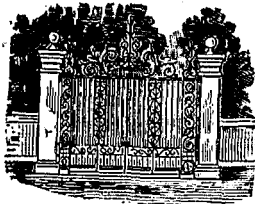


Outside the Gates.



WOMEN

The Committee of Lloyd's have decided to bestow the silver medal of the Society upon Miss Kate Gilmour, stewardess of the steamship *Sardinia*, which was destroyed by fire off Malta on November 25th, as an honorary acknowledgment of her exertions in contributing to the saving of life on that occasion. Miss Gilmour remained with great courage on board, urging and encouraging the panic-stricken Arabs to avail themselves of the only means of escape, and it was not till the women and children had been rescued that she herself was persuaded to go on board one of the boats. This is the first occasion on which Lloyd's medal for saving life at sea has been bestowed upon a woman.

The great event in the woman's world last week was the opening of the first Russian Women's Congress in the large hall of the Municipal Building at St. Petersburg. It was a thrilling and wonderful occasion—the buildings were brilliantly illuminated and decorated with flags—and nearly 1,000 women enrolled themselves as members. The delegates, many of them of so charming an appearance as quite to surprise the reporters, came from every part of the Russian Empire, including Turkestan and Siberia, and progressive Finland was, of course, represented. They met to discuss a programme for future work for the educational, economic, and political advancement of the women of Russia. The President of the St. Petersburg Women's Benevolent Society, Dr. Shabanova, which organised the Congress, presided, and the Mayor of St. Petersburg welcomed the Congress in the name of the city, and particularly emphasised the importance of the work of the section dealing with the political and civil status of Russian women. Madame Filosofoff—a veteran worker for the cause of women's education, received a tremendous ovation, and the women's organisations from England, France, Holland, Finland, and Australia sent messages of congratulation.

The *Times* reports that an important meeting of women engaged in business has been held in Rome to request the Senate to re-insert in the Bill for the Reform of Chambers of Commerce the clause, rejected by a small majority of the Chamber of Deputies, which would have conferred the right of voting for those bodies upon women occupied in trade. It was pointed out that in both Germany and Austria women enjoy this right, and that in Italy no less than 30 per cent of those engaged in commerce belong to the female sex. The meeting is significant of the growing interest taken by Italian women, who have hitherto remained comparatively indifferent to all but their domestic affairs, in the practical questions of administration.

Book of the Week.

WHITHER THOU GOEST.*

Once more we are indebted to Mr. Bell for a really charming book. From first to last it is thoroughly natural, and all the happenings are perfectly possible. He has chosen Glasgow and the Clyde as the district in which the story is laid, busy, murky, dirty, and withal, beautiful Glasgow. He describes the city and its inhabitants with an intimate knowledge, surely only possible to a native of the place. The description of the city as seen from Gilmour Hill is vivid, and must be from the pen of a man who knows and loves it well. The beauties of the Clyde, with its many inset lochs, are given with a faithful touch. We meet Ruth Lennox, the delightful heroine, living with her father in a small house on Loch Long. Mr. Lennox, a retired professor, is, we realise at once, a disappointed man. Marrying somewhat late in life, he loses his wife, to whom he is greatly attached; his son, in whom all his hopes are centred, dies. With her father, Ruth does not count for much. She is needful to his comfort, but he never appreciates her, nor gives her the affection for which she craves.

It is not till after his death, when she is twenty-nine, that she learns from the lawyer that she is a rich woman. Small wonder there should be an element of bitterness in the knowledge when she realises there had been no need for her father to live in the frugal way he did. Mr. Lennox cared nothing for the large sum he had amassed from mines. It had been for his son, and he would not spend it on himself or Ruth. Mr. Bell is no believer in the power of money to bring real happiness. It is the troubles which the sudden possession of £9,000 a year bring on Ruth, and the speedy way in which she gets rid of most of it, that is so well and vividly told. Some readers may question her wisdom, or indeed even her right to shirk the responsibility which the possession of large means entail on its owner. Fortunately she succeeds in helping some deserving people in her wholesale disbursements.

The scenes with her lawyer are most amusing, his indignant despair at her drastic methods, and her quiet insistence are very real.

Mark Renfrew and Dick Balmain are delightful characters, and their friendship, the strong, faithful friendship of two good men, makes pleasant reading. Ruth's uncle, Mr. Lyon, and his son Fred, are naturally drawn, and greatly must the reader sympathise with them in their many domestic discomforts. Let us hope Mrs. Lyon is slightly over-drawn, her heartless arrogance and persistent manœuvring bring sorrow and annoyance on all the members of her family. Luckily the forces for good triumph in the end, and she does not succeed in ruining several lives in the way she intended.

Miss Fitzroy, the Socialist Suffragette, is an amusing little sketch. We smile at her "rattle," and honour her for the real good she does amongst the very poor.

*Hodder and Stoughton. J. J. Bell.

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