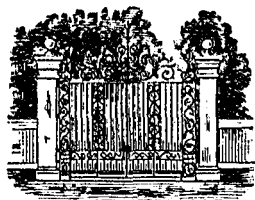


## Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



On Thursday, November 30th, the First Annual Meeting of the members of the Lyceum Club was held in the big dining-room, which was crammed to the doors and beyond, by enthusiastic members. Lady Frances Balfour, who presided, was in her happiest vein, and conducted the somewhat difficult business with great good humour and wit, an immense relief, as usually when women are in earnest they are deadly dull.

The business of the day was the consideration of the proposed New Constitution of the Club on an International basis, which was carried, and other regulations for its progress and well-being, all the best of which were unanimously adopted.

The result of the election of twenty members to act as an Executive Committee was as follows:—The Lady Frances Balfour, Mrs. Roy Batty, Miss Kate Emil Behnke, Mrs. Moberly Bell, Mrs. Oscar Beringer, Mrs. Stanley Boyd, M.D., Miss de Bunsen, Mrs. Starr Canziani, Mrs. G. K. Chesterton, Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon, Miss Douie, M.B., M.A., Mrs. Elkin, Mrs. John Lane, Miss Jessie Macgregor, Mrs. Alfred Stead, Lady Strachey, Mrs. George Walton, Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, Miss Alice Williams, Miss Alice Woodward.

Fresh blood, always necessary in the best of Committees, will thus flow into its deliberations through the election of six new members.

The International spirit of the Lyceum Club was evinced at its Saturday dinner, a brilliant function, when it entertained the German Ambassador and other distinguished guests. His Excellency made a striking speech in favour of more friendly relations between the British and German peoples, a sentiment warmly applauded.

It is nice to know that trained nurses have already done their part, through their International Council of Nurses, to put themselves into sympathetic touch with their German colleagues.

The proposal to amalgamate the Medical Societies of London has brought up the matter of the admission of medical women, as the majority of the societies exclude them from membership. At a recent meeting to discuss amalgamation, Dr. Seymour Taylor thought that if women were admitted they should not be entitled to take part in administration.

We hope medical women will have the courage to decline membership of any society with such a restriction—any such rule is obsolete and ridiculous.

At Tiflis at the town-hall many persons were killed and wounded during the recent political disturbances, amongst the victims being five women, one of whom was Eugenie Lazarevna Kairansky

Saktreger, M.D., twenty-six years of age, who had only finished her curriculum at the University of Bern in 1904. She was an absolutely self-sacrificing woman, says the *Moscow Pharmatzevitchski Vestnik*, and when the bullets brought a number of people down she, in the midst of the cries of the wounded, hastened to assist, and for want of lint tore up her own linen in order to bind up the wounds. She had dressed the wounds of five persons and was busy with a sixth when she herself was struck by two bullets and fell dead.

A district nurse writes: "I have just had a Russian lady staying with me, who thinks my position in the village that of a little Queen! She is amazed at English village life—its post and telegraph office, its cultured vicar and curate, its Church schools, and workmen's institute, its Girls' Friendly Society, its Mothers' Union, and the sweet cottages—so clean and comfortably furnished, and what surprised her most were some of the patients' well-written notes to me on good note paper and envelopes. How different to the condition of the poor people in her own country! She belongs to the revolutionary party—as we all should if we could realise the difference of our people in our dear free land, and the terrible conditions of abysmal darkness in which rural Russia is plunged, owing to lack of education, and liberty of conscience and action. My Russian friend welcomes the first pale streak of dawn beyond the red horizon."

The Berlin correspondent of the *Lancet* reports that a medical woman, whose principal duty will be the examination of fallen women, with a view to the detection of venereal diseases, has recently received an appointment on the medical staff of the Berlin police.

## Book of the Week.

BARBARA REBELL.\*

When Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, already so well known as a journalist, made her first bow to the public as a novelist last year, I thought her novel full of promise, though I did not review it in these pages.

She has followed it up this year with one so much better that it engenders wild hopes as to what will be the merit of her third.

The literary touch she has without effort; it now appears that she has imagination too. Barbara Rebell is original; than which it is hardly possible to give higher praise in these days.

In the "Heart of Penelope," the author showed a tendency to gloat and dwell over genealogies and relationships, until it was not always easy to remember which generation one was reading about; the same bent shows itself in "Barbara," but curbed and controlled into symmetry, and acting as a spur and not a bewilderment to the reader's imagination. Barbara is the only child of a man who has been cast out of London society on a suspicion—which we are led to suppose is unjust—of having cheated at cards.

\* By Marie Belloc Lowndes. (Heinemann.)

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