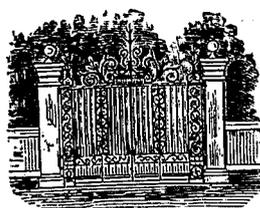


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Mr. Channing has introduced into the House of Commons the County and Borough Councils and Metropolitan Borough Councils (Qualification of Women) Bill, which was read for the first time and ordered to be printed on August 4th. The Bill is supported by Mr. Bousfield, Mr. Crooks, Mr. Emmott, Mr. Ernest Gray, Mr. Lough, Mr. M'Kenna, and Mr. Yerburch, and, we understand, has many friends in the House of Commons. The Memorandum printed with the Bill states that "This Bill will enable electors to place directly-elected women on Education Authorities and to secure their services in other matters of local government, such as the housing of the poor, the looking after public lodging-houses, the management of the female side of lunatic asylums, the supervision of industrial schools (containing children from three years of age), the supervision of midwives and of baby farms, of homes for inebriate women, of police courts and police-court waiting-rooms (outside the metropolis), and generally to secure their co-operation in matters relating to the public health."

At the last meeting of the Chelsea Board of Guardians some sensation was caused by the application of Miss Hyacinthe M. Deane, Senior Inspector under the Board of Education, for permission to visit the Chelsea Infirmary in order to gain information and practical skill in the care, feeding, and management of infants and children. Miss Deane asked that she might visit the infirmary from 5 to 7 p.m. during two consecutive weeks, and the General Committee recommended that the application be granted.

"A most monstrous thing," was Mr. Brass's comment.

"A most extraordinary thing," added Mr. Jeffery—the Chairman.

Mr. Brass said he should not oppose. But he did think that before a lady was appointed senior inspector—senior inspector, mind you—she should be thoroughly versed in these matters. It seemed to him the lady was coming to serve an apprenticeship in their institution. He recognised it as a compliment to the way the infirmary was managed.

Mr. Chambers remarked on the fact that Chelsea Infirmary had been specially chosen.

"Yes," said Mr. Brass, "the Board of Education evidently think that we can teach them something in Chelsea."

Mr. Jeffery: "That's just the remark I made this morning."

The Board agreed to grant the application.

We do not wonder at the surprise felt by the Guardians. At the same time it must be remembered that it is only comparatively recently that the Board of Education has laid stress on the teaching of the subjects referred to, to elder children in elementary schools. Women, as a rule, take their responsibilities very seriously, and in her endeavour to obtain, in off-duty hours, an insight into a branch of work which

she is now required to inspect Miss Deane is sustaining the reputation which she has already attained for conscientiousness and thoroughness in her work.

Among the persons upon whom honorary degrees have been conferred by the University of Heidelberg during the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of its re-erection, which began with much pomp on Saturday last, were two English ladies, who are twin-sisters, Mrs. Margaret Dunlop Gibson and Mrs. Agnes Smith-Lewis. As we reported in a recent issue, both these ladies have made important discoveries on Mount Sinai, and they have also done meritorious work in Biblical research. They were created Doctors of Theology, being the first women who have had this degree conferred upon them by a German university. We congratulate the new Doctors of Theology. What will our own universities say to the bestowal of these degrees? In this country theology is usually supposed to be essentially the prerogative of the male sex.

A Book of the Week.

JOHANNA.*

Our established favourites have disappointed us so often lately that it is a real pleasure to find one of them who has perceptibly matured. Mrs. Croker has done nothing more complete than "Johanna."

It is an Irish idyll, and the heroine is a gloriously handsome Kerry girl, who does the work of a farm labourer, and can neither write nor read. In character, this beautiful Johanna—the Irish form of her hideous name is "Shavauneen," and we wish the writer had called her by it throughout—is a good deal like the heroine of Mary Cholmondeley's "Moth and Rust." She is wholly and utterly stupid—nay, even deficient—as far as worldly wisdom is concerned. She seems devoid of any reasoning powers, and filled only with primitive instincts, and with the Christian graces of faith, hope, and charity. In the conflict of life such a girl is bound to go to the wall. Johanna suffers cruelly. She becomes the prey of the unscrupulous, as far as women are concerned; though, as regards men, she is like the heroine of Milton's "Comus"—she has no experience, but her instinct is unerring. The simple pathos of her adventures, and those of her "boy" Shamus, enlisted in the "Donnybrooks," and going through a course of Boer campaign, wounds and enteric, is most convincing; and the letters of Shamus, written from the seat of war, almost read like copies of genuine ones. But the cream of the book is after all the glint of Irish humour and simplicity that sparkles through it.

Take the story of Micky Lee, and "what he done on a red (dispensary) ticket":—

"The other night he was late in the town—a terrible wet night it was, as black as a well—and the rain coming down in rivers. So he cast about him, *how* to get home at all? Seven miles, you know, on a bog road, and deep-water dykes on both sides. Well, he goes to Tim Kelly, and gets him to loan him a red ticket, so with this he went off to Dr. Moore, the dispensary doctor, and rings him up as bold as brass—it was after twelve—and calls out he has a red ticket, and his wife stretched—and no

* By Mrs. Croker, Methuen.

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