

Complaint of the lack of thoroughly educated intelligent girls is made by the best commercial houses and offices, though of girls of Class 3 there is no lack.

We learn from a contemporary that we are to have a new "Woman's Weekly" paper. "The great feature of the new paper is that it will treat the news of the day from the women's point of view. The editor is Mr. Charles Tibbits." Please Mr. Charles Tibbits can you wash a baby?

How weary women are of these women's papers made by men!

A Book of the Week.

"THE MAKING OF A SAINT."*

So extremely individual was Mr. Maugham's first attempt, "Liza of Lambeth," that his new novel was awaited with much expectancy. In it, he has broken entirely fresh ground. From the slums of Lambeth he flies to the Tuscan plains of mediæval Italy; and gives us a glimpse of the life that Italy lived in Boccaccio's days, of selfishness and vice, treachery and intrigue, mingled with youth, beauty, and the strength of living. The story is a combination of love and politics, like Mr. Anthony Hope's "Chronicles of Count Antonio." One thinks of "Fiammetta, laurel-crowned" as one reads of the lovely ladies, so easily wooed by any idle young cavalier, who happens to have a day on his hands, in the intervals of fighting, plotting, or assassinating.

Mr. Maugham is a true artist, and he has projected his own mind so vividly into the times he writes of, that they start into being before us with much the same force that made us realize that Bank 'Oliday van and its occupants in his first book. But as one reads, one cannot help asking oneself, what can possibly be the object of writing such a book? The realism of "Liza" was defensible. The thing was painful, horrible, but Liza is in our midst, and by showing her as she is, it is possible to stir up the hearts of her sister women in this great London, to feel for, and possibly to relieve, her state.

But this is not the case with a tale of Boccaccio's day. There is nothing in that sensual period that deserves to live. No good can (it seems to me) be derived by tearing one's heart strings with its cruelties, or sickening one with its impurities.

Even in those days there must have been good women and brave men among the others; but Mr. Maugham fails to find them for us.

One loves the hero, Filippo Brandolini. He is not a traitor, at least to men. That he should himself defile the woman whom he appears to love genuinely, and whom he ultimately makes his wife, seems to a Celtic, as opposed to a Latin, mind, incomprehensible enough; and, to a feminine intelligence, it is equally incomprehensible that a man, who finds that a woman will stop short at nothing for his sake, should yet be able to feel certain that she will not so favour any other man.

One would have thought the mere accessibility of Donna Giulia would have betrayed her to any sanely-judging man; and it is hard to believe that her worthlessness could have come as a surprise to him, or that he could have felt the loss of such an ignoble thing

* "The Making of a Saint." By W. S. Maugham. Fisher Unwin.

deeply enough to feel that the world was henceforth dust and ashes to him.

Had one been able, in the least, to feel for his infatuation for this woman, his story would be more sympathetic. The attraction seems purely animal from first to last.

It seems to me that in saying so much, I am doing injustice to the brilliant vitality of the writing. The struggle between the Count and Checco, with its unavoidable termination, the character of Caterina, the glimpse that one gets of the Magnifico, the plots and counterplots, the behaviour of the Protonotary, all combine to make up a canvas glowing with life and action. It is a pity that one's dream of the Renaissance should here and there be broken up by such expressions as "Hurry up," in the mouth of the characters; but the history of the times, of the seething enmities and jealous plots in those little, self-important States, and the picture of life altogether as it was, in some of its more sordid aspects, *bien entendu*, is of real value.

However, we feel a great confidence that Mr. Maugham will give us better work than this,—better in matter, not manner,—that he will give us the life history of a man who was strong and steadfast, of a man who struggled and strove, and did not fail.

G. M. R.

Majuba Hill.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet,
And where our English chivalry?
Wild grasses are their burial sheet,
And howling winds their threnody!
Oh, loved ones, lying far away,
What words of love can dead lips send?
Oh wasted dust, oh senseless clay,
Is this the end? Is this the end?

[It is reported that the graves of the English soldiers who fell at Majuba Hill are uncared for.]

WHAT TO READ.

- "A History of the Indian Mutiny and of the disturbances which accompanied it among the civil population." By T. Rice Holmes.
- "Egypt in 1898." By G. W. Steevens.
- "The House of the Hidden Treasure." By Maxwell Gray.
- "The Ambition of Judith." By Olive Birrell.
- "Wives in Exile." A Comedy in Romance. By William Sharp.
- "The Starling." A Scotch Story. By Norman Macleod.
- "Tales and Sketches of the Welsh Border." By M. Hartley.
- "The Thought Rope." By Christabel Coleridge.
- "The Grandissimes." A Story of Creole Life. By George W. Cable. Re-issue, with an introductory note by J. M. Barrie.

Coming Events.

- July 29th.—The Annual Meeting of the Registered Nurses' Society, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, 5 p.m.
- August 1st.—The Holidays.

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