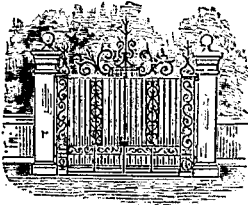


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



Lady students have made an excellent show in the Cambridge triposes. In part one of the moral science tripos Miss H. N. Wodehouse (Girton) beats all competitors, while in part two of the same examination Miss E. F. Scott (Girton) is bracketed with the two highest male students.

Both the two great Women's Temperance organisations are again holding "Summer Schools." The one organised by the Women's Total Abstinence Union will be held in the Town Hall at Folkestone from June 9th to 19th, and the other by the British Women's Temperance Association, at the residence of Lady Henry Somerset, Higham Park, Woodford, from June 7th to 14th. The end and aim of the Summer School is to spread abroad the truth concerning the nature and effects of alcohol, to qualify and equip Temperance workers. The school is an opportunity of learning much of the different aspects of the Temperance question, from well-qualified experts. The schools are open to any, ladies or gentlemen, old or young.

Mr. Seddon, speaking at Cape Town last week, expressed the hope that Women's Suffrage would eventually be extended to the various parts of the world. Surely the visit of Mr. Seddon, the Premier of the only country in the world, New Zealand, where a just basis of representation is in working order—in other words, where women share with men the privilege and responsibility of the Parliamentary vote—is a unique opportunity for our Women Suffrage Societies. Let the leaders invite Mr. Seddon to address a mass meeting of Women Suffragists in London during his Coronation visit, and tell us of all the benefits—for we feel sure they are numerous—which have resulted in the Colony he represents by giving women the vote. We sincerely hope such an opportunity will not be allowed to slip by the Committee of the United Suffrage Societies.

The combination of Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal as Mistress Page and Mistress Ford in the coming revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at Her Majesty's Theatre recalls many interesting memories. It is not the first time that those actresses have played together, and in Shakespeare, too. They were both mere girls in that autumn of 1863 when they were engaged by Mr. Chute for his stock season at the old Bristol theatre—a playhouse where Garrick had many a time trodden the boards. Hither it was that Miss Kate Terry, fresh from her triumphs with Charles Kean and Fechter, came to play Beatrice in "Much Ado about Nothing," and it was her sister Ellen who took the part of Hero, Miss Madge Robertson (now Mrs. Kendal) appearing as the waiting gentlewoman. To see these two great actresses in "The Merry Wives" will be the greatest treat that lovers of Shakespearian drama are likely to have in this

generation. No doubt nurses with their love of the play will flock in their hundreds to enjoy a delightful evening at Her Majesty's.

From Berne comes the news that Mme. Chamot, the well-known heroine of the Pekin siege, won the oak-leaf garland at a shooting match at Sion, in the Canton Valais. This is the first time that a woman has won this distinction in Switzerland.

## A Book of the Week.

### THE WAY OF ESCAPE.\*

The author of "Mona Maclean" is always most particularly welcome to us, but her present book is undoubtedly a masterpiece. It touches a higher level than anything she has previously attempted. It handles with the hands of true womanly reverence and delicacy, a theme which in the works of most writers is repulsive; and it traces from its beginnings the evolution of a woman's soul.

Giles Willoughby, a young and promising Edinburgh graduate, goes for a holiday to a remote little place in the Riviera, and there meets an old scientific professor and his daughter, Vera Carruthers. Vera, at this stage, is little more than a child; a most unsophisticated, handsome, bewitching child, full of spirits, full of intellectual capacity, and frankly heathen.

Naturally this combination attracts, by very rapid stages, the staid, grave, young Scot, brought up in Presbyterianism.

Vera finds him wandering about on Christmas morning, and asks

"Why are you not at church?"

"Because there doesn't happen to be a church within reach."

She laughed quietly. "You Christians!"

"Don't," said Giles. "Spare that word. As it happens, I never have gone to church on Christmas Day. We don't go in much for observing days and seasons and months and years."

"Don't you? Why not, if the day brings a gift, the season flowers, the years"—her face grew almost grave—"wisdom? To what particular form of schism do you belong Dr. Willoughby?"

He frowned. "If it interests you at all to know it, I belong to the Free Church of Scotland."

"Am I horrid?"

"Sometimes."

"Thank you. Few of us escape that distinction." She turned to him suddenly with a coaxing, kitten-like movement, and her face broke into irresistible dimples.

"And sometimes nice?"

"Fairly."

"No, no. Fairly won't do. Sometimes very nice?"

The corners of his mouth quivered. "Sometimes."

But one might go on quoting for ever. Every step in the mutual *rapprochement* is given so vividly that one realises all.

And all the time Giles is engaged to a nice good Alice in Edinburgh!

Ah, well-a-day, we will not tell the story; for few besides Dr. Todd could tell it effectively, sympathetically, truly.

She shows, with true insight, how the terrible fall led to the reshaping of all the spiritual nature;

\* By Graham Travers. (Dr. Margaret Todd.)  
Blackwood and Sons.

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