

cries attracted the attention of a number of women residents who left their beds and went to the girl's assistance. Accused then ran away, but was arrested shortly afterwards, his clothes being covered with street dust. He was also bleeding from a cut on the cheek. Defendant accounted for the dust on his clothes by playing on the sands at Rhyl with his children. The Chairman remarked that it was only in consideration for his young children that Bates was not sent to prison without the option of a fine. He was fined £10 and costs.

A more feeble reason for not sending a man to jail was, we should think, never given by a magistrate. Of what use is such a father likely to be to young children? To associate with him must mean danger of moral contamination.

The Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1922, is now in print, and can be purchased through any bookseller, price 2d., or direct from H.M. Stationery Office, Imperial House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

### OUTSIDE THE GATES.

Thursday, September 12th, is the date arranged for conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws by the University of Aberdeen upon the Queen, in the Marischal College, Aberdeen. Similar degrees have already been conferred by two Scottish Universities upon Her Majesty—by the University of Glasgow in 1907, and of Edinburgh in 1920. It was not until last year that an English University, that of Oxford, conferred a degree (that of Doctor of Civil Law) upon Her Majesty.

When the competitors in the International Chess Congress assembled at the Central Hall, Westminster, for the distribution of the prizes won in the Tournament of the International Chess Congress, Major R. W. Barnett, M.P., Chairman of the Executive Committee, said—in the course of his reply to a vote of thanks, proposed by Senor Capablanca on his own behalf and that of the other Masters—that the Congress had shown that chess could be popularised. It was the first time there had ever been a "gate" for chess in London.

With all honour Viscount Northcliffe was laid to rest on Thursday, in last week, and the hold he had on the minds and affections of the public was evidenced not only by the great congregation which filled the Abbey at the beautiful service preceding the burial at Finchley, but by the seven miles of spectators, who lined the route to the cemetery, and by the reverent crowds who visited the grave on Sunday.

The passing of Dame Genevieve Ward, full of years, wisdom, and honour, removes from our midst a figure of dignity, pathos and charm, and from the theatrical world one of our greatest dramatic artistes.

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### SPINSTER OF THE PARISH.\*

"It had been an odd impulse that made little Mildred Parker seek counsel and advice, or at least sympathy, from Miss Verinder in the first great crisis of her young life. The imperious necessity of opening her heart to someone had, of course, lain behind the impulse, but now, sitting in the drawing-room of Miss Verinder's flat, listening to Miss Verinder's pleasant emotionless voice, watching Miss Verinder with methodic care put away small odds and ends in an antique bureau, she felt the huge incongruity of speaking of love to an old maid of fifty."

And yet Mildred's instinct was right. She took her love story to very sympathetic ears. Volubly she began to narrate her romance, but floundered badly, and after several attempts, in which she described how she had fallen deeply, and perhaps foolishly, in love with a young man, how Mr. and Mrs. Parker had made a monstrous absurd fuss about it, and how, because of it, the once comfortable house in Ennismore Gardens was swept with tempest, wrath and pain, she floundered suddenly into silence.

"Emmeline,"—and she changed her position on the sofa—"I think I'd better start at the very beginning."

"That is always a good place to start at," said Miss Verinder, smiling sympathetically.

So Mildred "started" and told Miss Verinder all she felt of the "torturing bliss and exquisite pain that honest, straightforward young girls suffer when this most potent of fevers catches them without warning, like a thunder clap." How she and her lover had been forbidden to meet. "But we do meet, of course," and how, most unkindest cut of all, her parents' real objection to him was not so much that he was an actor, as that he was a bad actor.

"My own inclination," said Mildred, "is to chuck over everything and do something desperate; you know, just to run off with him."

"And marry him without your parents' consent?"

"Or not marry him," said Mildred, darkly, pulling at her gloves.

"Mildred!" said Miss Verinder, with a little cry. "What do you mean?"

"Well, what I mean," said Mildred, "is that I don't see why they should not stew in their own gravy—at least for a bit. Don't you see? When they find that I'm gone in *that* way, if they're really genuine in their feelings, it will be the regular Mid-Victorian business. The lost child—our daughter gone to perdition. Get her married now to the scoundrel that has lured her way. Make her an honest woman at any price, and," said Mildred, with a little ripple of innocent laughter, "I'll jolly well make them pay the price. You know, no more than is right—the usual. I

\* By W. B. Maxwell. Thornton Butterworth, Ltd., 15, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)