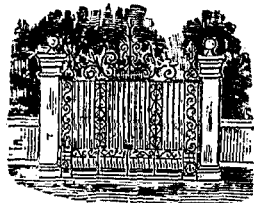


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



women students with facilities for research work in bacteriology.

There can be no doubt that there is a large field of usefulness before women in certain branches of the public health service, in the medical inspection of factories and schools, and in the administration of the recently passed Midwives' Act. And in providing special facilities for the training of women in work of this kind the Middlesex Hospital authorities have done well, not only for the cause of women's education, but in the interests of the public generally.

These laboratories are now open for work under the charge of Mr. A. G. R. Foulerton, the director of the bacteriological and public health department of the Middlesex Hospital Medical School, with Miss Hilda Whittingham, M.B. (Lond.), as assistant.

We are glad to note that the Local Authorities' (Qualification of Women) Bill for England has escaped the annual slaughter of bills, which takes place towards the end of every session—and that the Ministry are "resolved to proceed" with it. The Qualification of Women (Scotland) Bill was read a third time, and passed last Thursday.

When the out-patient recommendations were done away with at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital Miss Waley was appointed honorary almoner. At the recent quarterly meeting of the Governors it was stated that the Board had received a most interesting report from Miss Waley upon the working of her department during the past six months, and had conveyed to her their warmest thanks for her great services. Miss Waley is continuing her work for another six months.

In "Labour and Children" Miss Margaret McMillan points out the necessity of regarding education from the point of view of the child's organism. The records of two whole Parliamentary sessions are an illustration of missed opportunity, and of time wasted on something apart from education altogether.

Luther declared that boys get the stupor scholasticus from sitting too much in schools. . . . Perhaps men get it, too, from sitting too much

apart in high places—from taking no part, however small, in the rough kind of manual labour. But when the worker and inventor comes, this particular kind of dulness vanishes.

Miss McMillan suggests that the school doctor and the artisan working together may achieve what those who devise book codes have failed to do.

The school doctor is as yet only on the threshold—the forces of ignorance and prejudice often reject his aid here, just as we find that medical training is undervalued elsewhere—but that there is a "hygiene of instruction" is evident from the fact that present systems often make children ill—bodily and mentally. "Unearth the causes of defect, disease, suffering, and failure, set these open to the sunshine of enlightened public opinion, and lay the foundation of a happier order of social life." This sums up the authoress's conclusions.

Book of the Week.

THE GLEN O' WEEPING.*

In these days, when the historical novel is said to have been decidedly over-done it takes an exceedingly strong bit of work to grip and hold the reader's interest, and this Miss Marjorie Bowen has most certainly achieved. The book is exceedingly well put together, striking the happy medium between ample adventure and a not too stringent insistence upon historical facts most admirably. It is, of course, impossible that any historical romance should give one an accurate knowledge of the period with which it deals. There is, necessarily, for the average reader, a good deal of confusion caused by the introduction of fictitious events and characters in relation with actualities. This being the case, it is ridiculous to insist upon too close an adherence to the text. Miss Bowen owns quite frankly in a very apt preface that for her own convenience she has made several striking alterations, and we are naturally prepared to enjoy her romance without carping criticism. One thing is certain, and this is that she presents us with a very probable picture of the life and customs of the times she deals with. We are confronted, not by puppets, but real human beings. Even the historical personages are astonishingly living, though it is not unlikely that in a ghostly perusal of Miss Bowen's pages they would not recognise themselves.

The characters both of men and women are equally well depicted, and contrasted. Lady Breadalbane, in her passionate love for her husband, which makes her ferocious as a lioness to all who might injure him; Delia Featherstonehaugh, impressionable and impulsive, who can love, and yet, for his perfidy, seek to revenge herself upon the man who has fascinated her; poor, ill-treated Lady Dalrymple, mourning her murdered child, insulted and scorned, who is true

* By Marjorie Bowen. (Alston Rivers.)

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