

## OUTSIDE THE GATES.

## WOMEN.

Miss Constance Maynard, who, since its foundation in 1882, has been mistress of Westfield College, University of London, a College founded on a definitely Christian basis, will resign the position at the end of the summer term this year. Miss Maynard, who is a vice-president of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, has a unique record as a pioneer, as her educational experience covers the whole period of the movement for the higher education of women. She was an early student at Girton, and one of the first two women students to take the Moral Science Tripos.

We are informed that notices have been displayed in all the London telephone exchanges, sent by the Controller to the head supervisors, officially warning them against White Slave traffickers, putting plainly before them the dangers with which they may meet, and pamphlets issued by the National Vigilance Society have been circulated throughout London. Girls are warned never to speak to strangers, men and women, in the street, or to ask the way of any but officials on duty. A girl should never accept an invitation to join a Sunday or Bible Class given by strangers, even if they are dressed as sisters or nurses, or are in clerical dress; they should never accept a lift in a motor or taxi-cab.

Women dressed as hospital nurses, who come with stories of the sudden illness of relatives should be distrusted, and girls should bear in mind that sweets, food, water, and flowers offered them by strangers may be drugged. Telephone operators are advised to report immediately to the head supervisor any annoyance or unpleasant incidents to which they may be subjected. It is intolerable that the uniform of the trained nurse should be used as a decoy for this abominable traffic, and that honourable nurses whose work is essential and invaluable to the community should be denied by the Government the power of differentiating themselves from its loathsome promoters through means of a State Register.

On Tuesday, January 21st, Miss Floriel Florean, who has gained well-deserved distinction by her charming rendering of South African Folk Songs, will give an evening concert at the Bechstein Hall, Wigmore Street, W., when the public will have an opportunity of hearing these songs rendered in the Boer dialect, full English translations being given in the book of words. One half of the profits will be given to the Suffrage cause. Tickets may be obtained at the Hall, or from Miss Florean, 34, Anson Road, Cricklewood, N.W.

The quarterly issue of *The Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Review*, always admirably presented, contains a portrait of Mrs. Sidgwick, a Vice-President of the Association.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

## ERICA.\*

It is rather difficult to imagine why such a shallow and unlovable person as Erica should be made the subject of a whole volume. It takes all sorts to make a world, however, and we have no doubt whatever that this story will become extremely popular with Mrs. De la Pasture's many admirers. For ourselves we confess to disappointment; but perhaps the sequel to Erica and her son that we are promised will be some satisfaction. Erica, the only child of widowed Lady Clow, is described more than once as "hopeless middle class," which we think rather hard on the middle class. Lady Clow, poor, vacillating, with a "face large, flabby, yet cherubic, a tremulous mouth which once had been lovely," is altogether dominated by her selfish and clever daughter. At the outset of the story Erica has just broken her engagement to the wealthy Christopher Thorveton, and is on her way to marry by special licence "the man I love," the Honourable Thomas Garry. This is about the best action that is recorded of her. Christopher dies of pneumonia a few days subsequently and she takes advantage of this to keep his valuable presents, and even to use the trousseau bought with his money for her marriage to Tom.

Tom "is one of the best," and adores the beautiful girl he has married. At times a glimpse of her better nature comes to the surface, and, shamed by his complete trust in her, she makes confession of a somewhat shady past, with lies that are half-truth. She is very clever, Erica!

The room was warm and she had thrown aside her furs; her open jacket disclosed a blouse of exquisitely embroidered muslin on fine lace, the necklace, twisted twice lightly about her throat, rose and fell upon her bosom.

"I love those pearls," Tom said quickly, "I love your always wearing them. They have become somehow a part of your personality. When did you first begin to wear them?"

She was furious with herself because she could not control the warm colour which flooded her face and neck.

"Erica," said Tom in a low voice expressive of distress and mortification, "was it Thorveton who gave them to you?"

It took all her self-control to hide the exasperation which possessed her. . . . She was obliged to take off the necklace and hand it to him, looking very meek and lovely as she did so, with lashes cast down to veil the vexation in her eyes.

"Darling," he said, stuffing them into the pocket of his light overcoat with a carelessness which exasperated her, "I'll get you some like them as soon as I can afford it."

Erica had some ado to prevent herself from laughing derisively.

\* By Mrs. Henry De la Pasture (Lady Clifford). Smith, Elder & Co., Waterloo Place, London.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)