

Book of the Week.

THE BROAD ROAD.*

Mrs. Annie Swan has given us a pleasant, wholly interesting, and readable story with a somewhat ominous title. Fortunately the Broad Road, which must inevitably lead to destruction, is in this case diverted into the narrow way which apparently leads to Canada. It is not wholly possible to conceive that either the final step on the Broad Road or the sudden retrieval are likely circumstances; the latter points, we hope, too strongly to the fact that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor; in the former, one wonders whether a young man of good birth with no previous experience in the "profession" could carry through a daring burglary unaided and with brilliant success.

These are, however, the only points at which the critic need cavil, the ordinary reader will be pleased with the easy flow of the story, in which it is impossible not to be engrossed. There are many interesting and varied characters and scenes, taking one alternately to the East and West End of London.

There is a strong element of Jewish life introduced, and an often maligned class, the money lender, is presented in a somewhat new and pleasanter aspect. That such men as Alfred Cohen, the great financier and money lending banker, and his nephew, Lewis Hermann, do exist is undoubtedly true, as is also the fact that in spite of his money making propensity, there is no such lavishly generous a giver as the Jew, and as a rule so modest in his generosity that the few only know of it.

The story opens in Whitechapel, and we are at once in the thick of the plot.

Dick Haviland, the scapegrace son of a country gentleman, is observed by a policeman going into the unsavoury dwelling of one Lazarus, a furrier. He goes by appointment, and meets three other men, who are all apparently members of a most disreputable brotherhood, which for some reason Dick has joined.

The house is a suspected one, and Constable XI. shortly after he goes in, confides his suspicions of the young fellow to Lewis Hermann, who is a philanthropic worker amongst the lowest class in the East End.

To gratify a piece of purely personal spite, Lazarus desires to steal the jewelry of a rich relation living in the West End.

His choice of Dick Haviland as the instrument to carry out the burglary proves in the long run fortunate for the young fellow, for when Constable XI. finally follows up his clues and runs him in, Lewis Hermann, who is in love with Dick's sister, with the help of his uncle, Alfred Cohen, rescues him, giving him a fresh start in Canada.

There are some capital, strong scenes in the book. Florence Haviland, a charming English girl, belonging to an old county family, with much of the pride and prejudice belonging to that class, meets Hermann whilst she is staying in a small flat in

London with her cousin, Honor Cardrew, a journalist. He has unwisely asked to be introduced as Mr. Lewis, being deeply in love, he wishes to win her before she realises his nationality. Florence is strongly drawn to him from the first, and as she knows him better, the real intrinsic worth of his character and his charming personality attract her more and more till she returns his love. How pride steps in and keeps them apart for some weeks, and how love finally conquers we must leave the author to tell in her own charming way, the wheels within wheels of the various circumstances being cleverly worked out. Honor Cardrew also has a pleasant and quite unexpected little romance; the life the two girls lead in the flat is amusingly told.

E. L. H.

Verses.

ONE SELF-DENYING ACT.

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done;
And counting find,
One self-denying act, one word,
That eased the heart of him who heard;
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then count that day well spent.

But if thro' all the livelong day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay,
If thro' it all,
We've nothing done that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face,
No act most small,
That helped some soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

COMING EVENTS.

May 7th.—Opening of the new Pathological Block at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, by the Lord Mayor of London. The Ceremony will take place in the Great Hall, 3 p.m.

May 12th.—View Day at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C. Official visit of the Treasurer, Lord Sandhurst, to the wards.

May 12th.—Opening of the World's Congress of District Nurses, Central Hall, Renshaw Street, Liverpool.

May 12th and 13th.—Annual United Sale of Work for industrial and benevolent institutions in connection with the Society for Promoting Female Welfare. Royal Albert Hall, London. Opening ceremony, May 12th, 12.30 p.m.

May 13th.—The Prime Minister receives a Deputation at the House of Commons in support of the Nurses' Registration Bill.

May 29th.—The Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses. Annual Meeting, Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W. Chair: Miss Isla Stewart, President.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"He owns my life who owns the means whereby I live."
SHAKESPEARE.

* By Annie Swan. (Hurst and Blackett.)

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