

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

The Society of Women Journalists are to be congratulated upon the success of their annual dinner, held at the Criterion Restaurant on the evening of the 2nd inst. Mrs. Charles Perrin presided, and was supported by 200 members and their friends. The dinner was excellent, the speeches brilliant, and the dresses charmingly attractive, so that altogether the function, it was agreed, was as delightful as any gathering organised by the society.

Mrs. Perrin, in proposing the health of "Our Guests," spoke of the *esprit de corps* of journalists as evidenced by the attendance of so many distinguished men, and said it must inevitably tend to the mutual benefit of both sexes. In reply, Mr. Sidney Low remarked that the employment of women in journalism was one of the most gratifying and advantageous developments of the Press which the age had witnessed.

Lord Northcliffe proposed the toast of "The Society of Women Journalists," and expressed the opinion that the reason why women were ideal journalists was because of their powers of quick observation, their sympathy, and pertinacity, and journalism was an ideal profession for women, because it is not necessarily one of the tedious forms of toil demanding long hours away from home.

Woman's influence in Fleet Street has been a good one. Lord Northcliffe concluded his speech:—"To the woman reader who has been created by the woman writer I attribute not a little of the elimination of crime, indecency, puffery, and mournful accounts of the last meals of the condemned which adorned the leading morning papers until very, very recently, as I can easily prove or you could see for yourselves. But perhaps old newspapers, like old love-letters, are best left unread, so I will thank you for your patience and ask you to join with me in drinking the health of this delightful society, and equal opportunity and equal remuneration for men and women in the field of journalism."

Mrs. Thompson Price, Vice-Chairman of the society, in a witty speech, thanked Lord Northcliffe for his complimentary remarks, and said she thought they were well deserved. The aim of the society was to raise the status of the woman journalist throughout the world.

The ceremony of presenting Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson, the late popular Hon. Secretary, with the gift of a diamond ring was charmingly performed by Mrs. Perrin. The toast of "The President" was proposed by Mrs. Herbert Cohen, who referred in high praise to her term of office.

A conversation and delightful music concluded a very memorable gathering.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, the Chairman of Council, has been elected President of the Society of

Women Journalists in succession to Mrs. Perrin. The new President needs no introduction to the readers of this Journal, as for ten years she contributed in her own inimitable style the Review of "Books of the Week." Moreover, she is a sister of the late Miss Daisy Robins, who devoted some of the best years of her life to furthering the interests of trained nurses, as Secretary of the British Nurses' Association in its early and palmy days.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"YONDER,"*

A devout nature-worshipper like S. H. Young can never be commonplace or dull. "Yonder" is a singularly well-chosen title for the latest work of this gifted author. Elusiveness is its most characteristic feature; and to be, rather than to do, the distinguishing mark of the delightful personalities with whom we are made acquainted. But we must confess that we are rather disappointed that so little is achieved. It is really seldom that one wishes to read a novel a second time but "Yonder" is an exception. When the last page was in sight, and we had nearly decided that we were disappointed, the knowledge came to us that this is something more than a charmingly told tale; and, perforce, we must re-peruse its pages, go far below the surface, and make its secrets our own.

Just study the description of Bessie, the general factotum in Edward Webb's family.

"On Sunday, Bessie, having washed up the dinner things by a miracle of speed, had emerged to the light of day. Theresa always tried to catch a glimpse of her on these occasions, for she never could feel that this was the same person who, moving amid dimness, clad in drab colours, besmirched with black, had cooked the breakfast. For, on Sunday and the weekly night out, she seemed to leave herself in her bedroom, and bring forth a cruder creature, gowned in bright-blue and shadowless. Theresa felt she did not know this person; that the real Bessie was upstairs in her room. She pictured a being without a body, but with the form of it; as much like a skeleton-leaf as a human body can be, sitting on the edge of the bed, until the blue girl should return; and when the dusk fell she avoided the topmost landing of the tall house, for she was afraid of what Bessie had left up there."

After these imaginings we must know more of fiery little Theresa.

When she was grown to years of discretion she could tangibly account for her loneliness as follows:

"She knew there was something in her nature which could not be easily satisfied, but she did not know how to feed it, it was always piteously hungry, and even when she had drugged it with the sweet drink of gaiety and laughter she could hear its muffled weeping deep down in her heart."

* By S. H. Young. (W. Heinemann, London.)

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