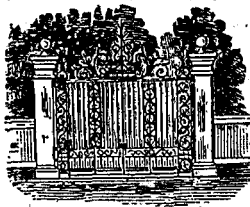


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll has consented to perform the ceremony of unveiling the Kensington Memorial to Queen Victoria on Wednesday, October 19th. She will also attend the luncheon to be given afterwards in the Empress Rooms.

The promoters of the new Costumiers' and Milliners' Protection Association have not been long in putting part of their programme into practical shape. Already Mr. Barry Cohen, solicitor, has outlined a Bill to amend the law relating to married women, which, as at present constituted, renders it extremely difficult for costumiers and milliners to recover debts incurred by a wife. It is the view of the organisers of the Association that the present law affords many loopholes for the evasion of debt, and assumes that the tradesman, when dealing with a married woman, should know whether she is an agent for her husband, or whether she proposes to pay out of her separate estate. It is impossible, when a lady visits an establishment, to ask whether she is dealing on her own account or pledging the credit of her husband. If so questioned, she would leave the place.

By this new measure, which will be submitted to the Government, it is proposed that for "all sums of money owing in respect of contracts arising out of the supply of wearing apparel for a married woman," both husband and wife shall be deemed liable. Its effect would be that a judgment is obtained against both, and may be executed against either. The husband's view of this plan to extend his liability for his wife's extravagance has, of course, yet to be obtained.

The truth is, many costumiers and milliners have themselves to blame for their losses; they encourage vain and silly women to order gorgeous and expensive garments for ordinary wear which are neither becoming nor necessary outside the Court circle.

"Tennyson and Somersby" is the subject of an interesting article in the *Sunday Strand* for October. "Until lately," we are told, "there were old inhabitants of Somersby who remembered 'T' owd doctor,' as the father of the Tennysons was familiarly styled by the rustics. He was a man of a somewhat morbid disposition—'black-blooded, like all the Tennysons'—and was a little difficult of approach on the sentimental side. Yet he had such a side, for he was himself a poet. His contradictoriness of character is shown by the fact that, being a poet himself, he was inclined to scoff at his boys' early attempts at versification. On the other hand, we have Charles Tennyson's picture of the sweet sympathy of the mother, who was beautifully proud of 'the nest of singing birds' she was rearing. He tells how he and Alfred, walking beside their mother's chair, drawn by a great mastiff, used to read their verses aloud to her. Think of the Somersby lanes, the glorious sunsets, the dog-carriage, the benignant mother's smile, and the poet raptures of the

two splendid boys! It is a picture to be glad about. No wonder Charles exclaims, 'Oh, all that there is of good and kind in any of us came from her tender heart!'"

At the close of the International Geographical Congress held at Washington in September Miss Agnes G. Murphy, a member of the Council of the Society of Women Journalists in London, was elected an honorary member of the Geographical Society of California, being the first woman to receive the distinction.

A Book of the Week.

THE GREATNESS OF JOSIAH PORLICK.*

This anonymous book is clever in a very unusual and original way. It is of the same class as another very able book, published not long ago—"Borlase and Son"—which, unfortunately, came into our hands too late for review.

In short, it is less a story than a chronicle—the chronicle of the progress of a mean mind towards its goal of worldly success.

The author has a very intimate knowledge of the middle classes, and this book shows the middle-class mind, with a minute accuracy which never for a moment degenerates into caricature. Porlick has made his money by taking advantage of endless small chances. When he saw a chance to drive a hard bargain he took it, and his bargaining was merciless. The keystone of his fortune was a design for a bolt, which he bought from a poor brother-in-law for twenty-five pounds. The rest of his transactions are on the same scale. The strict economy which he enjoys practising, even in his own household, is carried into the sphere of his religion itself. He resents the preaching of one of the clergy at the church which he attends, and determines to go to chapel instead. The account of this transition pours a perfect flood of light upon the motives, not of Mr. Josiah Porlick alone, but of many of his kindred who go daily in and out among us.

"When Mr. Porlick was still wavering in his allegiance to what he called 'the church of his fathers,' the curate preached a sermon which stiffened his hesitation into decision. The text was the great paradox, 'I am come not to bring peace, but a sword.'

"'Christianity,' said the preacher, 'has been very unfortunate in its supporters. Kings and potentates have constantly looked upon the Church of Christ as a kind of reserve police force, useful to keep in check the forces of revolt, and therefore to be encouraged and liberally patronised. But over and over again they have been dismayed to find their guards in open insurrection. To change the metaphor, they have looked upon Christianity as the mortar, useful to bind the stones together that form their palace walls, but instead they have found it the most acrid solvent the world has known, and, wherever it has been introduced, great fissures open in the stone-work.'

"Now, the attitude of mind at which the curate scoffed was in reality exactly that in which Mr. Porlick approached the problems of religion. Religion was to him the great bulwark of property, and hence obviously Divine. And to hear this sacred truth denounced, and even derided, was more than he could bear."

* Jo' n Murray.

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