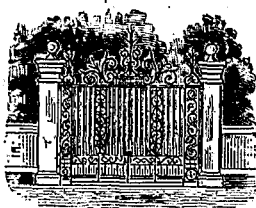


Outside the Gates.

A Book of the Week.

WOMEN.



Mrs. Cady Stanton, one of America's "mothers in Israel," has been writing on "What to do with our Girls," and says:—
 "God has given woman a heart and brain and hands. It is ordained, therefore, that she shall use them. What the mother should do with her girl is simply to teach her to help herself. From her infancy she must be impressed with a sense of self-reliance and self-support. This is the first teaching.

"Where possible, give her the best kind of education. As she grows the habit of self-reliance will grow with her.

"I believe in absolute freedom. I believe in the free association of the sexes, because each acts as a wholesome restraint on the other; therefore the mother must allow her girl to mix freely with boys and girls alike.

"The duty of providing her with an independent livelihood; with a profession or trade, is imperative on all mothers, although the vast majority neglect it.

"The whole system of husband-getting is immoral and bad. The one way to start a girl in life is to make her the mistress of a profession or trade. Teach her to treat a husband as merely an incident in her life, and not as her only hope."

When about a year ago it was announced in Paris that a newspaper would shortly be published by women for women—and for men too if they cared to read it—the Parisians were inclined to smile. But the celebration of the first anniversary has changed all that. Of course, the idea which brought about the inception of *La Fronde*, was the cause of women's rights and freedom; but that was never made the sole text of the journal, which to-day differs only from the other Paris papers in that it is free from the vituperation which is a chief characteristic of the Paris papers, and is, perhaps, conducted on a policy of sounder sense. The attitude of *La Fronde* in the cause of justice is something for women to be proud of.

For the rest, the journal is as bright and full of deep thought as any paper in Paris—a condition of affairs that has gone a long way to disprove the old idea that women were good for writing about dress and scrappy paragraphs, but were best kept away from less frivolous topics, such as the political outlook or the bimetallic theory. Nor are the ladies who write *La Fronde* of the forbidding type of "blue stocking" that one still finds sometimes outside the covers of a yellow back. Did you meet them outside the doors of their office, you might suppose them to be bright, intellectual, know-and-lovable women, without the least sign of literary "side." In fact, one of the most popular women in Paris "smart" circles is Mme. Marguerite Durand, the directress of the paper's organization.

"MOONFLEET."*

The *Spectator* considers this book the best attempt of its kind since Stevenson laid down his pen. While demurring somewhat at such high praise—for Mr. Meade-Falkner's literary style, though lucid and terse, cannot be named in the same breath with the genius of Stevenson—still, I incline to the opinion that the author has achieved a very original story of adventure, in a period when this kind of thing is somewhat done to death.

Moonfleet is a village on the Dorsetshire coast, which those who know the country will find it easy to identify. The local colour, of which there is not an ounce too much, is excellently laid on.

The leading idea of the tale is anything but original. I remember, years ago, coming across an old volume of tales in a corner of my father's library, one of which was entitled "What say you to a Ghost Story?"—and the theme of this was the same—smugglers who hid their stores in a vault, and, in order to be undisturbed in their plans, spread the tale of a haunted church, so that the good folks, when lights were to be seen nocturnally, crossed themselves and avoided the spot. I do not, however, remember to have seen the idea recently made use of; and the weird account of how the boy, John Trenchard, hides behind a great coffin on the top shelf, and how, in his descent, he breaks open the coffin, and finds the gigantic corpse of Blackbeard, the unquiet spirit of the churchyard, and how he takes from Blackbeard's neck the silver locket containing verses of the psalms written on parchment, and how he ultimately comes to the interpretation of the cypher, is both interesting and well-told in no common degree. I confess that I was roundly puzzled as to how to evolve any secret meaning from the verses. My idea was that portions of the verses would prove to be written in sympathetic ink, as in Poe's tale of the "Gold Beetle," and that, on holding them to the fire, certain of the words would stand out so as to form a sentence. But this is not the solution, which seems to me ingenious because of its simplicity. I shall not here divulge it.

The weak spot in the probability of the tale is the easy way in which John and Elzevir, both of them sensible men in no common degree, allow themselves to be cheated out of their treasure when they have it. It would have been so very easy to test the good faith of the Jew by taking up the stone and preparing to walk out of the house with it. The chances against such a stone, so hidden, and so guarded, being an imposture, were at least a thousand to one, the chances against the Jew's good faith were also a thousand to one. Therefore, that Elzevir, on being informed that the diamond was false, should promptly, and on the sole assurance of said Jew, throw it away, out of window, seems to me a thing so wildly out of the scale of probabilities, that it makes one resent the part of the tale that follows.

The account of the old-fashioned auction, when a pin was stuck into a candle, and the bid remained open until the pin fell out, is very amusing and interesting; one wishes there were more of the habits of thought and speech of the Dorset peasantry, for the author seems well-informed about them. The ship-

* "Moonfleet." By J. Meade-Falkner. Edward Arnold.

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