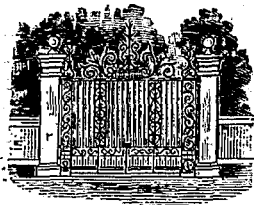


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



THE proclamation in which the young Queen of Holland has made known her betrothal to Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is a simply worded, brief document. It runs:—

"Wilhelmina, by God's grace Queen of the Netherlands, Princess of Orange-Nassau.

"To my People.

"My heart prompts me to make known by my own hand to my people, the Dutch nation, of whose lively interest in my happiness, and the well-being of my House I am so convinced, the news of my betrothal to his Highness Duke Hendrik of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

"May this event, under God's blessing, promote the welfare of our land, and of its possessions and colonies, in East and West.

"Done at the Loo, the 16th day of October, 1900.

"WILHELMINA."

Then follow the signatures of the members of the Dutch Cabinet.

The Annual Conference of the National Union of Women Workers was opened in the Dome at Brighton last Tuesday, when the Hon. Mrs. A. T. Lyttelton delivered her Presidential Address.

The new post of "Organiser of Household Management," recently created by the London School Board, has been filled by the appointment of Miss B. J. Keene, who holds several diplomas, at a salary of £250.

From all accounts, Mrs. Clifford's play, "The Likeness of the Night," proved something like a triumph last week at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, where it was brought out by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. The audience applauded the chief actors with enthusiasm at the fall of the curtain, and there were loud cries for the authoress, who, however, to use Mrs. Kendal's words, was "too modest" to appear.

Is it to be wondered at that women loathe and fear war when we read the following account of what took place in Pekin after the entry of the soldiers—as told by the *Times* correspondent with the relief column:—
"The city was abandoned for the most part to the soldiery, and horrible stories of the kind common in war, but nevertheless and everlastingly revolting, were current—stories of the ravishing of women in circumstances of great savagery, particularly by the rough Russian soldiers and their following of French. The number of Chinese women who committed suicide rather than submit to dishonour was considerable. A British officer of standing told me he had seen seven hanging from the same beam in the house of apparently a well-to-do Chinaman. These stories, and I heard of many more, reflect credit upon Chinese womanhood and something very different upon the armies of Europe, which are supposed to be the forerunners and upholders of civilisation in this particular campaign."

The Amateur Evening Stars.

A charming demonstration of the free entertainments provided by the "Amateur Evening Stars" during the winter months, in the poorest and dullest parts of London, was given in the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer-street, on Saturday afternoon last, when a large number of persons responded to an invitation from Mrs. Ormiston Chant to be present. An excellent programme was most successfully gone through, some of the prettiest choruses being those sung in costume—"The Daffodils May Dance" and "The Red, White, and Blue Song." Mrs. Chant also received much applause for a pathetic little song, "My Old Doll," which she rendered admirably. A very noticeable point in all the songs was the admirable enunciation, every word being clearly heard at the back of the room. In a short speech Mrs. Chant explained the nature of the work carried on by the Stars as an effort to bring to those living in the dull and sordid parts of the metropolis some of the sweeter, simpler, more beautiful side of life. They had visited such places as Bermondsey, Hoxton, Hackney, and Walworth; they had given demonstrations in workhouses, industrial schools, and in a large common lodging-house, and had everywhere been treated with the greatest courtesy. Human nature was much the same all the world over, and could be just as dear, and just as disagreeable at the East End as at the West. She thought that all those who had gifts should share them with others, and that as plants needed warmth and sunshine, so to give pleasure to people is to help to make them good.

A Book of the Week.

"SONS OF THE MORNING."*

Mr. Philpotts has again used his intimate knowledge of Dartmoor and the dwellers thereon to make a background for his new story.

Under the very thin disguise of Godleigh he gives us an exact description of Gidleigh, near Chagford; and, in assigning it to an unmarried owner, the last of his race, has come rather perilously near to what is, or was ten years ago, the truth.

The owner of Mr. Philpott's fancy is Christopher Yeoland, light-hearted, poetic, lazy. This young man loves Honor Endicott, of yeoman stock. Just as their troth is plighted—Christopher being seemingly in no hurry to proceed from courtship to matrimony—there arrives upon the scene Myles Stapledon, cousin to Honor, for a long visit to the farm where she dwells, with a blind uncle Mark for only chaperon. Myles is the very opposite of Christopher; dark, strenuous, lacking in humour, wrestling with doubts, untiring in work; but he, too, falls in love with Honor. As for Honor, she falls in love with both. Mr. Philpotts makes her frankly say so. He succeeds in contrasting the two men so sharply that one can almost understand the girl's hesitation. Christopher and Myles are so presented that each seems only half a man, and one the complement of the other.

With all due deference to such a realist as Mr. Philpotts, we do not consider this natural. Myles must sometimes have had his lighter moments, and

* By Eden Philpotts. Methuen.

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