

these Sisters, and it is only a branch of the enormous institution in Beyrout, where at the present time nearly 500 boys, rescued from the streets, were being brought up, educated and clothed by these good women, and taught a trade when old enough, or put into the silk industry, which thrives and flourishes under their clever supervision, and supplies half Europe, to say nothing of other countries, with enormous quantities of silk of excellent quality.

I have always admired the Little Sisters of the Poor, and long ago, in the North, used to visit Wellbourne, where they have one of their institutions, and saw their loving work.

As Nurses, we have many opportunities; do we utilise them, or is it that we are so busy, and often so tired, we let them pass, meaning to do more next day, and how often that next day never comes, only a lasting unforgettable regret remains? Let it teach us.

Forgive me for drifting from my point. One morning we were aroused by strange, uncanny sounds. On going downstairs we heard there had been a death a short distance away, an old man very much respected having passed away, and the sounds swelling louder and louder, came from the "Wailers." Such weird strains we had never heard before. Of course, here they hire "wailers," so until a short time before the funeral took place people were pouring in from all directions and the wailers grew in numbers.

The funeral procession was immense, a great number of Greek priests, in gorgeous vestments, flags, flowers, everywhere, and the coffin was covered with black cloth, embroidered with silver, little silver legs supporting it like a casket.

The Syrians are a gentle-faced race, the women particularly, very attractive, so quiet and gentle are their manners. They wear the mantilla after the fashion of the Spanish women, except for that their dress is ordinary.

We were introduced to the wife of the Superintendent of the "Friends" Society, and learned of their work in Syria, saw their tiny hospital in Brumana, which was spotlessly clean, and did much good work, their fine schools and church, and one day had the pleasure of taking tea at her charming house. A pleasant sitting-room, leading from which was a wide terrace, was a surprise to us; entirely roofing it were the huge flat boughs of an enormous pine. Rockeries of ferns, banks of pot flowers, and trailing plants suspended from the boughs above showed us our hostess's love of flowers, and a cosy, delicious tea completed our enjoyment. Cane lounge chairs and a grand view of the sea to gaze upon, we felt in fairyland, only the sight and taste of delicious scones and black-berry jam recalling us to earth again. The perfect peace of the place is with me yet—a sweet memory of our charming hostess.

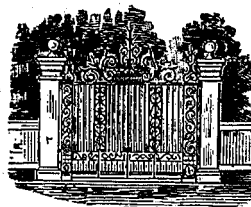
Five restful weeks we spent here, enjoying drives over the grand old hills, and walks down into rocky, wooded ravines.

Now, good-bye! We are going to Damascus, and I will write again and tell you of the rest of our trip.

F. H. D.

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The valiant "men in blue" summoned up courage to wrench the women who demonstrated for the Vote at 10, Downing Street, S.W., last Friday, from the railings to which they were locked, and ran them in.

Later, of course, they were hustled into Holloway.

The following day, at Newton Abbot, the local police permitted a savage male mob to maul Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Martell, to knock them down and kick them in the open street—before coming to the rescue. During this brutal scene the police never drew their truncheons, nor, as far as reported, did they take into custody any of the murderous male rowdies.

We women are compelled to pay the taxes which maintain the police. It is to be hoped that, slaves as we are, we may find a Wilberforce in the coming Parliament who will demand to know why women are stoned, kicked, and imprisoned for demanding their freedom, whilst the lowest and most brutal of men may assault and half murder them and yet go scot free. Is it surprising that we are becoming known amongst the Scandinavian nations as "Little Russia?"

The Education Committee of the London County Council recommends that an exhibit of specimens of the work done in the elementary schools of the Metropolis be sent to the Women's Section of the forthcoming Scottish National Exhibition in Edinburgh. The estimated cost of the collection is £70.

Nadezhda Prokoffievna Susslova-Golubeva, a woman doctor now living in Alushta, received many congratulations on the 40th anniversary of the delivery of her first lecture, the subject of which was "The Profession of Doctor of Medicine for Women." It has been stated that she was the first woman, not only in Russia, but in Europe, to obtain a degree in medicine, but this, the *Lancet* points out, is incorrect, though she was an early pioneer among modern women. Our contemporary says, if we look back far enough we find that women once held a very honourable estate in European medicine. The first famous lady doctor was Trotula, to whom is ascribed a work, "De Mulierum Passionibus," which appeared about the middle of the eleventh century. Her repute was great. She was a graduate of Salerno, a university which conferred medical degrees on women as late as the fifteenth century, as were other lady physicians, who were in great request on account of their talents. No medical degrees were granted to women in England until the last century, but Henry VIII. granted licences to practice medicine to certain women to attend the sick poor who could not afford to pay the

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