

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A Woman Critic.

Miss Rebecca West, who has been giving the P.E.N. Club her impressions of some American novels, is, like Miss Clemence Dane, an extraordinarily fluent speaker, and so anxious to communicate her stores of information that she is apt to leave her audience gasping for breath. This certainly happens when she deals with a subject of which she knows so much and so little is known in this country, such as the works of America's most distinctive novelists. She is always extraordinarily interesting; some of her generalisations were extraordinarily good, and her casual epigrams extraordinarily brilliant. But her superlative admirations were also extraordinary, and it was rather surprising to hear this acute critic declare that Mrs. Edith Wharton had "one of the most brilliant minds the world had ever known." Those who sit at the feet of many fine speakers begin to wish that for a definite period—say for ten years—the use of the word "extraordinarily" could be prohibited. This would be a severe blow even to Miss Maude Royden and Dean Inge, but it would be good discipline, and would lead to great clarity of thought.



A NOVELIST AND CRITIC:
MISS REBECCA WEST.
Photograph by Lenare.

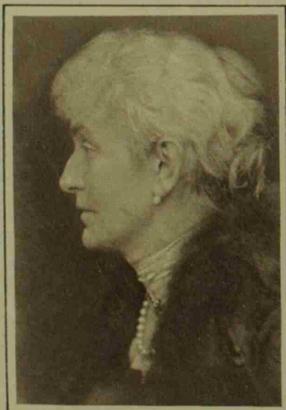
The Master of Burleigh.

Lord and Lady Balfour of Burleigh now have a son and heir. Their first three children are girls, who will no doubt do their best to spoil the welcome little brother, though they themselves are too well brought up to imagine that boys are in any way superior to girls. Lady Balfour is a beautiful woman, tall and graceful, with a small head admirably poised. Like her husband, who has been for many years a Borough Councillor, she takes an active interest in public affairs. She is the honorary secretary of the very useful society that hampers itself with the cumbersome title of the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship, and she may be found working at its offices in the busiest times, while she speaks rarely, but effectively, at its conferences. She walked in the Equal Franchise procession last year, and was one of the speakers at the big meeting in Hyde Park.

Because they know so much about the lives of the poor people in crowded tenements, both she and her husband are earnest supporters of the demand that official permission shall be given for information about methods of restricting families to be supplied at welfare centres.

The Excluded Peeresses.

So many people are abroad just now that it is hardly likely the twenty or more ladies who are Peeresses in their own right will all be in England on Feb. 24, and able to attend the dinner that the Women's Election Committee is giving on that date in their honour. Baroness Clifton, for instance, may still be in Canada, and Lady Seafield in the East, but it is hoped that a good many others will be present. The list of these ladies includes only one Duchess, Princess Arthur of Connaught, Duchess of Fife; the Duchess of Norfolk appears in it as Baroness Herries. Lord Roberts's daughter is one of the five Countesses; and Lady Wolsey and Lady Rhonda are the only two Viscountesses. Several others have merged their rank in the more exalted rank of their husbands.

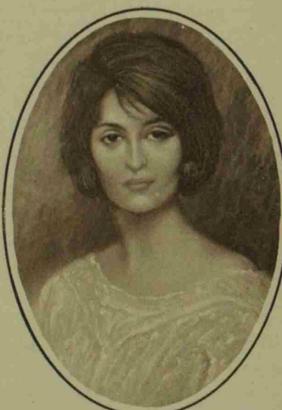


A DISTINGUISHED HOSTESS:
LADY ST. HELIER.
Photograph by Beresford.

The Women's Election Committee, of which Dr. Christine Murrell is President, exists to facilitate the return of suitable women to Parliament, and, while the funds desired are needed to help women candidates for the House of Commons to contest election campaigns, the Committee is also concerned about the admission of the women already qualified to the House of Lords. Lord Astor, the father of the Peeresses Bill, will be one of the guests at the dinner.

A Lady from the East.

Mme. Halide Edib, the Turkish novelist, journalist, and feminist leader, has now published the story of her interesting life, on which she has been working for months at her home in Buckinghamshire. She is still a comparatively young woman, but she can remember the thwarted life of intellectual women during the old régime, has a vivid memory of the way her countrywomen came out of their retirement to help in public services during the war, and thoroughly understands the rapid developments that have brought about their enfranchisement since then. None of them has had a more exciting life than Halide Edib herself. She has long been prominent in public affairs. In the fighting between Greece and Turkey four or five years ago, she rode with the Turkish Army right through Asia Minor to Smyrna. It was her special duty to investigate and prepare reports on Turkish casualties, and on the state of the districts invaded by the Greeks.



TURKISH NOVELIST AND FEMINIST LEADER: MME. HALIDE EDIB.

When the Young Turk movement took control, she was the only woman on the commission set up to draft the constitution, and the only woman elected to the first congress. Those who knew Halide Edib when she was little more than a girl say she was very lovely. She is very handsome now, though she has two almost grown-up sons at college. She dresses in European fashion and wears smart hats, but it took her a long time to get used to that. When she came to England last year, she used to say she would feel much more at home in a veil, or in the new style of headdress that Turkish women had adopted—a small piece of folded cloth that matched the dress.

A Victorian Hostess.

To most Londoners of the present day, Lady St. Helier is known as the slender and alert lady dressed rather severely in black who has been a prominent and active member of the London County Council for more than sixteen years, and who has done so much for poor children. It was with regret that they heard of her decision to withdraw from public work. Now it is known that she is very seriously ill at her home in Portland Place, which was the scene of her famous receptions in Victorian days and the early part of this century.

Few women have had an intimate acquaintance with so many of the celebrated people of her time, and none has been more successful in bringing them together socially. She is one of those Scots from the far North who have swooped down and conquered London, but she came at once into an

exclusive social world where she had many family connections. Her first husband was Colonel Stanley, a son of the second Baron Stanley of Alderley. Their eldest daughter, the Countess of Middleton, is a goddaughter of Thomas Carlyle. The Hon. Mrs. Stanley's renown as a hostess increased still further when, after her second marriage, to Sir Francis Jeune, afterwards Lord St. Helier, men famous in the legal profession came into her circle, bringing indirectly wider interests. Everyone who was anybody came to her dinners and receptions, and less distinguished people felt it was a great honour to be in their company.

Lady St. Helier is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Keith Stewart-Mackenzie of Seaforth, and comes of a family famous in Scottish history for its devotion to the Stuart cause, and for which the Earls of Seaforth suffered attainder. She is also connected with the Earls of Galloway—one of whom was fined £4000 (a huge sum in those days) by Oliver Cromwell for his loyalty to the King. This gallant nobleman lived to see the Restoration.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. LAURENCE METHUEN: THE HON. O. CAMPBELL. The Hon. Olive Campbell is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Blythswood, and her marriage to the Hon. Laurence Methuen, youngest son of Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, will take place at All Hallows Church, Inchinnan, on Feb. 23. Photograph by Lafayette.

Learned Youth.

Mussolini would be terribly upset if he knew about Mrs. Barbara Wootton. He would not know which way to think. As a student at Girton she was allowed to study subjects that he believes to have a very bad effect on women, and then she was allowed—in fact, she was even asked—to become Director of Economic Studies at the College. To make matters infinitely worse, Mr. Snowden, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, made her a member of the Colwyn Committee, where this audacious woman—so clearly out of her proper sphere—sat for two and a half years in deliberation with the grave and reverend seigniors who were discussing the intricate questions of our National Debt, and who actually admired the ability with which she took her share in the arduous work. Perhaps the most lamentable part of this story—a story that may be regarded as a serial, for there is no saying where Mrs. Wootton's brilliant career will take her—is that the woman is now Principal of Morley College, with eighteen hundred students, the majority of whom are men, under her direction, and she is letting them learn all sorts of things.

That is the dark side. The champion of youth would have to rejoice in spite of himself, however, in the fact that Mrs. Barbara Wootton's achievements are those of youth. She was only twenty-two years of age when she was appointed to the staff at Girton, and only twenty-six when Mr. Snowden, with a knowledge of the valuable work she had done in research, put her on the Financial Committee. She is much liked by all her associates, and, as a speaker on abstruse economic subjects, has a clear, lucid style that makes her lectures interesting.



THE PRINCIPAL OF MORLEY COLLEGE:
MRS. BARBARA WOOTTON.
Photograph by Lenare.