

Book of the Week.

THE CREATORS.*

"Gisborne, R.A., was a solemn egoist, and his picture represented, not Jane Holland, but Gisborne's limited idea of her. A face with a straight drawn mouth and eyes prophetic of tragedy, a face in which her genius brooded dark, prophetic, dumb. . . . If Jane had had the face which Gisborne gave her she would never have had any charm for Tanqueray. Not a hint had he got of her high levity, of her look when the bright devil of comedy possessed her, not a flash of her fiery quality, of her eyes' sudden gold, of her delicate, her brilliant mouth, its fine deliberate sweep, its darting tilt, like wings lifted for flight."

So much for Jane Holland, and from this we gather at once that she will require some living up to. Genius is distributed broadcast among the characters of this book, in a manner that is perfectly exhausting; but Jane is the deity before which they all cast their crowns.

"The celebrities pressed round her. Of course, if she wasn't going they wouldn't go. They would sacrifice a thousand pegs, but not an evening with Jane Holland. They bowed before her in all the postures and ceremonies of their adoration, and Jane Holland looked at them curiously with her tired eyes; and Tanqueray looked at her."

At this period George Tanqueray, as a novelist, stood almost undiscovered on his tremendous height.

Broderick, who ultimately marries Jane, is editor of the "Morning Telegraph," and though far less "immense" than many of this astonishingly intellectual circle, "was charged with a formidable though less apparent fire. His personal appearance is described as follows:—"A man, about thirty-five, squarely built, with a torso inclined to a somewhat heavy slenderness, and a face with blunt but regular features, heavily handsome. One of those fair Englishmen who grow darker after adolescence; hair, moustache, and skin acquiring a dull sombreness in fairness. But Broderick's face gained in its effect from the dusky opacity that intensified the peculiar blueness of his eyes. As he entered they were fixed on Jane, turning straight to her in her corner."

Can we be surprised after this that at the classic moment she came to meet him "with shy feet, fear in her eyes, and the desire of her heart on her lips, lifting them like wings"?

Jane proves a complete failure as a housekeeper, but Gertrude Collet, who, before their marriage, had kept the house, at the same time being consumed with love for Broderick, returns to her former duties, and henceforth "Indoors all things on which Gertrude laid her hand slid sweetly and inaudibly into their place."

As it is obvious Jane could have but one husband, Tanqueray consoles himself for the time being with the daughter of his landlady, whom he marries quite honourably, tires of her very quickly, and behaves to her as a cad. No doubt it was trying to possess a wife who, at a small select dinner

* By May Sinclair. (Constable and Co., London.)

of literary affinities, gave him away freely.

Nicky turned to the little woman.

"Aren't you proud of him? How they're all praising him?"

"So they'd ought to," said Rose. "'E's worked 'ard enough for it. The way 'e works! He'll sit think—thinkin' for hours before 'e seems as if 'e could get fair 'old of a word."

They had all stopped talking to Tanqueray and were listening to Tanqueray's wife.

"Then 'e'll start writin' slow like, and 'e'll go all over it again, a-scratchin' out and a-scratchin' out till all 'is papers is a mask of ink."

Rose became aware that George was trying to scowl her into silence.

Still, she is a dear little woman, and quite the nicest character in the book.

In spite of its exaggerations it is interesting, and one must needs finish it; but one book of this style in a good while is enough. H. H.

A GOOD WIFE.

Wise yokel foolish King excelleth;
Good name than spikenard sweeter smelleth!
What's gold to prudence? Strength to grace?
Man's more than goods; God first in place.

What though her dowry be but meagre,
Far better wise, God-fearing Igr,
Than yonder vain and brainless doll,
Helpless her fortune to control.

A wife that's true and kind and sunny
Is better than a mint of money;
Better than houses, land and gold
Or pearls and gems to have and hold.

A ship is she with jewels freighted,
Her price beyond all rubies rated.
A hundred-virtued amulet
To such as her in marriage get.

Gold pillar in a silver socket;
The weakling's tower of strength, firm-lockéd
The very golden crown of life;
Grace upon grace—a virtuous wife.

By Vicar Prichard
(Translated from the Welsh.)

COMING EVENTS.

October 14th.—Central London Sick Asylum, Cleveland Street, W. Nurses' Meeting. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick will speak on Nursing Organisation and State Registration. 5 p.m.

October 18th.—Royal Institute of Public Health, 37, Russell Square, W.C. First lecture of special course for women desirous of qualifying as Health Visitors and School Nurses, 7 p.m.

October 18th.—City of London Lying-in Hospital, E.C. The Bishop of Stepney dedicates a New Chapel. 5.30 pm.

October 20th.—Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses. Meeting Executive Committee, 431, Oxford Street, London, W., 4 p.m. Tea.

October 26th.—Meeting, Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 3.30 p.m.

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