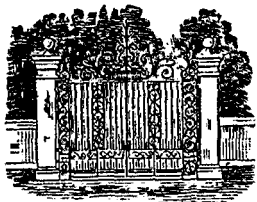


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



At the recent opening of the Empress Frederick Institute at Berlin the Emperor paid a well-deserved tribute of praise to the memory of his illustrious mother, whose progressive mind he failed to appreciate during life. In addressing the assemblage the Emperor said it was a wonderful dispensation of Divine Providence how, through the sore trial which the will of Heaven had imposed upon the Empress Frederick and her House, the idea of alleviating the sufferings of mankind had taken practical shape in the Empress's mind. The seed she has sown in her last hours had fallen upon soil in which it had taken root. It was the impression caused by her lamented death that had aroused in many hearts feelings of philanthropy, which in their turn had brought forth among all classes and spheres noble deeds for the good of suffering mankind, from which his Majesty hoped would flow springs and streams of blessing for the nation.

The anniversary luncheons of the Society of American Women in London have come to hold a very distinct place in social events, not only are these functions animated by a delightful hospitality, but a serious note is usually struck in connection with them.

On Monday last the seventh luncheon was held at the Hotel Cecil, the invited guests including the following ladies: The Lady Mayoress, Lady Samuel, Miss Constance Jones, Mistress of Girton College; Miss Anna Paues, of Newnham College; Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, Mrs. Morgan Dockrell, Mrs. John Lane, Miss D'Espaigne Chapman, Miss Evangeline Florence, and Miss De Forest Anderson.

Mrs. Webster Glynes presided in her own very charming manner, the luncheon was a very gay and sparkling affair, and the useful note was struck when at its close the society's scholarship scheme was discussed. This scheme provides for giving two girls from each of the forty-two States of America the advantage of a couple of years' education at Newnham or Girton, and Mrs. Glynes announced that already American women were gathering funds to start the first scholarship, which would be open to candidates from Columbia. A possible development would be a reciprocal scheme for sending English girls to American colleges.

The members of the Society had pledged themselves to international education as between Great Britain and America, to further the union of the English-speaking peoples, believing that such a union would make for the reign of righteousness and peace.

Mrs. Glynes' address was warmly applauded, and subsequent speakers supported her sympathetic and far-reaching policy. We congratulate the Society of American Women in London on again electing this popular and representative lady to the honourable office of President.

Of course, Sir Charles Dilke's Women's Enfranchisement Bill was talked out on Friday, it was magnificent but it was not politics; we all realise we must be thankful for a much less comprehensive measure of enfranchisement at first, even if adult suffrage comes as it will by-and-bye. The Women's Suffrage Committee in the House hope that the Government will find themselves compelled to legislate on the question in connection with Registration reform.

## Book of the Week.

### THE GAMBLER.\*

It is a matter of great grief to the novel reader when her favourite authors yield to the blandishments of their publishers and issue work which is below the standard they have attained. Miss Beatrice Harraden, has, alas! done this. Her new story, 'The Scholar's Daughter,' can only be described as infantile. Had her name not been on its title-page there is no doubt the story must have gone vainly seeking a publisher. On this account, I am prevented from noticing it in these pages as I always strive only to recommend to my readers those books which I believe genuinely worthy of praise.

Mrs. Thurston, the author of "John Chilcote," will by no means add to her reputation by the publication of her new story; but though "The Gambler" is very unequal, it contains many good moments. A ruthless use of the blue pencil would have enabled one to get a clearer grasp of the work as a whole. The author needs 124 closely-written pages to inform us that James Milbanke paid a visit to a friend of his youth, Denis Asshlin, in Ireland. That he found the man a gambler, with two young daughters; that they quarrelled because the guest declined to gamble; that they met again when Asshlin was on his death-bed; and that Milbanke, a prosy and estimable person, undertook to look after the two girls, beggared by their father's excesses. The elder girl, Clodagh, was very pretty; and the foolish old Milbanke, egged on most unaccountably by Hannah, the servant, marries the ignorant, untutored slip of a thing, and takes her to live in Italy.

Three chapters should have been quite enough to set this prelude before the reader. One whole chapter is devoted to getting James Milbanke from the railway station to his friend's house, and the description of the utterly uneventful drive thither. The story really begins on page 129, when the now developed and beautiful and well dressed, but still unsophisticated Clodagh, goes to Venice with her archaeological old husband, and falls in with people who are capable of admiring youth and beauty when they are put before them.

\*By Mrs. Thurston. Hutchinson and Co.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)