

The Congress held in Paris to consider the terrible question of the traffic in girls for immoral purposes is just closed. During its sessions M. Lardy, Swiss Minister in Paris, proposed the introduction of international legislation for the repression of the traffic, not by the imposition of fines, but by imprisonment. An international police force, he said, should be established to cope with the cleverness of those engaged in the traffic. President Loubet assured M. Lardy of his solicitude for the aims of the Congress, and laid emphasis on the necessity for all civilised countries to furnish a remedy for a state of affairs which caused alarm even to the indifferent. It was not possible, he said, that what had been done for the protection of small birds should not be done in a question of which the moral importance was so much greater.

A Book of the Week.

LOVE WITH HONOUR.*

"The Column" was such a remarkable achievement for a young writer, that considerable interest is aroused by the appearance of Mr. Marriott's new book.

In almost every respect this is superior to its predecessor—which is high praise; and yet it shows Mr. Marriott's limitations, with a clearness which the earlier book left in doubt.

To be brief, the writer talks too much about his characters, and does not let us see them enough in action. He will not let them speak for themselves. Whenever they do, they are charming; but at the end of the book one is left in the state of wishing ardently to know Mark and Laura intimately, and of being on the most distant terms, having only decided that they are interesting, a trifle *bizarre*—certainly worth cultivating.

One can understand that Mr. Marriott had many thoughts about them both, which he has not put into words; but it is undoubtedly the unwelcome duty of the reviewer to state that so little has he succeeded in conveying to the reader the state of affairs, that, when Mark—whom we imagine to be hardly more on speaking terms with the lady than one is with the nice boy who brings the groceries—"drew her to him, and, as one calming a child, kissed her slowly and quietly on the mouth," one has the instant impulse to resent such impertinence.

But, on the other hand, if he cannot let you into the secret of the *rapprochement* of two human beings, what about his extraordinarily subtle knowledge of the influence of Nature upon the solitary? What of his feeling for music, for a woman's beauty, for heather and grass, and the clear eyes of a little child? He has the limpid, gipsy view of life, subtle and simple at once. Some of his phrases creep into the very recesses of consciousness, and it is felt how deeply he has been impressed by life.

Yet perhaps the cleverest parts of the story are those which take one to the life of a Soho *café*.

For this book has a real plot. It is subtly constructed. The web of destiny draws into its meshes the lives of the chief actors with a directness, a secrecy, a slow, unwavering patience, which is most true to life. The passing acquaintance of the so-called Danvers with Mark; the haunting "Song of

the Morning," which is the only memory of the man which Mark carries away; his careless whistling of the same as he passes under the high wall of a dim, mysterious old garden in the West; and the cold wave of memory and conscience which oversweeps the listening woman within, who thought the grass was growing over the grave of her long-past sin.

Major Vassall is a quite delightful person, but clipped off short by Mr. Marriott's limitations. He is charming when he is merely chatting, or working in his garden; called upon to take an active part in the story, he is curiously ineffective.

Joseph Ainger, the artistic workman, is another refreshing character; such an one may Chippendale himself have been—with a feeling for the essential points in the lines of even a hay-waggon—with a pure delight in the making of a really satisfactory joint.

When Mr. Marriott's characters cease to be to him merely objects of intelligent interest, or artistic merit, or fantastic beauty, and become real men and women, then he will be a truly great novelist.

G. M. R.

Proverbs in Song.

Time is the Rider who breaks in Youth.

More red than the ruby a vesture she dyed her,

Greener than emerald wove her a gown;

And her heart was winged with the wings of light,
The Dawn-song was hers and the Song of the Night;

More shining than gold she fashioned her crown,

But she met a grey Rider who knew no ruth—

Time is the Rider, Time the grey Rider,

Time is the Rider who breaks in Youth.

Over her crimson the web of the spider,

Over her raiment thick lies the dust.

The gold of her crown is dented and tarnished,

Her chamber for new guests is swept and regar-
nished,

Her treasure consumed by moth and rust.

For Time met a Rider who knows no ruth—

Death is the Rider, Death the pale Rider

Who overthrows Time and re-captures Youth.

UNA TAYLOR.

—*Westminster Gazette*.

What to Read.

"An Autumn Tour in Western Persia." By C. R. Durand.

"Ahana." By K. M. Edge.

"The Wings of the Dove." By Henry James.

"The Kentons." By W. D. Howells.

"Honey." By Helen Mathers.

"Love with Honour." By Charles Marriott.

Coming Events.

August 9th.—Coronation of their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra at Westminster Abbey.

August 11th.—Queen Alexandra distributes medals to the members of the staffs of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals who served during the late war, in the garden of Devonshire House, Piccadilly. 4 p.m.

* By Charles Marriott. John Lane.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)