

hopes he had raised to the ground by saying that these were his own sympathies, sentiments, and convictions, and it would never do for him to give anything in the nature of a pledge on behalf of others.

On the conclusion of his speech there was an attempt at applause and then silence. Those present realised that they had asked for bread and had been given a stone. They had asked for action, and fair speeches, unsupported by any pledges, were futile. The duty of proposing a vote of thanks to the Prime Minister for receiving the deputation devolved on Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., seconded by Mr. Cameron Corbett, M.P., and they made no attempt to hide their disappointment at his reply. Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy, a veteran worker in the Suffrage Cause, supported the resolution, and then the deputation dispersed, with the words of a courageous delegate echoing in their ears, and in their hearts, "We are not satisfied, Sir." One wondered, indeed, to how many of those present it would befall to have to echo the words of Miss Susan B. Anthony, who, dying at the age of eighty-seven, said to a friend two hours' before she became unconscious, "To think I have had more than sixty-six years of hard struggle for a little liberty, and to die without. It seems so cruel."

At a meeting held later in Trafalgar Square, the following resolution endorsed by the Women's Social and Political Union, was carried:—

"This meeting expresses its profound dissatisfaction with the reply of the Prime Minister to the representative deputation of women who waited upon him this morning to demand their political enfranchisement, a reply which makes it evident that the Liberal Government has no intention of giving votes to women during its term of office.

"Further, it calls upon Parliament to at once deal with the question by an instruction on the Plural Voters Bill now before the House, and urges all women to carry on a persistent agitation and vigorous campaign until the degrading political outlawry from which they suffer is ended and they have attained their rights as citizens."

In the afternoon there was a large meeting at Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Sir Charles McLaren, M.P., when the following resolution, proposed by Mrs. Eva McLaren, was unanimously adopted:— "That this meeting, while warmly thanking Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman for his whole-hearted personal support of the claim of women to the suffrage, expresses its deep regret and disappointment that, in spite of the justice of their cause, and their long and unremitting labour, he could give no pledge on behalf of the Government to the women of the country to deal with the question of their enfranchisement. This meeting urges women to use increased efforts to convince those members of the Government who are still opposed to Woman's Suffrage, and further requests the Prime Minister to grant a day during the present Session for the discussion of a motion on the subject."

In opening the proceedings, Sir Charles McLaren observed that the time for playing with the question had gone by. They wanted to know who were the men in the Cabinet who were able to over-rule the will of the nation and their Chief. Mr. Keir Hardie,

M.P., gave a wise bit of advice when he urged upon those present to concentrate their energies upon the one point, that of obtaining the immediate inclusion of women in the franchise as it existed, and he suggested that they should cease to support any party which did not put their question in the forefront of its programme. In conclusion, he said that they should not weaken their cause by repudiating the fighting element in their ranks.

Book of the Week.

A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.*

There is always something to be found in Madame Albanesi's books for which I can find no other word than a *thrill*. They hold a certain spontaneity, the element of tears and laughter, the delicate touch of sympathy, which some of our more profound novelists might view with envy.

"A Young Man from the Country" holds this quality in as full measure as did his predecessors. We are introduced to Mrs. Prentice and her daughters, Sheila and Patricia. (Patricia, by the way, as a heroine's name, bids fair to rival Elizabeth.) Sheila is beautiful, reserved, selfish, a little soured by the fact of her good birth and meagre means. Patricia is the most delightful of ingenues, drawn as it seems nobody but Madame Albanesi can draw an ingenue, and make her interesting in these days, when we so love what is complicated and despise what is elementary.

The story opens at the time when Sir Francis Heatherington is bringing home his bride to the village where the Prentices, his distant relatives, and himself, owner of the Park, represent the "quality."

It had been pretty generally imagined that Sir Francis would marry the beautiful Sheila; but, as a matter of fact, he has made one of those amazing, staggering, *mésalliances* which one daily sees but never ceases to wonder at. His wife is a duke's daughter, middle-aged and plain, a woman who has been bullied in her own family, lonely all her life, and who adores him with a pathos not far from sublimity.

There is another actor on the scene, Anthony Sharpus, who has taken the Treasure House Farm, and who has three children. He is popularly supposed to be a widower, and also and equally without foundation, not supposed to be first-rate. Anthony must be counted as the failure of the book. He is too good for this wicked world. A young man who can devote his whole life to the children of a lovely but wayward sister—who can live the life of a recluse for this entirely insufficient reason—who turns out to be the author of the most popular novels of the day, into the bargain—this is a rather large order. We are asked to believe that this Anthony, loving Patricia with all his heart, with every reason to believe his love returned, and knowing moreover that Patricia was in anything but easy circumstances, allows the fact that he was engaged in looking after Carina's children to keep him from seeing her

* By Madame Albanesi. (Hurst and Blackett.)

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