

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

At the demonstration at the Albert Hall on Monday evening, organized by the Labour Party, the resolution adopted demanded a genuine measure of adult suffrage, conferring full rights of citizenship on all men and women. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., stated that the Party was prepared to turn the Government out if women were not included.

The King of Sweden is known to be a man of the highest moral rectitude—and a charming and artistic personality. We can imagine then with what pleasure he would make known to his Parliament his intentions in relation to the enfranchisement of women. The following is a translation of the extract referring to Women's Suffrage, as given in *The Vote* :—

"The electoral reform for the Second Chamber has now done away with the sharp distinction between the classes according to their wealth. But still woman is deprived of the foremost of all civil rights. Consideration due to general righteousness and the welfare of our State necessitates an alteration in this wrong state of things. It is therefore, my intention to submit to the Parliament now sitting the alteration of the Parliamentary code, with a view to give women both the Parliamentary vote and the right to be elected Member of Parliament on the same conditions as men."

A cheque for 700 guineas and an address have been presented to Miss Emily Davies, congratulating her on her fifty years' work for women. The money was raised by the various groups of women who had profited by her labours, especially medical women, teachers, women in Local Government, past and present students of Girton College, members of the University Club for Ladies, and of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, and a few old friends. As Miss Dock says, "it is so much better to thank our wonderful people when they are alive—rather than to wait until they are dead!" Miss Davies intends to offer the money to Girton College towards the much needed extension.

The higher education of women is receiving great encouragement. Last week we referred to the splendid success of the £100,000 appeal made on behalf of King's College for Women, and now it is announced that an anonymous donor has given £30,000 to the Bedford College for Women Building Fund, thus completing the £100,000 required. Another anonymous donor has given £10,000 for the erection of a hall and common rooms; and building is proceeding apace on the lovely site leased from the Crown in Regent's Park. The League of Bart's Nurses will have to look alive and collect the endowment fund of the Isla Stewart Memorial, as, no doubt, the higher education of nurses will have to be taken into account by one of these Women's Colleges at no distant date.

THE SEVENTH MARCHIONESS OF RIVIÈRE.

A PSYCHICAL INTERLUDE.

(Continued from page 114.)

"IF YOU COME NOT, I WILL COME TO YOU."

When Andrea wandered back again it was Spring.

She did not connect her return with home; she had no home, she had no desire to strike roots. This she kept very distinctly in mind. Life was before her, and she was quite determined that she would not trifle with its realities, nothing should be hidden by any conventional veil, or timorous self-deception.

She wanted to know. Oh! so many things. Hunger interested her—it seemed almost ludicrous that so material a question as food could be the crux of the whole universe! Yet she realised that the satisfaction of hunger was the great irresistible motive power of effort—of life. When her purse was empty this fact was forcibly brought home to her. She "had a sinking," she let the pain advance to the pangs of hunger—then she went and spoke with a school friend, married to a philosopher—a man so deeply interested in all questions of social economics that he had no time for social amenities.

This friend grasped at Andrea—"Come and stay for months," she said, "come and liven up this mortal old house, burrow in tomes, make endless notes, stab them with pins, compile statistics, write abstruse articles, which nobody will read, dream, potter, argue, come to no conclusion—ruin your digestion and temper." Any and all these things she promised Andrea she might do to her brain's content, if only she would come. But for her own part Mrs. Leroy had not the temperament of a mole, and she longed to flutter out and enjoy the ephemeral things of life.

Then she burst into tears—and Andrea scented tragedy.

So they struck a bargain.

Thus it was that Andrea made for herself a little niche in the working world of London.

The stately old Georgian house in which she was hidden away, faced the sylvan Green Park—and from her eyrie she looked out on a beautiful world.

The old house was sombre and magnificent—its atmosphere was soothing to Andrea, the fine proportion of its rooms—the delicate mouldings of its ceilings—the inlaid marble mantelpieces—the glitter of the burnished steel grates and dogs, the high polish of the wine-coloured mahogany doors, all these things she loved, and she flitted through its dim and mysterious corridors, a light-footed *spirituelle* figure, "first cousin to a spc ok," as Mrs. Leroy described her.

The philosopher nibbled his nails furiously, and rumbled his hair, when first she invaded his

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