

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE MAKING OF AN ENGLISHMAN."*

This book is written in the first person, who purports to be a Frenchman. It is obvious, however, that only an Englishman could see the notes so clearly in the eyes of another nation, and we might also add, be so complacent as to the beams in its own. Having said this much, we can go on to say this is an extraordinarily clever book. If prejudiced, it is also convincing in its subtle analysis of individual and national characteristic. It is delightful reading for its literary style alone, quite apart from its objective.

A young Frenchman conceives a passionate, absorbing admiration for England, and things English, and determines "that in spite of all temptation to belong to other nations, he will be an Englishman."

His first rooms are in the house of an exceedingly common family, whose pretty, loud daughter Maud gives him his first impression of an English girl. From his own admission the normal attitude of his mind towards women is a nasty one; this is conveyed to the reader with consummate skill, and without unnecessary coarseness or offence. Maud, with all her vulgar familiarity—which we have to consider from the music-hall point of view, for she was training for that profession—was a continual source of perplexity to young Cadorese.

She had her own limitations and reserves—very liberal ones, it must be allowed—beyond which he found himself unable to pass.

"Gentility, propriety, all the English starch had been taken out of her by coarse English irresponsibility. But—and this was amazing—personal aloofness remained. I laid my hand on hers, pressed the pointed fingers."

"Give over," she said, and snatched her hand away. English liberty, how difficult it was to understand you were not licence."

Admitted to the circle of his employer's family, his outlook begins to improve. Gentle, innocent clinging little Edith becomes his lodestar, and because he is a subordinate of her father, with an income of under two hundred a-year, and—a Frenchman—their courtship is carried on *sub rosa*.

Constantly introspective and analytical, he describes the gradual cleansing of his ideas with regard to sex, as his love for this young girl grows.

"I spoke to her of love as I had never spoken of it before; the old gross shell had fallen away and I seem to know love as the angels may know it."

We consider that the Englishman, with a big E is rather overdrawn. The modesty of that young person with regard to his attainments may be a pleasing ideal to his admirers, but we have occasionally heard him described as over-boastful.

Edith, trying to make Cadorese understand the English temperament, says of her brother,

"Its not conceit, but they want to be let

alone. You should hear Hugh sometimes, not often, when he's alone with me; he says he's an awful duffer at business. He's not, is he?"

"Oh, no," I said.

"Of course he's not a duffer," she said. "But he says it and he means it; he doesn't think he's any good."

In the end he wins Edith. He fought desperately and perseveringly to become an Englishman, and after two years' struggle Edith becomes of age.

"Two years ago I refused," said her father, "because she was under age. Now she is free I neither consent nor refuse."

"Understanding irradiated my mind. Here was the Englishman the beau ideal of his type. His daughter was of age, free—free to be happy, and free to be miserable. The fate of other free individuals was not his business. And I wondered whether I loved this sumptuous English freedom or hated its aloofness."

H. H.

A SONG OF SPRING DAYS.

Sing a song ob spring days,
All de worl' in bloom,
Mr. Bluebird singin'
Mid the flowers' perfume.
Mr. Catfish bitin',
Mr. Bee a-hummin',
Sing a song ob springtime
Comin',
Comin'.

Sing a song ob springtime,
Sunshine warm an' bright,
Turtle dove a cooin'.
World all full ob light,
I longs to hear de peckerwood
On de tree a-drummin',
Sing a song ob springtime
Comin',
Comin'.

—P. H. A. in Florida Times-Union.

COMING EVENTS.

May 23rd.—Fever Nurses' Association. Annual General Meeting. Metropolitan Asylum Board Offices, Thames Embankment, London, E.C. 3 p.m.

May 27th.—The Trained Women Nurses' Friendly Society: Second Annual General Meeting, 431, Oxford Street, London, W., 5 p.m.

June 9th to 12th.—National Council of Trained Nurses. Annual Conference and Nursing Exhibition, New Central Hall, Birmingham.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Drudgery is the grey angel of success.

Being—not seeming;
Doing—not dreaming.

* W. L. George. Constable & Co.

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