

healing would have turned the impulsive Marcella into such an efficient Nurse as Mrs. Humphry Ward describes. Marcella tends a Jewish woman, whose life has been endangered by a drunken doctor, and Marcella points out when he again arrives, with hands that shook from the effects of drink, "that he was in a fair way to endanger it again." The doctor is enraged, and, after a sharp passage at arms, he passes out sneering.

"A precious superior lot you lady-nurses think yourselves, I daresay. I'd sooner have one old Camp than the whole boiling of you!" Marcella eyed him sternly, her nostrils tightening, 'Will you go?' she said. He gave her a furious glance and plunged down the stairs outside breathing threats. Marcella put her hand to her head a moment, and drew a long breath. There was a certain piteousness in the action, a consciousness of youth and strain."

Minta Hurd, the wife of the poacher, lives with Marcella in London as a sort of confidential servant—her personality and her rather peculiar mental attitude towards Marcella are graphically depicted. Marcella lives her life among the sick poor and gets injured trying to save a woman from the fury of a drunken husband, and Aldous Raeburn, who happens to be passing, comes to her assistance, and after a series of dallies, he and Marcella come together again, and the tender scene of their reconciliation closes the last chapter of the last volume. One of Marcella's friends makes a criticism which the reader will feel has some point in it. "How like a woman! A few ill-housed villagers make you a democrat. A few well-paid London artisans will carry you safely back to your class."

Wharton is the most interesting male character in the novel. Aldous Raeburn strikes one as being as monotonously well-intentional and as uniformly, though courteously didactic, as that immortal prig King Arthur himself. One hopes in vain, page after page, chapter after chapter, to discover the tiniest little fault or human failing to make him interesting. I hear some people complain that the whole novel, especially the third volume, is too political to be interesting, and that many chapters read like a pamphlet. Being personally deeply interested in politics, I do not agree with this criticism, though doubtless those who do not care for modern history may find it dull. The human love, interest, and the tragedy of Hurd, and the even greater tragedy of Wharton, are so woven into the story, that they sustain and carry on the reader's interest, and even if some pages do deal exclusively with the burning socialistic questions of the day, they are so ably written and show such deep comprehension and sympathy with both sides of the momentous problem, that I read them with the keenest curiosity and interest. When so much is admirable it seems hypercritical to pick out blemishes, but I cannot understand why Mrs. Humphry Ward has bestowed such peculiarly, unattractive and unsuggestive names upon her characters. "Boyce" does not sound anything to my imagination, and Aldous Raeburn twists the mouth every time the name is read aloud. Lord Maxwell is a dull name for such an attractive old nobleman, and even the minor personages are all endowed with names that seldom seem to suit with their characters and individualities. The French and Thackeray have taught us that there is a great deal in

a name, and George Eliot must have been keenly alive to the desirableness of a thoughtful choice of christian and surname before she wrote "Adam Bede" or "Middlemarch."
A. M. G.

Reviews.

"Kelly's London Medical Directory." (Kelly and Co., 6s. 6d.). This publication, which is now in its sixth year of issue, represents a very useful addition to the other well-known publications issued by this firm. It evidently has been compiled with great care. Its list of Metropolitan Vestries and Superintendent Registrars is very complete, and will be found especially useful.

"Foods for the Fat." By Nathaniel E. York-Davies. (Chatto & Windus. One Shilling.)—This is, according to its sub-title, the scientific cure of corpulency, a disease, according to the author, and one which "creeps on until it entangles in its toils" a considerable number of individuals. The key note to the book is given in the introductory remarks—"A medical adviser, who says to the victim of corpulency, you must avoid a diet containing sugar and starch, the principal fatteners, generally gets the reply, 'But, Doctor, I don't know what articles do'"—a remark which, if not entirely grammatical, is certainly expressive. But the author continues—though the sequence is difficult to discover—that the sufferer, perhaps, "consults some quack, who robs him and ruins his constitution. Under these circumstances life becomes a burden, and if the victim be well to do—and generally he is—he is debarred the pleasures of hunting, fishing, shooting, and all other enjoyable outdoor exercises." We do not quite understand why the ignorance of the patient as to the constitution of his food should cause his abandonment of these rural occupations. It is, however, satisfactory to find that if the corpulent "read this little work," and obtain "the assistance" of someone who thoroughly understands "dietetics"—the inference being obvious—they will lose fat "to the extent of from twelve to sixteen pounds a month." This must be very satisfactory, and we can only hope that "such people" are not expected to read "this little work" for very long, or continue the assistance before-mentioned for a very lengthened period. With reference to the book itself, so far as we can gather, there seems to be a great deal that is true, but little that strikes us as being particularly novel. It can do no harm, and if carefully read will certainly give the sufferer some knowledge of "what articles do" suit fat people.

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