

The announcement of the result of the election of officers for 1900 was then made by Miss Janes.

*President.*

The Hon. Mrs. A. T. Lyttleton.

*Vice-Presidents.*

The Countess of Meath, The Countess of Aberdeen, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, The Lady Battersea, The Lady Laura Ridding, The Lady Henry Somerset, The Lady Knightley of Fawsley, Lady Frederick Cavendish, Hon. Emily Kinnaird, Mrs. S. A. Barnett, Mrs. Benson, Miss F. L. Calder, Miss Clifford, Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, Mrs. Edward Good- eve, Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, Head Deaconess Gilmore, Mrs. Mirrlees. A tie being announced between two of the nominees, Mrs. Booth gave her casting vote as chairman in favour of Mother Emma.

*Executive Committee.*

Mrs. Bunting, Miss Lidgett, Mrs. Rawlinson, Miss Soulsby, Miss Yeatman, Mrs. Burgwin.

The announcement of the election of the Hon. Mrs. A. T. Lyttleton to the Presidency was received with great satisfaction, and it would, in our opinion, be impossible to find a more suitable President. Mrs. Lyttleton is keenly interested in both philanthropic and political work. She is a most able speaker, and hard worker, and as such commands general respect, while her personal charm endears her to many. While therefore we regret the retirement of Mrs. Alfred Booth, who has done so much for the Union during her term of office, we feel that she could not have had a more generally acceptable successor.

In the evening of the same day a meeting, convened by the Women's Local Government Society, was, by kind permission of Lady Frederick Cavendish, held at her house, 21, Carlton House Terrace. The Lady Frances Balfour presided, and was supported by the Hon. Mrs. A. T. Lyttleton, Sir Arthur Arnold, L.C.C., Mrs. Henry Fawcett, Dr. Herbert Smith, and many others. The following resolutions were passed unanimously:—

*Resolution 1*:—That this Conference expresses its indignation at the retrograde step taken by Parliament in excluding women from serving on the Borough Councils that are to replace the London Vestries, and is of opinion that the encroachment on the right of electors, the curtailment of the freedom of women citizens, the injury done to the community by depriving it of the special services that have been rendered by women on Vestries, are wrongs which justly cause alarm, and which require that public attention shall be aroused to the need for securing Parliamentary support for Mr. Courtney's Amending Bill, and this Conference urges all present to endeavour in their own constituencies to obtain support for the Bill.

*Resolution 2*:—This Conference, realising that there is need for the services of women on all the local governing bodies to which women are eligible, and at the same time that there are many difficulties in the way of the candidature of women, strongly recommends that in each locality a combined effort be made; firstly, to enable suitable women to stand for election, and, secondly, to secure their return. This Conference would urge upon those present who are delegates the propriety of bringing before the organisations which they respectively represent the need for co-operation directed towards increasing the number of women serving on public bodies.

## A Book of the Week.

### THE JAMESONS.\*

In this book, Miss Wilkins has given us a little work of art,—a gem which no polishing could improve. The story is related by Sophia Lane, a widow with a small competency, resident in a New England village, which has always prided itself upon never taking "summer boarders." The great art of the book is really in this narrative of Sophia Lane. Never for a moment does Miss Wilkins depart from Sophia Lane's point of view. The simple chronicle is a self-revelation, which in its way is almost as artistic as that wonderful character-sketch of the narrator, which Marian Crawford drew for us in "A Roman Singer," and which, in my humble opinion, he has never surpassed. One grows to know this woman so intimately, the tiny details which make up her life, the (to us) curious features of the social life of the village—the literary society, held in the house of Mrs. White, who had no dining-room, and who gave lemonade instead of tea because a kitchen fire would have rendered the temperature of her kitchen unbearable. It is all so far from our notions, yet the strong independence, the reticence, the pride of these good housewives, is English through and through; and there are many districts of our own country in which just such women might be found, though they probably would utterly decline even to listen to a reading from Browning.

Upon this village community suddenly descends Mrs. Boardman Jameson and her family; and the first enormity of which this self-sufficient lady is guilty, is calling Mrs. Lane "my good woman."

"I have always hoped I was a good woman, but nobody had ever called me so before," she remarks, delightfully.

The only person who ever seems to "stand up" to Mrs. Jameson, is Flora Clark; and some of her remarks upon Browning and other writers are too delightful not to be quoted at length.

"I, for one, don't like to take the responsibility of giving the women of the village such reading," said Flora Clark. "It may be improving and widening, and it certainly is interesting, and there are fine things in it, but it does not seem to me that it would be wise to take it into the society when I consider some of the members. I would just as soon think of asking them to tea and giving them nothing but olives and Russian caviare . . . . We know what is the favourite diet of this village . . . . and I guess we have not exhausted some of the older, simpler things, and that there is some nourishment to be gotten out of them yet for all of us. It is better for us all to eat bread and butter than for two or three of us to eat olives and caviare and the rest have to sit gnawing their forks and spoons."

"Mrs. Peter Jones, who is sometimes thought of for the president instead of Flora, bridled a little. "I suppose you think that these books are above the ladies of this village," said she.

"I don't know as I think they are so much above as too far to one side," said Flora. Sometimes it's longitude, and sometimes it's latitude that separates people. I don't know but what we are just as far from Ibsen and Maeterlinck as they are from us."

This is charming. "Too far to one side" is wholly admirable. The woman is as splendid in her limitations as in her penetrations.

A book to delight the literary.

G. M. R.

\* Mary E. Wilkins. J. M. Dent.

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