

high degree. The Ramayana—epic of the Indian home—boldly lays down the doctrine that a man, like a woman, should marry but once. 'We are born once,' said an Indian woman to me, with great haughtiness, 'we die once. And likewise we are married once!' Whatever new developments may now lie before the womanhood of the East, it is ours to hope that they will constitute only a pouring of the molten metal of her old faithfulness and consecration into the new moulds of a wider knowledge and extended social formation.

"Turning to the West it would appear that the modern age has not unsealed any new springs of moral force for woman in the direction of the family, though by initiating her, as woman, into the wider publicity and influence of the civic area it has enormously increased the social importance of her continuing to drink undisturbed at the older sources of her character. The modern organisation, on the other hand, by bringing home to her stored and garnered maternal instinct the spectacle of the wider sorrows and imperfections of the civic development, has undoubtedly opened to her a new world of responsibility and individuation. The woman of the East is already embarked on a course of self-transformation, which can only end by endowing her with a full measure of civic and intellectual personality. Is it too much to hope that, as she has been content to quaff from our wells in this matter of the extension of the personal scope, so we might be glad to refresh ourselves at hers, and gain therefrom a renewed sense of the sanctity of the family, and particularly of the inviolability of marriage?"

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A TRUE WOMAN.*

Perhaps the best piece of work in this story is the drawing of Louise Harris. She was not even pretty. "She had neither violet eyes nor hair of ruddy gold. She led a life of prosy luxury, got up every morning, ate a copious breakfast, walked out with the dogs, hunted in the autumn, skated in the winter, just like hundreds and hundreds of other well-born, well-bred English girls of average means."

Yet, in spite of this prosaic description, Louise manages to win and retain our interest, and she is such a satisfactory, comforting personality, that one feels she must have been a very delightful person to know.

So Luke de Mountford, who knew a good thing when he saw it, asks her to be his wife, and as he is the heir to his uncle, Lord Radcliffe, it seemed to be quite a satisfactory match for Louise. But when all is apparently going merry as a marriage bell, an unsuspected nephew turns up, and poor Luke has to break to his fiancée

* By Baroness Orczy. [Hutchinson & Co., London.]

the unpleasant fact that this stranger must supplant him as his uncle's heir.

"He did not know if he ought to tell her of his plans, the ostrich farm out in Africa. It was a living, anyway . . . but a giving up of everything that had constituted his life in the past . . . and the giving up of his exquisite Loo. How could he ask her to share that life with him. Loo, so perfectly dressed, so absolutely modern and dainty . . . waited on hand and foot . . ."

When the intruder, Philip de Mountford, is discovered stabbed in a cab, the suspicion naturally fastens on Luke, on the ground of motive. The authoress takes considerable liberties with the head of the Criminal Investigation Department, who happens to be Louisa's uncle, but we suppose we must accept a writer's licence when he unfolds before the trial his chief clues, and allows Colonel Harris to conceal himself in his office while a witness for the prosecution details the points of the evidence he will give at the trial, and, moreover, reveals the fact of his intention to allow Luke time to escape should the verdict at the inquest be against him.

But Luke is, notwithstanding, tried for his life, and before his arrest he faced Louise once again.

"It was a supreme farewell, and she knew it. She felt it in the quiver of agony which went through him as he pressed her so close that her breath nearly left her body, and her heart seemed to stand still. She felt it in the sweet sad pain of the burning kisses with which he covered her face, her eyes, her hair, her mouth. . . . His face was just a mask, marble-like and impassive, jealously guarding the secrets of the soul within. Just a good-looking, well-bred young Englishman, in fact, who looked in his elegant attire ready to start off on some social function."

This is a light and quite readable story, but Baroness Orczy, having once given us a book like the "Scarlet Pimpernel," cannot expect to satisfy her admirers with a work that falls so far under the standard of that fascinating tale of adventure. H. H.

READ.

- "The Common Growth." By Miss Loane.
"The Lone Adventure." By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

COMING EVENT.

August 23rd.—Irish Nurses Association. Weekly meeting of Standing Committee on National Insurance Bill. 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. 8 p.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in the world to his fellow men; when he dies people will ask, what property has he left behind him? But the angels will ask, what good deeds has he sent before him? —The Koran.

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