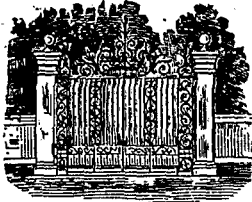


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



It is with great pleasure we record that henceforth women will be eligible for admission as Fellows of the Linnean Society. This is a question that has engaged the attention of the Society on several occasions. It was held that, under the charter of 1802, there was no power to elect women, and so strong was the feeling in favour of an alteration that a supplementary charter giving it effect was obtained last April. The by-laws were amended in conformity with that charter, and these were submitted for confirmation by the Fellows at a recent meeting at Burlington House, when the proposal met with overwhelming support.

Mrs. Farquharson, of Haughton, has done excellent work as the leader of a movement to obtain eligibility of women for equal rights of fellowship in learned societies, and is herself a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society and of the Anthropological Institute.

The first number of the *Lyceum*, the monthly journal of the Lyceum Club, will no doubt receive a cordial welcome. It is excellently produced, and will be of real service in keeping the members in touch with one another, and in bringing to their notice subjects of mutual interest and concern. The number before us gives a retrospect of the steps which led to the formation of the Club, ending ultimately in its location in one of the finest houses in Piccadilly.

The "Fore-word" announces that the Information Bureau is already in working order, and it is evident this Bureau is of practical use to the members in placing manuscripts and illustrations, and in obtaining commissions which have been successfully undertaken by members. It also puts members in touch with each other as to minor opportunities and appointments.

Under the heading "Artists" we note that three interesting exhibitions of works by members of the Club have already been arranged—one in New York and two in Germany. An exhibition of the decorative needlework of Mrs. Hössel, a German member, arranged by the Lyceum Club, is also taking place in London. An interesting department is that devoted to members' forthcoming publications, while that entitled "From Member to Member," in which, for a small charge, wants of all kinds can be notified, is sure to be appreciated.

The International character of the Club is abundantly in evidence in the pages of its Journal. Those in possession of the first number will look forward with pleasurable anticipation to future issues. The monthly cost of the Journal is sixpence.

In sentencing to seven days' hard labour a married woman who was staggering about in Seven Sisters Road with her infant child in her arms, Mr. Mead stated, at North London Police Court recently, that he had determined to send to prison all mothers who were proved to have been drunk in the streets while having the care of children under seven years of age.

To make things even all round the man who spends his money on drink and neglects to provide for his family should also be punished with hard labour.

A Book of the Week.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH.*

To say that Mr. Hichens' book is faultless were, perhaps, to say too much. It leaves one with the impression that perhaps there were faults, had one time to think about them. But when immersed in the emotions of a tremendous tragedy, one does not stop to think much about the background.

Since the appearance of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"—that book destined to revolutionise all novel writing—there has been no such picture of moral struggle put before us.

To the present reviewer it seems that Mr. Hichens has here produced his master-piece. He has found the keystone for the glittering arch of his talent; he has found the one welding touch of human sympathy, added it to the remorseless analysis which he always possessed; and the result is that the two minds—that of the man, that of the woman—lie there before you, so completely alive, that after perusal of the book, it is long before you can persuade yourself that you have been merely reading fiction.

Mr. Hichens' heroine is an English woman, who, for some reason of his own, he has burdened with the grotesque name of Domini Enfielden.

She is no fleshless abstraction, but a very concrete, vigorous woman, pulsating with the power to live and to enjoy—of fine physique, handsome face, athletic limbs, alert mind. She is thirty-two years old, and has a record of sorrow behind her. Her father became a Roman Catholic for love of her mother, who afterwards deceived and disgraced him, with the result that he became an Atheist. Domini, deeply shaken by the family tragedy; nevertheless clung to her faith, though at the time the story opens, she was conscious of having no very firm hold upon it. She has, when we meet her first, just arrived in Africa on a somewhat aimless journey, trying to forget the past, to recover her mental tone, after her father's unedifying death.

With Domini, the reader plunges into the desert. It is no exaggeration to say the spell of the narration has a quality of hypnotism about it. With Domini one sees; with Domini one yields to the marvellous spell of the Garden of Allah; with Domini one ventures into the weird and terrible mysteries of the Arab religion; with Domini one walks in the earthly paradise—the Count's garden. With Domini one very slowly makes the acquaintance of Boris Androvsky.

One goes through every phase of that acquaintance; one shakes with every doubt that shook her; one craves, as did she, with poignant curiosity. One admires the desperate, blundering awkwardness of the man; the fire of enthusiasm, the courage, the simplicity, the reserve, the passion that finally sweeps the woman off her feet.

The story has to be told from Domini's point of view in order to keep to the last the wonderful secret that changes the course of the woman's life. Yet it is marvellous how the writer lets just enough of his man's inner life escape him to hold the interest always at the requisite point.

As the tale moves on—just the tale of these two—the thrill never lessens, but grows from page to page.

* By Robert Hichens. (Methuen.)

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