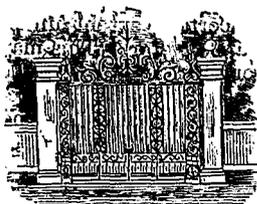


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Presiding at the Summer Festival at the College for Working Women, Fitzroy Square, the Countess of Bective, who distributed the prizes, repeated once more what all the world is saying—woman must realise that her interest in life would be increased by the enlargement of her point of view. She urged on those present the necessity for study. The free gift of education which the College provided was an invaluable one. The necessity for increase of education among women was the most striking feature of the day. Miss Sorabji gave a most charming address on the "Women in India." A delightful gathering ended by the distribution of nosegays of fresh flowers to all the members of the College.

Mr. Tree, addressing his audience at the close of his season at His Majesty's, made an announcement of considerable interest. "I have marked out for my own undertaking in the year that is to come," he said, "the foundation, in connection with this theatre, of a school of acting which should supply what the Press has for years described as 'a long-felt want.'"

This is good news for women with the dramatic instinct. At present the English actress qualifies for the profession in the *couturière's* atelier and the beauty specialist's shop. Wax figures are to be found in perfection at Tussaud's exhibition; let us have live men and women for the future on the boards.

The controversy in the Press violating the most sacred relations of Thomas Carlyle and that woman of genius, his wife, has outraged every fibre of womanhood. That a "wee mannikin" of the type of Sir James Crichton-Browne should have been afforded facilities by the editors of reputable journals to vomit forth with appalling lack of decency his splenetic jealousy of sex is a slur on modern journalism. With a writer in *Blackwood* we would exclaim: "For shame, sirs, to dig in graveyards! Put up your spades; go home; and attend to your own affairs like gentlemen."

Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., unveiled at the Town Hall, East Ham, a bust of Elizabeth Fry, which had been given to the district by Mr. J. Passmore Edwards. Commenting on the labours of Mrs. Fry, who was his great-aunt, Mr. Buxton said that she was much helped in her work by reason of her great strength of mind, her brain power, her extraordinary fund of sympathy, and her wonderful tact. The fact that she was a Quakeress helped her, for that sect in her days was regarded as a "peculiar people," and she was able to do what was regarded as "peculiar things." Mr. J. H. Bethell, J.P., said that Mrs. Fry lived in the White House at Plashet Grove, East Ham, for twenty years. The building still stood—it was occupied by a publican—and it was one of the few relics of the eighteenth century still existing in the parish.

A Book of the Week.

ELIZABETH'S CHILDREN.*

If you wish to bring a book up to date, you call your heroine Elizabeth. That is really the conclusion of the whole matter. The unknown lady who is the writer of the present work, trusting to fate that all the world has forgotten "Helen's Babies" by now, has made up her mind to resuscitate those unendurable imps, merely changing the young "white goods salesman" into an English landed proprietor, his inamorata from a "summer boarder" into an heiress, making three boys instead of two, and giving them a French father.

For those who are interested in plagiarisms, this is a pretty glaring specimen of the article. Like his American prototype, Hugh Latimer, the bachelor victim, tells his own story, and the boys, like Budge and Toddie, say their prayers, discuss Bible narratives, and interfere with his love affairs. Were this all, we should not be reviewing the book in these pages. But it is not all. The thing is redeemed by a certain smart lightness of touch which makes it distinctly amusing. The characters of the boys are merely caricatures—written to cause a laugh, not nearly so convincing as Budge and Toddie, who were evidently drawn from the life. But it is the neighbourhood which is interesting, the thumbnail sketches of visitors and acquaintances which occur from time to time throughout. Mrs. Darlington, the selfish egotist who makes the life of her patient companion a burden to her, is excellent. She is real, though we see her only by glimpses.

"Mrs. Darlington called to-day. I think she was under the impression that she was doing something naughty in calling on me. I don't know why. She informed me that to see a man of my position *in loco parentis* was like a supper of bread and butter and absinthe; and she called the boys hybrids, and then she sipped her tea in a glow of self-admiration. She never admires anyone else."

There is also a good vignette of Miss Browne, daughter of a man who made a fortune in blacking.

"At times when I am in Miss Browne's company I detect a faint aroma of blacking, which is a useful and commendable article, but not usually paraded in drawing-rooms. When I am with her brother Archie, on the other hand, I never detect it. And it is one of the ironies of life that the daughter, who would fain forget the very word 'blacking,' should inevitably remind people of the paternal occupation, while the son, who isn't in the least ashamed of the way in which the money he has the spending of was made, should never recall that way, except by laughing, open speech."

Here is another little sparkle:—

"Yes, it is true, I *am* writing a book," said Cliffe, sadly. "It is to be the book of the year."

"What's the plot?"

"He regarded her blankly."

"Plot, dear lady," reproachfully; "don't dub me out of date."

"Alice laughed. 'Oh, all right. How does it begin?'"

"It doesn't begin—"

"Nor end, I suppose?"

"Of course not. Didn't I say it was to be the book of the year?"

*John Lane.

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