

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.

THE LATE DUCHESS OF TECK.

IN MEMORIAM.

Thou sleep'st in peace, not weary in well doing;
Gone to thy rest, yet wishful still to work;
Angelic Choirs thy soul are softly wooing
From every care that in its depths may lurk.
Leaving the azure covered hills behind,
Thou view'st the radiant realms of endless day—
Realms, which the sun himself shall never find,
For they nor want his heat, nor need his ray.
Whatever title there may shrine thy head,
Whatever wreaths thy sainted brows may deck,
To us thou art, as speaking from the dead,
Fair Princess Mary, Duchess good of Teck!

E. G. H.

The *Weekly Sun* writes thus of what we should term "the nursemaid à la mode," and I suppose we trained nurses may be thankful that the costume described is not that of bonnet, cloak and strings, which, until lately, were supposed to denote the members of our much-exploited profession. Any way, mothers should beware of this dressy young thing in selecting a nurse to care for their children. Children's nurses are usually women deserving of the deepest respect; their unselfish devotion to duty being universally acknowledged in the warm affection they inspire in the hearts of their little charges, and we regret that they should be tormented, as are their trained sisters, with meretricious competition. Says the *Sun*: "Speaking of effects. Sauntering idly through the park the other day I saw a nursemaid sitting on a bench with a child nestling by her side and another child in a perambulator asleep. The girl was reading a book, with but occasional restless glances about her to see the effect she produced, so I had time to take in the details of her dress. It was certainly very pretty, and I suspect was copied from a costume in one of the autumn dramas at Drury Lane; and also, she must have been, from the latitude allowed her, a domestic in a widower's family. When next I see her, probably it will be driving in her carriage as the stepmother of the two children, who will then be attended by a nurse garbed in the most humble and orthodox fashion. Pending her advancement, she is, however, thus picturesquely gowned: A French grey cashmere, made with plain, full skirt gathered with two or three rows of stitching just below the belt. The bodice was made with full bishop sleeves, and a yoke was formed of gathers like the skirt. A plain turned-down linen collar, small black bow, and snowy cuffs finished the bodice. Her bonnet was a close black straw, tied under her chin by narrow black velvet strings; with this she wore a becoming dotted veil, and the monotony of her grey frock was relieved by a lovely yellow-hearted rose. The very blue eyes were suspiciously long lashed, undoubtedly somewhat aided by art, and her neat feet were dressed in very high-heeled shoes, and open-work black silk stockings. It was very surprising and bewildering, but undeniably effective, and I had to rub my eyes to know that I was really in the park, and with real trees and grass, not the park as represented by a theatrical manager."

The Sanitary Inspectors' Association at a recent meeting, presided over by Mr. Dee, Westminster, excluded from membership of the Association three female inspectors who were proposed as members by forty-nine to thirty-nine votes. We should suggest that the name of the Association should be changed to the "Male Sanitary Inspectors' Association." This is the last example of intolerance and injustice on the part of men to women, the sole objection raised to the eligibility of these candidates for membership being that of their sex. "The discussion broadened until the whole question of the sphere of woman in life was hotly debated. Several members protested against the incursion of women into callings for which they were unsuited, and maintained that the frequent absence from their homes of the mothers of the country was weakening the domestic arrangements," Which, put into other words, may be interpreted to mean that these gentlemen desire when they marry to obtain general servants without paying them wages.

The feminists of France are about to start a paper which will be produced exclusively by women. All the departments are to be in the hands of women, and no male labour will be employed, except perhaps in the machine room. The reporting will also be done by women. The paper will not be run in the interests of any association, but will appeal to the public on its own merits.

Mdlle. Chauvin, the French lady barrister, has been authorized by the Procureur-Général to practise. It is, however, expected that the Council of the Society of Advocates will oppose her application to the Court for admission to the Bar.

Mrs. Paul has been appointed, by Commissioner McGann, Inspector of the Street Cleaning Department in Chicago. Mr. McGann has further insured the performance of efficient work by this lady by placing a horse and carriage at her disposal. The new inspector has no office except "under her hat." She begins work before 8 a.m., and it is often after 7 o'clock at night before the last pile of dirt is thrown into a cart. Mrs. Paul claims that with fifty men she will make Chicago "as clean as New York, and as mudless as Paris." We wish that some lady would undertake to secure a like result in London.

A Book of the Week.

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."*

THE literary critic of the *Standard* is of opinion that this is a Christmas gift-book for boys; his reason for this belief being, he tells us, that the edges of the leaves are gilt. He also thinks that the idea of the story is not new, and that it is full of wearisome technical detail. In the face of such an authority, it seems almost presumptuous to say that the book is a living contribution to literature, tingling all over with the strenuous pressure of hot vitality that runs through all the writings of this marvellous man, who only knows of the existence of one half of humanity—the male half—but knows that better than any other writer ever knew it before.

Now in the face of such qualities as all Mr. Kipling's

* "Captains Courageous." By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)

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