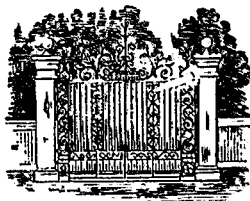


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN



Women have been just revelling in sales for the past week, and although it is an open secret that some shops are "rigged" for the event, yet real bargains are to be got by those who know how to buy wisely. The Summer

Sale, opened on Monday last at the establishment of Thos. Wallis and Co., at Holborn Circus, might well be visited by nurses at this convenient centre. Marvellous are the made and unmade robes, the dress pieces in cotton, wool, or silk, and hosiery, gloves, and shoes are there in abundance to suit all buyers.

To the great regret of every member of the Society, Miss E. M. Tait has resigned the Honorary Treasurership of the Society of Women Journalists, a post which she has most ably filled for the last six years.

The number of women employed in various branches of commercial life in Japan is advancing by leaps and bounds, according to the *Japan Chronicle*, and the Japanese girl is invading many fields of labour which hitherto have been considered as belonging to the male sex. Girls are now employed by many of the firms and stores in Tokio, the experiment made in the employment of women as clerks and book-keepers having been found very satisfactory. As in England, women are proving themselves superior to men as teachers, and there is consequently more demand for the former. The number of girls receiving a school education, it is stated, is now more than eight times the number of those at school ten years ago. More remarkable are the figures given by the Tokio Educational Society. Fifteen years ago the percentage of females admitted to the training school for teachers was less than 20, as compared with the men, but to-day the rate has been completely reversed, the number of male applicants being now about 15 per cent. of the total.

The women of Georgia, in an appeal to "the women of free countries," write:—

"A disaster unprecedented in our history has befallen our country. By the orders of the Russian Government, the central and western provinces of Georgia have been invaded by Cossacks and soldiers. . . . Especially terrible was the fate of the women. Not even girls of eleven and twelve years of age escaped violation. Several of these children died subsequently. Others have gone mad. . . . Our complaints stifled by our oppressors, forbidden to aid our humiliated and suffering sisters, in our deep sorrow and despair we address ourselves to you, women of free countries. . . ." Would that the women of this country were "free," that is enfranchised; we believe

their influence would then make such devilry impossible in Europe; as it is *we are powerless*.

Copies of the appeal to be signed by women protesting against the atrocities in Georgia and other provinces of Russia can be had from the Secretary, the Georgian Women's Appeal, 11, Downshire Hill, Hampstead.

## Book of the Week.

### THALASSA.\*

"Aldyth was a little inclined to be obstinate over her theory that everybody might be happy if they would—that the reason for unhappiness was simply that they wanted the wrong things." Florence all winter, the mountains all summer, good health, and a father's devotion—upon such an existence did Aldyth base her knowledge and make this profound statement. The subject was still under discussion, the sun still shone, and all about her was "the golden haze" of Italy, when there fell upon her the first sorrow of her life. It was a tragedy that threw her calm philosophy into chaotic confusion. Out of material as unpromising as her earlier circumstances had been auspicious, Aldyth had to reconstruct her theory, for she was not happy although the things she wanted were never "the wrong things." From this point the book becomes so much a story of but two people, and runs with such enthralling interest, that any other person attempting to put in an appearance is almost voted a bore, necessary as he may be to the narrative. The development of Aldyth Staveley's character is excellently done—herein invariably lies one of Mrs. Baillie Reynolds' greatest strengths; she peoples her books with no fairy-tale creations, but with human beings. More than that, they are normal human beings, for the faithful depicting of whom is needed infinitely more skill than in dealing with the abnormal. The latter needs merely the stock-in-trade of every penny novelette writer—a ready pen and a fertile imagination. To achieve the former, keen insight, and unerring intuition are necessary. "Thalassa" teems with incidents that carry one on in breathless haste, and there is literary power in the way of descriptive passages that could only have emanated from the pen of one who is an artist, but the main interest is sustained by the author's exquisite portraiture. Among the minor characters are several sketched in with vivid, telling touches, each a picture in itself, but so lightly dealt with as never to interfere with, but always to strengthen the main subject. In Geoffrey Orme, the hero, we are given a crude specimen of manhood far more common than will be universally admitted. He is a figure to grip first the attention, then the interest—his very unattractiveness rings so true that one is caught and held by it. Just as Aldyth Staveley was affected by his personalty, so are we. There is real subtlety in the development of the repulsion through phases of grudging admiration, to an appreciation of the man's hidden self. We feel it ourselves, we know why and how Aldyth felt it.

\* By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. (Hutchinson and Co.)

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