

## A Book of the Week.

### THE WHITE CAUSEWAY.\*

There is nothing new, so we are told, under the sun, and no doubt the well of exceptional incident in fiction is growing a little dry; or perhaps, we should rather say, the water is low, and one needs a long line to reach it. But need so charming a writer as Mr. Frankfort Moore plagiarise so openly and so flagrantly as he does in this new book of his? The main idea is simply that of Mr. Hugh Conway in the once popular "Called Back." The heroine loses her memory as the result of a shock—a drowning accident; and we know that she must be thrown out of a motor-car before she will be permitted by the author to recognise the young man to whom she was engaged at the time of accident No. 1. But more than this, during the period which elapses between the loss and the recapture of Olive Austin's memory, Mr. Frankfort Moore must needs pillage from another novelist, and help himself to the idea of Mrs. Baillie Reynolds' "Dream and the Man," which Mr. Murray brought out two years ago. That is to say, he makes his heroine, during sleep, haunt the rooms of a house in which she has never set foot, and be actually seen and recognised by the dwellers therein. Now this incident is founded on fact. This haunting of a house by a sleeper who had never been there, and who, when she afterwards saw the house, recognised it, and was also recognised by those who had seen her there, really happened. But in the real case there were no super-normal psychic conditions to account for it. Mr. Frankfort Moore creates a psychic condition of a most extraordinary kind for his heroine, who, he leads one to infer, was actually dead after her accident, the departed soul being called back to the body by the frantic cry of her lover; with the result that the dual personality of which we hear so much nowadays did not succeed in joining quite properly, and Olive was two people in the very distinct sense of having a self that loved and remembered, and a self that was indifferent and forgot. Unfortunately for her friends and her lover, it was only when she was asleep that she loved and remembered. But the self which then took its surprising journey to the place where her lover lived was of a substantiality which left nothing to be desired. It even dropped a pearl and garnet pin upon the billiard-room floor.

It will be seen that Mr. Frankfort Moore is daring enough, and that he wears his borrowed plumes with a difference.

The style of the story, until he gets sunk too deep in his occultism, is simply charming. The description of Saas Fee, and the walk thither from Stalden, the people at the hotel, and the mountaineering jargon is admirable and most fascinating. Arthur Garnett, too, is a delightful person, and the Calthorpes, husband and wife, quite exceptionally good company. Olive, from the very nature of the rôle assigned to her, cannot be a natural person; and the concluding part, where the egregious American adventurer is lugged in, is simply farcical. It seems a pity that the author chose to develop his story along such hackneyed lines as he has done. His manner, when in his element, describing the sayings and doings of real persons, is all we can ask for; he does not need to go a-borrowing.

\* By Frankfort Moore. (Hutchinson and Co.)

"Alpinists," says the delightful Sir Everard, "talk as if they believed that the world revolved on their axes. . . . But don't be discouraged," he adds, "by the jargon you hear on this verandah. You will find that the mountains repay you for enduring the mountaineers."

And the reader, in much the same way, will find Mr. Frankfort Moore repays them for enduring a good deal of trash. G. M. R.

## Words.

Words are great forces in the realm of life;  
Be careful of their use. Who talks of hate,  
Of poverty, of sickness, but sets rife  
These very elements to mar his fate.

When love, health, happiness, and plenty hear  
Their names repeated over day by day  
They wing their way like answering fairies near,  
Then nestle down within our homes to stay.

Who talks of evil conjures into shape  
The formless thing and gives it life and scope.  
This is the law; then let no word escape  
That does not breathe of everlasting hope.

—From "Poems of Power."

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## What to Read.

"Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of J. H. Shorthouse." Edited by his Wife.

"The Misty Isle of Skye: Its Scenery, Its Story." By J. A. MacCulloch.

"The White Terror and the Red: A Novel of Revolutionary Russia." By A. Cahan.

## Coming Events.

May 5th.—The Board of Trade will hear objections to the granting of a Licence to the Incorporated Society for Promoting the Higher Education and Training of Nurses to incorporate without the word "Limited" after its name, in the Deputation Room of the Board, at 7, Whitehall Gardens, S.W., 11.30 a.m.

May 8th.—Royal Sanitary Institute. Discussion on "Housing in Mansions let as Flats," opened by Dr. Louis C. Parkes, D.P.H., and W. Rolfe, Esq. (architect). Sir William Emerson, F.R.I.B.A., will preside. Parkes Museum, Margaret Street, W., 5 p.m.

May 9th.—Bazaar in aid of the Metropolitan Hospital, Kingsland Road, at Surrey House, Marble Arch.

May 11th.—Select Committee on Nursing. Chairman, H. J. Tennant, Esq., M.P., House of Commons, Committee Room 17, 11.30 a.m.

May 15th to May 20th.—Sale of Genuine Old Bric-à-Brac, to aid poor gentlewomen, 16, Brook Street, Bond Street, W., 11-7.

May 19th.—Annual Meeting of the Asylum Workers' Association. Sir John Batty Tukey, M.D., M.P., F.R.S.E., in the chair. 20, Hanover Square, W., 4 p.m.

May 26th.—Annual Meeting of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W., 3 p.m.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)