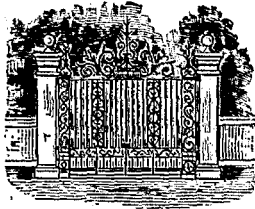


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



At the Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health at Aberdeen, the President, the Earl of Aberdeen, read a paper written by his wife on "Women as Members of Sanitary Authorities." As a result of the discussion which followed, Lord Aberdeen promised to introduce into the House of Lords an amending Bill having for its object the legalizing of the election of women as members of sanitary authorities.

Miss Jane Harrison has been elected to a Fellowship at Newnham College. Miss Harrison well merits this honour, for she has a better grasp on subjects archaeological than any other woman in the country, and few men are her peers in this respect.

In Belgium the question of adult suffrage—one man, one vote—is now coming to the front, and quite lately the labor party have put woman's suffrage on their programme and mean to make it an integral part of their demand for universal suffrage in October. Although there is a feeling that women in Belgium are priest ridden, and not sufficiently educated to exercise wisely political powers, the leaders of this popular movement feel that what has proved of such value to the working man must be of equal value to the working woman, and that a sense of responsibility is the best means for the development of this quality. There are moreover devoted women suffragists to be found in Belgium in the ranks of working women. They work hard during the day for their living and in the evening spend their time in holding meetings and endeavouring to spread their views.

The National British Women's Temperance Association and friends of the temperance cause, presented Lady Henry Somerset on her birthday with the sum of £1,010 to clear the debt on the Duxhurst Farm Homes and to commemorate the tenth year of her presidency of the Association.

Last week we recorded the heroism of a woman in Suffolk. Now the news comes from Berne of an act of bravery performed by Miss Hamilton, an Irish lady staying at the Pension Pilatus, in Hergiswil, on the lake of the Four Cantons. While resting in a hammock on the edge of the lake, she heard cries of "help," and saw two girls struggling in the water. Without a moment's hesitation Miss Hamilton, an excellent swimmer, sprang into the lake and rescued the two children from certain death.

And, lest we should be tempted to think that heroism is exclusively a British characteristic, a story of a Burmese woman comes from far Rangoon. Six clerks went shooting beyond the suburbs, and persuaded the woman to ferry them over the creek near Insein in her boat. When in the middle of the stream a squall struck the skiff, carrying away the sail, and swamping her. The woman swam to the rescue of the

six men, five of whom she saved, but the sixth was drowned. The woman then swam across the creek and persuaded some villagers to enter their boats and bring the rescued party, sitting on the opposite bank, back again, in order that they might go to their homes."

The Japanese are making rapid strides in their march towards Western culture. The latest innovation is the formation of commercial schools for the training of female clerks, and one of the largest railway companies in Nippon has intimated that after a certain date, women only will be employed in the clerical department.

## A Book of the Week.

### "A GIFT FROM THE GRAVE."\*

In a season which has been, on the whole, curiously barren of fiction above the average level, what a delight it is to come across a book like this—short—call it slight if you will, but whatever it may be else it is certainly a stroke of sheer genius.

It seems waste of time to praise the outward guise of a book which will be read solely on its literary merits; but it does, nevertheless, increase the charm of perusal to hold in the hand a volume whose paper and type defy criticism, whose covers of dainty blue linen have flaps to protect the leaves, and which is, moreover, provided with a ribbon bookmarker, a special boon to those who, like nurses, frequently have to lay aside their reading to attend to other things.

Here is the idea of the tale. Stephen Glennard has intimately known, in her youth, the celebrated Margaret Aubyn. She loved him, but this love he was never able to return, though he liked her very much. For years they carried on a frequent and unreserved correspondence. Her death had come to him, he having met the girl he could love, as a kind of release. But poverty divides him and Alexa Trent. Then it dawns upon him how much that mass of intimate correspondence would be worth to him should he publish it. Margaret Aubyn was the woman of her day; her biography is being written; but she had so few intimate friends—materials are slender . . . the temptation is great, and Glennard falls. Alexa knows nothing of what he has done, nor of whence comes the money that purchases their happiness. Then, with the appearance of the book, the man's punishment begins. There is a perfect rush for it, the public goes wild over it; speculation as to the identity of the man to whom the letters were written, is rife. Glennard sees that to discover that he is the person who has thus betrayed a woman's confidence, would be quite easy to anyone whose suspicions were once aroused.

It is in the study of this man, his mind, his motives, his struggles and his repentance, that the skill of the author is shown with such prominence. His character, that of his wife, and that of Barton Flamel, are put in with sure, few, telling touches. It is a master hand.

Listen to the following description of the outward woman of Margaret Aubyn, showing, with such vital brevity, the reason why, in Stephen Glennard, as the author says, "the physical reluctance had, inexplicably, overborne the intellectual attraction."

\* By Edith Wharton. (Murray)

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