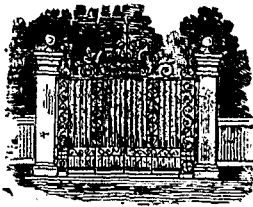


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



The Women's Imperial Health Association of Great Britain (3, Prince's Street, Hanover Square), of which Muriel Viscountess Helmsley is President, are commencing a crusade on Saturday next on behalf

of the health of the nation, and are sending out their first caravan, "The Aurora," from which lectures and demonstrations on health, illustrated by biograph pictures and views, will be delivered by competent lecturers in the towns and villages of England. It is hoped in the course of time to extend the sphere of operations by equipping additional caravans. This is essentially a Women's Association, and it is to the women that the lectures will chiefly appeal. It is desired to deal with the health question at its very foundation, and to teach the mothers of England how to rear and nurture their children, that they may become strong and healthy citizens. The young girls will be specially appealed to, that they may the better fulfil the duties, which matrimony entails. No admission fees are charged to the lectures, and no collections are made. The Association have no fads, no "axes to grind." They are not "anti" anything nor "pro" anybody. Pamphlets and leaflets will be freely distributed from the caravan. Saturday's ceremony, which will be very picturesque, will consist of a brief exposition of the work and aims of the Association and the display of a few typical biograph films. The caravan will be christened "The Aurora" (signifying "the dawn of a new era") with a flask of pure water. Miss Lena Ashwell, who has kindly undertaken the task of performing the inauguration ceremony and of sending the caravan off on its mission, is the wife of Dr. H. J. H. Simson, a member of the Executive Council. Immediately after the ceremony the caravan will proceed up the Thames Valley en route for Bath.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Founder and Hon. President of the International Council of Women, has just concluded the history of the Third Quinquennium of the Council, during which time she was the President, and which had its happy climax in Berlin in 1904. The work is being brought out by the Plimpton Press in two volumes, price 1 dol. 50 cents (6s. 3d.) a set. They may be obtained from Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Meadowyld Cottage, Eliot, York County, Maine, U.S.A. The first volume is a complete record of all meetings held under her administration, arranged so as to be of permanent value to the history of the period. It contains a double index, one of persons and one of subjects. The former includes over 350 names, and is a register of the active council workers in 19 countries, so carefully arranged that the work of each participant in the Council movement can be read as a continuous story of the Council record

of any individual. The second index enables the reader to study every subject, and the progressive development of each department of the work of the Council. The second volume contains the reports and addresses made by the most prominent and distinguished Council workers at the Berlin Quinquennial, and gives a bird's-eye-view of the work which the women of the world have undertaken for its social, civil, and ethical benefit.

Nurses who came under the spell of Mrs. Sewall's wonderful personality as a guest of the Matrons' Council at its Banquet during the London Congress in 1899, and again at its Conference next day, when she spoke most eloquently on "The International Idea," will be such that this book is eminently worth reading.

## Book of the Week.

### EARLY VICTORIAN—A VILLAGE CHRONICLE.\*

The title alone of this volume is seductive, and gives a foretaste of the charming sketches within its covers, of the days when that good, wise, resolute little Queen went riding of an afternoon with Lord Melbourne, when the stage coach was in a vigorous old age; when Islington was a country suburb; when policemen were called "peelers"; when young ladies bought and wore on each side of the face three little curls, and daily ironed them out upon the kitchen table.

Basset had a much too large Norman church, which the piety of a Chatelaine of Basset Manor had "improved" with two galleries. On the green were the disused stocks, and a large slimy pond, which the village always drank, and never connected with the typhus, which by some special dispensation of Providence was not always epidemic. Looking on to the green were some charmingly picturesque thatched cottages, with roses creeping up them, and within too often nameless vice and disease—the fruits of overcrowding.

Squire Harry never opened a book, and only skimmed a newspaper; honestly pitied any benighted person who spoke any language but his own, and had been taught by his mother that English would be the mother-tongue of heaven.

When in one of the aforesaid cottages, a man lay dying of typhus, the Squire put a couple of bottles of port into the deep pockets of his riding coat, it pleased the sufferer far more than if he had rebuilt the cottage. He went a wooing to Clayton Hall "with some very thin excuse about the character of a housemaid, and Pollie came out to the door, with the curls shading a very becoming blush, gave his horse some sugar, and heard something in spite of the curls that Harry bent over to say in her ears."

Finally there was a wedding with the bells ringing, the bride with her face blooming and glowing under a beaver bonnet, the cobs dancing to be off—shoes, rice, cheers—and Harry and Pollie had driven—into futurity. The Parson was a straight shot, and had a military history before his clerical.

\* By G. S. Tallentyre. (Smith, Elder, London.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)