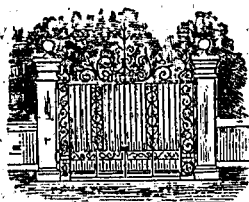


## Outside the Gates.

## WOMEN.



Mrs. T. J. Macnamara has expressed the opinion that the way things go on in the House of Commons would drive any sane, sensible woman distracted in a week.

Men's ideas of honour, says a contemporary, are not always intelligible to women.

It requires, perhaps, a superior order of intellect to understand why to cheat another man of a few shillings at a game of cards should be considered a deadly sin, which forfeits you the respect of every acquaintance you may possess, and to cheat the "widow and the orphan" of thousands of pounds be condoned as a mere peccadillo when effected by company promotion.

The French Minister for Foreign Affairs has conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honour on Madame Adelina Patti.

"Olive Schreiner" has joined the Cape Town branch of the Social Democratic Federation.

Mr. Benjamin Ferguson, lumber merchant, has bequeathed to the Chicago Art Institute 1,000,000 dols. for the erection and maintenance of statues and monuments commemorating the greatest men, women, and events in American history.

A brilliant instance of a woman's determination and pluck is found in the case of Miss Anna Millar, the head mistress of the Rhodes School, who was dismissed two years ago on a charge of writing improper letters to one of the teachers, and committing other misdeeds. After her dismissal she accused Dr. Harvey, the president of the school board, and others of conspiring against her, and wished to commence legal proceedings. No lawyer would undertake her case, but nothing daunted, Miss Millar studied law, and after two years' hard work was admitted to the Bar, and forthwith instituted an action for £10,000 damages against Dr. Harvey, conducting her own case with great ability, and, despite the fact that she was opposed by experienced lawyers, making an excellent impression. The judge's summing-up was favourable to her, and she succeeded in obtaining a complete vindication of her character with £3,500 damages.

Madame Zola's gift to the City of Paris of the house at Médan where her husband wrote most of his books for a convalescent home, will, says a contemporary, ensure the preservation of a notable literary landmark. The place was a very small one indeed in 1877, when the novelist purchased it for the sum of £380, but he gradually acquired more, and more land and made large additions to the building, in such wise that from first to last the property, apart from its upkeep, cost him from £10,000 to £12,000. Its chief characteristics are its various towers, built successively out of the profits derived from Zola's chief works, the largest of all these structures being named "La Tour de l'Assommoir" and the next "La Tour Nana." The grounds are of considerable extent, and from the house there are fine views over the Valley of the Seine.

## A Book of the Week.

## A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.\*

Mrs. Tynan's book belongs to a lighter region of the big world of fiction than we are accustomed to consider. But our reason for noticing it is, that it possesses qualities not usually possessed by the flimsy and ephemeral type to which it belongs. The writer has had an idea—a large and noble idea—which she has not been able to work out. We have read with great admiration some of Mrs. Tynan's verses. We feel sure that she has talents far above those that appear in her pleasant, shallow stories. Doubtless she writes too hurriedly, as most people do, in these days.

Anne Daly, the daughter of kings, is what ought, in careful hands, to be a creation. She is an Irish woman, nearing thirty, of "lang pedigree," and as poverty-stricken as the Irish aristocrat always seems to be. Her nature is so pure that she never sees evil, so straightforward that she never thinks of poverty as a disgrace, so proud that her pride becomes a very virtue. Now, this idea of the woman so innocent that evil shrinks away from her, and that contact with her brings out everybody's best side, might be a most captivating study. Driven by poverty and debt, she accepts a post as the head of a rich widower's household, to mould his young daughters to aristocratic tastes. The man is middle-aged, the father of a large family, the maker of a great invention—of low birth, and in his youth, the lover of a short-lived maid of high lineage, who was to him something what Danto was to Beatrice.

Mrs. Tynan makes Anne love and marry this man. But she does not succeed in making us think that Anne would have done any such thing. The wooing is of the lamest, and the affection of the most tepid. It is the description of Anne that fascinates.

"Her face had the innocence of childhood and its fearlessness, and he understood what his little daughter had meant when she said that Anne looked like a boy."

It was probably her air of candour and directness which gave the impression; and though she could wear a black and white silk dinner-gown of the Third Empire and look well in it, she could also drive an outside car, row a sea-going boat, and was, when in her native bogs, as captivating a person as one need wish to meet. Her character creates in the reviewer a positive craving to see her set among surroundings which should develop her admirable traits. But instead of that she is allowed to browse in ease and popularity and luxury. Nobody opposes her or misunderstands her from beginning to end, neither does she interfere, either to make or mar, in the affairs of the young people around her, who all begin by sorting themselves wrong. We have in the book, from first to last, nine love affairs, no less; and it is in vain to seek to distinguish among so many very ordinary persons who pair off satisfactorily on the last page.

The thing is, so very little would make a good book of it. Much of the Irish part is quite delightful. Anne invites her wealthy widower and his elegant daughter to Witch's Castle, Donegal, where her old Gran lives in haughty destitution; and never a thought crosses their minds as to the meagreness of the hospitality they offer so freely. When Angela is left alone in the bedroom provided—

By Katherine Tynan. (Evelyn Nash.)

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