

## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



Lady Curzon has issued a letter thanking subscribers to the Victoria Scholarship Memorial Fund, the purpose of which is to provide for the training of Indian midwives throughout the country. The fund, which is now closed, amounts to more than six lakhs of rupees.

It is announced from Stockholm that the Swedish Inter-Parliamentary Peace Party has decided to propose Mr. W. R. Cremer, M.P., and Baroness Bertha von Suttner, the authoress, as candidates for next year's Nobel Peace prize.

The *Week's Survey* says: "Politically men are triflers. A woman, on the other hand, gives her whole mind to the subject, and none the less so because she requires to study it in secret. She wrestles with it as with a religious doubt, broods over it during the day, and at night is sometimes unable to obtain that refreshing sleep which physicians assure us is necessary to conserve her beauty. If you should happen to meet a woman who has dark hollows under her eyes, and whose face bears marks of anxious care, set her down at once as a politician."

There is an agitation on foot for the admission of lady students at Trinity College, Dublin. The Solicitor-General is said to be in favour of the movement.

Miss Murdock Clark has left the Macclesfield Infirmary to start in private practice in Macclesfield. She has been presented with a cheque for £110 as a solatium for the trouble she has been put to. We wonder if the chivalrous members of the Hon. Staff will meet her in consultation?

The reception by the Dowager-Empress of China of the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps in the private apartments at Peking is an historic event of the very highest importance, from which no doubt will date a new and more enlightened era in China. After the presentation we read that the Empress, "trembling, weeping, and sobbing loudly, exclaimed in broken sentences that the attack on the Legations was a terrible mistake of which she repented bitterly."

We have always sympathised most deeply with the Empress Yehonala the Great in her whole-hearted patriotism, and after reading the vivid sketch of this marvellous woman presented by Mr. George Lynch in his entrancing work, the "War of the Civilisations" we admire her still more.—China for the Chinese is her watchword, and away with the "foreign devils,"—and can any patriot blame her? Certainly not those who abhor the bloody manoeuvres of the Allied troops let loose in China during the late relief of the Legations, and the unspeakable horrors of their progress. Mr. Lynch writes, "as nothing in the old days escaped the vigilant eyes of Yehonala, let not those who are so ready to sing a *De Profundis* over China fancy that

this final exhibition will be forgotten. It is said by those who know her best that Yehonala's unbroken purpose is to drive the Christians out of her tortured and pillaged country."

We are quite at one with Mr. Lynch when he writes, "As the Chinese have agreed to erect a monument to Baron von Ketteler in Peking in commemorative apology for his murder (he provoked it brutally), it appears to me that there is an opportunity for the Allies to erect one also. It might be of pure white jade, which the Chinese women love, which in its translucent depths seems to hold the bright Eastern sunlight with the lingering clasp of a caress, and might bear an inscription saying that it was erected in honour to the memory of the women and girls of the Province of Pechili who had sacrificed their lives to preserve their chastity?"

A recent edict issued by the Dowager Empress permits marriages between Manchus and Chinese in future, and recommends the abolition of the practice of bandaging women's feet. Once put the women of a nation on their feet, and we are sure of progress in the right direction.

## A Book of the Week.

### PRINCESS PUCK.\*

If, as the present reviewer seems to remember, Una Silberrad was the author of a very noticeable story which lately appeared, called "The Lady of Dreams," or something like it, one wonders why the fact is not announced upon the title-page of the present work, for the first book was certainly of a kind to make one wish to read more by the same author.

The present story is wholly different in style; it is interesting as showing in what a truly curious way a certain influence seems to work simultaneously in people's minds, inducing them to choose for heroine the same type of girl. There can be no question at all of plagiarism, for Miss Mann's Book "The Mating of a Dove," and "Princess Puck," came out almost simultaneously; and to the best of our belief, there have been no heroines quite like them before. Yet quite a curious vein of likeness,—with plenty of unlikeness, though—runs through the portraits of Amy Dove and Wilhelmina Alardy. Both girls are absolutely without self consciousness, both have not the least sense of the becoming, both are entirely sincere, both have great ability of a certain sort, both are simply maddening to such of their friends and relations as wish to put them to rights, to make them appear to advantage, to drill them into anything approaching uniformity.

Yet Wilhelmina, or Bill as she is called, is beyond this, the real and unique property of her author, a character that stands out convincingly and would alone make the book worth reading.

But there are many other of the elements of a good novel in this book now before us. It might almost be called a study in nieces. Dear old Miss Brownlow, a schoolmistress of a bygone day, has had three sisters, all of whom made unsuccessful marriages, died and left an assortment of nieces to her unflinching love and kindness.

\* U. L. Silberrad. Macmillan.

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