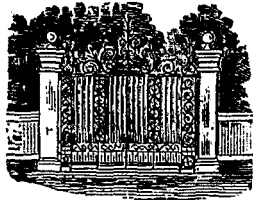


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



We much regret to learn that the International Council of Women have been compelled, because of the expense, to cancel their application for space in the Women's Section at the forthcoming Franco-British Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush. When one remembers the splendid display of women's work in the Women's Building at Chicago, in 1893, each section managed by an expert, it is deeply to be regretted that the practical workers have been excluded from participation in the organisation of the Women's Section in London. It is rumoured that the organisation of the Nursing Exhibit has been handed over to a layman. If this is true it is absolutely unjustifiable upon the part of the society women who have been made responsible for work of which they know nothing in detail. Trained nurses alone should have been entrusted to organise a show of their own work. What could be done well at a distance of 4,000 miles in 1893 could have been done brilliantly at home in 1908, and that men should monopolise the credit for work in the Women's Section, which ought to have been arranged by women, only proves the ingrained contempt of the leisured woman for her wage-earning sisters, and the insatiable vanity of a certain class of man who grasps credit for women's work to which he has not a vestige of claim.

A crowded drawing-room meeting was held on the 7th inst. at Cleveland House, Chiswick, the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Shuter, which was attended by a large number of ladies interested in the proposed extension of the Parliamentary Franchise to Women. An eloquent and stirring speech was made by Miss Abadam, of the N.U.W.S.S., calling upon women, for the sake of women, to do their utmost to obtain the franchise, so as to have power to bring direct influence upon the member of each constituency, and help to create a just and high-minded public opinion. Party politics were outside the aim of the speaker. The enfranchisement of women was a human question. Miss Abadam gave instances of the powerless condition of women to initiate wise legislation where their own immediate condition was concerned, and condemned the reactionary legislation proposed by the Central Hospital Council for London, entirely composed of men, by which the whole profession of nursing was to be governed, embodied in a Bill at present before the House of Lords, and concerning which nurses had never been consulted. She also instanced the question of the employment of barmaids, as provided for in the Licensing Bill, the restrictions of the labour of married women, and the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, all matters which vitally affect the interests of large numbers of women.

Book of the Week.

THE HISTORY OF AYTHAN WARING.*

Though perhaps not quite so forcible as her former work the author has given us in "The History of Aythan Waring" an eminently readable and interesting book, a good deal out of the common.

There is a great deal of very excellent work in the characterisation which extends even to the most insignificant personalities, but the presentment of the various types of country folk is really strong. Who could help feeling eerie every time he meets poor harmless Mad Moll? Who does not know by sight a Tom Ukyn, the surly morose looking fellow, seemingly as callous to kindness as an oyster, but as keen to avenge fancied ill-usage as a savage. That Aythan Waring should have made such a man his enemy lends a spice of thrilling excitement to the plot.

But poor Aythan had more enemies than friends. When he lost his adopted father he was left in a singularly anomalous position, heir to the property of Matthew Bridges, but with the widow's lifetime intervening between himself and the possession of it.

At a time when Matthew had believed himself to be a confirmed bachelor he adopted Aythan Waring, the orphan son of the woman Bridges had desired to marry. It occurred to him presently that the little lad needed a companion of his own standing, and he next adopted Aythan's cousin Eustace, which events go to prove was a mistake. The contrast between the characters of these two young fellows, brought up together in the same atmosphere, under identical circumstances, is exceedingly clever. Aythan, the solid sterling nature, absorbing all that was best and strongest from his environment; Eustace, always skimming the surface of things—"stony ground, where there was not much earth."

When the lads were grown men—Aythan the acknowledged heir of Chrishowell House, Eustace destined for a commission in the Army—Matthew Bridges did an entirely unexpected thing in marrying a woman, considerably his junior, then, dying without a direct heir, left Aythan most uncomfortably situated. To make confusion worse confounded Hester Bridges, who was much nearer the young men's ages than that of her late husband, was already passionately in love with the ever attractive Eustace, and before long the pair became engaged to be married, Eustace influenced more by propinquity than by affection.

The result was most complicated, and out of it springs the very good material that forms the plot. Hester Bridges looking forward to a period when she might leave Eustace, and perhaps children behind her, for whom she could make no provision, came to regard Aythan as the interloper, her jealousy warped her nature entirely, and she stooped to measures that would have been inconceivable to her in earlier days. Meanwhile there is the thread of a very pretty, though not a strik-

* By Violet Jacob. (Heinemann.)

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