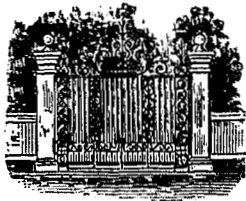


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



EXCELLENT arrangements were made for the women's meetings during the week, in connection with the Church Congress at Bradford. Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, the wife of the Bishop of Ripon, was the president, and many earnest Churchwomen gave addresses.

The Women's Central Employment Bureau, in Chancery Lane, is doing good work, and Miss Spencer has just been appointed secretary. Miss Margaret Bateson, who has worked so hard in its interests, will still remain the honorary secretary.

THE question as to whether Lady Curzon should enjoy the title of *Vice-reine*, now that her husband has been appointed as her Majesty's Viceroy, is one which is exercising the mind of the American and English press. A writer in a contemporary scoffs at the notion, and holds that the wife of the Viceroy is a "purely social element." We must say that we consider that this gentleman has right on his side, and that the wife of the Viceroy in no way represents the Queen, but goes to India as the appendage of her husband, but, nevertheless, when woman in the west, as well as the east, is emancipated from her present degrading position, and has equality, with men, before the law, we see no reason why the representative of the Empress of India should not belong to the sex which her Majesty has so adorned. Why, for instance, should not one of the Queen's daughters go to India as *Vice-reine*? Could anything be more appropriate? We do not, however, agree with this peppery "Old Anglo-Indian," that the powers of the wife of the Viceroy begin and end with the superintendence of domestic politics. We rather think that, notwithstanding Lord Dufferin's admirable powers of statemanship, and the acknowledged success of his appointment as Viceroy, the name of Lady Dufferin will be remembered even longer than his own in connection with her beneficent work for our Indian Empire. We believe that the influence of English women for good, and for evil, in India is enormous, and that upon them largely depends the future of the greatest of British possessions.

How is it that women, on the other side the Atlantic, manage their business affairs so much better than we do? The report of the official proceedings of the Fourth Biennial General Federation of Women's Clubs, held at Denver, Colorado, June 22nd to 27th, 1898, is now to hand, which is pretty quick work, and most interesting reading it is. The presidential address of Mrs. Ellen M. Heurotiu, reviewing as it does the History of the General Federation from its formation is admirable, then come the reports of the various secretaries, then those of special departments; art, education, home economics, the economic phase of club work, civic and industrial matters, and libraries all have their separate departments. Then come the report of the committee on resolutions, the report of Chairmen of State Correspondence, the reports of all the Presidents of State Federations, and an account of

the Joint Conference of State Chairmen, and State Presidents, 144 pages in all.

All the reports are of great interest, but we cull one paragraph from that of the State Chairman of Correspondence for Iowa, as showing the spirit which animates the Federation.

"The Iowa branch of this great sisterhood endorses the theory that opportunity begets responsibility and accountability, and that the fruit of generosity is mental and spiritual development; that our value to the world must be measured by the nature and quality of our ideals, and that heart-culture is the only mirror which is able to reflect the Divine Intelligence, which alone 'can make our lives sublime.' Is it any wonder that a Federation, composed of women animated by such sentiments, is a splendid success?"

## A Book of the Week.

### "CHILDREN OF THE MIST."\*

IT is not using extravagant language to call Mr. Philpotts new book a great achievement. His last book, "Lying Prophets," was greatly thought of by competent judges, but the present one is beyond it in every way.

The Devon tongue is, fortunately, by no means so obscure as the dialect of the Kail Yard: and the author's handling of it is very discreet. One knows all the characters intimately, by the end of the story. One has lived with them, sorrowed with them, rejoiced with them, through all their ups and downs, their half-seesings, their smallness, their unexpected great-nesses, leaping to light like the Dartmoor granite through black soil, unexpectedly.

The air of the West Country breathes through all the story, and there is not one single personage in all the book, down to the very farm servants themselves, upon whom the writer has not bestowed careful limning.

Billy Blee is inimitable; his master and he the most delightful couple I have met in fiction for a long time. But the character on whom Mr. Philpotts has lavished all his powers of creations, is Will Blanchard, son of a sweet Devon woman—a farmer's daughter—who married a gipsy. Will was born on Dartmoor, in a stone circle, the illegible hieroglyphic of a race of men, vanished from the earth before the earliest dawn of history.

"I fear 'twas an ugly star twinkled over his birth-place, ma'am," says the miller to Will's mother.

"'Twas all the stars of Heaven, Miller," said the mother frankly; "for he was born in my husband's caravan in the auld days. We was camped up on the moor, drawn into one of them roundy-poundies o' grey granite stones set up by Phoenicians at the beginning of the world. Ess say, a braave shiny night, wi' the lil windows thraved open, to give me air."

This Will is a kind of incarnation of the spirit of the moor, brave, chaste, with notions of honour extravagantly exalted, vain, fierce, untameable, a lowering savage in his anger, an irresistible wooer in the sunshine of his smile, a most loving husband, a good son, but incurably stubborn and moody—the conception is a most wonderful one, altogether.

\* "Children of the Mist." Eden Philpotts, A.D. Innes and Co.

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