

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

The Hague Correspondent of *The Standard* states that a number of Dutch women have drawn up an address to Queen Helena, protesting against war between Italy and Turkey. This address runs:—

"With the utmost respect we take the liberty to acquaint your Majesty with this protest, as we know—your Majesty proved this so touchingly in the days of great sorrow that Italy knew after the disaster by which especially Messina was overwhelmed—that your heart throbs with emotion for suffering humanity, for wounded and afflicted persons; that your Majesty takes a delight in drying up tears, in consoling and in relieving the pains of others.

"We, too, feel with our sisters in Italy and Turkey the great sorrows and agonies to which they are exposed by the present war, which—but now by the will of man—wounds and demands sacrifices, which makes many mothers, wives, and brides weep for those who are the most beloved in their lives.

"We pray your Majesty as the first of Italian women, on behalf of the womanhood, to publish this protest where your Majesty shall be sure that your influence will help to limit those sorrows to a minimum by accelerating, as soon as possible, the restoration of peace."

Women's societies are showing deep interest in the Criminal Law Amendment Act (White Slave Traffic Bill), and resolutions in its support are being unanimously passed all over the country.

"Openings for Women in South Africa" was discussed at the Women's Institute, London, last week, by Miss E. Bailey, late Head of the Rhodes Hostel, Capetown. First among the openings for women, she mentioned mistresses of schools. The high schools demanded teachers well qualified and trained. Resident teachers got £80 to £90 a year, and non-resident received £150 a year. The salaries were higher in the Transvaal and so were the expenses. Miss Bailey said it would be very risky for hospital nurses to go out to South Africa, unless they went straight to a hospital or institution. Domestic servants prepared to work could find plenty of situations; but it was very unwise of Englishwomen seeking situations in Africa to go out without some arrangements being made for them, either by a society or by friends.

Arrangements are being made for a great Dickens Costume Ball at the Royal Albert Hall on February 6th, the eve of the centenary of the novelist's birth. The organisation will be largely in the same hands as the great Shakespeare Ball of last June. Only Dickens character dress will be worn. No doubt Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig will have a great time. Any information can be obtained from the Dickens Centenary Committee, 19, Tavistock Street, W.C.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"A WEAVER OF DREAMS."*

An American tale of considerable charm and tenderness. Unpractical, perhaps—what love story is the worse for that?—but never sickly, and with a saving sense of humour. The heroine, or rather one of the heroines, is introduced to the reader under novel circumstances. She has just rescued a little pup from some boys, and decided on naming it Algernon.

"Presently they reached a fence, and Margery paused, leaning upon it to rest. Algernon, having the habit of motion firmly fixed on him, went straight through the bars until he observed he had nothing to follow; then he sat down to rest, a very tired little dog with a scarlet tongue hanging out. She called to him, but he did not answer. Then she leaned through the bars to poke him with her parasol, but he was out of reach. She climbed to the top, jumped, and caught her skirts on the projecting end of the highest rail. Her feet were on the ground, but she was held fast, unable even to turn." After some hours she is rescued from this ignominious position by Judith Sylvester.

"Pale, disrobed, free at last, Margery sank into a pathetic little heap. 'I didn't have to tear it,' the lovely voice said. 'Cry if you want to. Everyone who wants to cry comes to me to do it.'"

She herself has to do the crying later on in the story, for little Margery steals her lover, albeit innocently, and Judith never lives in the "House of Hearts," of which she and Carter have so lovingly superintended and watched the building, nor had any use for the feather pillows about which he is so exercised.

"Aunt Belinda," he inquired at the breakfast-table, "does the bride buy the pillows?"

"Why, I guess so."

"Did you?"

"I disremember. Yes, I did. We had geese, and ma and me saved the feathers."

"Suppose you hadn't geese, and Uncle Henry had: would he have made the pillows?"

"He did have geese. Everyone had in those days."

"Did he give you the feathers?"

"No, he gave 'em to his sister-in-law's cousin."

Old Miss Cynthia, whose fragrant romance ends so happily, is charmingly drawn, and the passage where she turns out her old stores to divert Judith's mind from her own happiness is at once amusing and pathetic.

"Judith," she cried suddenly, "where does it all go to?"

"Where does what go, dear?"

"All the love and tenderness and everything else. Where are the dreams that went in with these long stitches? Where has the lovelight gone from my mother's eyes?"

* By Myrtle Reed. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, The Knickerbocker Press, London and New York.)

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