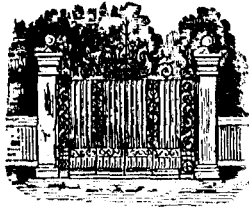


Outside the Gates.



WOMEN.

Our Queen has proved herself as devoted a daughter as she has a loving mother, and the nation will sympathise most sincerely with her in the great loss she has sustained by the death of her father, King Christian IX. of Denmark. The gallant old King passed from this life quite ideally, at work doing his duty in the morning, quietly at rest in the afternoon of the same day.

The late Queen Victoria had a very tender spot in her heart for her great Indian Empire, and, as we all know, learnt to speak Hindustanee when quite an old lady. During the recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Madras Lord Ampthill, the Governor, said that her late Majesty's parting words to him were still ringing in his ears. They were, "Be kind and sympathetic to my people in India."

"The vocation of a barmaid is attended by perils from which young women should as far as possible be sheltered," says the *Lancet*, in a strongly written article pointing out the moral and physical dangers of that calling.

"Learning to bar," it says, "has no tendency to render a woman a better wife or mother; it affords her no security of employment after reaching the age of thirty; it renders her unacceptable to employers of almost every other kind; it often permanently injures her health; and it exposes her to exceptional risks. If that be so," says the *Lancet*, "is it consistent with a due regard to the national welfare to allow the daughters of the Empire to be offered up as sacrifices to the Moloch of the drink traffic, or, as too often happens, to be employed as decoys for the purpose of adding to the intemperance by which the country is at once weakened and disgraced?"

The disappointment is very deep and widespread that in their public utterances the leaders of the new Government have omitted to mention Women's Suffrage, but our plucky Suffragists all over the country are bringing the matter to the notice of Members of Parliament. The Householders' League, of which Mrs. J. A. Crawford is President, has been very active, and proposes to come into social touch as far as possible during the session with friendly M.P.'s. The first of these pleasant amenities will take the form of an "At Home" at the Gallery of the Royal British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, on the evening of Monday, February 12th.

On Sunday, February 4th, an address on "The History of the Citizenship of Women in England" will be given by Mrs. Stanbury at the Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell New Road, S.E. Admission free. It is hoped that the first Sunday in February may be made a "Woman Sunday."

Book of the Week.

THE MAN FROM AMERICA.*

Mrs. De La Pasture's new book is at once a delight and a disappointment; or perhaps it would be truer to say successively a delight and a disappointment. It opens with all her charm and distinction; it is full of her own indescribable pleasure in nature and the gentle charm of orchards and gardens, and the simple life generally. We should be inclined, by the way, to give to this writer the palm over any other—from Lord Bacon to our modern "Elizabeth," and not excluding the poet laureate—for putting before the very eyes of her reader the exact effect of the "haunts of ancient peace" in rural England which she loves to paint.

The Vicomte de Nauroy, half French, half Irish, wholly optimist and gentleman in the truest sense of the word, is a perfectly enchanting person. His only daughter married a Devonshire squire, a poor sort of young fellow, whose inferiority she happily did not live to discover. Her father, unable to be wholly separated from her, came to Devonshire, and encamped in the antique farmhouse, which had been the former home of the Trethewys, before they built Southerleigh. It is here we are introduced to him, solemnly preparing tea for his two beloved little orphan granddaughters, Rosaleen and Kitty. The old man's pride and simplicity, his love, his intense power of happiness, his unselfishness and trust in his fellow men, are quite delightful. We would linger over these opening chapters, in which he is the central figure, as long as possible.

The Vicomte has an American friend, named Brett. To this man he showed kindness in early youth, which the grateful American has not forgotten. Being now a millionaire, Brett is anxious to arrange for the friend of his youth to have a share of his prosperity. He sends his son to see if he can anyhow negotiate this, seeing the Vicomte is the "proudest man in Paris."

Iron Brett, the son, arrives on the scene, with a deep-laid scheme. He tells the old man that his father is in need of capital, and appeals to him for help. If he will trust him, and put him in possession of means to make a fresh start, he undertakes that he shall get his money back in a few years, with respectable interest. No sooner said than done. The Vicomte rises at once to the bait, and writes a cheque for his entire bank balance, about £5,000.

"'You've not asked me one single question,' says Iron Brett, 'nor mentioned the word interest on this sum, nor suggested any security.'

"'I am not a professional money-lender, sir,' said the Vicomte, growing red in the face. 'Your father has invested money for me before now. Of his business I understand nothing, speculation has never interested me. Last time he succeeded; if this time he fails, there is no more to be said.'

"After further argument, 'That'll be poor consolation for you, Vicomte, if the money you've loaned my father gets lost.'

"'If it gets lost, it is no longer a loan, but a gift.'

"'No, sir,' said Iron Brett, 'a free-born American doesn't accept gifts.'

* By Mrs. De La Pasture. (Smith, Elder.)

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