

visit of homage. The fine upstanding oaks, under which the tame grey squirrel enjoys a feast, the acres of mossy sward, the wealth of lovely flowers, the memories of the fine race who lived there, lovers of country — albeit on the losing side — when North and South met in the death grip. Why cannot the bones of our braves have equal honour, so that in time to come those who visit South Africa could make pilgrimage to our Field of the Dead? All these brothers in arms would sleep the warmer side by side in something of the comradeship which animated their fine *esprit de corps* in life.

There is an interesting article in the St. Petersburg *Novosty* which deals with the biographical details concerning the early life of Madame Curie, the gifted lady to whom is due the wonderful discovery of radium. The writer of the article, M. Rousakoff, was a pupil of Madame Curie's father, M. Sklodovsky, Professor of Physics at a Warsaw college. It was there where Madame Curie was born. The father's devotion to experimental science was all-absorbing; theories, in his opinion, were of secondary importance, and never a lesson passed in which he did not prove a theory by a practical experiment, and, being too poor to keep an assistant, he had to clean his own tubes and phials.

When his little daughter was old enough she took this task off her father's hands, and came in time to be known as the *professorovna* for her absorbing love of science. The writer of the article ends his interesting sketch by remarking laconically: "Perhaps if the Russian Government had been more generous towards the physical laboratories of its colleges, M. Sklodovsky would never have allowed his little girl to be initiated into the secrets of science."

A Book of the Week.

AN INTERESTING NOVEL.

If a good story, well told, with the interest sustained up to the very last, a character-study of real humanity, carrying conviction with it, and a new point of view brought to bear upon old familiar facts of life and love that affect every living creature—if all these can make a novel readable and worthy of the reading, then Mrs. Baillie Reynolds's "Phoebe in Fetters" (John Murray) is both. It is some time since we found a book so absorbingly attractive while so unpretentious. There is no startlingly new "problem" or far-fetched incident to give it distinction. It is the treatment alone which makes it stand out from the ruck—the treatment and, perhaps, the vivid realisation of the little heroine, the girl Phoebe.

Phoebe is a young, talented, and ardent girl, with a father, brilliant and adored, who is yet a hopeless failure physically and financially. Her mother is crushed down and beaten by the hopeless years of narrow struggle that she has had to fight. There are young brothers and sisters growing up among pitifully sordid surroundings. Finally, there is the lover who can change all this if Phoebe will give him the right. He has not the surface qualities, to the eyes of a young girl, of the Fairy Prince. Phoebe's first feeling is one of revulsion.

"Thank you," she said, "thank you; you are very kind. I—feel your kindness very much. But

you cannot have thought it possible that I should take advantage of your generosity. I—I am; of course, a person of no importance, and you may think it ridiculous that I should demand anything of Fate. But I do. I have only one life to live, one self to give; and I must give it to a man who loves me, whom I love, or keep it intact. I am grateful to you, more than I can say; but that would be a poor reason for marrying you."

"Let us sit down here . . . and talk this thing out," said the man, earnestly. "Phoebe, tell me in sincerity, out of your personal experience, how many cases have you known in which the perfect marriage you describe has come about? I do not think that gratitude would be at all a poor reason for marrying me."

"She smiled. 'You talk like a person who has had the small-pox, and so is not afraid of infection. But I have still to know love, and have not any defence against it, should it come to me.'"

That last sentence gives a key to the fearless, right-minded instincts of the girl that secures for her the reader's sympathy. She is superlatively innocent of most things vital; but she has the courage of the little knowledge she possesses, and she puts the right value upon her womanhood.

Circumstances and the lover win their way. Then comes the strongest scene in the book. Convinced by his confession to her of a previous passion that his desire for her is tepid and friendly, Phoebe enters into what she expects to find a marriage of friendship only. Her awakening (and her husband's) is told in a way that may almost be called masterly, so delicate it is, yet so convincing and so human. The end shall not be described here. Every reader will go on till he reaches it. We predict a great success for "Phoebe."

A. L. G. H.

Behold the Flower of the Field.

As the delicate flower grows concealed
Till its perfect beauty may be revealed;
So the soul unfolds in its sheath of clay,
Till it blooms in the light of eternal day.

What to Read.

"April Twilights." Poems. By Willa Sibert Catter.

"Indian Summer, and other Poems." By James Courtney Challiss.

"Turkish Life in Town and Country." By Lucy M. J. Garnett.

"The Real Siberia, together with an Account of a Dash through Manchuria." By John Foster Fraser.

"Victoria, Queen and Ruler." By Emily Crawford.

"The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen."

"The Evolution of Local and Imperial Government from the Teutonic Conquest to the Present Day." By E. Mary Fordham. With a Preface by Sir Walter Foster.

Coming Events.

March 4th.—Women's National Liberal Association, Palace Chambers, Westminster. Address on "State Registration of Trained Nurses," by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick.

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