

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN

The Albert Hall presented a very wonderful sight on Saturday night, when Mrs. Fawcett LL.D., rose to preside over a public meeting organised by the National Union of Women, Suffrage Societies to demand a Government measure for the enfranchisement of women. Thousands and thousands of men, delegates from important bodies, and members of Trades Unions and other societies filled the platform and the arena. The Hall was crammed to the roof, and Mrs. Fawcett pointed out that the meeting was unprecedented in the history of the movement, in that it demonstrated the support and sympathy of men and of men's organisations. They had with them professional and business men and many hundreds of delegates from town councils, trade councils, and trade unions. These men represented an important political force. Politicians listened to the demand of those who had votes and neglected the cry of the voteless. Mrs. Fawcett then proposed the following resolution from the Chair, which was seconded by Mr. Barton, M.P., and carried unanimously:—

That this meeting expresses profound indignation at the refusal of the Prime Minister to receive a deputation from the 562 men representing 342 organisations, and from the many hundreds of men in their individual capacity attending this meeting.

Mr. Asquith has declared that he has yet to be convinced that there is a demand for Women's Suffrage in the country, and this meeting protests against his refusal to inform himself of the demand by hearing the views of these men who represent all shades of opinion in every part of the country.

Mrs. Creighton gave an eloquent address which was received with warm expressions of approval. She said leading men in the United States of America, where women's suffrage was in force, had declared that the women's votes had enormously strengthened good civic government. Opposition to the suffrage in America had come from the saloons, from the gambling element, from organised vice, and the selfish, idle, rich parasitic ladies. The suffrage had raised many women from lives of frivolity and folly to the study of social political problems, with gain to the community.

Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., moved:—

That this meeting demands a Government measure for the enfranchisement of women.

Seconded very eloquently by Miss Maude Royden, this resolution was also passed unanimously.

The announcement that £6,142, including £1,000 from Mrs. Lees, of Oldham, had been contributed in the Hall was received with great enthusiasm. It is to be used to press the demand for woman suffrage at the next General Election.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

To help and inspire others, that is the real joy of living.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"RICHARD FURLONG."*

Dicky Furlong had run away from home, and, at the age of eighteen, with twelve pounds in his pocket, was going up to London to learn the mystery of Art. His first critic told him that his sketches would not sell. "They are only impressions." "But they are real impressions," said Dicky; "they're mine. . . . I am going to paint meanings," he said, expressing himself in words for the first time in his life. Dicky was true to his ideal all the way through, which led him through many vicissitudes to become an artist of repute. So many and pathetic were these vicissitudes, so doggedly and yet so boyishly did he set his teeth to win through, that only a very dull soul could read the final scene with indifference.

His father, a prosperous miller, refused to see him after his bid for independence, and in consequence he was dependent entirely on his own resources. Young as he was, he had pledged his faith to Dorothy, and she had promised to wait. Disillusionment had not yet come when he wrote to her, "In less than a year's time I'm sure we shall be married." In the neighbourhood of Drury Lane he saw in a window of an oil-shop, "Bedroom to let for a single gentleman," so Dicky found his first abode in London. But he found there a vast deal more than that. He found Constance. She was the daughter of the house, whose aspirations rose high above paraffin and the needs of the shop below.

Attractive in appearance and manner, though poor as to talent, she did a turn at the Middlesex Music Hall. From Constance we learn that it is possible to drop all your aitches, to live at an oil-shop and do your turn at a "all," and yet possess a beautiful soul. At any rate, her great unselfish love for Dicky raised her far out of the commonplace.

At the end of four weeks the last of Dicky's money lay in his hand. Perforce he gave notice to quit at the oilshop. It was then that Constance pressed the loan of her earnings at the "all" upon him.

"I shall pay it back; you're only lending me the money."

"I don't care what I'm doin'. You're goin' to stop 'ere, that's all I want."

Dicky went in deeper waters still when, in spite of dear little Mr. Nibbs' efforts, his sketches were still unsold, and he knew the desolation of homelessness and hunger.

The night spent wandering in Oxford Street and Regent Street, till at last he finds shelter with an old tramp in a doorway is described with realism. Weary and heartsick he returns to the oilshop. Constance put her hand on his shoulders.

"Dicky," she whispered.

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

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