Women, in February, 1919, at Paris, which resulted in the admission of women to all posts provided for by the constitution of the League of Nations.

The U.F.S.F. does not believe in the possibility and the desirability *et a l'opportunité* of a permanent International Woman's Bureau joined to the League of Nations (the women who will form part of the Commissions should suffice for the object proposed), but the U.F.S.F. suggests the nomination of a Commission of the Congress to study questions which may form a bond of union between the various international societies.

**PLEASE NOTE.**

For additional information about travel and accommodation at Geneva, see page 111.

## REVIEW.

### "The Woman's Victory and After: Personal Reminiscences."

By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. 2s. 6d. net. Sidgwick and Jackson, 3, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

"To the thousands of faithful friends and gallant comrades, whose brave, unwearied work, steadfastly maintained through many years, made Women's Suffrage in Great Britain no longer a dream, but a reality, . . . the goodly fellowship of the prophets, for they foresaw what was coming, proclaimed it, and devoted themselves in making it come in the right way." Thus Mrs. Fawcett dedicates her story of the later stages of the Woman Suffrage campaign in Great Britain. This book is not, even to the extent of Mrs. Fawcett's previous volume in the "Everyman" series, a reasoned history of the movement. It is what its title claims for it, a narrative based on personal reminiscences. As such it has a certain unique value, because, unlike the little girl in the thrilling drama of thirty years ago, "The Man's Shadow," who declared so touchingly, "I saw nothing, I heard nothing," when people questioned her about stirring events in which her father had taken an active, a too active part, Mrs. Fawcett saw everything and heard everything. For it was not only her great statesmanship, her vigorous intellect, her courage, which made her followers follow, but also that indefinable quality of hers, made up in part of humour, in part of a quick imagination which enabled her to perceive, to appraise, every detail in its exact proportion which went to build up the movement. Her followers loved her because this quality gave her a true appreciation of their smallest effort. Her opponents might well fear her, and did fear her, because the same quality enabled her to reveal to an astonished world their most "secret whispering" sins.

Mrs. Fawcett is inimitable on the subject of Mr. Asquith, the Liberal Prime Minister, who denied the fundamental of Liberalism. "It was Mr. Asquith, more than any other one person, who prevented the Liberal Party becoming a Reform Party, and including women in their general scheme of enfranchisement." This is her judgment, and she continues:—

> I well remember the long series of Suffrage deputations which it fell to my lot to introduce to Mr. Asquith, and of his gradual change of manner in receiving us. Some of these interviews were extremely amusing, and we laughed over them as soon as we were by ourselves. The first was when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government. We had with us Miss Emily Davies, the founder of Girton College; Lady Strachey, wife of the well-known Indian administrator; Miss Frances Sterling; Miss I. O. Ford, and other well-known Suffrage leaders from our various societies. While we were still in the waiting room, I was sent for by myself for a preliminary interview with Mr. Asquith's private secretary. I found him a rather agitated-looking young man, who said: "I want you, Mrs. Fawcett, to give me your personal word of honour that no member of your deputation will employ physical violence." "Indeed," I replied, "you astonish me. I had no idea you were so frightened." He instantly repudiated being frightened, and I rejoined: "Someone must be frightened or such a request would never have been made of me; but as it is made, without hesitation I give you my most solemn word of honour that no member of my deputation will either employ or threaten violence." The idea of it, considering who they were, entertained me, and I took no pains to conceal my amusement. I rejoined my deputation, and almost instantly the gentleman I had just left reappeared to conduct us to the reception room, I walking first, side by side with the secretary. As we entered the room, where Mr. Asquith was sitting with his back to the light on our right, I observed in the opposite corner, on our extreme left, a lady I did not know. So I said to the secretary, in a clear voice, "I give no guarantee for that lady; I do not know her." "Oh, that," he rejoined, and again showed some agitation, "that lady is Miss Asquith."

In a note, Mrs. Fawcett adds that perhaps Miss Asquith and Mrs. Asquith, (for she was also present) were there as "in the event of assault and battery on our part they could have flung their persons between their husband and father and his assailants." Mrs. Fawcett wrote this note before the recent brilliant electoral campaign of Mr. Asquith's daughter, Lady Bonham Carter, in which, metaphorically speaking, she flung herself between him and his assailants, and thus made secure his return as member of Parliament for Paisley. But Mr. Asquith is not the man he was in 1906. Mrs. Fawcett closes her chapter upon him with the remark: "Once I could not resist saying to him that I had never seen a man so much improved. But this was very near the time when our victory was a certainty."

This Asquith story can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who are acquainted with the history of the militant suffrage movement in England, and the state of nervousness to which it reduced the public men of the time. Mrs. Fawcett consistently discountenanced the grave developments of the later phases of the militant movement. But she understood it. She thus describes the death of that arch type of the militant Suffragist, Emily Davison:—

> In the early summer of 1913 an incident occurred which deeply touched the popular imagination, and placed the principle of self-sacrifice, as illustrated by the militants, on a hill top, from which it was seen not only all over our country, but throughout the world. Courage calls to courage everywhere, and its voice cannot be denied. The race for the Derby was held on the last Wednesday of May. The King's horse was the favourite. Crowds, even more enormous than usual, gathered to witness it. Among them a young woman, a militant Suffragist, Emily Davison, of Morpeth, in Northumberland, had managed to place herself close to the winning-post, against the rope barrier which had kept the crowd off the actual track. As the King's horse swept by at a tremendous speed, Emily Davison threw herself in front of it. Down came the horse with fearful violence. The jockey was, of course, thrown, and seriously injured, and there lay Emily Davison, mortally injured. She had deliberately sacrificed her life in order, in this sensational way, to draw the attention of the whole world to the determination of women to share in the heritage of freedom which was the boast of every man in the country. . . . I happened to be in Vienna at the time, and I shall not easily forget the awed solemnity with which a Viennese with whom I had had some halting conversation in German on the Suffrage question, came to me and said: "Miss Davison ist todt."

Less dramatic, but more universally acclaimed, were the services of women in England, as in all countries, during the war. Mrs. Fawcett quotes testimony from diverse sources, Suffragist and anti-Suffragist, on this point. Sir Lynden Macassey, Chairman of the National Tribunal on Women's Wages, summed up thus: "Women literally leapt as agents of production, and by inherent economic powers and aptitude, into a position of eminence in the economic world previously undreamt of, even by themselves"; and Mr. Walter Long, a former leader of the anti-Suffrage group, observed: "There are still, unfortunately, villages to be found where the women have become imbued with the idea that woman's place is the home. That idea must be met and combated." This was several years after Dr. Elsie Inglis, offering her services to the Royal Army Medical Corps, was told by a high official at the War Office to "go home and keep quiet." She did not go home. Instead, she founded the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals, "officered entirely by women. The physicians and surgeons, nurses, dressers, orderlies, motor drivers, and domestic staff, all women," who gave their services in France and Serbia, and of whom later, Sir Alfred Keogh, head of the R.A.M.C., said: "They are worth their weight not in gold, but in diamonds." And because at last even politicians understood that women were no longer negligible, on February 6, 1918, the Royal assent was given to the Bill in which, for the first time, British women were recognised as citizens of their country. A day of rejoicing for the women of all nations, and yet a day on which just a touch of sadness was permissible in the hearts of those "happy few" who had had the inestimable privilege of comradeship with Millicent Garrett Fawcett, and to whom the "Personal Reminiscences" of their great leader recall so many other days of rejoicing in the years during which the Suffragist army advanced to its predestined victory. The "Reminiscences" are illustrated by reproductions of a series of cartoons from *Punch*. The frontispiece, entitled "At Last," shows the figure of a woman, girt with the sword of the spirit, upon her face an expression not of triumph, but of earnest forward-looking, of deep responsibility.

A. H. W.