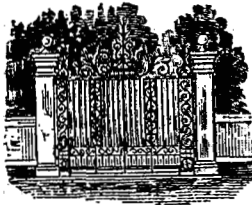


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



The annual conference in connection with the Alexandra College Guild (Dublin) was held on Saturday, when among the English visitors was Lady Battersea, President of the National Union of Women Workers. In the afternoon the Countess of Dudley delivered a brief address, in which she urged on women the importance of having a definite object in life and of concentrating thought and energy on it.

The first woman journalist, says the *Morning Leader*, to be engaged on exactly the same terms, both with regard to work and to pay, as the men on the staff of an important London daily paper with which she was connected is Miss Hulda Friederichs (who edits the *Westminster Budget* in conjunction with Mr. Carruthers Gould). Of all the woman journalists in London, it is safe to say she is the most brilliant linguist, for she knows practically all the European languages. Indeed, it was her facility in tongues which won her her place on the *Pall Mall Gazette*. When that paper changed its politics Miss Friederichs went to the *Westminster Gazette*, and when Mr. Charles Morley gave up the editorship of the *Westminster Budget* she was offered his chair, and has filled it for seven years. If not a political woman, she is a woman of politics, and her Liberalism is one of the abiding faiths of her life.

At the annual meeting of the Church of England Women's Help Society, which took place at the Church House last week, Canon Body said that the home was the school of the national Church. The great dominant factor in the Church was woman, and though the influence of the mother was great, the influence of the daughters should not be forgotten. It was necessary that women should be awakened to the magnificence of their calling and their responsibilities acknowledged. The object of that society was to raise as far as possible women's mission.

Carlyle's opinion on "Women of Genius," as embodied in a letter written when he was a bachelor to a friend who was disappointed in a love affair with a literary lady, has a tragic interest just now. Here it is:—"She was a person of genius, if I mistake not: and much as I admire, not to say idolise, that characteristic in a mistress (a *sweetheart* as we call it), I confess I should pause before recommending it to any honest man in a wife. These women of genius, sir, are the very d---l, when you take them on a wrong tack. I know very well that I myself—if ever I marry, which seems possible at best—am to have one of them for my helpmate; and I expect nothing but that our life will be the most turbulent, incongruous thing on earth—a mixture of honey and wormwood, the sweetest and the bitterest—or, as it were, at one time the clearest sunshiny weather in nature, then whirlwinds and sleet and frost; the thunder and lightning and furious storms—all mingled together into the same season—and the sunshine always in the *smallest* quantity! Judge how you would have relished this: and sing with a cheerful heart, *É'en let the bonny lass gang!*"

## A Book of the Week.

### THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY REVEL.\*

By his last book, "The Westcotts," Mr. Quiller Couch raised high the hopes of his admirers, and these hopes are by no means dashed by the present specimen of his work.

The story opens most excellently, and proceeds on its way with a run and a sparkle which holds the reader spellbound, until, with a somewhat sudden jolt, he finds himself landed at the end, at a moment when he felt his hero to be just getting into his stride.

Let it be at once said, at the beginning, that the character of the said hero, Harry Revel, is quite impossible. No child of ten could have performed the feats, far less drawn the deductions, which are ascribed to this youthful miracle. One must grant Harry as he stands, before attempting to criticise; and so enthralling are his adventures that one is prepared not only to do this, but to condone the heartless way in which he treated the excellent Mr. and Mrs. Trapp, and even to overlook the fact that this is the history of a foundling, and that we are left at the end of the story no wiser concerning his parentage than we were at the beginning—a fact of which the striking originality may be held as a set-off against its unsatisfactoriness.

The gem of the book is the character of Miss Plinlimmon. The sweet, gentle, loving, foolish, yet shrewd lady, with her pride of birth, her sturdy independence, her fancy for the clergyman who founded the orphanage of which she is matron; and her belief in her own poetic powers! Miss Plinlimmon's poems form in themselves a wholly sufficient reason for reading "The Adventures of Harry Revel" straight through.

Take the following:—

"Lo! as he strides his native scene,  
The bull—how dignified his mien,  
When tethered, otherwise!  
Yet one his tether broke, and ran  
After a military man  
Before these very eyes!"

This account of the thrilling adventure of Archibald and the bull is really unsurpassable; unless the following eclipses it:—

"Wounded hero, you were shattered  
In the ankle—do not start!  
Much, much more it would have mattered  
In the immediate neighbourhood of the heart.  
The bullet sped comparatively wide;  
And you survive, to be old England's pride."

"Comparatively" is excellent indeed!

The honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. Pengelley is truly delightful. Mr. Quiller Couch is one of the very few novelists we have who thoroughly knows and can accurately describe a certain part of this country without being a bore. His background is always a background, but it is always there. Mr. Benjamin Jope is another of his masterpieces of touching off. The whole atmosphere of the tale is a mixture of broad farce and grim tragedy, which needs a strong hand indeed to make it palatable. Interwoven with the nuptial humours of the Pengelleys is the Duke of Wellington's Spanish campaign, and the taking and

\* By A. Quiller Couch. Cassell and Co.

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