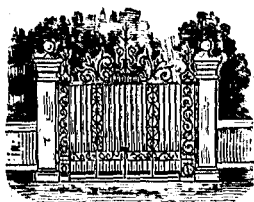


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



We are thankful to observe that Miss Corelli, speaking on the "Signs of the Times," at Glasgow, and also Mrs. Alec. Tweedie in the *Queen*, both strongly condemn the demoralizing effect of women gamblers, it is little known how terrible and far reaching is the effect of gambling amongst society women, whose vanity is colossal, and whose god is vulgar ostentation.

The closing portion of Miss Corelli's address was an attack on "bridge" as practised in the "swagger" sets of society. Her condemnation was chiefly directed against certain lady gamblers, whose example, she said, was "a shame and sorrow to their sex. The debts contracted by women of society in one year's 'bridge' parties make an appalling sum total, known only to a few in those exalted circles to which the millionaire or the South African speculator finds easiest admittance. There is no need to qualify or condone the woman gambler. She is, as she has always been, a demoralising element in the social community. That some such women are leaders of society to-day bodes ill for the social good. They are the sort of great ladies who talk a great deal about patriotism, and who pretend to 'patronise' British Trade and home industries while ordering every item of their dress and household furniture from Paris and Vienna." She concluded by the following words:—"The greatest, strongest, most splendid, and hopeful 'sign of the times' is the advancing and resistless tide of truth, which is approaching steadily—which cannot be kept back, and which in the first breaking of its great wave shall engulf a whole shore of weedy shams. A desire for truth is in the hearts of the people: truth in religion, truth in life, truth in work. We are all aiming for it, pushing towards it, and breaking down obstacles on the way. And because God is on the side of truth we shall obtain it; more speedily, perhaps, than we think, especially if we are not too weakly ready to be led away by the first anti-Christ of religious, political, or social example."

"Truth, like the sun in the morning skies,  
Shall clear the clouds from the days to be;  
'Each for himself' is a gospel of lies,  
That never was issued by God's decree."

Mr. Beckles Wilson gives in the "Strand Magazine" some particulars of the ladies who have been the models for the figure of Britannia that has so long been familiar on our coinage and elsewhere. First the beautiful British maiden Marzia inspired the sculptor Critonius, who afterwards married her, and presumably it is her effigy that appears on a coin of A.D. 122 in the character of Britannia, not dissimilar from that which graces the pennies of to-day. After an eclipse the lovely Marzia was revived by James I., but was superseded under Charles II. by Frances Stuart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond, who appeared in some charades as Britannia, and in that impersonation was immortalized by John Roettier, the designer to the

Mint. This medallist also is said to have been in love with Britannia. When she found herself dissatisfied with the position of her right leg and determined to have it altered after the medal had been struck to commemorate the Peace of Breda there was nothing for it but to obey. Nollekens, despite the amiable desire of his wife to pose for Britannia, seems to have been more inspired by Miss Coleman, a Covent Garden dancer. Pistrucchi endowed the national emblem with a helmet, but in the new Coronation medal this has no place, Herr Fuchs having been more guided by Roettier's design.

Now that we have cast in our lot with Japan, it is to be hoped that the smart little "Japs" will realise the sad condition of their womenkind. A married woman's lot in Japan is anything but a pleasant one, at least, according to Occidental ideas. Japanese women inherit no fortunes, and in families including no son one is adopted by the parents as heir. The only dowry a girl is given for her marriage is her dresses, a little writing desk, a work-basket, a box of cosmetics and other toilet articles, two little dining tables, and a few lacquer plates. On his marriage a man remains as free as ever before. He has no fresh duties to consider. He can do exactly what he chooses. If he likes he can spend every evening out of the house. The women among the poorer classes are still more to be pitied. A workman marries a woman when it suits him, and changes her with as little fuss as we change our clothes. These exchanges, or what we call divorces, take place less frequently in the better classes.

## A Book of the Week.

### ROSANNE.\*

Most of us know that the prize recently offered by the Playgoers' Club for the best drama was written by a woman; and most of us know that the woman was Miss Netta Syrett. Her previous literary efforts had taken the form of a collection of very charming and original stories for children, called "The Garden of Delight"; so her qualities as a novelist were somewhat of the unknown order. "Rosanne" at once places her in a front seat among the novelists of the day.

The author of this book has done a most daring thing. She has given us a study in heredity in which the unfortunate heroine, handicapped by a father who drinks himself to death, and a mother who was a harlot, and danced on the stage, does not go to the devil. None of the reviewers can speak with bated breath of the "Inevitable Catastrophe," for Miss Syrett is bold enough to believe that even a woman has a will of her own, and that heredity is not the only factor that works in the crises of our fate. Nan is saved at the eleventh hour, saved by the generosity of the woman whose happiness she has—almost involuntarily—wrecked; and Mrs. Amberley says of her:—

"Though she doesn't know it, life is all before her. She will never forget this experience. You need never fear that she will wreck her life in that particular way now. She has beauty, she has youth, and, after all, she smiled as she spoke—'it is possible to outlive almost anything that happens before one is thirty.'"

Revolutionary language, this! We are so used to be

\*.By Netta Syrett. Hurst and Blackett.

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