

In spite of this election being a "war" election, our women should remember to still make their influence felt on the "suffrage" question, should remember that all wars pass; but the steady progress of the world goes grinding on, and the rate of that progress depends largely on the women, as it of necessity must; and let every woman of property and influence see to it that her men-servants, her "people," shall vote only for woman suffragists. Time was when Englishwomen did not have to cringe to their own servants, when they were really the Britons, whom the Romans found sitting side by side with the men in all the parliaments, when we, consequently, had a code of laws, public and domestic, that filled the foreigners with astonishment and an admiration they have recorded. Coming back from a country where the Women's Suffrage has been in full swing for three or four years, to find London journalists still drearily reiterating their stock old jibes, seems extraordinarily dull and tedious, the same old ridiculously sentimental reasons, if reasons they can be called, when everyone knows it is "business," "business," "business" we are after, and the need to live.

Oh, the fresh air of America, the prosperity, the comfort, the kindness! Why all women who have to earn their living don't migrate there *en masse*, passes my comprehension, but they don't realise over here what they can do over there. There is one small legal enactment, for instance, that makes it impossible for a man to sell properties or make important contracts on them without the consent of his wife, and her signature to the required documents, and this has been the salvation of thousands of homes. Perhaps, one day, when women have learnt more about the ways of "business," we shall have this law also, and then we shall see fewer ruined poverty stricken families who have been brought to misery by the foolishness or vices of the fathers, and then perhaps that gigantic lie of the marriage service, "*With all my worldly goods I thee endow*," may come to have some meaning in it. The Americans have seen to it that it shall mean what it says; but they are gifted with the rare faculty of common sense, and not only allow that "business" is "business," but also see that the higher powers run this earth on business lines, and all accounts are balanced with remarkably little consideration for sentimentality of any sort.

EMILY CRAWFORD.

### Verses.

#### RECIPE FOR A HAPPY DAY.

Take a little dash of water cold  
And a little leaven of prayer,  
And a little bit of sunshine gold  
Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment,  
And a thought for kith and kin,  
And then, as a prime ingredient,  
Add plenty of work thrown in.

But spice it all with the essence of love  
And a little whiff of play,  
Let a wise old book and a glance above  
Complete the well-spent day.

#### THE CRUISE.

The crescent moon's a yellow boat  
Upon the evening sea.  
And every little star afloat  
Doth bear her company.  
Nightly they cruise their ocean o'er,  
Until, the darkness gone,  
They anchor by some silent shore,  
Upon the isle of dawn.

*Book of Verses* by ROBERT LOVEMAN.

### A Book of the Week.

#### SENATOR NORTH.\*

Mrs. Atherton's new book is of deep interest. It is a story of modern Washington, and in its first chapter, the heroine makes the portentous announcement that she is going in for politics.

This, to her aristocratic Southern mother, is very much what it would be to a well-bred English mother to hear that her daughter was going to study thieving as a science. As Betty Madison herself says, her mother preferred rattlesnakes to politicians. It is difficult for an English mind to grasp the peculiar social status of politics in America; but truth to tell, the reader dreads something worse than a social downfall for Betty, in that first chapter; one dreads dullness. American politics *are* dull, save to the owners; but Betty so soon transfers her interest from politics to a politician, that one does not get too large a dose of Tariff Bills, Free Silver, etc.

It seems as though in this book, the author attempted a *tour de force*. Mr. Stanley Weyman once attempted to make us feel interest in a novel whose hero was a coward. Genius, as he is, he failed. Mrs. Atherton wants us to throw ourselves heart and soul into the love of a woman of twenty-seven for a man of sixty; and let it be unreservedly admitted that she succeeds.

Robert Burleigh is everything that a hero ought to be. He is a mere boy of forty-four, clever, rich, energetic, deeply in love, and with that charming manner to women which strikes every Englishwoman so forcibly in reading American novels. But never for one moment—after reading the few first breathless meetings between Betty and Senator North—does one wish to have the younger man eclipse the elder. Senator North is sixty; he is also married to a wife who for years has been a hopeless invalid. The disabilities seem great; but the development of the situation is masterly. The intercourse between the two—each interview—has that quality of intensity, of excitement, which was possessed in so high a degree by Charlotte Bronte, and constituted the unique charm of "*Jane Eyre*."

Mrs. Atherton is an author whose intentions can never be known beforehand; and so the tale carries one on headlong to the very end, and what that end is shall not be divulged.

One feels one's own heart beat quicker in sympathy, when Betty rows across the lake in the Adirondacks to meet her lover; and all that the man says or does is in character.

Those of us who know this author will not look for morals in her writing. They are simply absent. Betty

\* By Gertrude Atherton. (John Lane.)

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