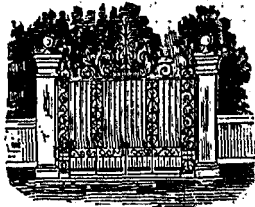


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



The Society of Women Journalists held its annual meeting at the Institute of Journalists, Tudor Street, on Saturday. In the absence of the President, Lady Sarah Wilson, Mrs. Jack Johnson occupied the chair. Mrs. Bulstrode, the Hon. Secretary, in presenting the annual report, showed how the society had served its members by bringing them together at various entertainments, by organising lectures of professional interest, by affording personal introductions to various editors, and by the establishment of an information bureau, whereby new publications are brought to the notice of members on the one hand, and the qualifications of members are brought to the notice of editors on the other. On the motion of Miss Dolf Wyllarde, seconded by Mrs. Greenwood, the report was adopted. —Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, in taking up her duties as president for the ensuing year, said the only form of genius she possessed was the genius of friendship. Most men were fond of saying that there was no such thing as friendship between women, but women constantly disproved that assertion by marching shoulder to shoulder, helpful, kind, and tender to each other. Of course, man liked to say that, because it made him feel that woman was dependent on him, and everything that made him feel a large, manly, generous, stalwart, and patronising creature increased his joy in life.—A delightful social gathering followed after the business meeting.

The hundredth anniversary of the promulgation of the code of laws which France owes to Napoleon was celebrated in Paris on Saturday with as much state as Republican simplicity permits. The President attended a meeting in the great hall of the Sorbonne. Hundreds of high officials in full robes and uniform were present and several orations setting forth the blessings bestowed on France by the code were delivered. Immediately after the close of an oration by the Minister of Justice, a lady in the audience suddenly rose and excitedly exclaimed: "Down with the code! It oppresses women!" She was at once removed by a policeman and taken to the nearest police station, where she gave her name, and stated she was a member of the Feminist League. She was released with a caution. Several ladies in cabs hissed the official personages as they came out of the Sorbonne, and many sandwich men, displaying placards protesting in the name of woman against the glorification of the code, were also in evidence. A meeting under the presidency of Madame Marguerite Durand, editor of the now extinct woman's paper *La Fronde*, was held in the evening, and a resolution was passed urging that the two sexes should be given equal rights, thus relieving woman from the condition of inferiority in which they were placed by the code.

Mrs. Frederic Harrison tells in the November *Cornhill* a tale which Mr. Charles Austin told her of a scene he witnessed when the Versailles entered Paris.

The tale has been told in a poem by Victor Hugo. This is Mr. Charles Austin's prose version:—

"He saw one day roaming about Paris—a not uncommon sight—a group of men and women put against a wall to be shot. Their hands were supposed to be blackened with powder. Amongst them was a lad of twelve or fourteen who, before the order to shoot could be given, stepped forward and begged to be allowed to take back the watch his mother had lent him. He produced a huge turnip of a watch and promised faithfully to return. Mr. Austin said it was a moment of anguish. None could be sure the child was telling the truth; but the officer commanding, giving him a kick, said: 'Va-t'en au diable!' The child ran off, the order to shoot rang out, but the horrid business was hardly over before the clatter of feet was heard, the boy reappeared round a corner, and, putting himself against the wall, prepared for death. It was impossible to kill that heroic little soul."

"It renews one's faith in human nature," said Mr. Austin.

An offer, of which custodians of nurses' libraries should widely avail themselves, is that now made by Messrs. Fisher Unwin, 11, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C., to dispose of the series of seven volumes issued by them in connection with the International Congress of Women, held in London in 1899, for the nominal sum of 7s. 6d. the set. The original price was 24s. 6d. Of special interest to nurses is the volume containing the report of the Nursing Section (Vol. 4). We commend this notice to the attention of our American colleagues.

The first copy of "The World and his Wife," a new sixpenny monthly, was issued by the Harnsworth Co. on Wednesday last. It is beautifully got up, and we have no doubt that it will attain the widespread popularity of the other publications of the same firm. We like to recognise merit when we see it, and a large amount of excellent work has been put into this new magazine, which is sure to make it a success.

## A Book of the Week.

### THE MARRIAGE YOKE.\*

Dr. Arabella Kenealy's book should be particularly interesting to nurses, since it deals with a situation which, half a century ago, was almost unheard of—the position of the well-born, well-bred woman as sick nurse in a private family. It has several times surprised the reviewer that such a situation has not oftener been the novelist's theme. The whole idea is so purely modern that people have been busy, ever since gentlewomen took up trained nursing, in trying to adjust the new system to existing ideas, or trying to enlarge existing ideas so as to include it, according as temperament, fancy, or breeding dictated.

Sir Nigel Harland is the husband of a wife who is a helpless log. She was operated on fifteen years ago for tumour on the brain. Life was saved, but at the cost of almost all else. She can neither speak nor move, except that she is just able to carry such a thing as a biscuit to her mouth. How much intelligence remains is a doubtful point; but certainly not enough for her to be able to grasp abstract ideas. She had at no time in her career been worthy of esteem—a fast, extrava-

\* By Arabella Kenealy. (Hurst and Blackett.)

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