

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

The Queen has decided to devote the Coronation gift to her from the Marys of the Empire to a holiday home for working girls, in connection with the London Girls' Club Union, of which her Majesty is the patroness. For this purpose Barn House, Whitstable, has been acquired by the trustees, and will be opened in the spring.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Founder and Hon. President of the International Council of Women, will be entertained at dinner at the Lyceum Club, London, on November 29th. The hostesses of the evening will be associated with international movements and members of the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland. The International Council of Nurses, which has so successfully inspired the nurses of the world with a sense of solidarity, will be represented by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick.

A most charming Exhibition is that of Arts and Crafts, arranged by the *Englishwoman*, and opened at the Maddox Street Gallery, Maddox Street, W., last week by Lady Frances Balfour. The exhibition remains open until Tuesday, November 14th, and all who can should make a point of seeing it. Most interesting to nurses is the exhibit sent by Miss Barton, Matron of the Chelsea Infirmary, and none has been more generally admired. The specimens of leadless glaze pottery and china on view were a reminder that in carrying out our principles and protecting the workers from lead poisoning we need do no violence to our artistic instincts. The "woollies" exhibited by "The Orkney and Shetland Home Industries," from the finest lace shawls to the most utilitarian articles, were delightful. Most attractive was the Stand of the Women Gardeners of the Horticultural College, Swanley, Kent, who showed garden plans, delicious bottled fruits, and other evidence of their skill. Gardening is a delightful and most suitable occupation for women, and at Swanley they can obtain the thorough education necessary to fit them for this work. The exhibits are far too numerous and varied to describe in detail, but they demonstrate the many directions in which women are now finding an outlet for their talents. Metal work and enamels, embroidery, leather work, bookbinding, photography, decorative needlework, and many other branches are all represented, and the beautiful results obtained by the Windermere Industry and their hand-woven fabrics must not be overlooked. Some of the most notable exhibits were the "Country Cries," sent by Mrs. Leicester Carey, consisting of a set of embroidered pictures.

Lady St. Davids last week opened in International Buildings, Kingsway, the new home of the Crèche of the West London Mission which, since 1888 has been working in Greek Street, Soho. The cost of the Crèche is about £300 per annum, of which one-third is defrayed by the mothers. An appeal for funds was made by Sister Hope.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

QUEED.*

"A queer little man with a queer little name," is the subject of a novel which public opinion has voted one of the finest of the year. It is fine in every sense. Racy in style. It utters nothing base. It deals with the workers of the world. There are no drones in Mr. Harrison's scheme of life.

From delightful Sharlee, Assistant Secretary of the State Department of Charities, to fragile little Fifi, at her algebra; everyone is engrossed by something that really matters. Strenuous, vital, purposeful. Even Gardenia West, who is depicted as somewhat of a butterfly, did a good deal of a great many things.

But, Queed! Queed is inimitable, superb. There is nothing slovenly in this work, each character is drawn with a skill that leaves the stamp of its personality upon the imagination.

It is Queed who is the masterpiece. Queed who holds the attention, and commands the situation of a long and closely written volume. (Not one page too long though.)

The evolution of the soul and body of Queed. "The little Doctor!"

The illustration of the frontispiece shows us Sharlee and Queed; she is saying to him, "You are afflicted with a fatal malady, Mr. Queed, your cosmos is all ego." That sums him up concisely.

The great spectacles were the turning point in the man's whole effect. You felt if you could get your hands on him to pull them off and cut his hair, you might have had an individual who would not so surely have been christened "The little Doctor."

Mr. Queed had impressed Sharlee as the most frankly and grossly self-centred person she had ever met in her life.

He told her: "I happen to be writing a book of great importance, not to myself merely, but to posterity. If I fail to finish my book, I cannot doubt but that the world will be the loser."

The girl found his incredible egoism at once exasperating and amusing.

"Have you ever thought," she asked, "that thousands of self-absorbed men have considered their own particular work of supreme importance, and that most of them have been—mistaken?"

"I have nothing to do with other men's mistakes, I am responsible only for my own."

In Sharlee's heart grows a great compassion for the little Doctor, which works out to its logical conclusion when she speaks of her "office" to him surprise causes him to exclaim:

"Your office! You don't work?"

"Oh, don't I, though!"

"Why, I thought you were a lady."

"Where on earth did you get your definition of a lady? Out of those laws of human society you write every night?"

* By Henry Sydnor Harrison. (Constable & Co.: London and New York.)

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