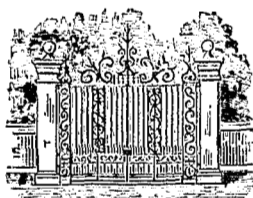


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



WE were told at the International Women's Congress last year that the Stage was the best paid, as it was also the worst paid occupation for women, and when we see that Madame Sarah Bernhardt is to receive £40,000 for her coming six months' tour in America, we feel as if we could all do with some histrionic talent. In what other profession could a woman make this amount by her work?

Mrs. Farquharson, of Haughton, is doing good work by drawing attention to the exclusion of women from many of the chief scientific societies, and recently discussed the question in a paper on "Women's Work in Science," read at the Women's Institute, in the unavoidable absence of the writer through indisposition, by Mrs. Alfred Pollard. Mrs. Farquharson referred to the decision of the British Association to admit women to its general and sectional committees as the "crowning point of the year in the cause they had at heart," and said it was pleasant to think that the battle was won for them by their male friends, notably by Professor Sir William Roberts-Austen and Sir Henry Roscoe.

Since we read a paper before the British Association advocating Agriculture as a pursuit for women, we are glad to see that the subject has been taken up by various ladies of note. We are of opinion that many departments of agriculture afford to women both pleasant and profitable employment.

Scandinavian women are about to establish a League of the Women of the North. A peculiar feature of this movement is that its inception arose in Iceland, where for many years a society of Icelandic women has existed, possessing a Journal, *Koenna Bladet*.

This Icelandic society intends to visit Copenhagen in the summer in order to meet the members of the Danish, and probably also the Norwegian, Women's Association.

The Swedish and Finnish women's clubs and societies will also be invited, and the meeting of the Scandinavian family will then be complete, and will be commemorated by the founding of the above-mentioned League of the Women of the North.

Fraulein Agnes Hacker, M.D., has been appointed medical officer for female prisoners by the Berlin President of Police. The fact is worthy of notice, as she is the first woman who has obtained such a post. The degree of Doctor of Medicine has also been conferred on a lady student in Budapest. This is Fraulein Charlotte Steinberger, who is only twenty-seven years old, and the first female Doctor of Medicine in Hungary.

A Book of the Week.

ELEANOR.*

There are some authors who seem born to write one book and die; the book in question being not a literary effort, but a human document—a spark struck off from a soul red hot with some vital experience; the solitary product of a frame of mind which cannot be repeated. Such a book was "The Story of an African Farm." But the higher genius is that which one can watch in the making; which begins to write out of the fulness of its own material; at first, perhaps, with some difficulty in arranging the mass of thoughts which crowd the brain with some ignorance of technique, some want of appreciation of the exact direction in which to turn its own powers. Of such is Mrs. Humphry Ward. First, like some great sphere in process of cooling, she flung off the rich, turbulent "Robert Elsmere," brimful of matter, various, enthralling, but all broken to pieces with conflicting interests, and containing so many threads that it would have made two, if not three, novels. Then, still trying her strength, still feeling after the true method of self-expression, came "David Grieve," the one of her stories which has probably taken least hold of her age. Then, having exploited theology and the passions, the brilliant mind dropped into its own orbit, and found its true course—the exquisite delineation of character, from one particular point of view—that is, to show the enormous influence of religion upon conduct.

There will probably be found many critics to contend that of all the able work that Mrs. Ward has given us, this "Eleanor" is the most symmetrical, the most complete. The scene throughout is laid in Italy—the Italy of the modern English resident. In a villa near Rome is living Edward Manisty, politician in revolt. Having broken with his party, he has come to Italy to make the world feel him in another way—by writing a book. He is a man full of faults, of egotism, of weakness, and Mrs. Ward gives you, without reserve, the very worst of him. But she does not, like Anthony Hope, in "Quisanté," stop there. She gives you also the man's full charm, so that you know quite well how it was that he fascinated Eleanor and Lucy. Eleanor is a young widow; her personality is so vividly imagined that you feel as though you had met her. She is in love with Edward, and has helped him with his book throughout the winter; helped him with the sympathy of a really cultivated mind, but flattered him with the weakness of a woman who cannot live without his smiles and knows they must be fed with incense. That the book which is the outcome of all this should be a failure, is one of those strokes of undeniable, yet not too obvious truth, which make this writer's work so faithful to life, such a vivid picture of what we do and think.

Upon this duet comes one Lucy Foster, from Vermont, a Puritan New England girl, brought up to believe the Pope to be Anti-Christ, and Rome the scarlet lady. Manisty's book, it should be said, is a vehement defence of the methods of Rome, of the whole Vatican system, as opposed to modern Italy. His attitude has opened to him doors not usually accessible to those outside; he is "in the know," to put it vulgarly. Yet the whole thing is a pose on his part; he is not a Roman Catholic, nor does the faith

* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

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