

## OUTSIDE THE GATES.

### WOMEN.

The Bishop of London has withdrawn the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, as the amendments have greatly changed its character. He proposes to bring it in again next Session, when he hopes a Select Committee will be appointed to thrash the matter out in detail.

With many others deeply interested in the provisions of this Bill, we are glad to know it has been withdrawn, as if passed as amended, it would only add to the present miserable condition of the young girls it was proposed to protect.

At a recent meeting of representatives of societies convened by the Penal Reform League to consider practical steps to secure the appointment of suitable women as police constables, the following resolution was supported:—"That this meeting is of opinion that there is great need for women police. It therefore urges the appointment of Women Police Constables, with powers equal to those of men constables in all County Boroughs and the Metropolitan Boroughs of the County of London."

"This joint committee of societies interested in the work and welfare of women and children and in penal reform, believing that the employment of policewomen will emphasize the preventive and protective side of police work, supports the above resolution.

"This committee further urges the advisability of commencing by giving constabulary powers to women of high reputation, character and experience under the chief constable or other police authority.

"That the London County Council and the Commissioners of Works be asked to appoint women park-keepers in the open spaces under their control."

California and its wonderful people are now becoming of great interest to us with the prospect of a visit so near. We may gather from the following Creed, which appears in the *Pacific Coast Journal of Nursing*, something of the feeling of its women:—

#### CREED OF CLUB WOMEN.

No more beautiful or perfect expression of an ideal has ever been written than the creed of club women of the southern district of the California Federation of Clubs, who recently concluded their annual convention at San Diego. The creed was printed on all programmes used at the convention, and is as follows:

Keep us, God, from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.

Let us be done with fault-finding and leave off self-seeking.

May we put away all pretence and meet each other face to face—without self-pity and without prejudice.

Help us to forgive and forget injuries and always to remember benefits.

May we never be hasty in judgment and always generous.

Impress us with a sense of individual responsibility for every interest of the club.

Let us take time for all things; make us grow calm, serene, gentle.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straightforward and unafraid.

Lead us to see and appreciate the good in others, to as sacredly guard and defend the character and good name of each member of the club as those of the family, and to remember that the use of dishonourable political methods in club life for women will be the death knell of all pure womanly organisation.

Grant that we may realise that it is the little things that create differences; that in the big things of life we are as one.

May we strive to touch and know the great common woman's heart of us all, and, O Lord God, let us forget not to be kind.

Guide us in the development of a spirit of mutual sympathy and appreciation.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### "PITY THE POOR BLIND."\*

THE title of this book refers to a lack of spiritual vision and is the chronicle of a few months in a young clergyman's life.

His antecedents were humble, and that combined with a certain amount of bumptiousness made him somewhat unpopular in the East End Clergy House where his sphere of work lay.

He was, it is explained, tantalisingly blessed by Nature, but unjustly handicapped by circumstance.

Certainly Mummy was a trial, though her son Albert at heart was very fond of her. Arriving at his mother's lodgings he was saluted with,

"How are you dee-ree? How are you after all this long time?" Mr. Thompson winced a little at the dee-ree, and still more when she would have kissed him before the languid niece of the landlady who condescended to wait on them. He avoided the calamity, but felt that a real lady would not have even attempted it.

"He scolded her pleasantly for her lack of restraint. 'But, oh, well, mummy dear, if you don't see'—and then he had to rise up hurriedly and kiss something away from poor mummy's right cheek."

It was for aforesaid reasons that his vicar selected him to take charge of an obscure country village during the temporary illness of a friend, and the Clergy House seemed relieved in his absence.

At the end of his journey Fate, and the mischievous prank of a schoolgirl, cause him to be introduced to a rowdy sporting family.

\* By H. H. Bashford. Constable & Co., London.

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