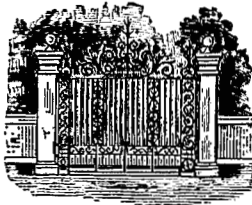


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



Mrs. Stanton Blatch, the daughter of Mrs. Cady Stanton, and who has married an Englishman, has announced her intention of proceeding to the United States to speak for Mr. Bryan, as she believes that all the reform elements in that country are centred in the Democratic party and is prepared to work for it.

Many of Miss Susan B. Anthony's admirers in this country will be glad to learn that an English edition of her "Life" has now been published by Messrs. Fisher Unwin, so that it can now be bought, or obtained from Mudie's.

A new and dainty as well as remunerative occupation for women is Confiserie, so at least says Miss Penderel Moody, the managing director of the Ladies Confiserie Company (Limited), at 29, Buckingham Palace Road. Taste, tact, and business habits, are preliminary requirements, and given these, the technical knowledge required is neither expensive to attain nor difficult to acquire. When it has been gained the pupils should be qualified for the position of manageress of a confiserie establishment, a post worth £2 or £3 a week. Since classes have been formed to teach this art, they have proved so popular that business men offered to become shareholders to a large amount if a company were formed. This has now been done, and a mixed Board of men and women appointed to govern it. We wish the new company every success.

The late Mrs. Emma Dent, of Sudeley Castle, Gloucester, who has left valuable bequests to the Anti-Vivisection Society and for charitable purposes, was the last of the Dents whose name is so familiar on the buttons of our gloves. The Dents belonged to an old Yorkshire family, and three brothers made large fortunes in the palmy days of the Worcester glove trade.

To ask a telephone girl in Berlin if she is asleep constitutes a punishable offence. A gentleman at Carlsruhe, impatient at a telephonist's delay, cried: "Are you asleep, Miss?" whereupon he was prosecuted and fined £1 for offering an unjustifiable insult. He has appealed from the sentence.

A remarkable debate recently took place at Cranton, Pennsylvania, between "Mother Jones Jones," a woman of sixty years of age, and a principal agitator in connection with the miner's strike, and Father Phillips, a Roman Catholic priest, who is a great influence amongst the miners, and who has done everything in his power to induce them to remain at work. An audience of 6,000 persons, mostly miners, listened to the debate, in which Mother Jones roused them to a pitch of excitement which the priest was unable to allay, and when at the close a vote was taken every miner voted for the strike.

## A Book of the Week.

### PATH AND GOAL.\*

At last the total eclipse of the novel, caused by the war, is beginning to pass over, and we have hopes, this autumn, of work by all our better known novelists, though several of them are launching themselves into the engrossing business of standing for Parliament;—a thing which one welcomes; for who can be a better judge of the social needs of a people, than one whose business it is to study and describe society in all its multiform developments?

Miss Cambridge has been too long silent, and when she last wrote her work was of a more flimsy description than that which we are used to expect from her.

But "Path and Goal" is by no means flimsy. It is a study of two things; Heredity first; and the Aim of Life second.

Two lessons are brought home to us in this interesting but pessimistic book. Firstly, that no amount of physical culture or physical perfection will eliminate hereditary want of morals; and secondly, that no man can ever recover his lost opportunities.

Adrian Black is a young doctor, and like many young doctors, his mind is somewhat unduly set upon the physical aspect of things. One is made to feel that his cleanly life and moral conduct is the result of a desire for general sanitation, rather than a moral impulse.

He is somewhat in advance of his age, for it is in the early sixties that we are first introduced to him, and he is introduced to Victoria Long, the magnificent daughter of a widow lady in reduced circumstances, who keeps a shop in the Cathedral town in which the action of the story is laid. Victoria is a beauty of the most opulent type, fit, so thinks the young doctor, to be mother to a race of splendid men.

But Victoria is the daughter of a bad mother; her father was not the late Mr. Long, but the handsome, fast, accomplished, old Dr. Feversham, and Victoria proves herself no stronger against temptation than was her mother. She succumbs to the attractions of Colonel Livingstone, a typically handsome young Englishman; and it is upon the child of this secret union that the young Doctor tries his experiments. If you start with fine material, he argues, and give perfect physical training, the moral healthiness will follow as a matter of course. To show the fallacy of this is, I suspect, the real object of Miss Cambridge's book. The point is not unduly insisted upon. Bridget is not doomed to her mother's shame. But from first to last she is the child of her parents, and not of Adrian Black.

The second interest is that of the young doctor's own love affairs, and though the movement throughout is very quiet, and the action that of an old sleepy cathedral town, it is so excellently done as to be of the greatest interest. The little scene in the surgery between Adrian and Ruth is quite wonderful. But the author does not prove her pessimistic point. For Ruth was lost to Adrian, not because of the wounding of her tender feelings in that interview, but because Adrian did not, as he should have done, throw all other things to the winds until he had explained his position to Ruth, and obtained her forgiveness, which would have been difficult but not impossible, because she loved him.

\* By Ada Cambridge (Methuen).

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)