

ization, women had a voice in the management of parish affairs, and even acted as officers. But if Lord Esher's judgment was carried to its logical conclusion, all women at present acting on the school boards of the country were holding office illegally, and any day proceedings might be taken to have the elections of women to school boards declared invalid, with lamentable result. With regard to the franchise, it seemed enough to say that if women pay taxes, they should have a vote and be represented.

In the promotion of necessary legislation, such a society as the Women's International Union could do much to help. It should enlist the sympathies and services of broad, fair-minded men, and convert the women who at present took no interest in the advancement of their sex.

Miss Bathurst, Hon. Secretary of the Union, said that women of the upper classes had little personally to gain by the franchise, but women earning their own living knew that until they had some sort of public representation, they would never get justice. This class would gladly sacrifice privilege to equal opportunity.

#### IT WAS EVER THUS.

An oriental legend narrates:—At the beginning of time Twashtri, the Vulcan of the Hindu mythology, created the world. But when he wished to create a woman he found that he had employed all his materials in the creation of man. There did not remain one solid element. Then Twashtri, perplexed, fell into a profound meditation. He roused himself to do as follows:—He took the roundness of the moon, the undulations of the serpent, the entwinement of climbing plants, the trembling of the grass, the slenderness of the rose vine and the velvet of the flower, the lightness of the leaf and the glance of the fawn, the gaiety of the sun's rays and tears of the mist, the inconstancy of the wind and the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock and the softness of the down on the throat of the swallow, the hardness of the diamond, the sweet flavour of honey and the cruelty of the tiger, the warmth of fire, the chill of snow, the chatter of the jay and the cooing of the turtle dove.

He united all this and formed a woman. Then he made a present of her to man. Eight days later the man came to Twashtri and said: "My Lord, the creature you gave me poisons my existence. She chatters without rest, she takes all my time, she laments for nothing at all, and is always ill," and Twashtri received the woman again.

But eight days later the man came again to the god and said: "My life is very solitary since I returned this creature. I remember she danced before me, singing. I recall how she glanced at me from the corner of her eye, that she played with me, clung to me," and Twashtri returned the woman to him. Three days only passed and Twashtri saw the man coming to him again. "My Lord," said he, "I do not understand exactly how, but I am sure that the woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg of you, relieve me of her."

But Twashtri cried, "Go your way and do your best." And the man cried, "I cannot live with her;" "Neither can you live without her!" replied Twashtri.

And the man was sorrowful, murmuring, "Woe is me. I can neither live with nor without her."

## A Book of the Week.

### TRISTRAM OF BLENT.\*

The all-pervading Meredith influence seems to have invaded even the literary consciousness of Anthony Hope. It seems a far cry from those inimitable "Dolly Dialogues" to the "Amazing Marriage," but Mr. Hope has hit upon a truly Meredithian opening for his novel. Lately, Mr. Andrew Lang, in a piece of admirable journalistic fooling, gave some account of various more or less stereotyped novel openings. Mr. Hope may rest in the conviction that he would come under no such ban.

Mr. Jenkinson Neeld an elderly club man, and dabbler in letters, is about to edit the journal of Mr. Josiah Cholderton. In that staid and decorous journal, he finds a very highly seasoned and pungent little society scandal, which, if true, shows the future Lord Tristram of Blent to be illegitimate. Mr. Neeld, in his discretion, suppresses this part of the journal. He knows nothing personally of the lady who eloped with Sir Randolph Edge, subsequently married Captain Fitzhubert, and is now in her own right, Lady Tristram of Blent. Consequently he not unnaturally considers the whole thing to be no concern of his.

But now Mr. Hope's originality for a while forsakes him, and we fear the story is tumbling into the regions of the common-place. For we have the stately ancestral home, the haughty heir, loving every stone of it, knowing full well the fatal legal flaw in his title. We have the sharp little foreign lady, who, as a child of five, remembered Harry's mother just before Harry was born. Then we have Cecily Gainsborough, who, if right were done, would be, on the death of Harry's mother, Lady Tristram of Blent in her own right. We know, of course, that Mina Zabricka and old Mr. Neeld between them will make mischief—that the secret will out: and it is equally inevitable that Harry should fall in love with Cecily. This seems to promise us no surprises. Janie Iver is too indefinite and uninteresting to divert our minds from the one obvious issue.

But Mr. Hope laughs at us. If we think he is neglecting the valuable element of surprise, we never made a greater mistake: and the surprises are evolved out of those two unmanageable people, Harry and Cecily themselves.

The Tristrams, as the old butler remarks, have their own way of doing things, and their way is full of interest and humour. They handle the situation so as quite to take it out of Mr. Hope's hands, and to carry us breathless to the very last chapter. The chaperoned elopement is perhaps the most delightful touch.

But Mr. Hope can arrange even an ancestral mansion—nay, even family portraits, without allowing them to become stagey.

Can praise go farther?

G. M. R.

### Verse.

"Do you wish for a kindness? Be kind.  
Do you wish for a truth? Be true.  
What you give of yourself you find—  
Your world is a reflex of you."

\* By Anthony Hope. John Murray.

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