

Ward, denouncing the Bill as "as unnecessary and unjust as it is mischievous and destructive."

The authorities of the Goldsmiths' Institute, New Cross, have turned their attention to what promises to be a new and well-paid employment for girls. At an exhibition of the students' work there were examples of the new enamel work which is now so fashionable. The enamelled jewellery is so beautiful that it will doubtless become generally popular, creating a large demand for workers who have acquired this not very difficult art.

Some of the insurance companies in Denmark have a policy which insures a girl against spinsterhood. When a girl baby is born 225 dols. can be deposited with the company, and if she is unmarried at thirty she receives an annuity of 25 dols., which is increased by 25 dols. every ten years. If she marries before she is thirty she gets the 225 dols. back, and, if she dies, to her relatives is given 25 dols.

A Book of the Week.

THE HEART OF A GREAT MAN.*

It is a thing particularly interesting to nurses when one of their number takes to novel-writing—the life of a nurse, particularly one who nurses private cases, seems to present a conspicuously likely field for romance. Doctors and nurses see humanity as it is; nobody can successfully pretend when they are ill; and more than one novelist has borrowed successfully from the true stories, of which those who minister to the sick see such dramatic glimpses.

Miss Lucy Rae was formerly, we understand, the Matron of a hospital, and the present is her first work, and a very encouraging beginning. But with a desire, which is perhaps natural, to get away from her usual surroundings she has appealed purely to her own imagination for the plot of her first novel, and has given us Russian intrigue, detectives, despatches, and an empire-maker, not to mention a beautiful and brilliant woman of the world, who comes to London for the purpose of selling England's secrets to Russia.

Anton Garth suggests Cecil Rhodes, inasmuch as he is a woman-hater and an empire-maker; but there the likeness ceases, since he is a great engineer, and has made plans for a new submarine destroyer which is to render Britain impregnable.

Miss Rae accepts whole heartedly the theory of Russian treachery and Russian machinations in a way that must prove most distressing to the *Spectator*, with its pathetic belief in Russian guilelessness and English unworthy suspicion. But even the editor of the *Spectator*, we should think, would hardly do what Anton Garth does, admit a Russian gentleman, professedly much interested in engineering, into the laboratory where his great plans are hatched. The guileless simplicity of the Great Man makes rather too large a demand upon the credulity of the reader.

Anna Radanski—Anna, by the way, bids fair to displace Elizabeth as the fashionable name for a heroine nowadays—who is the daughter of one Russian nobleman and the widow of another, is, besides being a member of the Brotherhood of Darkness and a full-

blown Russian spy, fortunate enough to be received amongst the most exclusive of English society; and to her chaperonage Lady Hay entrusts her only daughter Betty for a London season. Anna Radanski is the one and only love of Anton Garth's life; and the incarnate reason for his woman-hating; for which it must be admitted there are excellent grounds, seeing that this woman, who has also loved him, is in London for the purpose of ruining him. This makes, as will be seen, a strong situation. There are two members of the Brotherhood of Darkness who follow the lovely Anna to London, not being quite satisfied that she intends to play the game as far as Anton is concerned. One of these two, having somewhat imprudently called upon the lady and shown his hand, she wires to Paris for a really first-rate detective to shadow Golgouroff and D'Aurignou.

The story is really most ingeniously slung together, and free from extraneous matter. Its fault, if the writer will forgive us for saying so, is its unreality. There is little or no doubt that the hand which wrote this is capable of much deeper work. Bits of writing scattered here and there throughout show a power of observation and a capacity to hit straight, which would be allowed far more play if the subject-matter of the story were less theatrical. Miss Rae should try her hand at a tale of the society of to-day. Her narrative is direct, simple, and telling, and she has no need to appeal to sensational incidents for a hearing. The following extract will illustrate our meaning:

"Marriage had not attracted her, as it does so many women, merely in the hope of greater freedom from the careful supervision of parents. Her life at home was too completely happy to admit of a longing for change; and the purity of her mind was too natural to allow ignoble yearnings, which are the outcome of a badly-balanced nature.

"Miss Hay was perhaps a trifle old-fashioned in some respects; in fact, for a girl in her rank of life, she was markedly so in a few matters which nowadays are considered as fitting adjuncts to an 'up-to-date' girl's accomplishments. She did not drink brandy and soda, and—marvellous to relate—she did not smoke; consequently, one section of the community at least had little or no respect for so reputable a lady. Her dressmaker and her milliner found it difficult to run up the 'sundries' in their bills when brandy, liqueurs, and morphia were not requisites which had to be smuggled in the dress and bonnet baskets under the guises of lace and feathers and all the expensive etceteras that compose the wardrobe of a girl of fashion.

"These duplicities were unknown to Betty; she was of the type of woman—unfortunately too rare in this advanced century—whose healthy tone of mind forbade the indulgence of hysterical vices, and whose frank honesty did not permit deceit to rule her way through life."

The hand that wrote those lines ought to give us a novel about a real woman—faulty, but in earnest, who should go through the world with the desire to enoble and raise her fellow-women. The male writers who aim blows at the "smart set" never find anything with which to contrast it but the dairymaid type of *ingenue*—take such a play as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "New Woman," for example. Will Miss Rae not give us a portrait of a woman, clear-eyed and clean-minded, neither a fast society woman nor an ignorant girl? We believe that she could, and hope that she will.

G. M. R.

* By Lucy M. Rae. F. V. White and Co.

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