

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"ANGELA'S BUSINESS."*

We may take it that Angela's business was to be Womanly, with a big "W," which included the business also of Home-making, with a big "H." Cousin Mary was modern, and assistant principal of the great City High School, "where no woman had ever been before her, and where she had arrived only after eight years' incessant battling upward. Considering her history and her exploits, it seemed she should have been six feet tall, with a gaze like a Gorgon. But Mary Wing was actually a slight and almost fragile-looking creature, with quite girlish blue eyes in a colourless face that wore an air of deceptive delicacy."

Charles Garrott was a writer, who viewed Woman never as *La Femme*, but exclusively as a Question.

In this somewhat complex story, these three persons figure largely; and Charles' views on the Question were modified on the one hand and enlarged on the other by his intimacy with Angela and Mary.

Mary Wing is interested in her little womanly cousin Angela and her inefficient father (Dr. Wing).

Discussing them as new-comers with Charles, she remarks:

" 'He'll need some patients, too, to eke out. I must look to that,' she said, popping the second half of a sandwich into her mouth. 'I suppose you don't know anyone who intends to be sick soon, in a costly way?' He shook his head. He himself, he intimated, had no idea of getting sick merely to oblige her rural cousins.

" 'What does that girl do?' he added, almost irritably.

" 'Didn't you tell me there was a girl, twenty-five years old? Why doesn't she work and eke out? What sort of girl is she? Little nitwit, I suppose?'

" 'She's my cousin.'

" 'Lots of people have little nitwits for cousins. Why doesn't she pitch in and earn her keep like a free personality?—as our friend Miss Hodges would say.'

" 'Miss Wing was observing him with a strange air, resembling amusement. 'You must really ask her yourself, some time, Mr. Garrott.'"

Mr. Garrott was described by Mary's subordinate teachers as "the nicest thing—so cunning-looking. 'I've always been intrigued, I admit,' said the school teacher, 'by the three brown freckles on his nose.'"

Angela, shortly after her introduction to him, became of the same opinion. It was at her bridge party that matters came to a head.

"Let there be no wriggling or evasion here: Charles Garrott, who scorned *La Femme*, and viewed woman exclusively as a Movement, did

bend his neck and kiss the Mitchelton Home-maker upon a sofa. Prompted by a not unnatural curiosity, the lady said, 'Oh! . . . Why do you do this?'

Charles Garrott was not the first gentleman on earth to fail to utter promptly the one satisfactory comment on his behaviour.

Charles lived to repent the kiss, but being a man of resource he evades with difficulty and much finesse little womanly Angela's unwelcome attentions, and ultimately succeeds in edging one Donald into the unappreciated position of Angela's beloved. For himself, he discovers what he ought to have known from the start, that it does not necessarily follow that because a girl is not a fool that she is unwomanly, that in Mary Wing "there was no competence in man that this woman did not have; she was as versatile and thoughtful and free as the best of them. And through and beyond all this, there was the discovered marvel that she had tilled and kept sweet the garden of her womanhood.

"Charles heard her voice, tender as a mother's:

" 'Ah! have I anything to give you, do you think, that hasn't been given; what sort of ending do you want?'

"So Charles told her then what sort of ending he wanted, and that and no other was the ending he had."

H. H.

A TESTAMENT.

As I go up and down this land of ours,¹
Despite the dry hearts hustling after gold,
The poor still doomed to marred and sunless lives,
The swine-men with their careful gourmandry,
And women with their scorn of motherhood,
In face of all the crumbling of our creed
And failing of the olden forms of faith,
While nation tramples nation, red with blood,—
Though these things be and many an equal ill,
Always I find one bravely growing flower,
One live bright stream with ever-broadening flow;
It is the flower of Right-for-right's-great-sake,
The stream it is of Man's-vast-love-for-man.
—From "The Other Side of Silence."

Habberton Lulham.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"To our common life, at this grave hour, the women of the Empire are contributing a service which manhood cannot rival. The tender and resourceful sympathy which is brightening hospital and home does not stop there. It gives itself, among other things, to 're-creating' in a very true sense the lives of countless men who would do badly without such aid. Above all, from English womanhood in our homes, we have learned this year new lessons of the uplifting power of Christian faith and courage and endurance in face of such sorrow and strain as can hardly be expressed in words."—*The Archbishop of Canterbury in St. Paul's Cathedral.*

* By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Constable & Co., Ltd., London.

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