

position that all wage-earning except for maintenance was ethically wrong, and insisted that the inroad of the "pocket-money worker" had brought the teaching, writing, and lecturing professions to a very low ebb.

The contrary position of the right of every woman to develop her faculties and so test them in the open market found strong supporters in Mrs. Morgan Dockrell and in Mlle. Veigele.

When Mrs. Charles M'Laren, who presided, put the question to the vote, the lawfulness of pocket-money wages was affirmed by an immense majority, only seven voting to the contrary.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt says that the secret of her endurance is that she never rests. "Fatigue," she adds, "is my stimulant. Instead of pulling me down it spurs me on." She goes to bed at three in the morning invariably, and always rises at nine. In the theatre she spends eleven or twelve hours every day "without seeing the light of the sun, and without a breath of fresh air." Her diet consists of fish and eggs, chiefly the latter, of which she eats sometimes as many as ten a day, and she never drinks anything but champagne. During two months out of the twelve, however, Madame Sarah Bernhardt makes up for the anti-hygienic conditions of her town life. At Belle-isle she is hardly ever indoors, and when she is she keeps every window in the house wide open in all weathers. "Every year I make this abrupt transition from a cloistered existence to a life in the fresh air."

### El Book of the Week.

#### LOVE LIKE A GIPSY.\*

Mr. Bernard Capes has regained with a bound much of the charm of his earlier manner. He has ceased to revel in unpleasantness, apparently for unpleasantness's sake, as he did in "Our Lady of Darkness," and in the collection of short tales which he lately published. He still deals in horrors, for he justly believes that to be his forte; but he uses them artistically, and does not so sate the appetite as to destroy it. The period he chooses, that of the American war of independence, gives him plenty of room for the indulgence of his taste; in the America of that date there are scalpers; in the England there is a corpse on every gallows tree. The main idea of the story is a variant of one which Mr. Capes, if we remember rightly, has already told. A young man—very young—is appealed to by the husband of a beautiful young Englishwoman, whom he is obliged to leave in a place of danger, to shoot her through the head should the camp be surprised by Indians. The entreaty is also urged by the young wife herself. The Indians do come, there is a midnight surprise, the youth dashes into the tent and succeeds in carrying out his terrible commission while his victim is asleep: then almost immediately arrives the rescue party, with it the frantic husband. There was no need for Anthony St. John's act. In a frenzy of horror and remorse he flees the accursed spot without waiting to confront the anguish of the widower.

In making destiny afterwards lead the steps of Anthony St. John towards a secluded vale in which lives a lovely girl known by the surname of Pardon, and in making him fall hopelessly in love with this

\* Bernard Capes. (Constable.)

paragon, who turns out to be a daughter of the woman he shot, Mr. Capes devises a situation with poignant possibilities.

Anthony is a thoroughly loveable hero, and as to the heroine—she is one of those abstractions of unearthly beauty created by the male novelist, and his exclusive monopoly.

This is by no means altogether to be regretted. In these days when we chronicle every unevenness, not only in the temper but in the complexion of our heroines, when nobody thinks of consulting duty when passion is in question, when love to one's parents is believed to be out-worn with the decalogue, and nothing is supposed to form a bar to the indulgence of a mutual attraction except the consideration that your children may inherit the germs of disease, it is somewhat refreshing to find two people, in all the glow and strength of a most vivid passion, renouncing each other because the man, in what he firmly believed to be the execution of his duty, was so unfortunate as to put the mother of his innamorata to death.

The scene in which the half-crazed father of Dinah, who has nursed his hate for years, until he has grown rabid, reveals to the hapless young man who is the girl whom he seeks in marriage, is among the strongest things that Mr. Capes has done.

Dinah, too, is more than a lovely abstraction—she is a woman with a fine sense of honour, as witness the scene in which she utterly condemns her lover for taking the appointment which would mean to them the ability to marry, at the hand of the woman who is herself in love with him.

The character of Jemmy Glover is one of the author's characteristic bizarre efforts of genius; a thing for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in the works of other authors. Various scenes are given with a richness of dramatic expression hard to over-estimate—as, for example, the scene in which the mail coach carrying the reprieve to the prisoner in the gaol, is overturned in the snow.

The horrible detail connected with poor Lord Borra-daile's peculiarities must also unfortunately be described as characteristic, too.

G. M. R.

### Verse.

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;  
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;  
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;  
To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates  
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates,  
Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent;  
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be  
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;  
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory."

### What to Read.

- "Chronicles of the House of Borgia." By Frederick Baron Corvo.
- "Wanderings in Three Continents." By the late Sir Richard Burton.
- "Poverty: a Study of Town Life." By B. Seebohm Rowntree.
- "Later Poems." By Mrs. Meynell.
- "The Confessions of a Caricaturist." By Harry Furniss.

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