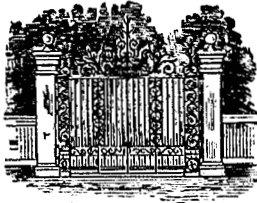


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Members of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses will learn with great pleasure of the honour which has been accorded to their President, Miss Louisa Stevenson, upon whom the Hon. Degree of LL.D. (Doctor of Laws) has been conferred by Edinburgh University. Amongst her many qualifications for this honour Miss Stevenson has been "a strenuous advocate and worker for the admission of women to University privileges." The ceremony took place in the McEwan Hall, Edinburgh, in the presence of a brilliant academic assemblage, on Thursday, April 12th. The other recipients of the degree were the Duke of Bedford, Professor A. G. Bell, Washington, a native of Edinburgh, the inventor of the telephone; Dr. E. Von Bergman, Berlin; Dr. David Christison, Edinburgh, a distinguished antiquary; Mr. Alexander Taylor Innes, Edinburgh, ecclesiastical lawyer; Professor G. D. Thane, University College, London; Professor W. C. Unwin, London; Professor Augusto Pierantoni, one of the founders of the Institute of International Law.

The Annual Report of the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, 9, Southampton Street, High Holborn, W.C., gives some idea of the amount of work done by this useful Society, which aims at taking a general survey of the whole question of women's employment, and at effecting corporate working and combination in women, a most difficult matter, as all who have had experience in such work know well. Since its foundation in 1898 the Society has dealt with 25,000 women.

The Bureau is fortunate in having secured the practical help of Miss Celia Besant, eldest daughter of Sir Walter Besant, who was one of its earliest friends. The present report contains a summary by her in which she gives extracts from a paper written by her father in 1898 and shows the manner in which the Bureau has followed out his suggestions. Let us hope that the following prediction contained in that paper may be fulfilled:—"We cannot be too enthusiastic or too optimistic in social work of this kind; it is enthusiasm, it is optimism which carries us along and carries us through. I can only say that I foresee the time when by means of this Association the whole question of women's work will be placed on a higher level; will be governed by principles, will be so constituted that woman shall no longer be the slave of her employer. I see that we shall establish Pensions, Sick Funds, Holiday Homes; that we shall found a sisterhood vaster than any order as yet established in the world, wider than Freemasonry, in a society to which every woman will belong, and which will be all-powerful in the cause of equity and justice."

Book of the Week.

CURAYL.*

Miss Silberrad's books are always interesting and thoughtful. Without making any effort to be profound she is always stimulating. Her characters have an air of reality, and some of them are strikingly life-like. This is especially the case with her rustics, who are not insisted upon, but are always drawn with a sympathetic and true hand.

The opening of the story is marred by one of those slips into which novelists so constantly fall, through talking about religious questions without having studied them. Anthony Luttrell is a delightful fellow, his whimsicalities lead him into all manner of tight places, but as he himself remarks in the course of the story, there are worse places than tight ones; and he usually gets out of them dexterously.

He is staying with a friend, a high church parson called Clifford, who, on his way to take evening Sunday service at a small outlying hamlet, is thrown out of the dog-cart and injured. Luttrell conceives the idea of dressing up in his clothes, going to the church in question, reading the service, and preaching in his friend's stead. He says any layman may read prayers. But he forgets, or more properly Miss Silberrad does not know, that no layman, not even a deacon, may read the Absolution, and that if Luttrell did not read it, the curiosity of his congregation would have been portentous.

Luttrell is represented as a thoughtful, religious-minded, unorthodox man—the type of hero more often indulged in by the lady novelist ten years ago than now, and he has plenty of thoughts that will do for sermons. He preaches a sermon which, coming hot and fresh from his unused, vivid consciousness, strikes deep and strikes home to the people in the little rustic church. Then comes the sequel. Luttrell found it easy enough to assume his pseudo-priesthood, he finds it extremely hard to get rid of it again. The way in which Miss Silberrad works out the little chain of destiny is very artistic. Seated in the inn where he is to sleep Luttrell is called by a low trampish man from a part of the hamlet known as Waterside to hear a deathbed confession. The man who makes this confession is dying of a particularly virulent form of typhus, and the doctor tells Luttrell that he ought to be quarantined before going back to mix with others. The morning reveals a fearful state of things, the epidemic beginning furiously, the young doctor, himself a volunteer, called upon to face it alone, as the regular practitioner would not be allowed to visit his own patients, did they know he was attending a typhus epidemic. There are no nurses, none of the appliances of civilisation. Luttrell makes up his mind to stay; and stays on, still in his reverend capacity, reading the funeral service over the poor wretches, who are not allowed to be brought into the Churchyard.

Among his audience on the night when he preached in the church, was Beatrice Curayl. She heard, and the words he spoke bit deep into her conscience. The Waterside property is hers, her

* By Una Silberrad. (Constable and Co.)

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