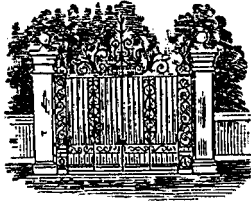


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



A few years ago, when our pretty little Princess Maud made a romantic marriage with her cousin, Prince Charles of Denmark, no one imagined that fate would smilingly offer them the Crown of Norway, but that is what has happened. The Princess, who chose the better part of love, has by her good fairy been led by this flowery way to the throne of Vikings. The pretty story points a sound moral.

The manly answer of Prince Charles in accepting Norway's Crown, and which was read amidst great enthusiasm in the Storting by the President, augurs happily for Norway's future:—

"With the permission of the King, my illustrious grandfather, I accept election as King of Norway, and will adopt the name of Haakon VII., conferring on my son the name of Olaf. My wife and I call down on the Norwegian people God's richest blessing, and will consecrate our future life to its glory and prosperity."

The late Queen Victoria will be known to posterity as the Progenitor of Kings and Queens, as amongst her grandchildren are numbered the Emperor of Germany and Empress of Russia, the future King of England, and the future Queens of Greece, Roumania, Sweden, and Norway.

The Queen's Fund for the unemployed is receiving generous support, Lord Mount Stephen having contributed no less than £10,000. "Though charity," he wrote, "is far from being the remedy for the existing state of our working classes, I am much afraid that the magnitude and urgency of the present distress are not yet fully understood."

The Queen has consented to become patron of Bedford College for Women, in connection with the University of London. Her Majesty's consent was officially announced at the annual general meeting of the members of the College held on Monday, when it was also reported that the Parliamentary grant to the College for the current session has been increased from £2,000 to £4,000, and that past students have already contributed £3,500 to the building fund.

There are few women who are not fascinated by stitchery, and in consequence much interest is being taken in the annual exhibition arranged by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody at their gallery in Wigmore Street, which includes some very fine specimens of Mortlake tapestry made for Charles II., when Prince of Wales, in 1639. The Stuart embroideries, and the Eighteenth Century silk pictures, facsimiles of lovely old coloured prints are exquisite, and of the latter a pair of archers—the man in a most picturesque

shooting costume of green—and his innamorata tripping, bow in hand, in garments to match, were too fascinating to pass by, and a remarkable series of embroidered pictures in hair on silk, coming from the well-known collection formed by the late W. W. Robinson, of Oxford, should be acquired by a collector, *en bloc*.

The quarterly number of the *Women's Suffrage Record* is supplemented by an excellent report of the proceedings of the Convention held at Hull last month. We are glad to notice that the keynote of the Convention was "more grit" in the work for women's suffrage. Apathy, dear ladies, is ever our undoing. As women have no real political existence without the vote, they should concentrate all their energy in obtaining it, and cease wasting their time and money in supporting so-called women's political societies, which, in some instances, are in the pockets of the women folk of influential anti-suffragists. The Gladstone *débâcle* made a deep impression upon us years ago in this connection. Our enfranchisement was sacrificed then, as it has been more than once since, to the dictates of sentiment and expediency. We want a little more "red corpuscle" in this suffrage campaign.

We are asked to state that the Memorial sent by the National Union of Women Workers to the Prime Minister, urging the advisability of women being placed on the Poor Law Commission, was signed by fourteen members of the Union.

Book of the Week.

THE PROFESSOR'S LEGACY.*

Mrs. Sidgwick is a most excellent exponent of the art of using locality to give special interest, without ever being tempted to become guide-booky or gushing. This is to say, that she uses localities which she knows thoroughly, and not merely those which she has got up for the purpose. In the society of German towns, or the Lake district of England, she is equally at home, and they are equally vivid.

In its main outlines the book before us is perhaps not quite up to the level of "Cynthia's Way," or "The Beryl Stones." Mrs. Sidgwick's heroine is so very often a young girl, left without relations, or experience of the world, innocent, shy, yet daring, who gets her training in a hard school, and is succoured by a knightly and self-denying English gentleman. The gentleman who marries poor Rosamund is William Dacre, a county squire with plenty of money and scientific tendencies. He must be pronounced the failure of the book. Somehow, one fails to get inside him, to be able to sympathise with him as one should in the situation created for him by his wayward young wife. One feels that a man who could bring home a wife, and tell her that his unmarried sister has always kept house for him, and will continue to do so, is malapropos enough to forfeit our sympathy, almost our

* By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Arnold.)

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