

Day Trade Schools for girls are now more than ever necessary for the improvement of the position of industrial women, and urging Local Authorities to establish these schools wherever possible.

In connection with the claim for the extension of the work of Women Patrols to that of Women Police, Mrs. Morgan urged that the preventive work they could do was of enormous importance. Policemen could not be made to understand how to talk to flighty girls, flighty girls knew much better how to talk to policemen.

Mrs. Osler remarked that the Chief of the Denver Police had stated that the best policeman was a woman, and mentioned that the duty was no new one for women, as in olden days it was expressly provided that the freeman when a woman should have no excuse from the duties of watch and ward.

The remaining resolutions, on State Registration of Nurses and the organization of a Poor Law Service (both of which were adopted) have already been dealt with in this journal.

The Conference proper closed with the special service in St. Margaret's, Westminster, when the Bishop of London who preached, said that he always made a rule of speaking to women as he would to men, and he found he was not far wrong in so doing.

We cannot avoid reference to the scant space given by the daily press to reporting the deliberations of this Women's Parliament; by some papers it was altogether boycotted, others devoted one or two inches of space to notices of speeches on important subjects much above the average of those delivered by either women or men.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON."*

It is always delightful when fresh soil is turned over. The plot of this book is distinctly original, and its character drawing excellent.

It is solely confined to the family of Lord Downham, and its collaterals. Pleasant, easy, useless aristocrats.

The immediate family consisted of Lord and Lady Downham, their son Dicky, and daughter Tempe, Lady Downham's brother the Hon. Reginald Shenston, and old Lady Adelaide the Marquis's aunt. Last but not least comes Mr. Grey, whose advent disturbs the even idle tenour of their way. We may condemn the life of the idle rich, but we confess to a great deal of repose in their atmosphere in these strenuous times, when everything has to be measured by £ s. d. But we must hasten to point out that Mr. Beresford does not leave us or them in the *dolce far niente*—not at all. We feel a little aggrieved that he couldn't let them and us be instead of do, though we, of course, applaud the principle.

* By J. D. Beresford. Cassell & Co., Ltd., London and New York.

Shortly, Mr. Grey the Socialist is the son of the elder half-brother of the present Marquis. More than thirty years before the story opened this pleasant, irresponsible, and undoubtedly immoral young man had, in order to get him out of England, been sent to Canada for two years. He there contracted a marriage with a woman of noble character, though far his inferior in birth. He deserted her within a few weeks, and after a series of frauds returned to England. His marriage was never divulged, and his brother, the present Marquis, succeeded unsuspectingly to the title.

Arthur Grey, Socialist, and professor of economics, accepts an invitation to stay with the Downham family, they having no idea of his identity.

The opening chapter discloses Lady Downham trying to post herself with Mr. Grey's book before his visit.

"I'm very interested in Socialism" she said with a puzzled frown to her brother. "I think one ought to understand these things."

Shenston smiled at the spaces of the room.

"But what's the present object?"

"The man's coming to tea this afternoon. . . . And you could tell me all I want to know in ten minutes," said his sister.

"What a heavenly condition," he remarked.

"If I could find someone to tell me a tenth of all I want to know in ten years I'd go off to an island somewhere and sit at his feet."

"Don't be silly, dear," pleaded Lady Downham.

"The man may be here directly."

"Let *him* tell you what he means then, my dear Caroline."

"But I must pretend I've read his book."

Shenston sighed, but his habitual formal smile lingered about the set lines of his mouth.

The other members of the family are at Goodwood, and arrive back shortly after Mr. Grey is announced.

Dick and Lady Tempe explain that they have left their father behind.

"He was towing us after him to go and talk to the Duke," said Tempe, "and he is such an infernal old bore, isn't he? We couldn't find Jakes. He was probably putting his shirt on the last race. But Dickie found the car and drove me home. We got in front of the crowd and made a record time."

Mr. Grey is invited to join the family at their annual and much disliked visit to Stratton, their Devonshire place.

Mr. Grey preaches his gospel of useful lives and unearned wealth to Lady Tempe, and is treated by her with a well-bred insolence that is very cleverly portrayed.

Certain newspaper paragraphs relating to a claim to the peerage arouse Shenstone's suspicions, and the dénouement does not disappoint.

Of course, Grey falls in love with Tempe, and in spite of her scornful demeanour she succumbs to the attractions of his high ideals.

He rejects the idea of pressing his claim. In-

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)