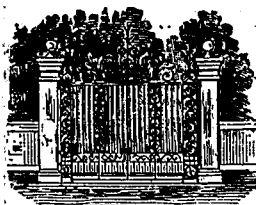


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



It cannot be too distinctly stated that Madame Curie is the sole discoverer of radium—and this indisputable fact ought to have been honourably acknowledged by men of science. Instead, in this country, they assume that she is joint discoverer with her husband, and straight away award him the Davy Medal, and she is also permitted to share with him the Nobel Science Prize.

Madame Curie comes from Warsaw. She was an ardent student, and, when she came to study in Paris, her means, says *Truth's* Paris correspondent, did not admit of matriculation at the schools of the faculty, and she went to learn at a municipal working-class institute, where M. Curie directed the laboratory. Seeing her deep interest in his experiments and other work, and her marvellous capacity to assimilate, which in her case goes hand in hand with scientific divination, he asked her to become his assistant. But he could offer her no salary. He and Mlle. Sklodowska had been some time fellow-workers when he was raised to a professor's chair at the Mechanics' Institute, where she assisted him. This obliged him to give less time to the laboratory. He soon discovered that he could not do without her, and proposed marriage, and had the happiness to be accepted.

Madame Curie is utterly without social ambition. She strikes one (the writer adds) as a thoughtful, sterling, and quietly determined person, untainted by vanity or bluestockingism. Her complexion is that of a dingy blonde who has long known privations, and has often not been able to dine according to her appetite or warm herself at a good fire. She fanned the sacred fire in M. Curie whenever she saw it dying out, and kept on hoping against the adverse circumstances that crowded on them. She could not obtain her degree of *Docteur des Sciences* before 1900.

It is rumoured that Madame Curie has discovered a new method by which radium can be produced at a much lower price than hitherto.

The elections for both Houses of the Australian Commonwealth are a tremendous success for the Labour Party, largely attributed to the female franchise, as numbers of women voted for the Labour ticket regardless of other considerations.

The results of the elections show a Ministerial—which is synonymous with a preferential—net loss of three seats in the Senate and six in the House of Representatives. The two women candidates were not supported by the female vote—more's the pity.

The Women's Temperance League of Vienna has begun sending out little hand-carts with hot non-alcoholic beverages to markets, factories, and building works, with the object of keeping the workmen away from the public-house.

What are the results of the co-education of the sexes? This question has been put by the editor of *La Revue*, the French periodical, to a number of high educational authorities in all the principal European countries. Without an exception the reports are favourable to the system.

Mr. Augustus Harcourt, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Oxford, says humorously: "The only complaint which has ever reached me came from my male pupils, who declared that the large hats of the ladies occupying the front seats at my lectures prevented them from following some of my experiments." The ladies were thereupon asked to occupy the back seats in future.

"The presence of young women in a laboratory has an excellent effect," adds Professor Harcourt. "The students come to work and they talk of nothing which does not concern their work."

Many of the foreign authorities consider that the female students display, as a rule, less of the creative faculty than their male colleagues. They are declared to be hard and conscientious workers none the less, and it is admitted that their relative inferiority, so far as it exists, is due to their inadequate secondary education.

A Book of the Week.

THE SECRET IN THE HILL.*

If any of us are in doubt as to what book to give to our young brothers or sons for Christmas time, we cannot go far wrong in deciding upon "The Secret in the Hill." It is a book that almost all boys would love; but it is much more than that. It is a kind of classic, à la Stevenson, worthy to rank with "Treasure Island."

The manner of it is excellent throughout. Nobody needs to be told that Bernard Capes is a master of style; but some of us have grown to dread his precocity, his ugliness, his disfiguring grotesque. All these things are wholly absent from "The Secret in the Hill," which is so lucid and so sympathetic that it is a pleasure to read. To those who know Dunwich and its neighbourhood—that quaint region of East Anglia which bears so little trace of its former populous industries and thriving ports—the tale will be doubly fascinating.

"Year by year, century by century, the storms had fed on these devoted sand-built coasts, and were still feeding when we came to know them. Towns and once-flourishing colonies had disappeared as utterly as if they had never existed. Not only they, but the soil on which they had been planted, paved the floor of the ocean for miles out.

"I had a vision sometimes of our tight little island lying on the sea, like a round of bread and butter on a plate, and the Angel of the Storm amusing himself by biting patterns out of the edges. The coast in our part of the world was particularly inviting to him, because, as I suppose, it was crumb, and not crusty with rock like other parts. Anyhow, he never flew near without setting his teeth in it somewhere."

This is a wondrously vivid picture of the weird coast. Dunwich always existed in the mind of the present reviewer as the place which the author of the "Garden of Sleep" must obviously have had in mind—

* By Bernard Capes. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

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