

reforms in the principal Civilised States," is compiled by Dr. H. M. Wilson. The law and practice in the British Empire is of special interest. It is to the credit of this country that England (in 1885) was the first country to enact a law dealing with foreign traffic in women; no country except Denmark and Holland has even now a stronger law. It is startling to learn that among the civil population in India the age of protection for girls is only twelve. A much needed Bill was introduced in September last, giving somewhat better protection.

The second pamphlet, "Regulated Vice and the Traffic in Women," by Mr. W. J. Payling Wright, B.A., deals with the *Maison de Tolérance* and the Segregated Area. The author justly argues that regulation implies sanction, and tends to augment both supply and demand. The author says in conclusion "If I knew of a single argument in favour of segregation, or if I had met with any good results in the shape of an improvement, through its means, of the morals of a community in any quarter of the world, or any lessening of disease by its beneficent ministrations, I would place them before you now. I know of none. I do not believe there are any."

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"LITTLE FAITHFUL."*

We can without hesitation say that this book should rank as one of the most attractive of the season. It is, perhaps, a little unfortunate that at this time we should be called upon to admire a personality that is German before all things; and we are perhaps rather pleased that our judgment rebels against the admiration that is asked for, and to say that though Mehring may win our pity and even our affection, both feelings are tinged with the contempt that English people are bound to feel for masculine weakness. But this does not at all prevent the book from being a remarkable one.

Charming Betty hopelessly succumbs to his attractions from the first moment of seeing him; and Betty is not only charming, but well cultured and clever enough to write plays that succeed.

Her first notable book was the "Toy Soldier," and her inspiration for it was an unknown and angelic-looking young lieutenant she had met once in a train, with bright-coloured hair, and all his ideals in his eyes. When her book was famous she met him again, disgraced, dismissed, an exile from home, crushed and trodden under.

There is too much temperament altogether about him for English ideas, with his tears and pistols and attitudes. Betty, recognising all this, yet loves him, and very thoroughly, in spite of reason and common sense. We should have mentioned that the setting of the story is American, with the spontaneous crispness in its style that American stories so often possess.

"You've got," mused Betty, "to see a man a

little through the eyes of your friends, and I wonder where I read that," she added contemptuously. For really was there ever a less eligible suitor than Hugo Mehring? And why was she marrying him at all? He had a smile like the break of day, and winning manners, and more than good looks. He was a nice little mother's son, she came to dry conclusion.

The birth of Vashti's "littlest lad" is a pretty little picture, which illustrates the nameless charm of the whole.

"Very soft Betty found him, very pink, with a little coppery fuzz upon his head, like the down on a young bird. He looked into vacancy with the nebulous eyes of a tiny kitten; while, with his pink fingers, which reminded her of sea-anemones, he made purposeless circuits that brought his thumb no nearer to his small pursed mouth."

It was the loss of the *Titanic*, on which Hugo was hastening back to her after absence that opens Betty's eyes to the state of her own feelings for Hugo. In the agony of suspense she realises how much his love means for her.

"I wonder," she mused, "was I most fool or niggard that I did not kiss him when we said good-bye."

When he was restored to her from the jaws of death, she says to him,

"Dear! my dear! And it was you always from the first and always will be you—you only. I know it now. It took me long to learn, but I know."

This book deserves appreciation, but we must not make Betty's mistake and fall in love with Mehring—for he was "Little Faithful," which somehow goes against the grain. H. H.

"OUT IN THE RAIN."

Two steps down
An' into the garden,
Through the gate
An' into the lane.
Nobody's seen me!
Nobody's seen me!
All by myself I am out in the rain.

Brown little puddles,
The mud makes me slip,
Rain from the willow trees,
Drip, drip, drip.
A little worm wriggles across over there,
And I laugh, an' I'm runnin' with rain in
my hair.

* * * *

Through the gate
An' back in the garden.
Two steps up
An' into the hall.
Nothin' an' nobody's nice at all!

By Marion St. John Adcock.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.—*Basil*.

* By Beulah Marie Dix. Mills & Boon, London, W.

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