

The report on this subject will be considered by the Council in October.

The memorial to Mrs. Oliphant in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, was unveiled on the afternoon of the 16th inst. It is a medallion in gilded bronze from a cast by Mr. Pettendrih Macgillivray, R.S.A. The ceremony was performed by Mr. J. M. Barrie.

Book of the Week.

THE DAUGHTER.*

It is only once in a while that one stumbles upon anything unique in a plot. Miss Smedley may fairly claim this distinction for her new book, "The Daughter." A second feature is the very level-headed way in which she treats the great Woman Movement.

Delia Willett, a girl who had been intellectually developed to the top of her bent by an exceedingly clever father, but without any particular object in life, was severely bitten by Socialism. Her father, being old-fashioned in his views, and a rigid Conservative, found Delia's line very little to his liking; it was not at all the result he had looked for from his training. But the girl, having inherited a strong independent nature, could not be kept in leading strings. After reaching years of discretion, she, as a matter of conscience, took her own way. Uncomfortable discussions and dissensions led eventually to her leaving her home in Birmingham and taking up life in London on an allowance from her father. There she fell in with the Woman Movement, and with all the generous impulse of her temperament, allowed herself to be swept into it as an active worker for the cause.

The picture we are given of Delia's fellow-workers is by no means entirely beautiful. She encountered much that was petty, poor, and unattractive. In the person of a certain Mrs. Dickerson she found a very unlovely type—a woman who having given the best years of her life to the Cause was consumed by a jealous desire that her work might be recognised at its full worth, and the credit she had most justly earned be accorded her. There was something great in her, yet something curiously little—it is a very rare and excellent little bit of character drawing. She would have laid down her life to further the work, but very bitterly she resented the fact that there fell to Delia, the young, fresh, and beautiful girl, a genuine chance for self-sacrifice. This is the unique bit of the story. A man, over-rich, sick of life without any object strayed into a meeting at which Delia was speaking, and, being in a mood to grasp at straws, was caught by her personality, promptly falling in love with her. On hearing her name he discovered that he already knew it, for she had written to him, as the well-known millionaire, for a large sum of money for the Cause. He felt uncomfortably hot at the recollection of how he had answered that letter, and wished with all his heart that he had responded to it with the

donation required. Now, he felt, he had cut himself entirely adrift from the possibility of winning her, or even getting to know her. But Delia was not to be non-plussed so easily. Manning-Brown received another letter from Delia: "Set me something to do which will prove, even to you, that I am sincere," she pleads. He hit upon the maddest test ever conceived. She should have the ten thousand pounds for her poorer sisters if she would consent to marry a common labourer. "The conditions should be easy: it would be a nominal alliance. At the year's end she should be free to rejoin her fellow women workers with the sum they needed. But for a year she must share his dwelling, work for him, live on the pittance that he earned, experience the lot of a woman of the people."

To this Delia consented. It is unnecessary to say that Manning-Brown himself masqueraded as the labourer. The situation, it will be easily seen, was one fraught with possibilities, and Miss Smedley treats it most successfully. It is not without its humorous side, but they do not jar upon the deeper, and the sum total is an exceedingly interesting, well-balanced book.

E. L. H.

Verses.

THE FLOWER FACTORY.

By FLORENCE WILKINSON.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one,
one by one—

Little children who have never learned to play:
Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache to-day,
Tiny Fiametta nodding when the twilight slips in,
gray.

High above the clattering street, ambulance and
fire-gong beat,

They sit, curling crimson petals, one by one, one
by one.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They have never seen a rose-bush nor a dewdrop
in the sun.

They will dream of the vendetta, Teresina,
Fiametta,

Of a Black Hand and a Face behind a grating;
They will dream of cotton petals, endless, crimson,
suffocating,

Never of a wild-rose thicket nor the singing of a
cricket,

But the ambulance will bellow through the wan-
ness of their dreams,

And their tired lids will flutter with the street's
hysteric screams.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one,
one by one,

Let them have a long, long play-time, Lord of Toil,
when toil is done!

Fill their baby hands with roses, joyous roses of
the sun.

McClure's Magazine.

*By Constance Smedley. (Constable.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)