

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



THIS week's issue of *Woman* contains an article upon the Women's Institute by the Hon. Coralie Glyn. Faith in womankind permeates it, and we cull for our readers the closing sentence:—
 "On every side of us we see groups of earnest, zealous women: dauntless, fearless, and free, they stand watching to see the dark mists of ignorance, the sullen clouds of prejudice roll by, whilst in the luminous East the morning star uprises pale yet pure, and through the waking world a breeze-borne voice is heard whispering of all things holy and whole, and bidding each soul 'set itself' unto the fuller life
 'Like perfect music unto noble words.'"

Mr. Chaplin has appointed Miss Ina Stansfeld as assistant inspector under the Local Government Board. Miss Stansfeld has for many years been associated with industrial and training school work. She was trained as a nurse at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and as hon. secretary to the Beckett Industrial Home, and as unsalaried resident superintendent of the St. Chad's Home for some ten years, has had considerable previous knowledge and experience of the class of children with whom she will have to deal in connection with the duties she is about to undertake.

The St. Pancras Vestry has appointed Miss Mary Mabel Vines to the post of lady sanitary inspector, vacant by the resignation of Miss Clara Thurgood. Miss Vines has formerly filled the position of health lecturer to the Trowbridge College for Women and to the Wiltshire County Council. We fear she has not been appointed at the same rate of remuneration as a male inspector.

Another fight for permission to work lies before ladies desirous of acting as Veterinary Surgeons. The refusal of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons to admit to a professional examination a lady who had duly passed the preliminary examination as a medical student, is to form the subject of an action in a Scotch court. The declared view of the Council of the College is that men only are eligible for admission to the veterinary profession. The council state that throughout the various Charters, Bye-laws, and Acts of Parliament regulating the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons since its institution, it is manifest that men only should be qualified, and at the date they bear females were not included among the veterinary students. The Council further say that no lady student has ever been received by them for examination, and that the right to receive or reject candidates rests with the Council, subject to the terms of their Charters and Acts of Parliament, and they therefore maintain that it would be *ultra vires* in them to receive lady students.

A Book of the Week.

"MISS TUDOR."*

THIS is a book to make one think—a book unshrinking in its plainness, and almost terrible in its strength. The author has a purpose—most authors have nowadays—and Mr. Le Breton seems determined to show, if he can, that, under the present circumstances, it is an absolute impossibility for a girl to go on the Variety stage, and to make a success, if she "keeps straight." The heroine is Bessie Richardson, daughter of a fraudulent solicitor, who has committed suicide. She is possessed of a weak, foolish mother—very cleverly drawn—and of a sister and brother-in-law so atrocious as to be almost impossible. She has not the education to command a salary as a governess, and the only friend in the world that she can claim is Mrs. Crosskey, the landlady of the house where she and her mother lodge. This woman has been a music hall "artiste," and she counsels Bessie to turn her beauty and her voice to account in this manner. She is a thoroughly kind-hearted woman, with no more morals than a cat might be expected to have, living upon a pension allowed her by the man whose mistress she was.

So Bessie learns to dance and sing, and her prettiness excites the lust of the brute who is her agent; and when she turns from him in disgust and loathing, he ruins her career by preventing her getting a single engagement at the Halls.

She struggles for some time, but at last she is starving: Mrs. Crosskey is dead: and in the end she prefers defilement to death; to starve is too dreadful to her, so she chooses the shame. Lamb, the brutal agent, then secures her success as a music-hall star; and she is brought in contact with two more men—Louis Rosenthal and Arthur Sinjohn. Of these, the former is a clever swindler, and the latter a completely worthless person. Evidently the author would have us be very certain that no man worth speaking to would ever wish to become the husband of such a woman as Bessie; that the men with whom one comes in contact at music-hall bars are, one and all, good-for-nothing.

Concerning the truth, or otherwise, of this terrible indictment of our modern social ways, I have not the experience to pronounce. The story sounds as if written by a man who knows what he treats of; if he is right, it leaves one inclined to believe that the old Puritans, who looked upon the stage as merely another name for the lowest pit, were not so far out in their calculations, after all!

The author's style is good, vigorous, terse, and most convincing. Here is a sample:—

"In a few days Bessie had learned as much of the world as some women do in a life-time. The shadowy, conventional, lying veil that is drawn before the eyes of every young girl brought up in a sheltered, respectable home, had been suddenly torn from her eyes, and she saw the unalterable truth in all its brutal nakedness.

The new world was a world of strong, fierce light, and deep black shadows, and in the gloom of it there seemed to lurk despair. And what of the people—the boasted fruits of civilisation? A few million warped savages, disguised cleverly enough, perhaps, with latter-day artifice, but none the less savages for that."

* "Miss Tudor" by John Le Breton. (John Macqueen).

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