

## OUTSIDE THE GATES.

## WOMEN.

The Queen spent an hour at the very instructive Missionary Exhibition arranged at the Church House by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and said her visit had been a source of delight. Nurses who have not already done so should visit the Exhibition before it closes on the 22nd inst. China, Japan, Korea, South Africa, Australasia, Canada, India, Burmah, Madagascar, Borneo and the West Indies contribute sections of wonderful interest. The Medical Missions Court, beautifully arranged, "illustrates the revelation of Divine love in action—in the healing of the sick." Here may be compared and contrasted the equipment of the witch doctor and that of the missionary who brings to the relief of quack-ridden millions the latest results of medical and surgical skill. In the lower hall is a living picture showing a group of Mahomedan ladies of North India in *purdah*, or behind the curtain. Tableaux are given daily.

We wonder sometimes if we really are in England known in the past as the land of the free! One day the press prints long lists of eminent names from Russia and other "benighted" places petitioning our Government for humane treatment of political women offenders in prison! Again imagine the condition of public feeling when it is possible for the Prime Minister of England to be personally attacked by a lady at a great Foreign Office function, and in return, for her to receive a smart smack over the ear from the Prime Minister's wife!

As for the Minister who climbed to power through riot and durance vile—to see him pinion and hustle a woman suffragist in this august assembly must indeed have been a valiant sight. We are not surprised that the "anti" press has attempted to hush up this most disgraceful and significant occurrence.

Mr. "Tim" Healy, K.C., M.P., who defended Mrs. Pethick Lawrence in the conspiracy trial, had a stupendous ovation at the Albert Hall on Saturday evening, when he said, "I did not defend her from my brief but from my heart." His speech was full of Irish wit.

"We are met here to-night," he said, "upon the eve of the introduction of a further measure of franchise reform. Miss Kenney has asked what these young men have done to deserve the vote at the age of 21. Well, they have graciously consented to be born. They have condescended to have mothers, and they are to get the vote, and the mothers who bore them are to be refused it."

Mr. Healy ended by saying he would rather be a "suffragette" than a "jailorette." £5,929 was contributed to the war chest—making upwards of £16,000—collected in the Hall at two meetings this year.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

## DAPHNE IN THE FATHERLAND.\*

This is a bright and amusing description written in the form of a letter to a friend, of a young girl's visit to Germany; whether it is fictitious, or whether it is a genuine experience it would be hard to say, but in any case it is well worth reading and is written in an easy chatty style.

On the journey to Berlin she is driven from the carriage she originally decided upon by her fellow travellers whom she does not find congenial to her taste.

"I didn't feel inclined to pass the night with these people, especially as the mother was beginning to unfasten intimate things and the son was preparing to unlace his boots preparatory to taking them off."

Installed in another carriage, and "just as I found a comfortable angle for my head and was going off into a doze we stopped at Goch, where they turn out all the luggage to be examined. How hateful it was to see those sour visaged officials plunging their great coarse hands into my nice laces. Marie had packed all my pretty 'undies' in soft tissue paper and my lovely oyster silk looked a perfect dream of beauty. I lifted off the top layer of cream satin. . . . I was so confused I did not know how I was putting away my things and should have crumpled them up anyhow, but he put back the tissue paper in the sleeves and folded up everything so neatly and arranged my pretty lace petticoats as though they were infants. I supposed he was so accustomed to examining people's clothes that he was quite oblivious by now of the proprieties."

Daphne is to stay with her Aunt May in Berlin. "Though Auntie is a Countess with sixteen quarterings of nobility she lives in a very quiet way. She met me at the door of the flat in a dreadfully bad woollen blouse and carpet slippers, and her hair didn't seem to be quite finished, as though she had forgotten to put something on. She embraced me in an affectionate-relative kind of style, pressing me to her heart; only a big button got in the way and it was rather painful. . . ."

The description of Princess Charlotte's unconventional visit to Auntie is very amusing:

"Auntie rushed into the bedroom to tidy her hair and put on a foolish sort of lace bow which looked out of place on the coffee-coloured flannel blouse.

"She came sweeping into Aunt's flat and gave her two little dabs of kisses on each cheek, and then Aunt May struggled to kiss her hand, but she dragged it away and I thought if I had been in Aunt's place I shouldn't have persevered, as it looked rather silly."

Though Daphne is nineteen she is asked to "play with my little Lotta" and in this way meets many interesting people, and even the Emperor himself.

\* Anon. Andrew Melrose, London.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)