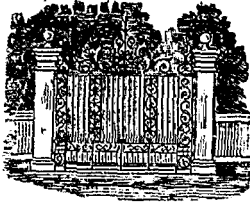


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



At Holyrood Palace on Tuesday, Mrs. McInnes Shaw, wife of Glasgow's Lord Provost, presented Queen Mary with a gold bracelet from the ladies of Glasgow on the occasion of her Majesty's Coronation.

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, President of the Society of Women Journalists, was at home to members at the charming new offices at St. Bride's Avenue, Fleet Street, on Thursday in last week, when she gave an address on the Ceremony of the Coronation. The spiritual significance of this great Solemnity, its civic history, pageantry, chivalry, and romance, the splendour of the scene, and the charm of personal incident makes the Sacring and Crowning of the British Sovereign a fascinating and inexhaustible subject on which to speak. It was a happy idea of the Council of the Society to invite their representative at the Coronation to give them her personal impressions of the Imperial event, and they expressed warm appreciation of her address.

Another well-deserved distinction has been conferred upon *Mme. Curie*, of radium fame, she having been given a grant by the *Caisse des Recherches Scientifiques* for the purpose of continuing her researches in connection with polonium.

We have reported that Section 79 of the infamous "Page" Bill, under which prostitutes in New York were compulsorily examined, has been declared unconstitutional by the New York State Court of Appeals, and now we learn from Miss Alice L. Woolbridge, that "The entire expenses of this trial through three courts have been defrayed by Mrs. Donald R. Hooker, of Baltimore, Md., who came to New York on the night of the first enforcement of Section 79, and most generously offered a sufficient sum to test its constitutionality.

"The case has been argued in three courts by Miss Bertha Rembaugh, of No. 1, Broadway, and the splendid victory achieved is due to her strong, clear, convincing argument. All honour to these two noble-hearted women, who have spared neither money, time, strength or energy to effect this wonderful triumph! Every woman in this land should bless these two for their generosity and courage.

"The blessings of the unfortunate victims of the law will follow them always. How far above the diadem of gold and gems is the halo of blessings from the poor, the despised, the unfortunate, and the enslaved!"

We are happy to know that "one of us," our dear Miss Dock, threw herself heart and soul into this fight, and helped to secure a victory.

Book of the Week.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.*

This novel of joint authorship can lay claim to originality in that its plot lies in the morganatic marriage of a Prince Ferdinand with Rose Karolai, the granddaughter of Count Czarda, "descended from a long line of Polish nobles, who had more than once been closely allied with reigning houses." Her mother, Countess Karolai, still young and beautiful, had many suitors of her own, but her unhappy history connected with her dead husband, had caused her to lead a very secluded life in her own chateau in the company of her father and young daughter. It was to the care and education of the little Rose that she had devoted the best of her youth.

The boy prince had been the playmate of the child from infancy, and a hint of what must inevitably follow is given in an early chapter.

"The sacred rose, ever since she could remember, had hung against the crimson curtain on the wall above her mother's bed. The damask draperies fell from a round crown, high near the ceiling, in old French fashion, throwing deep shadows about the place of rest.

"That is yours, dear," said Pauline, "I gave it you on your christening day."

"My very own," Rose repeated, gravely, "I want to give Ferdi something of my own. I will give him the rose."

"Prince Ferdinand is only a boy not fit to take care of it. Indeed, dear, you must never give it away."

Rose flushed scarlet and angry tears, brimmed in her eyes. "Then I don't want it!" she cried defiantly. "Ferdinand would like it—he likes everything I give him—and—when I am big I will find something all my own—and most beautiful—and precious—and he shall have it—he shall—he shall."

At Rose's debut some years later she fulfils her childish threat.

"As the goal was reached and the royal party swept up the cleared aisle in the centre of the crowded hall, the flock of young girls standing by themselves at some distance below the dais, stirred and fluttered like a cloud of butterflies about to take wing.

As Prince Ferdinand passed, he turned his head and his glance sought out one face in that flower garden of girls. When they found it, some message flew from eye to eye from heart to heart. And then, as her splendid Prince went on and took his place behind the Queen on the raised dais. . . . And now, Ferdinand was leading her out for the first waltz. Rose was floating down the great room like a gathered flower in his arms, while the maddening music grew ever stronger, more reckless, more passionate, and every strain seemed to cry aloud, "Love, suffer; enjoy, die—but love."

The marriage, strongly opposed by both families, took place clandestinely, and was annulled on Prince Ferdinand's accession to the Throne, though indeed it was at no time a legal one. In her terror

* By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. T. Stahlmann. (Hutchinson and Co., London).

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