

rapidly as possible, called up the subscribers in Folsom by telephone.

In this way she called up forty different families, giving them all an opportunity to escape, being finally overwhelmed by the current of water while at her work.

The telephone exchange was utterly destroyed and carried away, and the body of the brave woman was subsequently found twelve miles distant from Folsom in a mutilated condition.

Though it was covered with debris, the telephone receiver was still fixed to her head, being the means of her identification and the evidence that she had died at her post.

Those who are distinguished for exceptional bravery on the battle-field are rightly rewarded with the Victoria Cross "for valour," but the quiet courage which inspires an act such as that recorded above, performed, not in the excitement of the battle-field, but in the lonely office, in the face of certain death, is of a quality which commands not only our admiration but our reverence.

Book of the Week.

THE SWORD DECIDES.*

Miss Marjorie Bowen is to be congratulated upon having quite a style of her own, and one that is very effective in a historical novel. Her writing is not crude though it is of crude times she writes. Here, in "The Sword Decides," the touch is bold and masterly.

Roberto, King of Naples, was a usurper; by rights his elder brother Charles should have come to the throne. Seeking to make reparation late in life, Roberto insisted upon betrothing his elder daughter, Giovanna, to Charles' younger son, Andreas, that he might come to his own without displacing Giovanna. The arrangement was pleasing to neither bride nor bridegroom, but while Giovanna regarded it as the downfall of her dearest ambition, Andreas looked upon it as a tiresome but necessary tie for the securing of his rightful kingdom. They were married by proxy, never having seen each other, and Andreas hastened from Hungary, of which his brother Ludovic, was King, to be present at Naples when the old King died, and take his place in the impending coronation as Giovanna's equal.

It must be confessed that Giovanna had grounds for her distaste to the union when it came to her ears that it was Andreas' intention to place her in a convent after their marriage, and reign supreme. Her lord was nothing more than an ambitious headstrong boy, splendid in strength and build; it was in Giovanna's hands to have won him, perhaps in his to have won her, but for the fact that she had no heart to win. All the softness and tenderness of womanhood seemed to be embodied in her equally lovely, but less illusive, sister, Maria d'Anjou, openly betrothed to King Ludovic of Hungary, but actually being used as a pawn in a very different game, by the relentless Giovanna.

Despite one warning after another, young Andreas reached Naples, and took his stand at the

* By Marjorie Bowen. (Alston Rivers.)

bedside of his dying uncle. It seemed something of a triumph that he should be proclaimed King by Roberto before the nobles, and that they should be forced to take the oath of allegiance to him as well as to Giovanna—all save one obeying the old King. But that one counted at the moment as all Naples—he and Giovanna. Andreas' triumph was short-lived. With the aid of her ally, the brutal Raymond de Cabane, Giovanna managed to be proclaimed to her people alone, Queen of Naples. For this, and upon the final achievement of her coronation without Andreas, Raymond de Cabane claimed as reward the hand of Maria d'Anjou, despite her betrothal to the King of Hungary—Raymond, the son of a slave and a negro, from whom Maria shrank with horror. But Giovanna allowed nothing to stand in her way. She was a woman entirely without scruples, as is to be seen in her treatment of the splendid boy Andreas. It was not enough that she should lie to him; he and his Hungarian friends and followers were flouted and humiliated at every turn, and strange to say the cruelty and injustice of it brought out all that was best and finest in the Prince, till he achieved a grandeur that should have moved a heart of stone.

The working out of his development, the subtle nature of Giovanna, the contrast between the brothers Andreas and Ludovic, and the sisters Maria and Giovanna deserve high praise. The book is strong, healthy, and well worth reading.

E. L. H.

STILL SEPTEMBER.

Mists of pale silver o'er the bare gold fields,
Long line of purple o'er the hill,
Sough of soft water when the bracken yields
To the swift tumble of the rill;
Droop of the white leaves where the rowans hang,
Where in the Springtime lovely thrushes sang.

Sigh of the wind across the bare gold fields,
Call of the curlew from the steep,
Fall of the leaves like flash of golden shields
In the hush'd woodland's tawny deep;
While still September, with a bounteous hand,
Scatters her red-gold o'er the splendid land.

AUGUSTA HANCOCK,
In the *Evening Standard*.

COMING EVENTS.

September 28th—October 12th.—International Congress on Tuberculosis. President Roosevelt will preside on the opening day.

October 12th—15th.—Conference of the National Union of Women Workers, in the Music Hall, Aberdeen.

October 14th and 15th.—Meeting of the National Council of Women in the Hall of the Y.M.C.A., Institute. October 14th, 3—5. October 15th, 2.30—4.30.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"In earthly races
To winners only do the heralds call;
But oh! in yonder high and holy places,
Success is nothing, and the work is all.

DEAN FARRAR.

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