

Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Gore. In the afternoon a visit to Bournville is arranged, prior to which Mr. and Mrs. George Cadbury will entertain at luncheon speakers and members of the Council.

The evidence of Miss Flora Shaw, the *Times* correspondent in connection with the Jameson Raid, will long be remembered. Subsequently she married Sir Frederick Lugard, who has been High Commissioner in Nigeria for some years. Lady Lugard, who was a brilliant journalist, has happily not laid down her pen, and we are shortly to have a book by her on our West African Colonies. It will be awaited with interest.

The Social Democrats at Budapest stopped work last week in all factories and proceeded to the Houses of Parliament on the opening day to deliver to the President of the Lower House of the Diet a petition for the passage of a Universal Suffrage Bill.

The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* devotes its first article to "Two Russian Heroines," Mlle. Yakovenko, a young girl of twenty-two, belonging to the best Russian society, who is the only woman to win the Cross of the Order of St. George, gained by her services as ambulance attendant; and Mlle. Smolko, who at eighteen years of age managed to be engaged by the general staff of the army guarding the Russian frontier, chiefly owing to her knowledge of languages and local dialects. In the China War she served as a hospital nurse; and in the present war she enlisted, always as interpreter, in a regiment of Cossacks, and somehow managed to get absolutely into the ranks. Her comrades took her for a young recruit, and so cool was she, and such an expert shot, that they conceived the greatest respect for this "young boy." As a boy she was presented to General Rennenkampf, who had her regularly enrolled in the division of Cossacks without pay. Both ladies have been wounded.

There are sinister accounts from the Rand of the way in which white women have been treated by Chinese coolies. One Chinaman has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment and fifteen lashes for his treatment of a white woman. The introduction of Chinese labour into South Africa for the convenience of the gold-mining companies is a policy which seems likely to bear bitter fruit. Even diamonds may be bought too dearly.

A Book of the Week.

BECAUSE OF JOCK.*

The delight of Miss Haverfield's books consists largely in one's conviction that she will use only the materials of every-day life, and will fashion from them a delightful story. The trivial round and common task furnish all she needs to ask in order to procure the material for our entertainment. In the eyes of many of us this is high virtue. We of the nursing profession have to deal with real life; we do not live in the fairylands of romance, neither do we live—Heaven be praised!—in the Smart Set. Therefore we like to hear what can be made of the Common Life by those who choose to live not entirely on the surface. Jane Austen, it is said, likened her own matchless talent to miniature painting on a very small square of ivory. We cannot assign such limits to the writing of

* By Eleanor L. Haverfield. (George Allen.)

Eleanor Haverfield, because, though her field is narrow, her gaze is deep. There is a depth and a height in her work which Jane Austen never sought to attain.

One thing which has come (evidently) very forcibly under the personal observation of this observant writer is the subject of hysteria. It is common enough nowadays; quite a feature of the Life Ordinary. One hardly knows a single family which is not more or less in bondage to that member of it who is in the grip of nerves. The hysterical subject in this story is a girl who has pretty well everything that heart could desire; she is young, pretty, the only surviving child of dotting parents, and the betrothed of a perfectly charming man, one Cecil Thornton. This girl, Fan, is accustomed to being the centre of her small provincial world, and of her comfortable home. She becomes engaged to Cecil not because she loves him, for her nature is only capable of self-love, but because he urgently desires it, and because the neighbourhood seems to expect it, and because he feeds her own excellent opinion of herself. Her utter absence of the love which will make sacrifices, is shown at the first pinch. She is not going out to India with him. He must give up his career and come home and marry her.

The man, though shaken, is not disillusioned. His is such a limpid, true nature, that the idea of Fan's unworthiness could never present itself. When he does come home, it is to find the girl's health shattered. She has had a blow, at hockey, and the results have not passed off. In point of fact, having tasted the delight of being the centre of attraction, the subject of debate, the sufferer from some obscure and mysterious and baffling disorder, Fan cannot and will not give up the fascinating rôle of interesting invalid. The part of the book which tells of her lover's return, of his dealings with her, his fight against disappointment, his hope and his love and his self-denial, is by far the best, and is of most exceptionally high quality.

But since his separation from Fan, another factor has crept into the man's life. This factor is Jock.

Cecil Thornton was outside Swan and Edgar's shop on the morning of a sale, just as the crowd of women were fighting each other to get in and capture bargains. Just in front of Cecil, a ragged young fellow plunged a hand into a lady's pocket and stole her purse. Cecil seized him by the wrist, and then—it is all most exquisitely told—he became aware that the fellow was not drunk, but starving, and also that he was a gentleman. Being himself just that particular thing, a gentleman down to the tips of his fingers, Thornton took the despairing young ne'er-do-weel home to his rooms, gave him food and money and help and friendship, started him in the right path, and continued to befriend him.

Jock had a sister, Elspeth, whom the affairs of her brother threw across the path of her brother's saviour. This girl possessed in reality all those qualities which poor Thornton believed himself to have found in Fan. It would not be fair to the writer to divulge the working out of this theme. It is a most thoughtful bit of work, full of suggestive touches. And, in any notice of Miss Haverfield's work, we must never omit the "Chorus," which is her special talent, the little coterie of oldmaid ladies, the Colonel, and all the others who looked on and made their comments upon the main situation. They are quite admirable, and show a keenness of humour which the writer might allow more free play in all her work. It could never lead her wrong.

G. M. R.

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