

guided by her into more lucrative channels. She therefore makes up her mind to marry him, and in a moment of impulse he writes the letter which almost as soon as posted he regrets, as he realises that in a time of strange excitement he has cast out the ideal which he has striven to guard so carefully. But Charmian pays him a rare compliment. A new opera composed by a Frenchman (Jacques Sennier) is produced at Covent Garden Opera House, and as Sennier, and his clever, though vulgar and unscrupulous wife received the ovation which its success had earned, Charmian with the light of love in her eyes turns to the man whose genius has yet to win public applause, and says, "All this ought to be for you. Some day it will be—for you." "Heath was not a conceited man but he did not at this moment doubt Charmian's love for him. Though he was sometimes childlike, and could be like most men very blind, he had a keen intellect which could reason about psychology. Also he knew how women love success. . . . And he realised the bigness of the tribute paid to him, by Charmian's abrupt detachment from the work and the man (when Jack Sennier came before the curtain) by the sweep of her brain and heart to him."

So Claude and Charmian were married, and her mother ("my only mother," as Charmian sometimes absurdly called her), a woman as wise and understanding as she was rare, looked on in some trouble and perplexity.

Other women also looked on, with unfriendly and hostile eyes. Mrs. Shiffney, shallow and selfish, "so clever as well as so ignorant," a modern Delilah, who would have lured Claude to his ruin, but that his honourable and "Puritan" instincts saved him from her toils, and who was consequently his enemy, and who also proved traitress, even to her friends the Senniers. Mrs. Sennier, whose one redeeming point was her genuine love for her husband and frankly fought for his interest when, dominated by his wife, Claude wrote the Opera which was backed and produced in New York (the best boom centre), by Crayford, "showman, impresario, man of taste, fighting man," in opposition to Sennier's new creation.

The fight between people coarse of fibre as the Senniers and their ally Mrs. Shiffney, and honourable gentlefolk as the Heaths, could only end in one way, more especially when Claude Heath could but realise that in playing to the gallery in his bid for popular favour he was taking the lower not the higher line.

Perhaps the best thing Charmian did for her husband was to take him to Algiers, in the description of which, as of all African scenery, Mr. Hichens is a past master. Thus of Constantine we read: "The animation of the city was intense and had in it something barbaric, and almost savage, something that seemed undisciplined, bred of the orange and red soil, of the orange and red rocks, of the snow and sun smitten mountains, of the terrific gorges and precipices which made the landscape vital and almost terrible.

"Yet, in the evening light, the distant slopes, the sharply-cut silhouettes of the hills, held a strange and exquisitely delicate serenity. The sky, cloudless, shot with primrose, blue and green, deepening towards the West into a red that was flecked with gold, was calm, almost tender. Nature showed two sides of her soul."

In this environment husband and wife found opportunity for expansion, and to it they retired when the Opera failed, as it was bound to fail. Charmian's worldly little soul must have developed greatly under its influences when she was able to realise in disappointment and failure that she cared for the man who had failed, and found comfort in the thought that "from now onwards he'll do the work he's fitted to do; only that. But I think he means to let people hear it. He said to me only last night, 'Now they all know the false man, I have the wish to show them the man who is real'."

"The man who had the crucifix standing before his piano," said Mrs. Mansfield in a low voice, "the man who heard a great voice out of the Temple speaking to the seven angels."

Other characters in the book deserving careful study can only be briefly mentioned. Susan Fleet, theosophist, good friend and true; Max Elliott, and his wife Delia, perpetually taking "cures," Alston Lake, and more besides. We hope we shall hear more of them all when Mr. Hitchens writes for us with his consummate skill the story of "the man who is real."

P. G. Y.

COMING EVENTS.

October 3rd.—Meeting Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 3.30 p.m. Tea. Paper by Miss Mollett, on "The Present Position of the Nurse in the Estimation of the Public." Discussion 4.45.

October 6th to 10th.—Annual Conference National Union of Women Workers.—Annual Meeting of the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland, 8th and 9th inst., Assembly Rooms, Hull.

October 8th.—Nurses Missionary League. Lecture "The Three Religions of China, as seen in Mid-China," by Ernest F. Wills, Esq., M.B., C.M., Tsao Shih, Central China. Chairman, Miss J. Macfee, B.A., 33, Bedford Square, W.C. 10.30 to 11.30 a.m. Tea and coffee.

October 23rd.—Central Midwives Board Examination, London, Birmingham, Bristol, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

October 23rd.—Meeting Executive Committee Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses. 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 4.30 p.m. Tea.

November 3rd and 10th.—Medico-Psychological Association Examinations for Mental Nurses.

Human things must be known to be loved, but divine things must be loved to be known.

Pascal.—

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