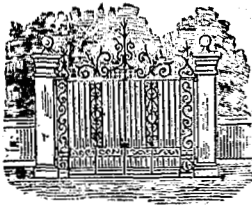


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Queen Alexandra has given £500 for the relief of the sufferers by the disaster at St. Vincent, and has expressed to the Lord Mayor her deep sympathy with them.

Mrs. Chapman, Upper Brook Street, writes that there are in London and the neighbourhood "many invalid or crippled women and girls who are unable to compete in the labour market," and that the Fine Needlework Association for Invalid Women proposes to open centres where they can be taught every description of embroidery and fine needlework. In Bermondsey and Fulham classes have already been formed, which have proved successful. Funds are, however, urgently required to enable the association to extend the scheme, and to place it on a firmer basis.

Some distinguished French doctors have been discussing the subject of the heredity of poetic talent, and have arrived at the following conclusions:—First, that great poetic talents are solitary and exceptional, even amongst persons exhibiting a taste or aptitude for poetry; secondly, that the mother of a poet is always an intellectually gifted woman, whereas the son of a stupid woman is always stupid; and, thirdly, that poetic talent is hereditary, and is transmitted through the mother alone. Goethe, as the *Lancet* points out, attributed to his mother his "turn for poetising." But mothers in these latter days must surely be less intellectual than formerly, for real poets are rare.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, the indefatigable President of the International Council of Women, has addressed a memorandum of considerable length to the Presidents of National Councils, in which she reports that she left Indianapolis for California on June 12th, and returned on July 23rd having travelled 6,500 miles and addressed twenty-eight meetings during the forty days, all but three of which were in the interests of Internationalism. Mrs. Sewall also attended the Buffalo Congress. On consecutive Wednesdays for five weeks, beginning on August 7th, and closing on September 5th, there was held in the Assembly Hall of the Women's Administration Building, a series of conferences on Internationalism. The annual meeting of the executive committee of the International Council of Women will be held at Copenhagen in July next. Lady Battersea, the President of the British Council will unfortunately be unable to attend, but in all probability a member of the Council will attend the meeting as her representative.

The ranks of lady apothecaries have been enriched by the addition of Miss Camilla Olivia Green, who has just taken her diploma at Straight University. The interesting feature of this triumph lies in the fact that the lady is a negress, the first of her race to pass a successful university examination, and to be permitted to reap the reward of it.

A Book of the Week.

WOODSIDE FARM*

Perhaps the thing which most strikes one in Mrs. Clifford's writing is her infinite variety. One of her books gives no suggestion at all of what the next is likely to be. *Woodside Farm* is like her previous work only in its faithful study of human nature.

Gerald Vincent, younger son of the impecunious Lord Eastleigh, takes holy orders, gets engaged to the daughter of a bishop, accepts a living from his prospective father-in-law, and then becomes unorthodox. He resigns the living, is jilted by his fiancée, and wanders off by himself, uncertain what to do, and living on the two hundred a year which is his only portion.

In this mood, wishing to formulate the ideas within him—wishing apparently to give the world some *apologia pro vita sua*—he comes upon a charming Surrey village, near which is Woodside Farm. Here he pitches his tent, and here, after a lapse of time, he marries the widowed woman who owns the farm. Mrs. Barton is of an old yeoman stock—a lady by nature. Her quiet life has all been passed in the village, and she loves her lodger with a whole-hearted devotion which is in no whit impaired by the fact that he does not go to Church.

One of the best bits in the whole book is the arrival of her late husband's dissenting relations from the neighbouring town, to dissuade her from imperilling her soul by marrying an infidel.

The middle aged couple live together very peaceably and have one child, Margaret. Mrs. Vincent has also one child by her former husband, Hannah Barton, about ten years older than Margaret. This young woman inherits to the full her father's Nonconformist proclivities, and grows up a scourge to the whole household by her ill-temper and narrow views. When Margaret herself reaches womanhood the problem of her future first begins to trouble her easy-going father, and this is complicated by the imminent death of his only brother, which will make him Lord Eastleigh. At this stage he receives a letter from the woman who jilted him years ago, begging him to bring his daughter to see her. Margaret has grown up a beauty, and her father takes her to London, to work havoc in the heart of the impressionable Tom Carrington. She has also made havoc in the heart of Mr. Garratt, a young tradesman, who has seen Hannah Barton at the house of her relations, and thinks she would be worth marrying because of her future inheritance of Woodside Farm. This amusing bouncer promptly transfers his affections to the lovely Margaret, and his pursuit of her makes excellent comedy.

The two Lakemans, mother and daughter, are excellent hits at a certain sort of modern woman. The contrast between their artificiality and the limpid sincerity of Mrs. Vincent is admirably managed, and not in the least overdone.

It seems curious, in the work of a really clever woman like Mrs. Clifford, to come across the feeble clap-trap which is the refuge of the ignorant and the indolent, about its not mattering what one believes so long as you do what you think right; and "all roads lead to Heaven."

Religion is presented to us in its worst and ugliest

* By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Duckworth & Co.

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