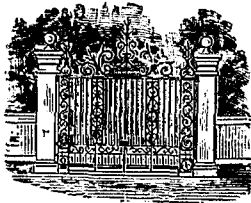


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



A Committee has been formed in London to collect work from amateurs, professionals, and women's associations in the United Kingdom desiring to exhibit at the forthcoming Exhibition of Women's Work in Australia, of which her Majesty the Queen is patroness and Lady Northcote, wife of the Governor-General of Australia, president.

"W. H. Earl" sends a very interesting little note touching on women's demonstrations, to the *Standard*. He writes:

"In these times of tumult with suffragists it may be interesting to read of the doings of women during the English Revolution, 1643, as related by Guizot.

"A mob of two or three thousand women assembled early in the morning around Westminster Hall, wearing white ribands on their heads, emblem of peace, and sent in a doleful petition in support of the Lords. Sir John Hippenley came out and told them that the House also desired peace, and hoped soon to procure it, and that, meantime, he hoped they would retire to their homes. The women remained; at twelve o'clock their number had increased to more than 5,000; some men in women's clothes were amongst them, and, at their instigation, a party penetrated to the doors of the House of Commons crying, "Peace, peace." The guard, merely a corporal's party of Militia, requested them to retire; but this only redoubled their violence. "Give us up the traitors who are against peace, we'll tear them in pieces; give us up that rascal Pym." They were forced back to the bottom of the stairs, and a few shots were fired in the air to intimidate them. "It's only powder," they said, and commenced pelting the Militia with stones. The latter then fired at them with ball, and a squadron of horse coming up at the time, charged upon the crowd, sword in hand; for a moment the women stood their ground, making a lane for the cavalry, whom they assailed with imprecations and blows. They were at last fain to retreat; and after a few minutes of fearful tumult, there remained of all the crowd only seven or eight women, wounded and weeping, and two lying dead. One of these, well known by the people, had from her childhood sung the old ballads of the country in the streets of London."

In the Standing Committee of the Storting there is now a majority for the Liberal proposal to introduce political suffrage for women, who already possess municipal suffrage. It is, therefore, not improbable that the measure will be passed in the Storting.

A very interesting address was given by Baron Kikuchi, before the Japanese Society, on "Female Education in Japan," where he said they regarded education as an affair to be regulated, controlled, and supervised by the State, and not left to private enterprise. Their secondary education was entirely a matter of brain, and not of social rank. Everyone in Japan assumed that girls were going to be married and to become wives and mothers, and female education was based on that assumption. Man must be master of the house, but both sexes must cultivate good manners.

Book of the Week.

DOCTOR GORDON.*

A book in which there is not a dull page is a rarity, but "Dr. Gordon" justifies the description. From the very first, with the setting out of James Elliot to become assistant to Dr. Gordon, our interest is aroused, and it is never allowed to flag. With James Elliot we find ourselves entangled in such a web of mystery that the young man has our whole-hearted sympathy in his increasing bewilderment. It is impossible not to feel intensely curious as to what is coming next, and the penalty for setting the book aside one moment before completion is that one is fairly haunted by speculations.

It was to be expected that on his five and twenty mile walk James Elliot should fall in with an adventure of some sort, and that it concerns an exceedingly pretty, and, at the moment, unprotected girl, is not unlooked for. That there should spring from this episode a very neat little love story is a foregone conclusion, but it is the last foregone conclusion Miss Mary E. Wilkins allows us. The real romance of the story lies so deep in its heart that we find no explanation of it until the end of the book, yet all through in its obscurity it dwarfs the apparent love tale into mere prettiness.

When James Elliot reaches the doctor's house by night he finds something that astonishes him considerably. Later, "he noticed something else which seemed rather odd about the room. All the windows were furnished with heavy wooden shutters, and, early as it was, hardly dark, all were closed, and fastened securely. James somehow got an impression of secrecy, that it was considered necessary that no glimpse of the interior should be obtained from without after the lamp was lit."

Such was the aspect of Dr. Gordon's room. His personality is in striking accord with it. The windows of his soul are heavily shuttered, but light within there must be, whether luminous or lurid. Current with the mystery which is the motive of the book is this question: what is the real Dr. Gordon? You think you know a dozen times, but you never do until Miss Wilkins chooses.

The character studies are excellent. That is a part of their craft, in which American writers rarely fail. With the fewest possible lines the

* By Mary E. Wilkins. (Fisher Unwin.)

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