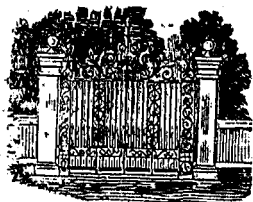


Outside the Gates.



WOMEN.

The Queen has consented to become the patroness of the National Union of Women Workers of Great Britain and Ireland, of which the National Council of Women is the governing body.

Her Majesty is the first Royal Patron.

A Bill has been presented in Parliament by Mr. Snowden, to throw open additional posts in the Civil Service to women. The measure provides that the rate of remuneration, by way of salary or otherwise in respect of the appointments referred to, shall not be differentiated by reason of sex.

It is stated that the promoters of the Women's Enfranchisement Bill have received an assurance that the Government will not appropriate Friday, May 5th, on which day the Bill stands for second reading in the House of Commons. The women's suffrage proposals in their present shape, allowing amendments impossible to the Bill of last year, will receive, it is hoped, ministerial support.

The Leeds Corporation have passed by a large majority a resolution in favour of granting the Parliamentary franchise to women. These corporate pronouncements of conviction are immensely helpful to our righteous cause.

The Women's Social and Political Union are organising a great Procession and Meeting in the Albert Hall on June 17th next, as they consider if the vote is to be won, it is imperative that some great demonstration should be made in Coronation month, when London will be thronged with visitors from all over the world. Friends from our enlightened colonies—generous minded men who have built up these splendid Dominions, and demanded *free* mothers—have nothing but amused contempt for the "stay at homes" who are frightened or contemptuous of women.

The Society of Authors is entirely out of sympathy with the equality of the sexes to judge by the manner in which it ignores their claim to representation on its committees, but Mr. G. Bernard Shaw hoist Mrs. Humphry Ward with her own petard at a recent meeting at which she complained of the omission of women from the Academic Committee. Mr. Shaw, with sly humour, of course, reminded Mrs. Ward of her opposition to publicity for her own sex, and her reply that she had the strongest belief in the potential equality of men and women in matters spiritual and intellectual makes her attitude towards Suffrage the more inconsistent and untenable. Disloyalty to sex is an attitude of mind which is daily decreasing amongst women, but we cannot blame

men for excluding women from power who have no sex respect.

The Imperial Duma at St. Petersburg last Saturday discussed the Bill dealing with rural district administration, and adopted a supplementary clause conferring the franchise on women in these districts.

Book of the Week.

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD.*

From cover to cover this work deals exclusively with a psychological problem, and those of our readers who are interested in occult science will find this volume deeply interesting and absorbing.

Briefly, it is an account of "transferred personality" between a Rector, powerful in mind and body, "intended by nature to dominate," and his Curate, "the sort of man who looks as if, when a boy, he must have been the leading choir-boy in a cathedral. There was nothing powerful in his face, but much that was amiable and winning. His chin and forehead were rather weak. His eyes and mouth looked good, or—did they?"

Evelyn Malling, notorious because of his sustained interest in psychical research, had been for some time in Ceylon, and though he was acquainted with the Curate, Chichester, on that account had not seen him for a considerable time.

"Telepathy," said Chichester, shaking Malling by the hand, "I believe I looked round because I knew I should see you. Yet I supposed you to be still in Ceylon." He glanced at the Rector rather doubtfully, seemed to take a resolution, and with an air almost of doggedness added, "May I?" and introduced the two men to one another. . . . The three men set out towards Parliament Square. Malling walking between the two clergymen. At once he perceives the "conditions" were not satisfactory, which, arousing his interest, led him to attend the following Sunday at the Church, where the two men ministered. "Malling wondered as Mr. Harding preached if he was the powerful preacher he was reputed to be. At first he held his congregation, that was evident. . . . Presently they slipped out of his grasp. He lost them. It soon became evident that he was ill at ease as an actor becomes who cannot get in touch with his audience. He wiped his forehead with a handkerchief and went on speaking in a faltering voice.

"Malling felt sure he knew the cause of his perturbation. It was Henry Chichester."

The awful ascendancy of the weaker nature over the strong, which ended in the final destruction of his body and mind, is explained by the tortured man Harding to Malling, who wins his confidence.

"Chichester tempted me."

"Such a gentle yielding man as he was?"

"It was just that. He came under my influence at once."

Harding proceeds to describe how craftily he had persuaded Chichester to have "sittings" with

*By Robert Hichens. (Methuen and Co., London.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)