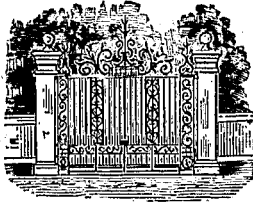


**Outside the Gates.**

**WOMEN.**



Miss Ethel B. Jayne, manageress of the Beaumont Steam Laundry, Leyton, states in a paper read before the Annual Meeting of the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, dealing with laundry work and its suitability to educated women, that for those who are really in earnest, whose object is to earn their own living, and are solely dependent on their own resources, it is a lucrative and most interesting employment. An empty pocket conduces to self-reliance, and self-reliance is one of the best aids to success in business of any kind.

She goes on to say: "I consider myself very fortunate in having been compelled by circumstances to earn my own living from the age of twenty-two. The chief difficulty with women is that they so often remain at home until thirty years of age or more, and then are compelled to turn out and find themselves employment. Without a thorough training or previous experience in business life, what chance have they of success? If parents who are not able to settle enough permanently upon their daughters when they come of age to enable them to live independently, would only insist upon their learning some trade or profession suited to their capacities, this great difficulty of finding suitable employment for middle-aged women, anxious to work but with no qualifications, would be done away with. I am confident that there is any amount of work of all kinds open to women, but the crying need is systematic training."

We all know women who, in their later years, are forced to seek some means of self-support, and find there is no opening for their unskilled services. Parents are, we hope, beginning to be more alive to the cruelty of maintaining in idleness daughters for whose future they cannot provide, through the years when they might qualify themselves for obtaining remunerative posts. We believe that all women, whether obliged to earn their living or not, are happier for a definite employment.

A case of beautiful models of mosquitoes has been placed in the great hall of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. The models are the work of Miss E. D. Emmett, and are twenty-eight times their natural size.

The models are of the *Anopheles Maculipennis* and the *Culex Pipiens*. The *Anopheles* is the malarial mosquito. The difference between the two is that the *Culex* has light bands round his body and one proboscis, while the *Anopheles* has no bands but three proboscides.

Why, by the way, is there such a prevalent idea that mosquitoes sting? A mosquito's method of attack, as his victims know but too well, is to fix himself head downwards and to bite.

**A Book of the Week.**

**POOR ELIZABETH.\***

It is a pity that the undiluted unpleasantness of Miss Hamilton's book will probably scare a good many people. "O," the reader will say, "don't read that horrid book!" And yet the horrid book is very clever, and it is full of truth, even if that truth be exaggerated.

In "Macleod of the Camerons," the author was tracing some of the horrible results of hereditary insanity; in this story she is occupied with the Eurasian question.

It is difficult for those who have never come into actual contact with the thing to realize the exact state of feeling on the subject, just as it is difficult for English people to appreciate the force of the same feeling with regard to mixed blood in the United States; but there is no doubt that the life of the Eurasian is not a happy one.

Robert Kennedy, civil servant, is engaged to Cicely Palmer, who has a school friend, Elizabeth Murray, daughter of a colonel who married a Hindu woman. This girl goes out on the same ship with Robert, at the expiration of his furlough, and makes violent love to him on the voyage, with the result that he kisses her and more or less flirts with her, seeing that flirtation is so easy with a young lady of such a coming-on disposition. Poor Elizabeth has all the faults of her race—the idleness, the untidiness, the entire untruthfulness of the harem-bred woman—also the passionate desire, the dog-like fidelity to a man, and the non-morality which is the natural outcome of the way in which women have been used for centuries out of number in the East.

In spite of his marked antipathy to Eurasians, Kennedy finds a curious attraction about the girl, which he combats, but not altogether successfully. When he finds that her relations have forced her into an engagement with an elderly Colonel of very bad record, he cannot help interfering and telling Elizabeth that she ought not so to sacrifice herself. Acting on his advice the girl confronts her choleric father, tells him she will not marry the Colonel, and frightened by his abuse, runs from the house, straight to poor Kennedy's bungalow. Kennedy is a good kind of a man, but he is not a Galahad; and when a young woman not only figuratively, but literally, throws herself into a man's arms, she must take the consequences, fortunate if, like Elizabeth, she has chanced on a man who will consider it his duty to marry her afterwards.

But Elizabeth, whose eyes have been opened by her father's coarse words, soon finds out Kennedy's opinion of Eurasians, and when she is to be a mother, the dread lest her child should be dark, becomes a prepossession, a monomania.

The climax is reached when the child is born—Kennedy being away at the time—and turns out to be a very dark little girl.

"If the baby had only died! It would have been buried and hidden long before Robert came, and he need never know, nobody could have been cruel enough to tell him. . . . Elizabeth's heart suddenly stopped beating, and she felt sick and strange. There was a chance yet—Robert need never know—if it died now, if it died before the morning came.

\* By M. Hamilton, Author of "Macleod of the Camerons." (Hurst & Blackett.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)