

women, is also valuable, and a most convenient feature of the book is the Directory of Women Workers at the end. We have no hesitation in saying that the Year Book should be on the table of every professional woman.

A Book of the Week.

THE VISITS OF ELIZABETH.*

For a good hearty laugh, and a few moments' recreation when in a frivolous mood, commend us to "Elizabeth!" She is almost as delightful, in her frothy, trifling way, as Elizabeth of the German Garden is in her equally humorous but somewhat more intellectual fashion.

In a book of this kind one does not look for high principle nor alas! in these days, for superabundant delicacy. In fact, the delicacy must have been rubbed off after even one week of the society in which Elizabeth mixed. The pretty little *débutante* is a selfish little heathen, who has been taught good manners, but no principles. But at least she is fearless, clean-minded and sincere—which the distinguished persons with whom she goes to sojourn decidedly are not.

The book is a satire upon society as at present represented, in smart England, and in the upper circles of provincial France.

The cleverness is in the touching-in. The various types are sketched for us in so few words; and some of it is very, very funny. It is all revealed in the form of exceptionally frank letters which Elizabeth writes to her mother from the various houses at which she is a guest. At Nazeby Hall she falls in with "Harry," the Marquis of Valmond, who has hitherto been the property of a certain green-eyed Mrs. de Yorburch Smithe, with exquisite frocks.

"After dinner it was so hot that we all went out upon the terrace and as soon as we got there, Mrs. Smithe and the rest said it was too cold, and went in again; but the moon was so pretty I stayed alone, and presently Lord Valmond came out and stood beside me. He said something, but I wasn't listening, when suddenly I did hear him say this 'You adorable *enfant terrible!*' . . . and he put his horrid arm right round my waist, and kissed me—somewhere about my right ear—before I could realise what he was at!

"I was in a rage, as you can fancy, Mamma, so I just turned round and gave him the hardest slap I could, right on the cheek! He was furious, and called me a 'little devil,' and we both walked straight into the drawing-room.

"I suppose I looked savage, and in the light I could see he had great red finger-marks on his face. Anyhow, Mrs. Smithe who was sitting on the big sofa near the window alone, looked up, and said, in an odious voice that made everybody listen, 'I am afraid, Harry, you have not enjoyed cooing in the moonlight; it looks as if our sweet Elizabeth had been difficult, and had boxed your ears!'

"That made me *wild*, the impudence! That *parvenue* calling me by my Christian name! So I just lost my temper right out, and said to her, 'It is perfectly true what you say, and I will box yours if you call me 'Elizabeth' again!'

Space must be found for the description of dear fat Lady Theodosia, who has her pet toy dog on her lap during a dinner party.

"The dishes were exquisite, and Lady Theodosia

*By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth & Co.)

enjoyed them all, in spite of 'Fanny'—that is the Spitz—constantly falling off her lap, and having to be fished for by her own footman, who always stands behind her chair, ready for these emergencies. I call it very plucky of the dog to go on trying; for what lap Lady Theodosia has is so steep it must be like trying to sleep on the dome of St. Paul's."

The account also of the meeting of the Clarkes and the Clarks is extremely funny, and the dinner-party given by Lady Theodosia, where the guests draw for partners to take them in to dinner. The French part of the book must not be left out of consideration. It is very clever indeed, the prudishness of provincial France being by no means overdone.

It is the lighter aspect of a subject which is grave enough. Surely society as spelt with a big S will have to be either mended or ended. After all, Elizabeth is only a new variant of the "maid who walks with steps unwary, through snares unseen," and ignorantly marries the man who has intrigued with various married women from one country house to another till he is sick of it, and finds a box on the ears a welcome stimulant.

G. M. R.

Verses.

PATRIOT.

Who loves his country centred stands
As on a rock unruven!
His hands stretch out to brother-hands,
Their inmost thought he understands
By that to him is given:
Forgiveness to their fault extends—
Thro' his own error shriven:
Or if contend he must, contends:
Yet feels how others to those ends
Strive, as himself hath striven.
Unsway'd his purpose; yet as changed,
From fields where his own thought hath ranged
He wanders freely, unestranged,
Untrammell'd and undriven,
With forehead free to every wind
That blows from meadows human-kind—
And o'er him tenderly inclined
And folded by the hills of even—
O roof, for all a mansion true!
O country still untravell'd thro'!
Wherein earth doth her hope renew,—
He sees, outspread before his view,
The over-homing deep of Heaven!
From *Una*, by William Gerard.

What to Read.

- "The Greatest Queen in the World." Booklet. By Marie Corelli.
- "Canada under British Rule, 1760-1900." By Sir J. G. Bourinot, L.L.D., K.C.M.G.
- "The Slavery of our Times." By Leo Tolstoy.
- "One of Ourselves." By L. B. Walford.
- "The Champington Mystery." By Le Voleur.
- "Germinal; or Master and Man." By Emile Zola.
- "The Master Sinner." By a well-known Author.
- "The Crimson Weed." By Christopher St. John.
- "The Visits of Elizabeth." By Elinor Glyn.
- "Women Workers: being the Papers read at the Conference held at Brighton on October 23-26, 1900.

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