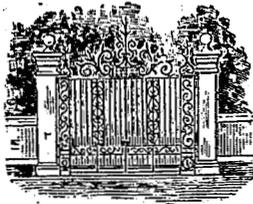


## Outside the Gates.

## WOMEN.



Miss Annie M. S. Anderson, M.D.Lond., that talented lady-doctor who has a most flourishing practice in Manchester, has now been appointed Honorary Physician to the Manchester Clinical Hospital. Hospital appointments are still rare for women, and this one must be regarded as a distinct forward step for the "lady-medico" in Lancashire, as well as a most deserved compliment to Dr. Anderson.

It is deeply to be regretted that the Women's Liberal Federation has again refused to pass a resolution that women suffragist candidates should alone receive the help of women for Parliamentary honours. Miss Balgarnie, North St. Pancras, hit the right nail on the head when she said that assistance given by Liberal women to candidates for Parliament who would, if elected, vote against the enfranchisement of women, produced on politicians the impression that women were not in earnest in demanding their enfranchisement. Principles must come before Party if we are ever to get any "forrader."

Norway leads in more than drama. The Norwegian Odelsting has adopted, by 48 votes to 36, the introduction of universal communal suffrages for men, and by 68 votes to 17 the introduction of communal suffrage for women paying taxes on incomes of at least 300 crowns.

The committee appointed to investigate Miss Stansfeld's allegations as to the nursery at Renfrew Road, under the charge of the Lambeth Guardians, recommend the transfer of all children of one year of age and upwards to the Norwood Schools, which is estimated to reduce the number of children to be cared for in the nursery to twenty, or under; the placing of the nursery under the care of a charge nurse and an assistant nurse; the fixing of baby swings in the ward, and other improvements for the well being and happiness of the children.

House decoration is becoming more and more taken up by women, and with their taste and knowledge of the fitness of things in the home, it is strange this work has been so long left in the hands of men. We have seen some charming results of their labours of late, and it pays well, which so few occupations open to women do.

Said the merry Typhoid Microbe to the Bubonic Germ; "Oh, I like this mode the women-folk have started; On the pavement, moist and wretched, one need now no longer squirm."

To a haven snug and cosy one gets carted. People often growl at fashion, but a fashion may do good,

And the trailing skirt's beneficent, I guess, Since it aids unlucky members of the old Bacillus Brood."

And the Bubonic Germlet said, "Why, yes!"

*Rational Dress Gazette.*

## A Book of the Week.

## AMONG THE SYRINGAS.\*

It is not too high praise to characterize this as a novel of extreme ability. There is such a simplicity of narration, such force of description, and such manifest ease in producing the desired effect, as to lead the reviewer to believe that Miss Mann could achieve practically what she chose in the way of novel-writing.

The theme is a painful one: its painfulness lends a poignancy to the trenchant, unvarnished setting forth of a situation which is "real life" most unmistakably.

The Reverend Melancthon Dunn—the name is an inspiration—is a clergyman of the worst type—the whining, worthless writer of begging letters. He is a widower, with two step-children—grown up—and two little girls of his own. To this household is added little Monty Lawton, whose father is in India, and has been unfortunately caught by the Rev. Dunn's high-sounding letter in answer to an advertisement. The establishment is made complete by a marvellous maid-of-all-work, Sheba by name, whose creation, and whose method of rescuing Barbara, do the highest credit to the author: for though there are not many Shebas in the world, still she is quite a possible person.

Barbara Bain, untidy, uneducated, inexperienced, is growing up a rare beauty. Nobody better sees this than Captain Edwin Steer, agent to the property of the late Mr. Spencer Carter. He is not above making love to the innocent girl,—“philandering,” as Sheba calls it, among the syringas at the gate of her neglected home. But he cannot face poverty, and knows how cheaply the girl he loves is held by local society. So he marries Mrs. Spencer Carter. After a year abroad the happy pair return, and Mrs. Steer takes a fancy to have Barbara as her companion and secretary.

Poor Mrs. Steer! Her fat florid form, and dark rolling eye, live before us in the page! She once served in a florist's shop, and what happened in the interval which elapsed between her leaving that profession and emerging from seclusion as Mrs. Spencer Carter, is not with certainty known.

Equally strong, complete, admirable, is the picture of her cold-blooded husband. The power of Miss Mann's writing is disclosed in the fact that though from the first she lets us see how odious he is, she also lets us understand the power he wielded over poor Barbara.

To the excellent portrait gallery must be added the Reverend and Mrs. Bramleigh Jones, and the curate, the Reverend Clarence Mudd.

Poor Clarence! He would fain marry the beautiful Barbara, but sheer terror of the displeasure of his world, drives him to beg her to keep the arrangement secret.

"It was with a sob in his throat that Clarence went back to his sofa and the contemplation of the obligations which the Church laid upon him. Another man, unshackled by 'cloth,' might dare to marry the woman he loved, even if her repute was not all that his mother might desire; could afford to show his contempt of slanderous tongues by choosing the victim from all other women to bear his name; but, having taken orders in the army of the Pitiful Christ, the curate knew that he must not allow himself such indulgence.

\* By Mary E. Mann. Fisher, Unwin.

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