

endure even unto death—words of fire to bring covering to heel the expedient, and to uplift the soul strenuous unto the everlasting hills. Would that the Church had more such men in high places. Who then would dare to flout the Lords Spiritual with the well-deserved taunt of worldliness, in Christ's disciples the most deadly sin of sins.

Of the visit to Bournville, the model "cocoa village," by the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. George Cadbury, we must write another day, it was quite one of the most delightful experiences to be stored away in memory and kept bright by comparison with sad and disheartening times.

Royal Commission on Poor Law.

The Women's Local Government Society, on behalf of a number of influential Societies of Women, has forwarded an address to the Prime Minister, respectfully recommending in the interests of the poor who come under the control of the Poor Law and consist largely of women, children, and the sick and defective, the inclusion in the Royal Commission (which will consider Poor Law administration) of a fair number of women experienced in Poor Law administration and social questions.

A Book of the Week.

THE BLACK SPANIEL.*

Of Mr. Hichens' many moods, none is more excellent in its way than his speculations concerning animals and reincarnation. He is what we call nowadays, convincing. That is, to some people. Mr. Chesterton says that the mission of Mr. Bernard Shaw is either to convince or to enrage us; this might be said with almost equal truth about Mr. Hichens. Never, perhaps, was a book written concerning which opinions were more divided than "The Garden of Allah." And some critics have dismissed "The Black Spaniel" as so far-fetched that it is merely enraging.

To the present reviewer the story is a story of genuine horror. It belongs to that category which provides a *frisson* not by what it says, but by what it leaves unsaid. Most people will remember the tragedy of the little dog "Felix"; of the awful crepitation of the skin that it produced; far worse than anything which the description of the opium den could furnish. The same kind of thrill will be experienced by readers of "The Black Spaniel."

But for those who do not love to sup on horrors, Mr. Hichens supplies in the second story in this collection, a very different sensation. "The Mission of Mr. Greyne" is one of the wildest bits of fooling that has been published for a long time.

Mrs. Greyne is a great and popular novelist.

"Respectability incarnate, she had so dealt with the sorrows and evils of the world that she rendered them utterly acceptable to Mrs. Grundy, Mr. Grundy, and all the Misses Grundy. People said she dived into the depths of human nature, and brought up nothing that need scandalise a curate's grandmother, or the whole-aunt of an arch-deacon."

(Perhaps in his heart, Mr. Hichens is inclined to undervalue the vast talents required for this achievement.)

* By Robert Hichens. (Methuen.)

This redoubtable lady has married a young husband of the most correct, the most inane type—one who has never got into mischief, and considers his wife Delphic. Now, Mrs. Greyne is anxious for the purposes of her forthcoming novel "Catherine's Repentance," to obtain details concerning African frailty. She sends her husband to Algiers to collect the required data. This he proceeds to do, with an ever-increasing relish, with the aid of a frisky little woman who has been masquerading in the Greyne household as a French governess. Mrs. Greyne grows uneasy at the protracted absence of her beloved, and proceeds to Algiers to fetch him back. He does not know of her intentions, and she finds him absent, on his self-sacrificing quest of frailty, when she arrives at the hotel. A guide, Abdallah Jack, volunteers to lead her to her husband.

"I don't think you quite understand my husband," says Mrs. Greyne majestically "Whatever he may have done, he has done at my special request."

"Madame says?"

"I say that in all his proceedings while in Algiers Mr. Greyne has been acting under my directions."

Abdallah Jack fixed his enormous eyes upon her.

"You are his wife, and told him to come here, and do as he has done?"

"Ye-yes," faltered Mrs. Greyne, for the first time in her life feeling as if she were being escorted towards the criminal dock by a jailor with Puritan tendencies.

"Then it is true what they say on the shores of the great canal," he remarked composedly.

"What do they say?" inquired Mrs. Greyne.

"That England is a land of female devils," returned the guide.

After the sardonic humour of this tale, the others in the collection are relatively of small importance. But they are all good, every one.

Perhaps the one called "The Spinster" is the best.
G. M. R.

Resolve

To keep my health
To do my work
To live

To see to it I grow and gain and give,
Never to look behind me for an hour
To wait in weakness, and to walk in power;
But always fronting onward to the light,
Always and always facing toward the right.
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen wide astray—
On, with what strength I have
Back to the way.

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON, in the
A. M. and G. Booklet.

Coming Events.

November 8th.—Irish Nurses' Association. Lecture by Dr. Kirkpatrick on "History of Vaccination," 86, Lower Leeson Street, Dublin.

November 11th.—The Registered Nurses' Society's At Home to members and friends, 4 to 6 p.m.; 431, Oxford Street, W.

November 8th, 15th, and 22nd.—A Course of Lectures on "The Art of Living," by Mrs. Creighton, at the Graham Street High School, Eaton Square. Fee for the course, 1s. 6d.; single lectures, 6d.; 11.45 a.m.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)