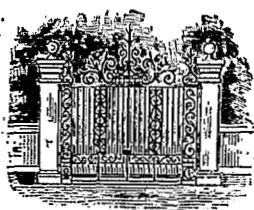


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



"Those who have the interests of women at heart, and who believe that their services are not only appreciated but needed as medical practitioners were surprised and grieved to learn a short while since that the Chicago Women's Medical School has been pronounced a failure, and is to be closed shortly. It is satisfactory, writes our representative, to find from Miss Douie, the Secretary and Warden, that there is no such gloomy prospect before the London School of Medicine for Women; on the contrary, when I questioned her on this point in a recent interview, at 30, Handel Street, Brunswick Square, W.C., her forecast for the future was most encouraging.

"You are referring to the Chicago Women's Medical School," she said. "I do not understand its failure at all, but I think there must be local causes which have contributed to it. As to the London School of Medicine, I think its prospects for the future are bright. Many qualified medical women make a good income, while I think all are able at any rate to make a living. Possibly there is a percentage of failures, as in the case of men, and it is of course conceivable that the failures may suffer in silence and that we do not hear about them, but certainly they are the exception not the rule."

Miss Douie then kindly took me over the school, which is admirably equipped, so that one felt quite envious on behalf of the nursing profession, and longed for the day when a school of nursing, furnished with all the appliances for study, shall take solid form in bricks and mortar. The London School of Medicine is built round three sides of a quadrangle, in which a tennis court finds place. In the Pfeiffer Wing are the Laboratories for Physics, Chemistry, Physiology, and Anatomy, in the Oake's Wing, the Biological Laboratory, three lecture theatres, and the Warden's quarters, while in the Turler Wing are to be found the Museums, and the students' chambers, with a spacious, well-furnished library, and a large Common Room, looking over the Quadrangle. The school, like most women's endeavours, is badly in need of funds, but it has a record of good work behind it, so that the donations and bequests of those interested in women's educational movements should be forthcoming.

Having in mind the Macclesfield tragedy I enquired of Miss Douie as to the resident appointments open to medical women. Of these there are she says a very fair number, and two ladies have now been appointed to the resident staff of the Royal Free Hospital. On the Macclesfield question she was very reticent. "It is such a burning question at present," she said, "and opinion is so divided upon it, I could only give my own individual view and that I would rather not do."

"I wish, if Miss Murdoch Clarke had not meant to fight to the end she had not done so at first," I said. "Yes, that is one view," she replied. However nothing seemed to shake Miss Douie's faith in the future of her chosen profession, nor I think does she seriously

anticipate, as some fear, that house posts in future will be very difficult for women to secure."

An interesting comment on the Macclesfield case is that Miss Margaret B. Austin Dobson, M.B., second assistant medical officer of the Central London Sick Asylum, has been unanimously appointed to the post of junior assistant medical officer of the Bracebridge Asylum, near Lincoln, and that Miss Roberts has also been appointed second assistant medical officer and dispenser at the London Central Sick Asylums at Hendon and Cleveland Street by a considerable majority. Miss Murdock Clarke has resigned her appointment on the grounds that the medical officers at Macclesfield considered "a lady doctor was unsuited to the duties of a mixed hospital." In connection with the appointment of Miss Roberts the Chairman remarked that, from what he had heard from the Infirmary officers, he concluded that the previous appointment of Miss Dobson had been a success.

We commend the opinion of Dr. Hopkins, the medical superintendent of the Central London Sick Asylums, and his assistant medical officers to their benighted professional colleagues at Macclesfield.

A Book of the Week.

THE PORTION OF LABOUR.*

Miss Wilkins is always interesting; in this interesting story she is something more. Her great strength has always lain in the delineation of the pathos of everyday life; her inspiration is drawn altogether from "the mysterious heart of common things."

From the little half-starved, underpaid drudge who washed dishes in "The Humble Romance," down to this tale of the status of the labourer in the Free America, she has preserved her strange power to wring our heartstrings by the very simplicity and artlessness of the strong old passions of humanity.

Ellen Brewster, the heroine, is the daughter of Andrew Brewster, whose forbears are of a strong self-respecting old Puritan stock, and his wife, Fanny Loud, a handsome, shrewish, vulgar woman, whose marriage with her son old Mrs. Brewster had most bitterly condemned.

Another member of the little household is Eva Loud, Fanny's unmarried sister, who works, like Andrew, at the shoe factory. She also is a wild, undisciplined young woman, with apparently a taint of latent hereditary insanity. The first and most striking effect of the book is produced by the running away of little Ellen, at the age of seven, in consequence of some imperfectly understood words overheard by her during one of the frequent quarrels between her mother and her unmitigated aunt. The child is missing for two nights and a day, and during that time she is in the keeping of one Cynthia Lennox, a lady who is described as the essence of all that is refined and exclusive. This woman, unmarried, is consumed by her heart-hunger for a child; she has a charming lover, one Lyman Risley, whom, it appears, she could have had for the asking, any time this fifteen years, but she persistently refuses him, though longing beyond all things to have a child of her own.

* By Mary E. WILKINS. Harper.

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