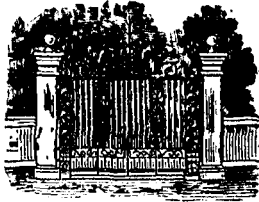


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



We are very pleased to learn that the Princess of Wales has consented to open the new laboratories of the London School of Medicine for Women, in Handel Street, Brunswick Square, next July. Royal ladies are lavish in their patronage of philanthropic undertakings, but so far have given but little encouragement to the professional progress of their sex. Women have won their spurs in medicine, and their success is all the more sure, that they have done so by their own initiative and devotion to duty.

The Queen Regent of Spain has headed the subscription list for the Spanish Navy with a million pesetas.

The Czarina, who has now quite recovered from her recent illness, drove out on Wednesday with the Czar, and visited the tomb of the Emperor Alexander III., in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul.

The National Union of Women Workers, who are now also the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland, are already busy in anticipation of the great International Congress of Women, which is to be held in London in the summer of 1899, and under the presidency of the Countess of Aberdeen. This meeting of women is sure to be of the greatest interest and utility.

Electors now seem to recognize that it is very desirable for women to take office as District Councillors and Guardians. The latest evidence of this, in Surrey, has been afforded by the success of Mrs. Roberts-Austen of Blackfield, Chilworth, who has just been returned for the Women's Ward of the Hambleton Union, District Council. There were three candidates, and Mrs. Roberts-Austen obtained more votes than both her opponents combined. This is not all, for she also came at the top of the poll by a large majority for the office of Parish Councillor at Womersh.

An up-to-date "daily" reports that "The dresses at the confirmation of Princess Alice of Albany were particularly smart." Surely this solemn religious ceremony might be exempt from the intense vulgarity and ostentation of the age, but with the "new Bishop," who must be "smart" before all things, we suppose "smart" confirmations will be *de rigueur*.

A petition signed by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the trade unionists of the district, the president and Secretary of the trades council, Miss G. Tuckwell, president of Women's Trade Union League, and Miss Bennett, has been prepared for presentation to the Home Secretary urging upon him that the special inspector to be appointed for the Potteries shall be a

woman. It is pointed out that the employees are mostly women, that there is no machinery, and that the district is compact. The appointment is one, the petitioners urge, admirably suited to a woman inspector.

In the novels written in the early Victorian era, the heroines were depicted as living on air, at least no heroine could possess a healthy appetite, which no doubt accounted for her languor and addiction to the pose horizontal, and capacity to faint if a mouse scurried in the wainscot. How these ethereal "Amintas" and their swains would have opened their eyes at the sight of the modern woman, healthy and hungry, how appalled they would have been could they have seen the despatch of two "square meals" in as many hours by the wiry woman cyclist, a feat quite common in these degenerate days. Shades of Byron! *Autres gens — autres mœurs.*

Mrs. Brown Potter has been disporting herself in "Camille"—we read nothing of her acting in this affecting part, but that she wore three gowns, "the superb creations of the great Worth" (who by-the-by is dead), "which cost £500," is the fact made most of by the "smart" dramatic critic. Ah! for the days of Drama! To-day we are satisfied with Dress.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is dead "under distressing circumstances," so reports the press. The wife of this moral leper was murdered the hour in which he was condemned to suffer the just penalty of his nameless crime in jail, and the heart bleeds when one realises that she has left orphaned two beautiful, bright boys. What a heritage of woe!

Florence Vining, forty-five, shabbily dressed, and described as having no occupation or residence, was charged before Mr. Marsham, at Marlborough Street Police Court, on a warrant with feloniously sending a letter to the Marquis of Worcester demanding money by menaces, on March 31st, 1898. The future Duke of Beaufort (an hereditary legislator, by-the-by) was not present, but it transpired that "he was afraid the woman would do him and Lady Worcester personal harm." Florence Vining said:—"I want Worcester to give me £50 to leave the country. I was his mistress, and lived with him. If he sends me to prison I will be a worse devil when I come out." Verily, the "woman pays."

Bookland.

TO AMERICA: PROEM.

Chief daughter of a lordly race,
The eldest-born and mightiest thou,
Freedom is in thy step, and grace
Is on thy brow.
We bear no grudge that thou didst win
The fight that left thy nation free;
Our hearts were with thee then, thy kin
Approved of thee.
Forgotten be the former feud,
Remembered not the bitter score,
Be mutual love and faith renewed
For evermore.

—From "Alamo and other verses."

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