

which bear testimony to the admirable result of the enfranchisement of women. The resolutions read:—
 "That the possession and exercise of the suffrage by women in Wyoming for the past quarter of a century has wrought no harm, and has done great good in many ways; that it has aided in banishing crime, pauperism, and vice from this State, and that without any violent or oppressive legislation; that it has secured peaceful and orderly elections, good government, and a remarkable degree of civilisation and order; and we point with pride to the fact that after twenty-five years of woman's suffrage, not one county in Wyoming has a poorhouse, that our gaols are almost empty, and crime (except that committed by strangers in the State) almost unknown; and, as the result of experience, we urge every civilised community on earth to enfranchise its women without delay. That an authenticated copy of these resolutions be forwarded by the Governor to the Legislature of every State and territory in this country, and to every legislative body in the world; and that we request the press throughout the civilised world to call the attention of their readers to this resolution."

The Parliamentary Suffrage is now exercised by women in the following American States:—Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, and Idaho.

Book Notes.

"BEHIND THE MAGIC MIRROR," BY OLIVE BIRRELL.

The book that is being most read just now is Miss Brooke's new story—"Life: the Accuser." I had hoped to give some account of that this week, but must defer this pleasure. To-day I want to say a word about a book that is hardly new, in the strict sense of the word—it has been out six months or so—but I admire it so much, that I am very anxious to recommend it.

It is written by Miss Olive Birrell, the sister of the fascinating author of "Obiter Dicta," and it will prove especially interesting to nurses who have to nurse—as so many have, in these days—any of the subtle forms of nerve disease which are so prevalent. The title is "Behind the Magic Mirror," and the story deals with the experiences of a young, refined, highly strung girl, who is discovered to possess that strange, little-understood faculty, which so many wise people are investigating, with so little result, and which goes by the name of thought-reading. Miss Birrell is wonderfully at home in her subject, and traces with astonishing skill the point at which fraud seems to become absolutely necessary, the sufferings of the girl when she finds herself suspected, and also the awful, purely subjective nervous terrors, culminating in the visualised apparition, which almost unhinges poor Meg's reason.

The character of Wilson is one of the clever things in the book; he is evidently meant for some real person, but whom, I am not well enough acquainted with the psychical lights of the day to guess. Miss Birrell's ground seems to be almost identical with the view adopted by Mr. Podmore in his most interesting book on "Apparitions and Thought Transference," and it is also like the views of the clever "Miss X"

who is so prominent a member of the Psychical Research Society, and a frequent contributor to "Borderland." The scene in which Francis Lismore re-visits the mysterious chamber by daylight is particularly fine—unspoil by the slightest exaggeration.

G. M. R.

WHAT TO READ.

"The Conversion of Winckelmann, and other Poems," by Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate.

"Pioneers of Evolution, from Thales to Huxley," by Mr. Edward Clodd.

"Lord Bowen: a Biographical Sketch," by Sir Henry Stewart Cunningham.

"Travels in West Africa (Congo Francais, Corisco, and Cameroons)," by Miss Mary H. Kingsley.

"The Rogue's March," by E. W. Hofnung.

"A Puritan's Wife," by Max Pemberton.

"Anthony Jasper," by Ben Bolt. (The New Volume of The Pseudonym Library.)

"Real Ghost Stories," by W. T. Stead.

Dramatic Notes.

"THE SORROWS OF SATAN" AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

THIS piece is a conspicuous exception to the too general rule, at least in modern times, that a novel is spoilt when dramatised. The adapters—Messrs. Herbert Woodgate and Paul M. Berton—have evidently understood, and to a considerable extent accomplished, the work they had in hand, when they undertook to put Miss Marie Corelli's brilliant novel "The Sorrows of Satan" into a form fit for its appearance on the stage.

The first act wisely opens with a soliloquy—a method understood by the Ancients, but little practised by the Moderns—from the lips of the nominal hero, Geoffrey Tempest, excellently portrayed by Mr. Yorke Stephens, setting forth his wretched condition and dubious prospects, and leading up to the development of the main theme, viz., the intervention of Satan himself under the disguise of a certain mysterious Prince named Lucio Rimánez. No one on the London stage—with the exception of Sir Henry Irving—could have been more judiciously entrusted with the illustration of this difficult character than Mr. Lewis Waller, who played it almost to perfection. The delivery of the powerful speech, in which the authoress has made Satan describe his nature and position to Geoffrey Tempest, was admirable, and evoked the just applause of the house. Mr. L. Waller's bye-play was appropriate, his facial expression indicative throughout, and his rendering of the inunendoes, repartees, and sarcastic asides, cleverly left in his mouth from the pages of the novel, all that could be desired. The second Act, which takes place in Geoffrey Tempest's Reception Room at the Grand Hotel, is splendidly mounted and affords an opportunity for the introduction of several considerable characters, particularly of the Earl of Elton—embodied by Mr. John Beauchamp

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