

women in white dresses, wearing the same colours, passing through the streets. It was in this way that members of the Union elected to honour two of their number, Miss New and Mrs. Leigh, just released from Holloway. After a complimentary breakfast at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, Miss New and Mrs. Leigh again entered a carriage and were drawn by a number of their friends to the offices of the N.W.S.P.U. in Clement's Inn.

The degree of Doctor of Science (D.Sc.), of the University of London, has been conferred on Miss Winifred Clara Cullis. This degree is one of the very highest academic distinctions to be obtained by the science student in this country, and is gained by few. Miss Cullis, who is a student of the London School of Medicine for Women, has obtained her science doctorate for work in physiology.

Governor Hoch, of Kansas, has appointed a woman Probate Judge. Mrs. Mitchell, the lady so honoured, succeeds her husband, who died in office, and is probably the first woman to serve in such capacity.

Book of the Week.

THE HEART OF A CHILD.*

"The Heart of a Child" is a book with an opening that is at once striking and convincing. No highly coloured, decorative design this, of the usual conventional type, but a picture wonderfully true to life. The dirt, the squalor, the stench of Angel Gardens, Limehouse, are not mere theatrical effects, its inhabitants are not stage puppets, there is a remarkable absence of melodrama in the narration due to entire simplicity of style. There is only one person in those first pages who is shocked and horrified by the scene she comes upon, and this is Ursula Rugely, who stumbles upon it in her first experience of district visiting. It is certainly a startling outset to come upon the household of Snape on that day of all others:

"For once Mrs. Snape was not working. She was seated at the table, surely enough, but her head had fallen forward, and there was a steady drip, drip, drip, on to the floor as if the rain were coming in. But there was no rain, and the drip was slow, thick, horrible. Jim's boot, a hob-nailed boot, had fallen where it had been flung, but not before it had hit its mark." . . . "The new district visitor stood sick and transfixed for a second, then fled incontinently down the rickety wooden stairs to the street door and the air."

There she discovered Sally Snape, the only child of the murdered woman and the unconscious drunkard lying upstairs. And Sally was dancing with heart and soul to an organ; nothing could stop her till the tune ended. Miss Rugeley attempted to break the news gently:

"Yer father's drunk, and yer mother's dyin'," interposed one of the children eagerly. And Sally had to fight her for the aspersion upon her reprobate father before she could be hauled off up the stair to behold the tragedy. That evening she sat late finishing the job her father had interrupted by his well-aimed missile, for those trousers represented four-and-six—a lot of money to be lost by accident. Sally in her early teens seems brutal, callous, unemotional, and eminently practical. Yet Sally it is who possesses the "heart of a child."

Of course, but for the help of Ursula Rugeley, Sally's career would have been different, but for the most part it is of her own making, and she verifies her boast that she can take care of herself most astonishingly.

The development of Sally Snape by gradual stages into Miss Sarita Mainwaring of the music-hall is an exceedingly able bit of work. The changes are subtly possible, so well done that they seem inevitable. That Sally was clean-minded follows so naturally upon the fact that on her first introduction to cleanliness of body she took like a duck to water. She began her upward course by a worship of body; a craving for beautiful garments wherewith to clothe it followed in natural sequence. It was at once an educational influence and a snare for her to enter a fashionable "establishment" as a model upon whom the latest "creations" from Paris might be displayed. Sally longed for those clothes, and that desire became a test for her which, without "the heart of a child" must have proved her ruin. Her development is one of the best things in the study of evolution in current literature.

E. L. H.

THE BEST LIFE.

Do not hurry,
Do not worry;
Grip your purpose and be true.
Days must measure
God's own pleasure,
When this truth is plain to you.

Then be steady,
Always ready;
Never murmur, do your part.
Light each duty
With the beauty
Of a wholesome, happy heart.

I. MENOCH CHAMBERS.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

There is something supremely trivial in repining, because, indeed, one is, or fancies himself, unhappy. Happiness is a very beautiful thing—the most beautiful and heavenly thing in the world—but it is a result, a spiritual condition, and is not predetermined by a bank account or by the flattering incense of praise. Appreciation, recognition, is a factor in happiness; but that, too, must be an indirect result, and not a conscious aim.

LILIAN WHITNEY.

* By Frank Danby. (Hutchinson and Co.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)