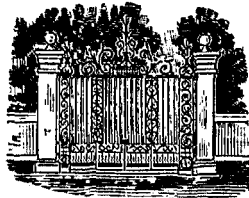


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Miss F. M. Butlin, who has done much to promote knowledge of the Scandinavian countries, has just returned from a long visit to Christiania, where she has been busy organising a course of lectures for this summer. She has been met by much kindness from Norwegian authorities and lecturers, and the provisional programme is now issued.

An interesting feature will be the agricultural excursion of two days to Helgoe and Lillehammer, where there will be an opportunity of seeing some typical instances of Norwegian farm life, an open-air museum of old dwellings, and a "saeter." Besides the lectures the programme promises social intercourse with Norwegians, discussions, etc., and at the National Theatre of Christiania some performances of Ibsen and Bjoernson dramas will serve as apt illustrations of Dr. Collin's lecture on these leaders of Norwegian thought. The trip costs about ten pounds, and is a delightful way of spending a holiday.

Miss Mary Macarthur has been presented at a meeting of the Women's Trade Union League with the badge awarded to the worker who had done most to further the objects of the League during the year. Miss Macarthur is secretary of the organisation.

The justice of the demand of equal pay for equal work can be denied by none, and we are glad that the New York Senate has, with a single dissenting voice, passed a Bill equalising the salaries of the 11,000 women teachers in the public schools of the city with those of men teachers.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard (John Strange Winter) will take the chair on Friday evening, May 10th, when Mr. Oliver Bainbridge, the celebrated traveller and explorer of odd places, will give his lecture on "Native Life and Customs in Southern Seas, at the hall of the Society of Arts, 18, John Street, Adelphi, under the auspices of the Society of Women Journalists. This lecture, which has been immensely popular throughout the world, deals with the Black Jews of Papua, discovered by Mr. Bainbridge, and with various cannibal savages of little-known islands. It will be illustrated by a magnificent series of remarkable stereopticon pictures from original photographs taken by the lecturer.

Mr. Bainbridge speaks on his subjects with the very best authority—that of experience—having lived for a considerable time among these strange peoples. He is a brilliant speaker, and lends to his stories that humorous and dramatic effect which sets them off to particular advantage."

Book of the Week.

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.*

"Is it a baby I am going to marry or a grown man?" asked Claire Stanmore. And well she might!

What is a Being possessed of the proverbial artistic temperament? Is it ever a man—ever a woman? Much more like is it to an irresponsible child outside the pale of ordinary judgment entirely.

"I always feel as if my good angel had turned his face away from me when I haven't got you." So said Stephen Cartmel, stirred to the very depths in the presence of the girl to whom he was engaged. "What a noble face it was!—a woman to whom a man might trust his life, his honour, his all, with absolute security. A woman a man might be proud to die for." Such was Stephen's opinion of Claire. He might "die" for her, but he could scarcely *live for her* an hour out of her presence. His was the artistic temperament—with its deadly motto "Drift."

What did he want with a pointless flirtation with his friend's wife? A woman not in the same social position, intellectually greatly his inferior, with nothing to commend her but a rather silly, clinging manner, a pretty face and a pair of grey eyes? He had no need of her friendship. Yet he let himself drift into the most contemptible position of disloyalty.

Just herein lies the inimitable skill of the book—there was no reason for the folly, and yet we follow step by step into the web of entanglement and see how the meshes wound themselves about him. He was no more unconscious of the dangers than is an unwary fly once caught, but he persistently kept on shutting his eyes to them until he was too deeply involved for creditable retreat. Then—masterpiece of cleverness—the very forces he most feared came to his rescue—and of all the people brought to book he suffered least. Pinpricks of conscience, a bad quarter of an hour or so, a few sleepless nights, with here and there a twinge of shame—what were these beside the humiliation of the good man who discovered that his idolised wife had never loved him? Compare it with the fate of Delia Blaicklock, of the grey eyes, herself! Or with the agony of realisation Stephen's "good angel" must have suffered on his confession. Even the poor, crazy City clerk, who acted the part of Don Quixote because he also was infatuated by Delia, had a tragic end. Not so Stephen Cartmel. He lived to be knighted—furthermore he gave a course of lectures on "Art and Ideality" in which occurred such sentiments as these: "The man who possesses the Artistic Temperament is, by that very fact, incapable of a crime against the beautiful, spiritual, or material."

It is not a book of plot, but rather a study, and as such "The Artistic Temperament" is certainly worth reading.

* By Jane Wardle. (Alston Rivers.)

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