

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.

A book of absorbing interest to those who love London has just been issued. "Hyde Park, its History and Romance," by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, is not only worth reading but buying. From generation to generation Hyde Park has been the wide theatre upon which many tragedies and comedies of London have been enacted, the forum where many of the national liberties have been demanded, the scene where national triumphs have been celebrated. Its history and romance are worth knowing. In the present volume Mrs. Alec Tweedie has gathered together an abundance of interesting memories. She has saturated herself in the atmosphere of each period, and as we turn over the pages of her entrancing book we see with ever growing interest the great figures of history as vividly as though they were with us to-day.

Hard by the northern boundary of Hyde Park stood Tyburn, one of the most gruesome spots in the British Isles. Martyrs, knights, highwaymen, and thieves have met their death under the Triple Tree. The disinterred body of Oliver Cromwell was gibbeted on this grim spot for the people to see, and was afterwards thrown in the general burying ground adjoining. Jack Shepherd, Jonathan Wild, Sixteen-stringed Jack, met their fate here. On this spot the Holy Maid of Kent was put to death by Henry VIII. Priests, patriots, and rogues took from it their last look upon earth. But Tyburn Gate was removed in 1829, near where it stood the Marble Arch was erected, and everything possible has been done to obliterate that hideous place from the public memory. Charles I. was the first monarch to throw open the Park to the public, and ever since then it has enjoyed enormous popularity.

The President of the Royal College of Surgeons has fixed July 1st as the date for closing the poll of the fellows and members on the subject of admitting women to the diplomas of the College. With regard to this question the following notice is to be circulated to fellows and members:—"The Council, although they have decided that it is desirable to admit women to examination for the diploma of member, and although they have power to act upon this opinion, are anxious, in accordance with a resolution passed at a meeting of the Council on May 9th, 1907, to obtain the views of the fellows and members on the matter. In regard to the corporate position of women, if the diplomas of the College be granted to them, the Council have taken legal opinion, and are advised that while under the Medical Act of 1876 women can be admitted as members or as fellows, no woman so admitted would thereby be entitled to take any part in the government, management, or proceedings of the College. (a) In your opinion is it desirable that women should be admitted by examination as members of the College? (b) In your opinion is it desirable that women, after admission to the membership, should be admitted by examination as fellows of the College?"

Book of the Week.

COME AND FIND ME*

In this last book of Miss Elizabeth Robins' we find she is herself again. It could not but be felt that in "The Convert" she stepped aside from her particular line to help forward a cause with which she had a splendid sympathy. But here she is back on her own ground, with no axe to grind that will set a goodly percentage of her admirers' teeth on edge. Those who felt out of accord with Miss Robins in "The Convert" may come safely back to their allegiance—she has given us another wonderful bit of work, a second "Magnetic North."

No one can read Miss Robins' books without recognising how admirable is the detail of her work. "Come and Find Me" opens with a picture that no skill on canvas could have made more vivid. We are taken right into the home of Nathaniel Mar, and there we find him sitting in the dining room bending over his desk, intent upon the driest, dullest of work for the Bank in which he was clerk. This was his portion in life in order to support a wife and three children, body and brain turned daily upon the cramping employment while heart and soul craved liberty, for Nathaniel Mar was not merely a dreamer, he was an adventurer by nature, and he had once tasted freedom. The loss of a limb, want of money, and marriage brought that part of his career to a close, and left him haunted by the knowledge that he had discovered gold in a hitherto unexplored region.

From his wife he received no sympathy. Mrs. Mar's is an excellently painted portrait. The practical, bustling woman coming of a hard-headed, practical race, viewed her husband in the light of an unsuccessful man. For all work-a-day purposes she made him what is technically termed "a good wife," but her very energy of purpose to do her duty in that state of life into which his inefficiency of purpose had called her was a barrier. He had to lock away his dreams for fear of desecration. But one eager listener he found for his tale of adventure—a little lad, son of Mar's old friend Galbraith, and the story that he told took root in the child-mind and grew till it bore strange, very bitter, and unexpected fruit. When grown to manhood neither of Mar's sons would credit his story—they had the sound common sense of their mother. Once again Mar told Jack Galbraith the story and gave him the chance to follow out the clues, but Galbraith's quest was not gold—it was the North Pole that cried to him: "Come and find me." Mar had planted in his soul the craving for adventure.

Mar, grown old with waiting, was in despair; only his beautiful daughter, Hildegard, was in sympathy with him. Now the story of Hildegard, amidst all the wonderful threads of interest that have been woven together to make such fascinating whole, stands out most effectively. The picture of the two girls worshipping an ideal, the influence that it had upon their friendship and their lives, the solid love of the man whom someone terms the

* By Elizabeth Robins. (Heinemann.)

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