

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The Crystal Palace is laying itself out in rare style for the edification of the youngsters this Christmas.

Not only will there be a circus and a pantomime, but a unique attraction in the shape of a children's exhibition is being got ready.

First in interest is "Queen Victoria's room," which is crammed with relics of the late Queen. It contains the doll's house which Queen Victoria played with as a child, and which is supposed to represent Buckingham Palace.

The "house" is full of the Queen's toys, and covered with a couple of carpets which she made with her own hands at the age of 7.

In Queen Victoria's room are also to be found a couple of signed pencil drawings by the Prince Imperial, a quaint yellow straw bonnet which belonged to the Duchess of Kent, a pair of little blue shoes worn by the Prince Imperial, a hat worn by Queen Victoria, the bed in which she slept as a child, and a portrait of the late Queen (when two years old), which has never been exhibited before, and which has had to be insured for 1,000 guineas before being lent for the purposes of the exhibition.

The Press Association understands that Lord Hobhouse has placed the case of his niece, Miss Hobhouse, in the hands of Messrs. Lewis and Lewis with a view of testing the legality of her compulsory confinement on board the *Avondale Castle* and her subsequent removal by force to the *Roslin Castle* troopship, and her deportation against her will to England.

The form of the action will be for false imprisonment and assault, which will raise a constitutional question, and leave to the court to determine the legal question how far an English subject can be deprived of his or her liberty by martial law.

How thankful those nursing sisters must be that they did not take an active part in the removal of Miss Hobhouse!

Vegetarianism has been blamed for much. The charges brought against it by a "Lady Journalist" in a contemporary would seem to be new. This Lady says—"From personal experience I can testify that my hair turns grey and I grow rapidly older on vegetarian foods. White or grey hair and prematurely old looks are a common feature among vegetarians."

The "personal experience" no one would be ungallant enough to dispute, but vegetarians will probably question the statement that "white or grey hair and prematurely old looks are a common feature" among them. It can at least be said with truth that both the "grey hair" and the "old looks" are by no means confined to the vegetarians.

The Stockton-on-Tees Hospital Governors had only applications from two women doctors before them for the position of house surgeon at a salary of £200. In view of the Macclesfield Hospital Governors' experience it was decided to re-advertise for candidates at an increased salary.

A Book of the Week.

WITHIN THE RADIUS*

If Mr. Kinross had not, in a brief preface, guarded against such misunderstanding, we should certainly be tempted to suppose that the fount of inspiration for his present book was drawn from Robert Louis Stevenson. It is not exactly easy to believe that a literary man of our own day should owe his introduction to the "New Arabian Nights" to the recommendation of "The Pelican."

However, Mr. Kinross says so, and we are satisfied to take his word. He is one of the most promising of our coming men, and if he is firm, and refuses to permit journalism to spoil a style which is individual and pleasing, he ought to do great things. So far, he has confined himself to the more or less fantastic; and let us own that he does this remarkably well.

The chain of unity which unites the totally different stories which compose the book, is a subtle one. The opening is deliciously funny.

Lady Salop accosts, at one of her receptions, a young man of melancholy aspect, personally unknown to her. He relates to her a wild and whirling tale, to account for his presence in her house. The tale concludes with a confession that his great present desire is to be hidden for a time, and Lady Salop, sympathizing tenderly, leads him to a convenient cellar and turns the key upon him. The truth is, her ladyship has been warned that an escaped lunatic has entered her house, and the extravagant nature of the young man's story having convinced her that he is the lunatic in question, she has taken this heroic method of securing him.

Now the young man is not a lunatic; but the true reason for his presence in Lady Salop's house is a far more wild and improbable one than the tale he invented on the spur of the moment to account for it. When he is released from his duration next morning, he, quickly and easily convinces the company of his sanity and tells them the curious and unlikely thing that last night befell him in the streets of the great capital.

The personages who figure in his story, become afterwards the narrators of other stories, in a fashion highly ingenious. In short, Mr. Kinross is to the full as impressed as was Stevenson, by the inexhaustible capacities for romance in the heart of London, by the widely differing nature of the secrets held by the monotonous-looking houses; by the curious results of the flocking to one place of specimens of every race under heaven.

Some of the stories are frankly ridiculous, as for example, that invented by the Spaniard, in revenge for the unwilling deceit practiced upon him by Mr. Adams.—in this the narrator speaks of 'tethering his camel to an oasis,' and much more very excellent fooling. There is plenty of mild satire by the way, and this upon chemist's prices may possibly appeal with special force to the readers of THE NURSING RECORD. The narrator had invented a marvellous mixture for producing fog. This secret he sold to the Sultan of Borku,

"and then, with his Highness's full approval, I sought a trusty messenger and despatched him to Europe, the prescription carefully sewn up in the lining of his burnous. This emissary had orders to

*By Albert Kinross. Duckworth and Co.

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