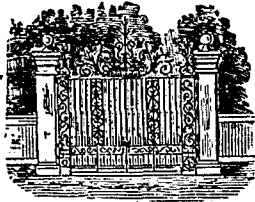


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



A Danish friend writes: "This year has brought progress for the Danish Woman's Movement. June 25th, 1875, a Royal resolution gave to women the right to pass all examinations, and to take any degree at the only Danish University, that of Copenhagen, with the exception of the degree in Divinity. A new Royal resolution of December 30th, 1904, grants to women also this right. The Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, Mr. J. C. Christensen, who has secured for women this right, a few years ago secured a law on parishioners' councils, giving to women Church Suffrage on the same terms as to men. A few days ago Mr. Christensen became Prime Minister, and Mr. Svend Høgsbro, who may be remembered from the International Congress of Women in London, 1899, and who is a true friend of our cause, has got a seat in the Ministry. The new Home Secretary, Mr. Sigurd Berg, is also a declared friend of Woman Suffrage, so now we hope for Municipal Suffrage at least. Time will show if we hope in vain.

On the occasion of the formation of the new Cabinet, the party of our Rigsdag, supporting the Government, sent out a manifesto in which is said:—"With regard to municipal and political liberty and equality, all should enjoy the same rights irrespective of class and fortune or sex."

Miss M. Agar, formerly a student at the Horticultural College, Swanley, and afterwards Garden Mistress at Wycombe Abbey School, has been appointed Landscape Gardener to the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, in the place of Miss Wilkinson, who has lately resigned the post.

Miss Ethel Charles has beaten the record by carrying off the medal, given for the first time to a woman, of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and she is thus the first of her sex to write "A.R.I.B.A." after her name. Miss Charles adds distinguished literary and linguistic attainments to her faculty of designing houses.

A message from St. Petersburg states that the Grand Duchess Elizabeth visited in prison the man who accomplished the death of her husband, and asked him the reason for his action, to which the prisoner replied that the violent deeds of the Grand Duke Sergius were the reasons for his death. It is reported that the Princess said: "I forgive you. God will judge between the Grand Duke and you."

It is almost incredible that the Imperial family of Russia should be so ignorant of the true state of affairs as not to realise the bitter hatred of the people for those who deprive them of all that makes life worth living—liberty of thought, speech, and action; who keep a horde of brutal Cossacks to shoot down innocent women and children, and who drain their very life's blood to maintain barbaric luxury for the royal and noble.

We presume the following paragraph would be blotted out by the Russian censor, otherwise, could the Princess Elizabeth but read it, it would not surely strike a daughter of that great and noble woman, Princess Alice of Great Britain and Ireland, that "a life for a life" was unjust:—"The Governor-General of Warsaw had ordered the schools to be reopened, and when yesterday a crowd of young school-boys had, as truants, congregated at the corner of Krakowskie, Priedmiescie, and Royal Streets, they received an order from an official to enter at once the school just opposite. This they refused to do. The military then fired on the boys, killing several and wounding many. On the dreadful news becoming known, all the schools in the Warsaw district were at once closed." Is it presumable that the parents of these poor, innocent, murdered lads will not vow vengeance? We can answer for their mothers.

A Book of the Week.

DIALSTONE LANE.*

The present reviewer was accused the other day by a literary man of being the first woman he had come across who could appreciate the humour of W. W. Jacobs. He had doubtless, as was then pointed out to him, been unfortunate in his acquaintance. It is a very common delusion of mankind that women are incapable of appreciating humour; and this in face of the fact that one of the most humorous writers that ever lived—Jane Austen—was a woman.

However the truth may be as regards the generality of women, there is no doubt at all as to the capacity of the readers of this journal to see the humorous side of life; and, after the grim tragedy of Mr. Eden Philpotts, a walk down Dialstone Lane will be a welcome interlude.

Mr. Jacobs has one point strikingly in common with Jane Austen. His field of vision is a small one. He gives us always that particular portion of the middle classes which is more or less connected with seafaring. And he is, therefore, the more to be congratulated upon his extraordinary power of never repeating himself. He has brought to perfection the art of conveying the impression he requires in fewest words. We have lately had a considerable recrudescence of the verbose style of fiction, and, as a relief after this, the terseness of Mr. Jacobs, to those who can relish his dry, quaint style, is like a miracle. His opening sentence is quite Austenesque in its point and eloquence:—

"Mr. Edward Tredgold sat in the private office of Tredgold and Son, land and estate agents, gazing through the prim wire blinds at the peaceful High Street of Binchester. Tredgold, senior, who believed in work for the young, had left early. Tredgold, junior, glad at an opportunity of sharing his father's views, had passed most of the work on to a clerk, who had arrived in the world exactly three weeks after himself."

The love affair of this same Edward Tredgold and the fair Prudence Drewitt is perfectly irresistible in its charm. Edward is a young man who can see a joke; Prudence is a young woman who does not like being scored off. When together, they strike sparks in the most edifying manner, and their idyll is the cause of deep and satisfying chuckles, especially when

* By W. W. Jacobs. (Geo. Newnes.)

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