

not a valuable, healthy, and good root, that it prefaces an important, greatly promising period in the development of the human race? That has been gladly and willingly admitted by the men of this city, and of this to-day's feast shall bear witness to the women. Therefore, in the name of the municipal authorities of this city I welcome with my whole heart the members of the International Congress of Women at the close of their session—not only the German women, but at their side the prominent representatives of almost all civilised nations as their fellow-workers for the good of humanity in the field of public life. May all the hopes which women themselves place in their activity be fulfilled, and may this common work bear rich and good fruit. Herewith allow me, in conclusion, to express one hope. The more a man loves and honours the picture of the woman he bears in his heart, the livelier will his desire be that it shall not be destroyed or altered by features that are strange to him; the greater will be his fear that the woman may in her new sphere of work lose that which has until now made her dear to him as the greatest treasure of his house.

May the future prove that these fears have no foundation; may women on their part still seek and find their work in the development and deepening of real womanhood; may they in their new "activity" in strife and battle, which cannot fail, never forget the word of the noble Grecian woman, which must for all time hold the deepest meaning of woman's life: "Not to hate with you, but to love with you, am I here." To the woman in the peaceful home we still bring our old faithful love and reverence; to the woman in public life belongs to-day our open and loud applause. *Sie lebe, hoch, hoch!*

As may be imagined, these wise and honourable words were enthusiastically applauded, and many *hochs* resounded through the hall.

Frau Stritt and Mrs. Sewall returned thanks to the City Magnates for the honour extended to the delegates and members by their reception at the Rathaus, and then the congratulations became general. Miss Susan B. Anthony, the *doyenne* of female suffrage, Mrs. Sewall, the inspirer of Internationalism, Frau Marie Stritt and Fräulein Helene Lange, the leaders of the Woman's Movement in Germany, each in turn received an ovation, and as the guests passed out of the splendid hall, down the marble stairs, out into the summer's night, reluctantly bidding farewell to their friends and leaders, one heard on all sides the expression of opinion that the German Women's Congress had been an astounding success, and that in our time it is improbable we shall see anything to equal it. It was strong; it was splendid; it was great; it was good. Let us treasure the memory of it with thankfulness and joy.

E. G. F.

The Social Side of the Congress.

The arrangements of the Congress were admirable in so far as the day was divided into time for work and pleasure. The sessions closed at 1 p.m., and a programme was mapped out for every afternoon and evening, during which innumerable receptions were arranged—some purely of a social nature—where hospitality on a lavish scale was offered, others to institutions of interest to women workers, such as the hospitals, educational establishments, museums, &c. It was quite impossible to attend them all, but members of the party managed somehow to get a look in at one or the other, and by comparing notes to know something of the quality of each.

To report at length the hospitality and kindness of the Berlin ladies to the Congress guests would not be possible, for every afternoon they prepared sumptuously for the entertainment of the inner woman, and fed us as if they loved us. This warm-hearted and genuine hospitality met with the appreciation it deserved, for we thought nothing after one meal of doing ample justice to the next. The tables were temptingly adorned with a profusion of fruits, cakes, patisserie, sweets, ices, and most seductive drinks—some quite irresistible—with baby strawberries floating around. Away somewhere in our innermost consciousness we sympathised with the perturbed husbands, who, with the best intentions in the world, could not hide their innate anxiety as to the ultimate result of the emancipation of woman. We ate rum cakes, quaffed strawberry wine, and sipped cream coffee through golden straws, and secretly hoped that, as the dear German hostesses soared into the higher spheres where reason feasts, their clever fingers would not lose their culinary cunning and the art of making the delectable delicacies we so greatly enjoyed.

THE HOME OF BISMARCK.

The writer, with a natural bent towards big personalities, found herself on Monday afternoon at the reception given by the Gräfin von Bülow at the Chancellery in the Wilhelmstrasse, the home for so many years of Bismarck. Here she spent some interesting hours in the beautiful grounds at the rear of the famous house, where bands played entrancingly, and piles of fruit and other delicious dainties were demolished with extraordinary avidity by the women of all nations; and where every inch of ground seemed pregnant with vital interest. Had not the feet of the great Chancellor, the Man of Purpose, touched these very stones; adown these leafy alleys had he not passed and re-passed, his great thoughts aflame with love of Fatherland, if relentless in making it great, and always in his heart that bitter icy hate for the women of the predominant race, who were to-day in the garden he loved, invading the sanctity of his home, and in their shimmering silks and flimsy laces laughing to scorn the futility of his animus? Great, strong man of blood and iron, here is an enemy against which all your brute force is vain! Here is an army of sprites and spirits, forceful and facile of brain, elusive as air, creatures instinct with the wisdom of lovers, wives, and mothers, who will slip through your blood-stained fingers as surely as light, who, trampling under their winged feet the prejudice of centuries, flit by you and forward towards their ultimate goal.

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