

## OUTSIDE THE GATES.

## WOMEN.

The event of the week amongst women's organisations is the Conference at Oxford of the National Union of Women Workers, and of the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland. Hundreds of women have flocked to this ancient seat of learning and are busy discussing innumerable questions of importance to the community in general, mostly on social reform lines.

The delegates of the National Council have before them several resolutions of which the following are the most important:—Proposed on behalf of the Executive Committee: "That the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland be accorded two representatives instead of, as at present, one, upon the National Council of Women."

To be proposed on behalf of the Industrial Sectional Committee: "That, in view of the low wages and falling prices in many women's trades, the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland urges upon His Majesty's Government the desirability of extending the Trade Boards Act to other trades than those already scheduled."

On behalf of the Public Service Sectional Committee: "That the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland desires to express its gratitude to the Government for introducing the Bill dealing with Mental Deficiency, although they are of opinion that the Bill as it now stands requires considerable amendment."

On behalf of the Public Service Sectional Committee: "That on any committee which may be formed to deal with women and children under the Mental Deficiency Bill, at least one woman shall be appointed to serve."

The members of the Conference are being most hospitably entertained throughout the week, and are enjoying a delightful social time between the sessions.

A letter has been widely signed by humane persons who love animals, in connection with the National Canine Defence League, urging that the dog should be exempted from "all vivisectional, inoculative, and other experiments." The letter proceeds:—"The friendship which has existed throughout the ages between man and the dog places their relations on a footing without parallel in the history of the world, and there is a perfectly natural desire on the part of a great number of men and women in this country to give effect to this feeling of regard for these faithful and intelligent creatures, so far as the vivisection question is concerned."

*Please* do all you can to help this movement. It is terrible that these dear creatures should still be used for experimental purposes. Are any of us worth it? We doubt it.

## THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.

## THE DAUGHTER OF BRAHMA\*

David Hurst was born in India on the night of his father's assassination. At the age of twelve he overheard his adored mother's real opinion of him. "You say he is a dreamer, he is merely stupid; you say he is delicate, he is a weakling; you say he is nervous, he is a coward; he is ugly into the bargain and a cripple. I hate my son!" One need not be hyper-sensitive to be crushed by such cruel words, and they embitter the boy's whole youth, but he lived to refute it all.

During his lonely wanderings he stumbled by chance upon a heathen temple, and at great peril to his life, he witnessed the rite in which the lovely child Sarasvati, the daughter of Brahma, is given as bride to the idol Sivra.

Twelve years later he rescues her from the funeral pyre, and the same night is married to her by the rites of the Roman Church. Almost immediately he learns of the death of his cousin and his accession to his title and property. His homecoming with his Eastern bride, for which his tenantry are quite unprepared, raises a storm of indignation.

"Here in this commonplace English drawing-room, haunted with the shades of honourable but stiff unromantic Englishwomen, this child of Eastern splendour had no place. The firelight and the coming night shades alone brought her understanding. They bore her like a jewel in a natural and perfect setting. To-morrow the daylight would destroy it, and all the loveliness be lost in glaring piteous disharmony."

Against his better judgment, David leaves the seclusion of his home, into which at first he defiantly withdraws, and is persuaded to stand for the constituency. As may be imagined, publicity brought him through his wife many bitter humiliations. "Who the devil was that?" David heard. "What, Lady Hurst! Great heaven, you don't say so! I didn't know it was as bad as that. What, man alive, one doesn't marry that sort of thing."

"There was a laugh. David Hurst came out of the alcove. Through an unsteady, shifting mist he saw Lord Salby standing in the doorway against a background of frock-coated followers, and he went up to him and struck the red, smiling face with a calculated, swift precision." By rapid degrees David realises his fatal mistake, and the tender romance dies in the awakening.

Those who know anything of the Eastern character will understand that the disappearance of the bride of Sivra from the temple was not allowed to go unavenged. Rama Pal follows them to England, and in the closing scene of the book we find Saravasti enthroned once more in the heathen temple, whither David follows her. She is stabbed in her attempt to shield him.

"The Daughter of Brahma slept. Peacefully, her dark head pillowed on a white heap of fresh

\*By T. A. R. Wylie. (Mills & Boon, London.)

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