

"After one gets a certain amount of snubs under this system one becomes a saturated solution of snubs, and refuses to hold any more. Au revoir until 1918 in Copenhagen!"

*Votes for Women* last week published a charming picture of a scene before the Amalienborg Palace in Copenhagen, when the King after signing the new Constitutional Law giving full political enfranchisement to Danish women, was greeted by a vast and most enthusiastic crowd of women. Such sweet smiling faces, young and old, and cheers and waving of handkerchiefs and just in the centre a solid little wedge of white-capped nurses. The King smiling too, and let us hope appreciating the honourable rôle which has been reserved for him, to be known to history for all time as "The King who gave Danish women the vote," the very greatest and most just Act to which any King can put his sign manual.

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### "ALLWARD."\*

It is long since a work of fiction has given us such genuine pleasure as the book under our notice this week. Moreover, it comes to us in the shape of a surprise, as some of the former works of this author have so widely differed from this, both in style and handling. Many of the previous works have dealt with the East and its alluring call, but "Allward" is a story of gypsy life in the southern English counties. It contains withal a love romance, true, tender and wholesome, and we close it without a regret for one word that is written, but with many that so charming a tale should have to end.

"The big man at the margin of the wood did not stir. When he awoke it was to a sensation of exquisite pain."

"You'd best lie still," said a voice. It was the voice of a boy or of a young girl, but low and a little husky. The man let his eyes wander about his surroundings. An arm's length from his head was the roof of a long, low tent. In the corner sat a young girl of about fifteen, whittling a piece of wood with a knife.

The man was Richard Lyddon, who, after his serious accident, completely forgot his identity. The girl was Mary, the gypsy's daughter.

Lyddon has to accept the statement that he is Adam Allward, wanted by the police, and for whom a reward was offered.

"What makes you think I am—the name you said?"

"I'll tell you fast enough."

"No, dad, don't," interrupted the girl, "I won't have it. You tool yer gib, you'll mor him asaurus, ye boro dinnelo."

This untranslated gypsy language does not occur often enough to be irritating, and adds to the realism of the fascinating atmosphere of these dwellers in tents. Lyddon yields willingly to the

attractions of the life and decides to throw in his lot with them.

The study of Mary begins to dominate him; he tells her:

"I'd never known people like you before, and after all the talk there is about the way to get all that's good out of life you and your people seem to have hit upon the very best, and without talking about it either."

She looked up at him doubtfully.

"It's no life for you," she said; "we lives that way because we are born to it and has to put up with it."

"I wonder what sort of man you'll marry," said he.

"I dunno," she answered expressionlessly.

Mary flung herself full length on the heather and supported her chin with her hands.

"How the larks do sing," she said. "If this weather holds, there'll be plovers' eggs afore long."

He sat down beside her and watched her small silver-ringed hands breaking off pieces of brittle heather and crumbling off the withered buds.

"Still hot?" he asked her.

"Yes, ain't you? My blood's always warm. The leastest thing do make me sweat."

She spoke dreamily with the same peculiarly gentle beauty in her face, which had drawn him before, and robbed her words of their coarseness. After a pause she added, "I likes the spring, though some'ow, I don't know why, it kind of makes you sad-and-silly feelin'. Makes you want things and you don't know what 'tis you're wantin'." The pictures of their love-making are sweet and pleasant, albeit by this time he has learned that he is Richard Lyddon, one time a well-groomed society man.

Richard is a delightful character and had no thought of wronging the girl he loved. He asks her to marry him.

She shook herself free and gave a laugh that was near tears.

"I telled you yesterday no good 'ud come of me and you marryin'. What should I do playin' the rawnie alongside of you. Adam, dear——"

"Well?"

"I loves you more'n ever for wantin' to marry me. Don't you see it's because I loves you, more'n than I care what happens to me."

But Adam will not accept her without marriage, even though it was only the "traveller's way" of jumping the broomstick.

"Mary, listen," he said. "Let the gypsy marriage hold for a year, and then will you marry me ganjo way? Somehow I'd like it."

"If it pleases you I'll promise," she breathed.

This is a book not only to read but to possess.

H. H.

#### WORD FOR THE WEEK.

That pale word "Neutral" sits becomingly on lips of weaklings. But the men whose brains find fuel in their blood, the men whose minds hold sympathetic converse with their hearts, such men are never neutral.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

\* By E. S. Stevens. Mills & Boon, Ltd., London.

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