

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

The King and Queen went to St. Paul's to pray on July 13th, with over 4,000 Woolwich munition workers.

The special prayer said by the Bishop of Southwark was : "Almighty God, we commend into Thy hands of mercy the souls of our brothers and sisters who have laid down their lives whilst devoting their skill and industry to the service of their country. Grant that they may be accounted worthy of a place amongst Thy faithful servants in the Kingdom of Heaven; and give both to them and to us forgiveness for all our sins and increasing understanding of Thy will; for His sake Who loved us and gave Himself for us, Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen."

There was a moment of great emotion when the King and his people stood and listened to the "Last Post" and Reveille, sounded by the trumpeters of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, "as a tribute to those who in Woolwich munition factories have laid down their lives for their country."

The House of Commons accepted without a division the second reading of the Government Bill for prolonging the life of Parliament for another six months to January 30th, 1919. Then it is to be hoped this tired Parliament will cease to exist, and women have a chance of recording their votes for men of a very different type.

ENEMY ALIENS.

A CLEAN SWEEP.

Mrs. Dacre-Fox, the organizer of the enthusiastic mass meeting held in Trafalgar Square last Saturday in support of a "clean sweep" of Germans at large and in office, had reason to be well satisfied with the spirited determination it evinced. The speakers used good old Saxon English, and the following resolution was passed with loud and prolonged acclamations:—

That this mass meeting regards the proposals made by the Home Secretary on Thursday in the House of Commons as futile and useless to deal with the alien enemy, and refuses to accept any such compromise on the part of the authorities.

It demands the immediate internment of all aliens of enemy blood, whether naturalised or unnaturalised, the removal of all such aliens from every Government and public office, and calls upon the Government to take whatever steps are necessary to put this resolution into effect.

When the resolution was carried, Mrs. Dacre-Fox said she would ask the Prime Minister to receive a deputation in order to convey to him the determination of the meeting to see that no half-measures were adopted by the Government in the treatment of the enemy alien peril.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE SINGER.*

There is enough good material in this book to make two stories and so many interesting personalities that it is impossible to do them justice in a short notice.

Pauline, the singer, is the central figure and her career is full of interesting details.

It was when singing at a country house that she first met Doctor Carnovious, who opened the door for her to all that her ambition had dreamed of. He fell in love with her voice, with her beauty, with everything that belonged to her at that first meeting, and from the first was determined to marry her. But it must be well understood that he was a German, that the time was that prior to the war and that he was in England studying *coast erosion*. It was he who procured for her an introduction to the great Ottenscheiner, who in his turn introduced her at the German Embassy. Although Pauline was as yet unaware of any deep feeling for Carnovious, the thought of another woman in the field of his favour was vaguely distasteful to her. The face of the beautiful Baroness whom her friend Florrie Keppel had designated 'a cat, but a beautiful cat,' persisted in Pauline's remembrance when that of others to whom she had spoken was blurred. "What was she to Carnovious or he to her? And did the answer to either question matter to her who devoted her immediate future to art?" But of course she married him, because he had determined that she should do so, and she apparently was quite happy with him until she regained from him by a trick the secret code of the disposal of the British Navy, which the beautiful Baroness had obtained for the German Secret Service, of which she and Carnovious were illustrious members. Pauline loved her German husband (strange as may seem to us), but she unhesitatingly tricked him when the honour of her country was at stake.

He condemned her to die by her own hand in consequence, but the same night he was electrocuted, in his study, by a naked wire on his electric lamp. Not by any means an accident, we are led to believe.

The excitement and colour of beautiful Pauline's career is balanced by that of the super-mother, Mrs. Barbaere, to whom we are introduced at the moment that she has selected the golf course as a suitable place for a picnic for her infant son.

Her husband was a novelist, but Mrs. Barbaere's interests were somewhat circumscribed. At irregular intervals she had taken an interest in his later books, but it had more reference to their sales than their composition. It will be possible, therefore, to believe that when Mr. Barbaere announced that he was taking lessons in golf, she did not enquire what golf was, in what manner it was played, or where, but simply said, "How nice. You might pass the mustard."

* By W. J. Escott. Blackwood & Sons, London.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)