

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

Arrangements are well forward for holding the Annual Conference and Council Meetings of the National Council of Women at Hull, in October. "The Children of the Nation" is the subject which is to be discussed, and there are some very interesting papers on the programme.

Lord Beauchamp, the First Commissioner of Works, has sent a letter to the Corporation of London, offering, on the part of a donor, who wished to be anonymous, a statue of Elizabeth Fry, by Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A., for erection in the neighbourhood of old Newgate Prison—the scene of her labours—or at the new Central Criminal Court. The communication was referred to the City Lands Committee. Let us hope the statue will be accepted. Few human beings have done more for the good of their kind than the noble Elizabeth Fry. Let the citizens of London have her great example kept in mind.

Miss B. Rawlings, who has for so long watched over the finances as Hon. Treasurer of the Society of Women Journalists, has been elected Hon. Secretary, and Miss Openshaw Hon. Treasurer. The newly arranged office of Assistant Hon. Secretary has been filled by the selection of Miss Macleod Moore. The Society should flourish exceedingly with such a trio of capable and charming officials.

The Non-Militant Suffrage Pilgrims, from all quarters of the country, are day by day nearing London, where they will assemble in Hyde Park on July 26th. They are arousing great interest along the route, and, with a few discreditable exceptions, have been courteously treated. At Liverpool a Communion service was held, when the preacher, in the course of his sermon, said the Women's Suffrage movement was essentially Christian. To give up the Suffrage because of the militant tactics of some was as reasonable as to give up Christianity because St. Peter cut off the ear of the High Priest's servant.

A fine procession, with banners flying, was a feature of the march at Exeter. All sections, from University women downwards took part in it.

The beautiful symbolic emblems lent by the London Head Office included one in Royal blue velvet, bordered with soldier-red, with a grey velvet lighthouse throwing the gold beams of its "lamp" afar, inscribed "Florence Nightingale, Crimea." This was carried by Mrs. Rowden, who was, before her marriage, a nurse at "Bart's," for the nurses.

Apropos, a terrible "howler" has been perpetrated since by an amusingly misinformed scribe who cavilled at the idea of Florence Nightingale figuring in a Suffragist procession. As a matter of fact, hers was, of course, one of the honoured

names on that first petition presented, in the 'sixties, for women's enfranchisement; and it is well-known among Suffragists that one of her dearest wishes, until the infirmities of extreme old age overtook her, was that she might see the vote conceded to women. Moreover, the womanly tradition of Florence Nightingale was followed with striking exactitude by at least one member of the Pilgrims' procession, for Nurse Minnie Leng, of Sidmouth, who walked with the blue, red, and grey banner, was wearing two medals commemorating her work as a soldiers' nurse during the South African War, when she relinquished her private practice, and volunteered for army service, journeying to and from the seat of war, in charge of wounded and invalided soldiers, no less than seven times. Miss Leng, by the way, is assistant hon. secretary of the Sidmouth branch of the N.U.W.S.S.

Speaking at the Abolitionists' Congress, in Paris last month, Sir Victor Horsley referred to the success of Abolition in England from the hygienic side. He pointed out the falsity of the old belief in the physiological necessity of vice, urged that questions of morality and questions vitally affecting women's welfare could never be rightly settled until women had a voice in legislation, and concluded by moving a resolution in favour of women's suffrage.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE OPEN WINDOW.*

This volume of essays is dainty both within and without, charmingly produced in every way. Imaginative and graceful writing, generously illustrated with etchings by Charles Robinson, speak of peaceful pastoral things in a manner that is infinitely soothing.

"We are very small," says the writer, "and God meant us to deal with little things." The theme is life in a country vicarage in the village of Bramlingham, with its church of the thirteenth century. Just the vicar, his wife, and his daughter, who loved, happy people, the little things of life.

He does not read novels. "Georgina reads them sometimes. Sometimes she recounts to me the stories that they tell. How strange it must be to have to invent when life itself is so full of stories no one has ever told."

He thinks women are superstitious. "Even Georgina is not exempt from it. This year she heard the cuckoo before the nightingale and told me about it with a quiet smile, as though to assure me she would take no notice of it.

"'But you don't really mind, do you?' said I. Last night Georgina complained of feeling unwell.

"'I've been listening to the nightingale,' she said. 'Has he ever been so late before?'

* By E. Temple Thurston. Chapman & Hall, London.

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