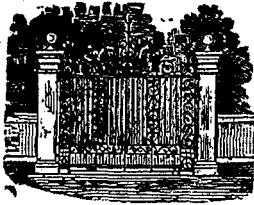


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



At a meeting of the Court of Governors of Manchester University they decided to confer on Mrs. Sidney Webb the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature, and showed a very wise discretion in so doing.

Miss Frances H. Melville, M.A. (Edin.), who has been Lady Warden of University Hall, St. Andrews (hall of residence for women students of the University) for the past nine years, has resigned the Wardenship, having accepted the invitation of the University Court of Glasgow to take up the post of Mistress of Queen Margaret College.

At the opening of the Tuberculosis Exhibition in Whitechapel by Mr. John Burns, from time to time throughout his speech women rose in the body of the Hall to ask the President of the Local Government Board why he did not give women the vote, and they were immediately ejected, with unnecessary roughness by the stewards.

Their ejection was directed from the platform by Mr. Burns in such terms as "Put her out, that's right," and the stewards obeyed *con amore*. "I really must apologise to the East End for these vulgar creatures from the West." "If you ladies who are not disturbers will only keep quiet, we shall soon be all right." (N.B.—Mr. Burns mentioned subsequently that he was a Celt). He had never, he said, "known a cause ruined so quickly by such silly women." "Oddly enough, I'm in favour of them." He also remarked that the press knew what to do, and had made up their minds not to give them the publicity they desired, and again "The noblest answer to them all

Is simple silence when they bawl."

One lady retorted, "You were a hooligan yourself once, John Burns; you've been in Holloway," and indeed, as everyone knows, the President of the Local Government Board has suffered for giving effective expression to his conscientious convictions in days gone by. The odd part of it is—he seems to have forgotten the fact.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Ladies' Home Mission Union at Caxton Hall, Mr. J. H. Buxton, who presided, said they must remember that in the ancient Church there were deaconesses, and asked why in the Church of the twentieth century there should not be deaconesses again. In the Bible they found the woman worker had a large part in the work of the Church. If they went through the New Testament they would be surprised at the number of women who took part in Church work. He looked forward to the ministry of the deaconess, and he thought it was their duty as members of the Church to develop it on the right lines.

Book of the Week.

THE WOODEN HORSE.*

"Of making many books there is no end," so said the Preacher some thousand years B.C. If true then, how doubly true in this twentieth century. Mr. Walpole is, we think, a new writer, and it is not always that a new writer can be welcomed so cordially. His is distinctly an analytical style, interest depending more on careful working out of character, than on actual plot. Of that, there is little, in spite of which there is no lack of real interest in the story, which is told clearly, and written in admirable style.

The title is arresting, and raises a distinct feeling of curiosity as to the meaning—curiosity which is allayed by the opening words of the book. "Robin Trojan was waiting for his father." So we see it is a play upon the name, and the Wooden Horse of Troy is recalled to the mind. The stolid, unwieldy, to all appearance, lifeless animal, yet instinct internally with strong overwhelming humanity, the armed men leaping from it, overcoming, and conquering, prophetic of the ever increasing waves of progress, which year by year become greater, sweeping before them so much which by older minds is held in reverent love.

It is this distaste for change and modern improvements which is the leading note in Harry Trojan's mind when he returns to his father's house, after an absence of twenty years in New Zealand, where he had gone at the age of twenty-five, temperamentally unfitted for the exclusive, eminently respectable life led by his family, and considered by them undesirable. In the newer, freer land, the man's true character developed, the Trojan pride of which he had a full share, helping him to make a better thing of his life than it had been in the remote part of Cornwall, where the Trojan family looked upon themselves as apart from the surrounding neighbours.

Marrying in New Zealand, and losing his wife when Robin was two, Harry Trojan sent his little son home to his father's house, to be cared for by his sister Clare, but all through the eighteen years of separation "the central fact of his existence had always been his son." Finding himself dying, old Sir Jeremy sends for his eldest son, all the past was to be forgotten and forgiven, a successful man is often forgiven where the wastrel finds small pity. So the heir returns, glad of reunion with his family, and all eagerness to meet the lad who is his heir, and whom he loves with a pathetic and anxious devotion.

The warm-hearted, breezy mannered Harry, with all a Colonial's frank unconventionality, is from the outset chilled by the correct "borné" attitude of his family, the man who for twenty years has lived the free unshackled life common in our great Colonies fails, according to the views of his family, to behave with the dignity and decorum befitting a Trojan. Deeply hurt by his reception by his brother, sister, and above all his son, he thankfully accepts his dying father's whole-hearted welcome, and comprehension. The Trojan pride

* By Hugh Walpole. (Smith, Elder.)

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