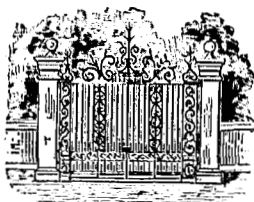


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Since our last issue Mme. Petit, the first lady admitted to practice at the French Bar, has taken the oath in the Court of Appeal at Paris, and the French language has been enriched by a new word, for when this modern Portia took the oath it was an "avocate barristress" that was born in the Palais de Justice. The First Chamber of Appeal, where the ceremony took place, was crowded to suffocation, and Mme. Petit's appearance caused a great sensation. The lady was charmingly dressed, and wore her biretta with becoming grace. An eye witness of this memorable scene says:—"In a word, a charming feminine coquetry had evidently been at work, for in the shoulder-pieces various decorative adjuncts appeared which are not at present in the men's gowns, while instead of being allowed to float free, the lady's gown was belted at the waist."

The usual formula was recited, Mme. Petit raised a small and well-jewelled hand, evoking a murmur of admiration from the juniors, and uttered in clear and audible tones the words, "I swear." The ceremony finished, the barristers formed an aisle, through which Mme. Petit passed, receiving their salutes.

Mme. Olga Petit, who was born at Kiev, and was named Balachowsky before her marriage, is the wife of a noted member of the Paris Bar attached to the Cabinet of the Minister of Commerce.

It is, however, to the untiring zeal of Mlle. Jeanne Chauvin that her sex has at last won the right to plead in the French Courts. We offer her our grateful homage and sincere congratulations.

Founders' Day at the "Lady Warwick Hostel" on Saturday last was the occasion of warm congratulations on the part of the friends of the institution at the success of the scheme. At the Annual Meeting held at Reading College, at which Mr. Chaplin presided, the Countess of Warwick said that the work had now outgrown the limits of a single individual's responsibility and purse, and an endowment of £50,000 to found a "Women's Agricultural and Horticultural College" was now needed to cope with the enormous possibilities which had been opened up.

We have always been interested in any development of women's work in agriculture, since the time when we had the pleasure of drawing attention to the question in a paper read before the British Association. At the same time, we are inclined to deprecate the establishment of special agricultural colleges for women. Women should take their place side by side with men in the many departments of agriculture for which they are fitted. Any employment for women which involves an open air life is desirable. Most working women are engaged in sedentary and indoor occupations, and rarely get out in the sunlight.

A Book of the Week.

LOVE IN A MIST.*

This is a novel to which quite exceptional terms of praise must be given. It is a very great deal above the average. Throughout, there is much thought, both strong and delicate; there is able character drawing, there is a most refreshing freedom from the morbid, the deformed, the strained.

It is real life, full of the ugliness, the pettiness, the daily fret; none of this is minimized; but men and women are not represented as blindly rushing upon an irresistible fate, in the grip of unchangeable circumstances. They struggle, they aspire, they rise through their own falls; and the love which God has put into the world, uplifts and sanctifies the coarse, common lot of the man in the street.

In one house live the following people:—

Wargrave Lincoln, socialist. A man of good family, who married a lovely girl of fine character, with whom he was much in love; who by degrees broke away from all the traditions of his class, broke his wife's health and heart, sacrificed his eldest son, and now lives in this East End slum, dragging down into the surrounding degradation his beautiful daughter Sybil and her little brother Philip.

Frank Rowland, also socialist, but son of the people; married to a slattern with intellectual proclivities, but quite incapable of doing properly the simplest domestic duty.

Hudson, a clerk, humble in origin, pure in heart; a man whose days are passed in drudgery, whose Sundays are spent in a dingy dissenting chapel; but who is living the Christ-life from hour to hour, and makes sacrifices of all the world holds for him, for the love of a woman has revealed to him the love of God.

Mrs. 'Opkins, whose sole claim to be there at all is that her husband is in jail; her two children, Ruby and Gladys.

Ada Jackson, a consumptive dressmaker.

Such is the extraordinary household with which we are made intimate; and upon this household suddenly descends Keith Hamilton, man of the world, who has known Sybil's mother.

Wargrave Lincoln is a man who is sincere throughout. The author, while showing where he made his mistake, lets you see how fine the man was, even in his delusion and his failure. There is one most striking scene between Sybil and her father, when he bids her choose between the man she loves and her little brother, who, without her, would perish morally and spiritually. The girl breaks out passionately.

"You do not know what love is, and yet you hope to save the world, I might some day perhaps a long time off love all children because I have begun by loving one. That's Nature's way of teaching love, and it is the best, the only way. We can't fight against Nature. If I leave Pippin, he will grow up hard and careless, very likely wicked. I am stupid, and not able to rise to great ideas, but I can love It is all I am fit for Of course to you this seems foolishness. You think that children would be more wisely brought up if the State took them from their fathers and mothers and educated them exactly alike. I have heard you say so. Perhaps in the long run, as multitudes of parents are bad, the plan might work well for the race as a whole. It would destroy Pippin I am still foolish,

* By Olive Birrell. Smith, Elder & Co.

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