

against the enfranchisement of women, if those who oppose it fail to grasp this unique opportunity of bringing forward their reasons for so doing.

Mrs. Kendal said she had been honoured by being asked to preside on the 29th inst., when "The Drama as a Field for Women" would be discussed. Anything that tended to the advancement of women must naturally and necessarily draw all the interests, heart-strings, and intelligence possessed by them to one great focus. Life to-day was not a battle, it was a prize-fight, for one had to work hard, and had to give blows. She hoped the congresswomen, however, would keep their places. In these days of scientific research, she sometimes felt the quieter methods of living were overlooked, and that rules, books, Press, and literature had so overpowered everybody, that one forgot the simpler things that had made great women.

Mrs. Kendal is one of the few women who combines all the domestic virtues with the most brilliant professional attainments. Mrs. Kendal is favoured of the gods, in that she has been endowed with dramatic genius, and has also married "the man of her heart." Would that the gods would thus smile on more of our sex. It would stimulate the growth of "great women."

An unusual amount of interest is being evinced in the Session on the Drama which takes place in the Great Hall, St. Martins' Town Hall, on Thursday, June 29th, at 2.30 p.m., and those who wish for seats must arrive early.

Some of the international delegates have already arrived in London, and will, we hope, be satisfied with the progress already made for the Congress. The tickets of membership are now selling so fast that full audiences in every section are assured, which is eminently satisfactory.

A Book of the Week.

THE SOLITARY SUMMER.*

LET us suit our review to our weather, whatever other mistake we may make; and who could have a more blissful, more irrelevant, more desultory, more entirely satisfactory and adequate companion in the heat of this June, than the delightful person who calls herself Elizabeth, and for some reason—probably the feelings of the Man of Wrath—chooses to masquerade as a German female?

Now, as to who the Man of Wrath is, you must go to the book to find out. It is dedicated to him, and he is emphatically a person I should like to meet. I think that Elizabeth was a greatly-to-be-envied lady, and can quite imagine a solitary summer in that remote estate, near the shores of the Baltic, to have been most unreservedly charming, in his society and that of the three babies. But what of the winter? Elizabeth very

* By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Macmillan and Co.

wisely stops short there; though, in her former delightful work, she certainly introduced us to the Christmas holidays.

I think that part of the year must have been a strain; but after all, those months of sleep and earth-rest are soon over, and, as Elizabeth remarks, one needs the interval, the pause, to enable one to shout with appropriate gladness when "earth turns in her sleep" once more, and the glorious awakening comes, that typical "new birth" which seems every year, however many springs we have seen already, to lift us up to heights of hope, to vistas of glorious possibilities as though this year should be more wonderful, and productive of more, than any that has gone before!

Elizabeth really and fully and completely loves her garden; she feels the beauty of lilac and wallflowers and apple-blossom, to an extent she is hardly able to bear; one knows that feeling; it is positive joy to have it interpreted for us. George Eliot knew and felt it; and embodied it in wonderful words—all my readers will recall them—about the people who have never really felt what one means by the beauty of a fine spring day. But George Eliot leaves plenty of room for Elizabeth, and she is nothing if not original.

She has also the inestimable gift of wit; and this prevents her from ever being dull reading for a moment. Let me especially recommend the account of the "*Einquartierung*." As to what that is, you must turn to Elizabeth for enlightenment.

"I have been looking in the dictionary for the English word for *Einquartierung*, because that is what is happening to us just now, but I can find nothing satisfactory. My dictionary merely says:—1. The quartering. 2. Soldiers quartered, and then relapses into irrelevancy; so that it is obvious that English people do without the word for the delightful reason that they have not got the thing. We have it here very badly; an epidemic raging at the end of nearly every summer, when cottages and farms swarm with soldiers and horses, when all the female part of the population gets engaged to be married and will not work, when all the male part is jealous and wants to fight, and when my house is crowded with individuals so brilliant and decorative in their dazzling uniforms, that I wish sometimes I might keep a bunch of the tallest and slenderest for ever in a big china vase in a corner of the drawing room."

That paragraph gives just a taste of Elizabeth's quality; but to obtain the full flavour, you must settle down to the book itself on a hot, quiet day, and out of doors if possible.

G. M. R.

WHAT TO READ.

- "The New Rome." Poems and Ballads of our Empire. By Robert Buchanan.
- "Napoleon's Invasion of Russia." By Hereford B. George, Fellow of New College, Oxford.
- "James Russell Lowell and His Friends." By E. E. Hale.
- "Philosophical Theory of the State." By Bernard Bosanquet.
- "Through Nature to God." By John Fiske.
- "Studies in Foreign Literature." By Virginia M. Crawford.
- "Two in Captivity." By Vincent Brown.
- "The White Woman." By W. Edwards Tirebuck.
- "I, Thou, and the Other One." By Amelia E. Barr.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)