

placed in Lincoln's Inn Fields as part of a women's memorial to Mrs. Macdonald was unveiled by Sir Laurence Gomme. The memorial takes the form of a seat for six persons, made of the wood of H.M.S. *Indefatigable*, sheltered by an enclosing granite setting carrying the bronze group. The memorial bears the following inscription:—
 "She was the daughter of John and Margaret Gladstone. She was born in Kensington in 1870; was married to J. Ramsay Macdonald in 1896, and lived with him at 3, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here her children were born, and here she died in 1911. She brought joy to others with whom and for whom she lived and worked. Her heart went out in fellowship to her fellow-women, and in love to the children of the people whom she served as a citizen, and helped as a sister. She quickened faith and zeal in others by her life and took no rest from doing good."

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"WHAT A WOMAN WANTS." *

What this particular woman wanted was a husband. This is a chronicle of a smouldering homely tragedy, and the history of Christmas Hamlyn such as might represent the lives of hundreds of women in village homesteads. In saying this we do not allude to the period in which Christmas diverged, and broke away from her surroundings. Personally we consider this episode as marring the story.

We know her first at sixteen years of age, the child of Mrs. Hamlyn, who, with her son managed a Sussex farm, and was always "tejus tired."

"She had the slovenly pose of the tired-out woman which seems to invert the figure—turning back to front. Christmas and she was comically alike. They were certainly plain as a family. Christmas had adorable blue eyes. Her nose was far too long; it gave her face a foolish look. Her expression, half shy, half sulky, prevails among simple people who live in lonely places. Her one fixed beauty was her plentiful hair that was the colour of corn—corn as it is at the last, before the reaper comes."

Such was Christmas at sixteen, when her mother bid her go to afternoon service at Shoreham Church, and to be home "in full daylight."

"It would go hard with anyone who cut across the moral canons of Ann Hamlyn."

It was after the service that Christmas met the sailor boy, who asked her to sit on the beach a bit, and who stole kisses in the twilight.

When she saw him off by the train at Shoreham "he sat grinning to himself. One of the other sailors tapped him on the knee with his pipe: 'Who was that girl?' he asked. Vinson opened his eyes, 'Hanged if I know,' he said drolly."

* By Thos. Henry Dudeney. William Heinemann, London.

"But in Christmas's lonely, unwanted life, he figured in her simplicity as 'her young man who was drowned at sea.'"

It was shortly after this that her mother took an eternal rest, from her "tejus tiredness," and Christmas was left with her baby sister, Lydia, her drunken brother Andrew, and foolish Caleb. Christmas hated the lonely old-fashioned farm house, and yearned for a new cottage like that of her sister Betty, where she could have linoleum on the kitchen floor.

The climax of her loneliness was reached when pretty Lyddie grew up, and went as assistant to a shop in Brighton and was promptly married by a successful "buyer."

She looked across at those new houses now and she certainly longed to live in one. "You would be convenient there and clean. If my young man hadn't got drowned," she said with a red patch rising in the hollow of her cheek, "we'd have settled somewhere."

"They were all working in their kitchens as she worked in hers. But they were not alone; they had a pack of children round their heels and getting under their feet. She was free of that. She scowled and looked strange, different emotions were fighting and her face became a battle field. They were all of them working in their kitchens all over the land. Every woman worked until she dropped and then she died. Christmas thought of her mother."

She was frankly glad when Andrew her brother stuck himself instead of the pig—even though he was converted.

Caleb tells her how it happened:—

"He hadn't drunk a drop since the mission come. He puts a knife in to stick the pig and it slips. The Grace of God couldn't make that chap's hand steady not after years at the *Pad*. He didn't say nowt but, 'See, Caleb, how my blood do run.' 'Lord,' he says, staring down, 'my blood do run.' Then he falls white as death. And it *be* death."

After Andrew's death she turned Caleb adrift—a sort of mistrust of every man possessed her. "I'll put your things together and set your box outside. You don't step over the threshold no more. I'll be my own missus, and what I toils for I'll own."

On Christmas's notable excursion to London she gets into conversation with the woman who kept the waiting room. She says, "I spent three days in Sussex, I enjoyed myself, but I was jolly glad it wasn't three weeks. Sometimes I sit here wet days in this comfortable room with a big fire, and I think of them down in Storrington. I pity them from the bottom of my heart." Everyone to his taste.

We do not know how our readers will agree with Christmas, when, at the conclusion of the book she finds again "her young man that was drowned." "It's you, I wants," she sobbed, "I wants you, there's nothing else for women."

H. H.

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