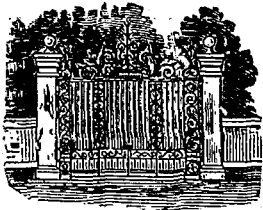


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



WHEN the son and heir of an illustrious house attains his majority, great are the rejoicings thereat—eating, drinking, merrymaking, and fireworks usually celebrate the event—and quite right too; we make merry too seldom in this work-a-day little island. But what of the first born daughter of the house? As a rule, the event is kept strictly in the family circle. We are pleased to learn, therefore, that Lady Helen Stewart, daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, was presented with an illuminated address and a handsome carriage clock, on Saturday, by the tenants of the Wynyard estates, upon the attainment by her ladyship of her twenty-first birthday.

At a convocation, held on Saturday, at the University of Durham, in the Science College, Newcastle, an honorary degree was conferred upon a woman, for the first time. The recipient was Miss Jane E. Harrison, who was welcomed as Hon. D.Litt., and of whom Canon Kynaston, in presenting her to the warden and proctors, said that as a student of classic archæology and interpreter of Greek art she had made for herself a reputation that would last as long as any interest in Hellenic monuments and legends, or any memory of the past glory of Athens lived in the minds of men. Dr. Harrison was already LL.D. of Aberdeen. The other recipients of honorary degrees were the Rev. John Taylor Smith, Bishop of Sierra Leone (D.D.), Sir Andrew Noble (D.C.L.), Sir George W. Kekewich (D.C.L.), Professor Roberts-Austen (D.C.L.), and Mr. Richard Welford (M.A.).

The *Daily Chronicle* reports that at Birmingham, Miss Ethel Collins, who a month ago pluckily went to the assistance of a constable, was the recipient of a handsome testimonial from the A division of the force. The officer had a couple of prisoners, and their companions made desperate efforts to release them, and the violence of the mob became so pronounced that they took to their heels. It was then that Miss Collins interfered. She was assaulted, but that did not deter her from blowing the officer's whistle for assistance. The presentation took the shape of a half-hoop diamond ring. In addition, Miss Collins will be the recipient of a silver police-whistle, appropriately inscribed. It is a curious coincidence that only recently another young lady, said to be a relative of Miss Collins, was presented with a medal by the Mayor of Leamington, for assistance rendered to a policeman who was being attacked.

We are glad to observe that Mr. S. N. Wood, the deputy coroner, who held an inquest on the body of a poor girl, who had committed suicide at the refusal of the man who had ruined her to give her help and support in her terrible position, spoke out boldly to the inhuman wretch William Hewson. We quite agree with the coroner in his opinion of this coward. He said, "You are not worthy of being called a man. You got this respectable young woman into trouble, and then,

when she looked up to you for support you simply threw her over. Your conduct is most shameful and detestable." Death was due to drowning. The jury, after hearing evidence, returned a verdict "that deceased committed suicide whilst mentally deranged, caused by the wicked and treacherous conduct of William Hewson." The coroner addressing Hewson, said that he was morally guilty of murder. He had hounded this unfortunate woman to death, and it was a great pity that the law did not allow of his being severely punished. When women help to make the laws, we opine that the coroner will have no reason to complain of the leniency with which they will treat "murderers" of this peculiarly fiendish description.

A league has been formed in Belgium "for ameliorating the lot of women," of which Mme. Beebman is President, and Mme. Roger de Goëig Secretary. A course of lectures on subjects relating to women's advancement will be held throughout the coming winter. Honorary membership is open to men, but they are to have no voting power—which is wise. Man is Capital in relation to woman's Labour, and her interests will be inevitably gobbled up, if she does not retain the voting power in societies organized for her own benefit.

A Book of the Week.

"WHAT MAISIE KNEW."*

MR. HENRY JAMES, the wonderful author of the too-little-read "Roderick Hudson," seems to have taken a new lease of life. In an incredibly short space of time he has given us three novels, each of them a masterpiece of finish as regards both construction and literary style. But why does an author, whose technique is so faultless, whose own delight in his own art is evidently so great, give us such a story as this terrible one? His work affects one like Mr. Alma-Tadema's pictures: everything so good, except the subject-matter.

"What Maisie Knew" can hardly claim to be written, like so much of our nauseous fiction of the present day, with a high moral aim, both because of the entire aimlessness of the story, and also because of the exceptional nature of the circumstances of which it treats; its artistic object is probably to show that an innocent soul can remain innocent though surrounded by vice; but this it cannot conclusively demonstrate, because it ends before Maisie is of an age to understand the real nature of the horrible circumstances in which she finds herself.

It is a most terribly difficult task that the author has set himself—to show the workings of a child's mind in contact with things full of treachery, double-dealing, and everything that is most foreign to a child's ideas.

Beale Farange has divorced his wife, and obtained the custody of the child of the marriage. He is, however, called upon to refund a sum of money paid down by his wife on the express understanding that no divorce proceedings should be taken. Being quite unable to refund any of the money, he comes to an arrangement with his former wife that he shall have Maisie for six months of the year, and she for the other six. The unhappy little child thus becomes the shuttlecock between the two houses, both of them

* "What Maisie Knew." By Henry James. (Heinemann.)

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