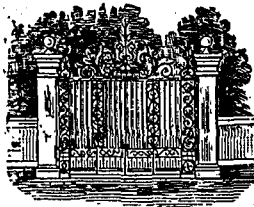


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



A plan is on foot to organise a small historical loan exhibition, to be held in London in May, 1905. The exhibition is to be entitled "Notable Women," and the promoters of it are very anxious to get together a really unique and interesting collection of small portraits, miniatures, autographs, seals, trinkets, fans, watches, ornaments, books, needlework, &c., that have belonged to or are connected with any notable women either of ancient or modern times. If anyone can give suggestions as to what relics are known to be in existence and available, or even as to the names of notable women who should be included in the list of those who have made their mark on the world's history—Queens and their Courts, the old abbesses, founders of hospitals, colleges, &c., writers, musicians, women of all times and all countries—it would be a help to the hon. secretaries, as it will be no easy task to determine who should and who should not be represented, and of whom memorials can or cannot be found. The object of the exhibition is to collect a fund for sending out more workers to develop the work of the Girls' Friendly Society in India, Canada, and South Africa, and to keep in touch with the many girls in those distant parts of the Empire. Address the Hon. Secretaries at 22, Bryanston Square, and 6, Sloane Gardens.

Writing from Paris to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a correspondent says:—For various reasons, the question of the employment of women is very much to the front just now, and there is, if one may so say, a disposition to humanise the question. Mr. Alfred Capus has led the way in the theatre, the most powerful instrument in France to change public opinion. For instance, in his new play at the Comédie Française, "Notre Jeunesse," he contrasts the old spirit with the new in the bourgeoisie, and shows us a wealthy family adopting a natural child, that child herself being inspired with the right sort of pride, and the desire to earn her living honestly. Women are more than ever entering the professions which hitherto have exclusively belonged to man. Besides essaying the law, there are now many lady doctors, and several dentists, more particularly specialising on children's teeth, who make an income of from £600 to £800 a year. But the learned professions, of course, are only open to women of means, for, though professional instruction is largely gratuitous in the University, there is a period, after qualification, of waiting for the client who does not come which may exhaust a considerable amount of capital. Such civil service posts as are open to women are grievously over-crowded, and in the teaching profession it is the same story. The only really well-paid positions are those held by the professors in girls' Lycées; but, obviously, they are only open after severe examination, and when vacancies occur. In the lower ranks of the educational army the pay is very small, considering the intellectual demands made upon the teacher—to render no account of those accessory virtues of patience and good temper. A "répétitrice," or assistant schoolmistress,

is passing rich on £60 a year, if she is lodged in the school premises; otherwise her salary may rise to £72.

But there is a new avenue opening to women—that of hospital nurse. Hitherto, the position has been held either by a Sister of Mercy, very devoted, very sympathetic, but often lacking in professional knowledge; or by a lay nurse who is neither devoted nor sympathetic, and totally unsuitable in character or attainments for the noble mission of ministering to the sick. But ever since the visit of the Paris doctors to London, who brought back with them golden opinions of the British hospital nurse—"an angel in all but name"—there has been an agitation here to enlist women of the same superior type. The first duty, however, is to overcome the prejudices of the middle classes to their daughters undertaking such an office. An association has come into being, hard by the professional schools in the Latin Quarter, and here M. le Docteur Lepage and others have lectured on Anglo-Saxon superiority in the hospital ward. If they are not consumed by jealousy, the young women who form the audience should at least be fired with emulation.

For the moment the recruits to the new movement belong either to the Protestant or Jewish faiths. Catholic mothers evince an objection to seeing their daughters enter upon such a career; but the overcoming of such scruples belongs to time. Neither can it be very long delayed. The girls' Lycée is more and more playing a larger part in the education of women. That means an emancipation from the narrowing influences that aforesaid hedged them round.

## A Book of the Week.

### THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.\*

Miss Coleridge's new book is also a new departure. It is her first attempt to write a story of England and to-day.

In saying that it is not a success, we have no wish to infer that it is not worth reading. On the contrary, the book is full of such admirable stuff that one regrets the strain, the lack of cohesion, and the somewhat preposterous leading idea. In the first chapter there is a weird description of the effect of twilight upon the imagination. This shows what the author can do if she tries; and we give it as a specimen of the power of Miss Coleridge to express strongly what she has strongly felt.

"The sun and moon throw shadows—black, well-defined shadows that witness to the light—but the Borderland, where neither sun nor moon has power, where nothing intercepts the light because there is not light enough to be intercepted, where universal shade creeps over all things, and is cast from none—this is the outer realm of that twilight of the mind which we call reverie."

"If at that hour anyone should chance to walk companionless in some old ruin—through a deserted ballroom, among the pictures in a gallery—in any place where he cannot but feel conscious that he himself in his own body and soul passes for hundreds of other people who have been there before him . . . he may get some idea of how he loves his neighbour. His worst enemy would be welcome, if that person came in the familiar guise of a being

\* By M. E. Coleridge. (Arnold.)

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