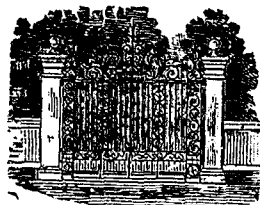


Outside the Gates.



WOMEN.

The annual prize-giving in connection with the London (Royal Free Hospital) School of Medicine for Women was held last week. The annual report stated that the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of England were now for the first time admitting women to all their examinations. Thus, after thirteen years, the efforts of the School had been crowned with success. The total number of students was 146, 22 new members being registered during the year. The new regulation of the Board of Education making the medical inspection of school children compulsory had opened up a wide field of work in that direction, and already several medical women had obtained posts thus created.

Lady Northcote, in presenting the prizes, said she was glad to do so in the belief that women were able to help their country and their countrymen. It had been her privilege in the last few years to come into close association with those of her own sex who were engaged in public effort of various kinds. She had been proud of the work they had achieved, not only in India, where there was such very great scope for them, but in Australia. She had been pleased to see how women had put their shoulders to the wheel and had never stopped until they had done what they wanted. It was the privilege of the sex to help the sick, and the ladies before her were able to do so with professional skill. It was in full confidence that those to whom she presented prizes would prove to the world the advantage of their training by putting it to good use that she had such great pleasure in being there and showing her sympathy in the splendid work in which they were engaged.

A meeting was held last week at Spencer House in aid of the National Society of Day Nurseries. It was reported that there were five nurseries in London, and the society had affiliated to it 35 crèches in various parts of the country, each of them dealing with an average of about 7,000 children annually. During the year there had been 6,000,000 attendances of children at the affiliated crèches.

The Women's Trade Union League and the Women's Labour League have collaborated in arranging a national fête of a novel and striking character at the Golden West and American (U.S.A.) Industries Exhibition, Earl's Court, on Saturday, July 17th.

Following on the formation in Glasgow—in conjunction with the St. Andrew's Ambulance Association—of a Women's Red Cross Brigade, with reference to active work in the event of national invasion, it has been decided to form a section in Dumbarton. Dumbarton thus ranks as one of the first places to form a section.

Book of the Week.

THE POOLS OF SILENCE.*

Under the guise of a "romance" Mr. Stackpoole has formulated a stirring indictment against the perpetrators of the greatest crime of modern times; a tragedy infinitely greater than the atrocities in the Balkan, which have from time to time wrung the heart of Western Europe. These have been the outcome of fanaticism, but the subject of which the "Pools of Silence" is the theme is more terrible, inasmuch as it is continuous, has existed for years, and will go on so long as the lust for gold exists, and so long as so-called Christian peoples look on with indifference at the massacre of fellow creatures whose skins by accident of birth and climate are black instead of white.

To read of the cruelties practised in the Congo State is no pleasant matter, but as one reads the wish is born in one's mind to do something to mitigate the sufferings of the thousands of poor souls being, in cold blood, tortured to death in order to fill with gold the pockets of unscrupulous men, who, far away from the scene of suffering, hear nothing of the agony endured.

"The foundation of Christendom was the event which, in the far distant years, was destined to be this unhappy people's undoing. Never in the history of the world has such a state of servitude been known as at present exists in the country of this forlorn people."

In the opening pages we meet the two men round whom the chief interest moves.

Dr. Paul Adams, the six-foot-two American student, who, at twenty-three, has just completed his course of study in Paris under Thévard, the great surgeon. By him he is introduced to Captain Berselius, a man of enormous wealth, derived from rubber. He is a big-game hunter, who needs a doctor to go with him on the expedition on which he is just starting. Tempted by the good salary, as well as the prospect of an exciting and adventurous trip, Adams consents to go. Berselius is a man with an extraordinary personality. "A little common-place looking, negligently dressed man, with a perpetual smile which had no relation to mirth or kindliness." You feel that the man has a magnetic power, and is inscrutable. The big, simple-minded young American and his employer sail in the latter's yacht for the coast of Western Africa, and now the marvellous power of description which this author possesses comes into full play. The scenes absolutely live and teem with interest. The expedition arrives at M'Bassa, where the Chef de Poste, a Belgian named Meens, is in charge. A ruthless man, who cares not one whit what methods he employs to obtain the various products from the natives in sufficient quantity to ensure a good bonus to himself.

The travellers arrive just when the people of a neighbouring village have run off into the forest, refusing to work. Here, at the Pools of Silence, near which the village stands, we have a glimpse of the terrible means employed by the Christian white man to bring his black brother into subjection.

(*By H. de Vere Stackpoole. T. Fisher Unwin.)

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