulips, azaleas, and daffodils were lovely, and Mrs. Cohen's almost unique collection of antique embroideries and brocades were on view, artistically arranged, some of them so exquisitely fine and brilliant that one marvelled at the skill of those wonderful dead hands.

There was very good music. M. Leon Fastovsky, a young Russian tenor, sang most charmingly the love songs of Donizetti, Geehl, Tosti, and the sweet old ballad by Frank Lambert, "She is far from the land," accompanied by Mr. Henry Penn. The brilliant Russian pianist, Mr. George Shapiro was warmly applauded, and the duologue "Collaborators" was most humorously acted.

A sumptuous supper was served in the Hall and Dining Room, and the whole thing was done in most hospitable style, so that everyone present enjoyed a very happy time.

Mrs. Herbert Cohen is a member of the Society of Women Journalists (which numbers upwards of 300 distinguished women writers), and has recently written an exceedingly clever play, which has received high praise from leading critics.

Father Bernard Vaughan, preaching at Farm Street on Sunday last, referring to the declining birth-rate, said that England had not yet caught up some other countries on the road to national extinction; but who, he asked, could deny that she was on the same road, and unless warned off would later on pass inevitably through the same gates of doom? During the past 30 years England had slid down the birthrate decline more rapidly than any other European nation, and but for the toiling classes the shrinkage would be far worse. They had come to the rescue of the nation. He urged upon members of the Catholic Church never to try to dodge nature, or cheat God, or rob their country of its truest wealth—human life. Yet the good father belongs to a branch of the Catholic Church which requires celibacy of its priesthood. So hard is it to be logical.

We heartily congratulate the Dublin Corporation which on Monday passed by 22 votes to 9 a resolution: "That a petition be adopted, sealed with the City seal, and presented to Parliament to pass into law this present session, the Women's Suffrage Bill now before Parliament; that the Town

Clerk and law agent do forthwith prepare the petition; that the Lord Mayor and as many members as may accompany him, together with the civic officers, do present the said petition at the bar of the House of Commons, and that the reasonable expenses of the Lord Mayor and said civic officers be defrayed out of the borough fund." During the debate on the motion the galleries were crowded with Suffragists of both sexes.

## Book of the Week.

### ASTRAY IN ARCADY.\*

This volume is the record of six months' sojourn by a woman of letters in a little country village. It is written in the first person, and with Mary Mann's usual happy descriptions of rural life.

Yesterday the people at the Hall called upon me—an absolutely uninteresting pair. Fat, small, common-place woman; thin, small, abject man. Before they went I made a few inquiries about the inhabitants of the place. The replies were distinctly discouraging. There is no one according to the Hobbleboys but themselves. I said I had noticed some fine old houses surrounded by park-like meadows, or by charming old-world gardens.

The Hobbleboys' tenants.

There was a big rectory near the church.

The Hobbleboys' parson and his sister.

Syers, my general factotum, at work in the long beds that border the drive, raised himself stiffly to watch the retreating chariot.

"I suppose your squire and his wife are much beloved in the place?" I remarked to him.

"They ain't no matters," he said; and having italicised the cryptic sentence by an expressive spitting on his hands, resumed his spade and began to dig once more.

The following passage describes an old shepherd who, in spite of the fact that he has a small farm of his own, "still wears the smock that was his ancient badge of service, and his wife tells me, sorrowfully, he sadly misses the sheep he used to tend.

"He ha' lived with a flock since he was right a boy," she says. Arly and late he ha' looked arter 'em, and had 'em on his mind. "Ask his self if that bain't so."

"Ah!" Sam ejaculated. He looked with admiration at the wife, so miraculously capable of giving tongue to that which with him was unutterable, then turned the eyes so brightly blue still in his weather-tanned, simple, old face, upon me for sympathy.

"So Sam, as you may say, he ha' carried his sheep on's heart; and stan' to reason when he's parted from them he feel it."

Poor old Sam! He felt it so much that "he hanged hisself" with my new linen line.

"I'd growed to be afeared on," and she admitted, "'Twasn't no new thing for me. . . . That day he were brisk like, not down-hearted, as

\* By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen and Co., Ltd., London.)

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