

not dream of offering her services in exchange for a salary without first qualifying herself for the post. In consequence, domestic service in Bordeaux is well paid. Well dressed Frenchwomen disdainfully reject ready-made underclothing, and sempstresses are in consequence also fairly well paid. Next year an exhibition of women's work is to be held in Bordeaux, in special buildings that are to be erected on the *Place des Quinconces*. For further information on the matter of the exhibition, application should be made to the *Women's Industrial Council*.

MRS. BLAKE WATKINS, of Toronto, who is an Irish lady, has been deputed war correspondent for an up-to-date American paper. She is a great linguist, and has already won eulogistic expressions of appreciation from her male competitors; in fact she has been dubbed "one of the boys."

CORSETS have always been a "bone of contention between the sexes, and we learn from the *New York Sun* that "Corsets must not be worn by Russian young women attending high schools, universities, and music and art schools, according to a recent decree of the new Minister of Education. They are to be encouraged to wear the national costume." The *Cincinnati Inquirer* reports that "Corsets separated Philip Stile and wife, of Parkersburgh, W. Va. Stile has always objected to his wife wearing the article, and when she brought the sixth pair home, five having been burned by the man within as many months, he not only burned the objectionable affair, but packed up his traps and left the house for good." This may be quite sufficient cause for divorce in the States, but whatever steps Stile may adopt to rid himself of his wife, it won't prevent her being as stylish as she chooses for the future.

A representative of a *Johannesburg* paper lately tried to interview Olive Schreiner, in *Johannesburg*, but unsuccessfully. Olive Schreiner said to him: "I heartily condemn the modern interview. A person is ensnared into a light and superficial colloquy upon a subject which demands deep thought and mature reflection. If a man or a woman has a message to issue it cannot be uttered forcefully in one of these 'interviews.' 'Interviews' are abominations which accentuate the personality at the expense of the principle. Newspapers shouldn't encourage them."

A Book of the Week.

"THE CROOK OF THE BOUGH."*

MRS. HENRY NORMAN'S new book is extremely interesting, and one that all women should read. It shows much thought and keenness of observation, both of men and women. The idea is distinctly original, and the telling is delightful.

Islay Netherdale, young and pretty, keeps house for her brother—an energetic young member of Parliament. Islay is his right hand; she studies for him, looks up facts, even works a type-writer in his behalf.

She and he both belong to the school of English people who go in for cold baths, much intelligence, little emotion, and a singular absence of that nameless thing called style.

* "The Crook of the Bough." By Menie Muriel Dowie. Methuen & Co.

These two go to Constantinople together. This description of Islay, as she roamed the streets of Vienna by herself, is very clever.

"A few people did notice her. Not so much because she was alone—you may walk alone in Vienna—as because they perceived (and it irked them to perceive) a person, with many natural advantages, deliberately casting them aside and shrouding, drowning, swamp-ing them in the familiar ineptitudes of an English travelling dress. They were women who looked at her. Not a man cast a glance. Naturally, men do not see the beauty unless beauty be displayed; and a simulation of beauty by means of the right display does just as well for them."

In Constantinople, they are introduced to Colonel Hassan, of the "Young Turkey" party, interesting, handsome, and enlightened, passionately patriotic, and eager that his country should throw off the yoke of barbarism, and allow its women to make use of their senses. To him, the unconsciousness, the severity, the innocent chastity of Islay, appeals in a wonderful way. He is used to the women of the harem; she is a sort of embodiment of his ideal of all that a woman might be, if allowed the full rights of citizenship. He makes up his mind to come to England.

But meanwhile, under the guidance of a frivolous little French Countess, Islay has awoke to the knowledge of her own beauty. She is in love with Hassan, and is passionately anxious to please him. Accordingly when he comes to England, he finds that his dream has evaporated into a flower-bedecked, perfumed, manicured, *coiffée* young person, who is not the Islay of his enthusiasm any longer.

The handling of the whole situation is extremely fine and subtle. The way in which the change in Islay, which destroys the admiration of Hassan, enormously increases that of Martineau Sondes, is a very telling touch.

I think that Mrs. Norman lays herself open to a slight misunderstanding of her meaning, when she makes Islay rush from the extreme of "ineptitude" as regards clothing, to the mysteries of cosmetics and manicure, and French hairdressers, and stockings, and petticoats considered as a fine art. There is a possible medium in the clothes question. There are many women to whom it comes as natural to dress with taste as it does to breathe. They devote not a moment more time to it than their sisters, who are walking discords; but by nature they do their hair in just the right way, they choose the hat that sets off their style of face, they know how they want their gown cut, and they see that it is done as they require. Many of the women who are to-day at the head of the march of progress, are among the most elegant and well-dressed women of the period. But not in the open-work stocking, Legallienne style.

Of course, Hassan did not know this, and his feeling is natural in the extreme. But the story leaves us, more or less, under the impression that there is no halting-place between the inelegant, brusque, charm-lacking "*reisende Engländerin*," and the lady of the powder-puff and essences.

The book is full of good bits; and what happens after is very cleverly suggested in the finest of hints. One of the best passages is Hassan's impression of London when he saw it first. But all through it is full of trenchant comment; and criticism that is not cynicism, and now and then cuts deep.

G. M. R.

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