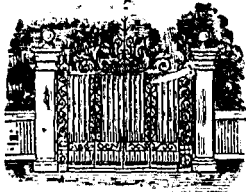


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN



A meeting was held in the City last Saturday with the object of forming a society to fight the Women's Social and Political Union on the Suffrage Question, the chair being taken by Mr. A. Gibbs. Mr. J. H. Broome announced that he had received a promise of £1,000 for the funds of the Society, which would be increased to £5,000 if it received the anticipated support. He suggested that the Society should be named "The Society for Putting Women in their Proper Places." Eventually it was decided that it should have no name, and that its sole object should be to combat the Women's Social and Political Union.

The Union may take heart of grace, inasmuch as it has roused men of an illiberal type to consider its work sufficiently serious to merit active opposition. But the fact that such men exist should bind all suffragists closely together, to work unceasingly, and to finance their Suffrage Societies, until they have won their enfranchisement.

The Legislative Council of Victoria has rejected women's suffrage for the fourteenth time. Thus the women of that Colony will still be denied the privileges of citizenship, which women in other States of the Commonwealth have the right to exercise.

Australian women are showing themselves well able to manage political meetings. At a crowded meeting held in Sydney under the auspices of the Women's Political League, a male heckler caused some annoyance until the Chairman, Miss Rose Scott, said: "If you don't hold your tongue I shall have to get a couple of women to put you out." After that he was moodily silent for the rest of the evening.

Dr. Anastasia N. Barakat, the only Syrian woman holding the degree of Doctor of Medicine, has, says a contemporary, just finished a course at the New York Post Graduate Medical School and will soon return to her native land. In her young girlhood, Anastasia Barakat determined to become a physician if possible, notwithstanding no woman could be admitted to the medical schools in Syria and she had no means to go to another country. Her opportunity came when her brother-in-law and his wife brought the Syrian exhibit to the Buffalo Exposition. Anastasia had charge of a booth, selling, with other goods, laces of her own making. Meanwhile she prepared for admission to a medical school and in due time entered the Detroit Homœopathic Medical College, earning the money in the summer vacations to continue her course. After graduation she was interne for a year in the Woman's Hospital in Philadelphia. She has given special attention to the diseases most prevalent in Syria. Although intending to confine her practice to women and children, Dr. Barakat expects to encounter many obstacles.

Book of the Week.

BEYOND THE WALL.*

A book of adventure is usually acceptable at holiday time: and Mr. Yoxall has happily timed the appearance of his rushing story.

Incidentally, we gather a good deal of history from his pages. Though no historical events are dragged in, we get a glimpse of life as it was lived in the eighteenth century, before the outbreak of revolution. The opening of the story is thrilling in the extreme. A prisoner in Venice—a Prisoner of the Inquisition—is breaking prison. Piero Ferro forces up the lead on the roof, and escapes the clutches of the dread mysterious Council of Three.

He escapes with an admirable effrontery, and vanishes for a time from the story.

He has gone: but the memory of the Holy Office is retentive, its arm is long. After eight years it is reported by spies that the man is in England, but sick with desire to see once more his native Italy, and that he is about to cross to France, travelling as an English Milord under the title of Lord Sark.

Now comes into the story the Baron de Sonubreuil, travelling into Italy on an errand from the Archbishop of Augers. The name of this archbishop is Pierre de Ferrars—so called by the author apparently that the similarity of name may mislead the reader. The Baron's business takes him to a convent to make inquiries of the High Mother Perpetua about a certain child. He is admitted by a young and very communicative girl novice, who is apparently allowed to chat with him for a quarter of an hour or so before bringing him to the severe presence of Perpetua. Having his reasons for believing this same Nanine to be the child who is the subject of his inquiries, the Baron, on being arrogantly told by the High Mother that the child is dead, resolves to carry her off, and does so that night.

Nanine's mixture of fearlessness and panic, of innocence and rashness, of convent teaching and natural wit, is represented with considerable charm. Her purity and confidence are such that the world-worn Baron treats her with all respect, albeit he disguises her as a young Abbé.

The High Mother is in pursuit of the pair and secures as her ally a Jesuit called the Abate Cristoforo. But she, the mother of the erring Nanine, has no desire to have the Holy Office drawn into the affair.

The struggles of those who desire to obtain possession of Nanine are mingled with the efforts of those who desire to capture the *soi-disant* Milord Sark, who has by now entered the story; and the *mêlée* by which all the persons concerned are embroiled together is admirably managed.

In the end it turns out that the Baron and not Lord Sark was Piero Ferro.

The final device by which Nanine and her husband are got aboard the English frigate is a delightful stroke. The character of old Gofhon, the faithful serving-man is a charming touch. The various stages by which Piero Ferro "whitens his soul" are well

* J. H. YOXALL, M.P.

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