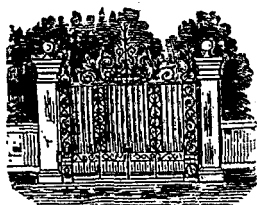


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The Queen of Holland was received with immense enthusiasm when she opened Parliament at the Hague last week, and is reported to have made a remarkable speech on the labour question. Referring to the trouble last January and April she said:—"When public order and social life were criminally threatened it was proved how the country could depend on its soldiers. Though the consequences were in a measure disastrous, the spirit shown by the greater part of the workmen gives hope of a healthy progress in the labour movement, in which I desire to participate by social legislation." The speech announced Bills for insurances against sickness, old-age pensions, and a new Poor Law.

It seems that the new Pope is defying all tradition in living the simple life in a truly Christian spirit. He has invited his three sisters—humble peasant women—to dine at his own table! Hitherto, says the *Chronicle*, it has always been deemed highly incorrect even for the most eminent ecclesiastics to sit down with his Holiness. On finding the Pope deaf to entreaties not to violate hoary observances, the Head Chamberlain, it is said, broke into loud sobbing and retired to his apartment, whilst a Cardinal of noble extraction who happened to be calling at the Vatican drove off in a state of great irritation. Another distinguished personage was stirred by the Pope's reluctance to create his sisters countesses. Without a title, it was urged, there would be an insuperable obstacle to their being received in polite society. The Pope, hearing of this, exclaimed, "They have a title already. They are sisters of the Pope."

"Working Girl," in the course of a letter to the *Morning Post* on physical deterioration in the United Kingdom, declares that every one of the causes commonly adduced for such deterioration is chiefly operative through one prevailing condition, namely, "that the people never were so impurely fed as they are now." "This," she says, "is the condition which saps stamina, destroys the power of resistance to the mental and physical destructive forces of modern life, and has rendered futile the increased sanitary knowledge, better housing, increased purchasing power, higher education, and enormously improved medical care of the poor. The children of the vast lower middle classes, whence are to come the future armies, the future navies, the future business men of this country, do not, broadly speaking, get one single article of food at once pure and fresh. We do not need doctors nowadays to tell us what that means. Chemically preserved and often adulterated milk; adulterated 'bread' (for the ordinary white baker's bread is not bread at all in the old sense of the word); 'butter,' made of butcher's refuse fat, or, in the best conditions, imported from abroad, often from countries where it is highly improbable that it is prepared under sanitary conditions; tinned stuff of all kinds, in itself inevitably deteriorated by the process, and often

tinned in foreign places where supervision in the interests of other countries is non-existent; foreign, frozen, far-travelled meat, always wrongly cooked by Englishwomen, who do not know that it must be treated differently from fresh meat if it is to give any nourishment at all; beet sugar, prepared with sulphuric acid, and used in almost everything that a child takes, especially in the cheap jam, of which so great a quantity is consumed—these are the things on which the race feeds to-day. Its deterioration is in exact proportion to the length of time which has elapsed since it baked and brewed and killed its own food."

Owing to the scarcity of female domestic servants, and their terrible inefficiency when engaged, numbers of bright, hard-working youths are being increasingly engaged in this country hailing from Switzerland, Germany, France, and Italy, who do exactly the same kind of housework as English girls. The British and Foreign Domestic Bureau, 35, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, have in the past twelve months established 400 foreign men as domestic servants in the homes of well-to-do English people. The "house man" makes beds, sweeps, dusts, cleans windows; the "parlour man" polishes plate and waits at table, and answers the front-door bell—indeed, it is stated that the "male domestic" is a great success.

A Book of the Week.

THE ROSE OF JOY.*

Miss Findlater has a magic which has never yet failed. Her low voice makes itself "delicately heard"—as Coventry Patmore puts it, "like a bird sole warbling in a windy wood." Clear and true is her note, full of unnamed harmonies, felt rather than understood. In this story she gives us another of her wholly charming woman characters. In the heroine of "A Narrow Way," she showed the unconscious strength of a beautiful nature in uncongenial surroundings. In this book she shows the happiness which the true artist can enjoy, totally irrespective of circumstance. The motto she chooses from Emerson gives the keynote:—

"In the actual—this painful kingdom of time and chance—are care, canker, and sorrow: with thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity—the rose of joy—round it all the Muses sing."

It is no selfish disregard of the feelings of others that keeps Susan happy, in spite of her tragic marriage. It is merely the gladness with which a deep sense of beauty endows her.

She is the eldest daughter of a foolish, vacant mother, who married a man of gentle, quaint humour. Little Susan has a rich aunt, through whom she becomes acquainted with Darnley Stair. Darnley is the only surviving son of a terribly impoverished, proud old family. His grim mother, senile father, and gaunt sisters are well put before us by this artist-in-words. Susan is more or less of a disappointment at first to them, being only a brewer's niece, though his marriage does enable Darnley to pay his debts. But by degrees she wins upon them all, the birth of her son establishing a strong bond between her and the iron old mother. It is from her that Susan derives

* By Mary Findlater. Methuen.

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