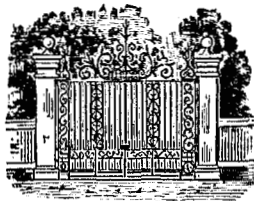


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



nised emigration society. The greatest caution should be exercised in accepting offers of alleged advantages made by unknown persons or associations."

The truth is that there is very little congenial work for refined white women, and the emigration society are only encouraging domestic servants to go to South Africa, where they find their surroundings miserably inferior to those they enjoy at home, and very often duties are demanded of them at which the wily Kaffir "boy" turns up his already aspiring nose. We are not in sympathy with this hustling of helpless young women to South Africa, and warned our readers of its dangers long before the Colonial Office felt compelled to advise caution.

A recent reprint from an advertisement in the *Times* of December 29th, 1802, headed "Want Places in a Family," shows the dependent position of the domestic classes a hundred years ago, and how marvellously their position has improved of recent years. The advertisement reads as follows:—

"A set of approved and faithful Servants, who were turned away for no fault; but themselves gave warning, from the apprehension that their Master was upon the eve of Bankruptcy.

"The Advertisers think they can give satisfaction in any place where hard work is not required. They can give security to any amount, having a considerable stake of their own. Wages are not, therefore, so much their object, as a comfortable situation and the confidence of their employers.

"They will undertake, amongst them, the whole service of the Family, according to their several talents and experience. They can collect the rents of the Estate, let out the Farms, and also carry on all lawsuits with ability and success. They understand the management of the cellar, and will undertake to keep the House clean.

"They can have an eighteen years' character from their last place, in which they conducted themselves so well, as to have received several large gratuities and pensions from the Family, before, and even at the time of quitting it; in doing which they confess their error, and are sincerely repentant. And now that their worthy Master has superseded his Commission of Bankruptcy, and appears in a prosperous way again, they are heartily desirous of returning to his service, whether he be willing to receive them back again—or not.

"N.B.—Enquire of the Porter of the Temple. No objection to a Family where Roman Catholic Servants are kept."

With great regret we record the death of Miss Helen Blackburn, one of the pioneers in the movement for improving the position of women, politically,

industrially, and educationally. As one by one the brave workers of the past pass away, we feel more and more how difficult it is to fill their vacant places, for the present generation seems to produce few women of the force of character, singleness of purpose, and devotion to duty for which the leaders of women's movements in the last half-century were noted. Honoured and respected Miss Blackburn has now gone to her rest. May her spirit remain with those for whom her life-work was performed.

A Book of the Week.

THE WINDS OF THE WORLD.*

Under this title the Duchess of Sutherland has strung together seven love stories. Of the majority of these it must be said that the theme of them does not lend itself to the "short story" treatment, and that the result of having such tragic happenings heaped one upon the other in the course of a few pages is a mental jolt which is not a pleasant literary sensation.

The first is called "The Fate that Follows," and is quite Greek in its inevitable tragedy. We are introduced to a young girl, sewing her wedding gown for her marriage to-morrow; to her lover, Dick Harrod, and to her blind and mad father. The scene is a poor cottage in a fishing village, but the girl and her father, thus reduced to poverty through the wickedness of her mother, are gently born. The mother was a dancer, who flung away her honour—it seems doubtful whether she ever had any, at least during her widowhood—for the sake of the man who had formerly wronged Dick Harrod's mother. The wind is howling, the night is wild, and the lovers' endearments are to the tune of the old man's wild drivellings about his wife and his sorrows. Presently the sound of a street brawl reaches their ears, and a wretched, draggled woman escaping from justice pushes open the door and comes in. This is the disgraced mother of the girl. She recognises her husband, but seems to have no shred of either decency or even sentiment left. She jeers at the wreck of her husband, and at her miserable daughter, until Dick Harrod, for no reason whatever that one can make out, draws a knife and stabs her to the heart. Upon this pleasing scene the curtain falls. The dead harlot, the old man creeping towards her corpse; the murderer and his affianced bride staring at each other across the tragedy.

There follow two society stories—one, "Lady Toto's Betrothing," being the slightest in the volume; the other being on the approved modern lines of the love-philanderings of several more or less married persons.

The most curious, perhaps the most noteworthy in their different ways, are the stories entitled "Mrs. Leonid" and "The Laureate." "Mrs. Leonid" only just misses giving a very strong sensation of creepiness. It does miss, merely, in the humble judgment of the present reviewer, through the lack of personal sympathy shown by the writer. Her people are types and not individuals. So is it in "The Laureate," which in the same tantalising way only just misses greatness and symmetry. The writing glows with

* By the Duchess of Sutherland.

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