

silk hat exclaimed with mock heroics, "And not one of them married!" His face was a study as one of ready wit flashed back at him, "Anyway, not one of them would marry *you!*" Ironical cheers from some navvies were divested of their ironical ring by the words, "We thank you, gentlemen, your are very kind."

Again Dick, digging Harry in the ribs, appeared to be urging him to action repugnant to his better instinct, to judge from his reply: "For why won't I? Cos they's good plucked 'uns, that's why." Just so, courage never plays a losing game, and pluck is still the ideal of the British boy. Two little lads on the curb, tattered ragamuffins, pinched and blue, pointed another lesson. "When mothers have votes starving children will not be seen in the streets of the richest city in the world."

Altogether the little party of matrons and nurses walking together in rows of four with their Red Cross badge in evidence, thoroughly enjoyed the experience, and they are never likely to forget the great and enthusiastic meeting, crammed to the ceiling, held in Exeter Hall, to demand from Parliament the removal of sex disability in connection with the Franchise. The array of banners, inspiring music, witty speeches, and most important of all, the deep sense of human responsibility with which every man and woman present appeared to be inspired, combined to make an hour through which it was good to live.

E. G. F.

### Opportunities.

It is not the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone  
That gives you a little heartache  
At the setting of the sun.  
The kind words left unspoken,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flowers you might have sent, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.  
The stone you might have lifted  
Out of a brother's way,  
The bit of heartsome counsel  
You were hurried too much to say,  
The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle winsome tone,  
That you had no time nor thought for,  
With troubles enough of your own.  
These little acts of kindness  
So easily out of mind,  
These chances to be angels  
Which even mortals find.  
They come in night and silence,  
Each chill reproachful wraith,  
When hope is faint and flagging  
And the blight has dropped on faith.  
For it is not the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
That gives the bitter heartache  
At the setting of the sun.

[ANON.]

### Book of the Week.

#### THE EXPENSIVE MISS DU CANE.\*

We simply revel in a new story by the author of "A Lame Dog's Diary." This new volume is in the same charming discursive style, the same day-to-day chronicle, which, while not pretending to be a rigidly constructed novel, conceals beneath its air of gentle, free-and-easy humour, a store of rare qualities and fine touches, a depth and a richness which are as unusual as they are delightful.

If we could find it in our hearts to quarrel with such a book, we should complain that we are not prepared to be so lacerated as the conclusion of the dainty comedy leaves us. We have something of the sense of outrage which is produced by the last chapter of "The Kentucky Cardinal." But the author may retort upon us that we should be warned. The final thrust is not gratuitous but inevitable. The seeds of weakness are in Geoffrey from the first chapter onward; and if we cannot see that such a man would not stand a test, why then, we ought to. Nevertheless, we feel that the glamour of Hesketh surrounds Geoffrey to us as it did to Hetty Du Cane. It is impossible to us to criticise him dispassionately, though we share Agnes's misgivings from the first. The one who has nothing for him but fair trust, and such love as should send a man trembling to his knees in wild thanksgiving, is the one who must bear the whole force of the blow with no preliminary hint to soften it.

Every member of that house-party lives and breathes before us. Dear, dear Sir Ferdinand, the unselfish, comprehending gentleman, whose notion of time and of entertaining his guests is such a joke, but who is everything to the woman of bruised heart and spoiled life whom he has married!

"Sir Ferdinand gave up two hours every afternoon to the entertainment of his guests, gave it almost one might say, with his watch in his hand. During these two hours he demanded of them that they should enjoy themselves, rapidly, energetically, intelligently, and with the avowed intention of getting through it as quickly as possible. There was a programme in Sir Ferdinand's mind for every day of the week, and he went through it conscientiously."

Then there is poor Florrie Ellis, the old-young lady, who pays visits less and less hopefully each autumn, and is beginning to think despairingly that country-house visiting is waste of time. And Lady Biddy, wife of the Jew millionaire, who says she sometimes meets her husband on the stairs, but never has time to speak to him! And Sam Curtice, the unblushing sponge, in search of an heiress, and best of all, Charlotte and her betrothed, the intellectual couple to whom arguments are instead of endearments, and who relentlessly improve their own and other people's minds. Charlotte has had a dozen lessons in everything! One sees her with the mind's eye, with her untidy straight flop of fair hair and her short skirts!

\* By S. MacNaughtan. (Heinemann.)

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