

stand revealed for what they are, that the author triumphs.

The start and the progress of the scandal concerning poor Mrs. Redcliffe—the resulting split into camps—the odious behaviour of the Vicar's wife, who thinks herself a model for the whole village to copy and profit by—all this makes excellent comedy.

Mr. Marshall can draw many different types, but he has done nothing better than the two middle aged men, Maximilian Browne, and Captain Thomas Turner. Their friendship, their bickering, their plain speaking, their pursuit of the pretty young widow, Norah O'Keefe; above all, their behaviour in the matter of the Redcliffe episode, show the touch of a master of village humour.

Perhaps, the best scene in the whole book is that in which Turner, much against his will, is induced by Browne, who, as agent to the property, is anxious to keep on good terms with his employer's mother, to go and call upon the redoubtable Lady Wrotham. In her drawing room he finds his old-time antagonist, Mrs. Prentice, the Vicar's wife, who has always thought fit to snub him because of his rare church-going; but chiefly and really because the man has a sardonic humour, and Mrs. Prentice has no sense of humour at all, and, therefore, never knows when she is being laughed at. The encounter of the three, and the agony of perspiring nervousness into which the easy-going, sweet-tempered Browne is thrown by the merciless outspokenness of his friend, make the whole scene touch a very high level of excellence, and suggest the idea that Mr. Marshall's special forte is incisive dialogue, and that he ought to write for the stage.

The touch of tragedy at the end is no more than is required for the final revelation of the characters. If we have a criticism to make it is that Hilda was a little too manifestly ready to be in love with every man she met. Fred Prentice, Lord Wrotham, then finally her cousin Francis! But she got the best of the three. G.M.R.

April Rain.

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of grey engulf the day
And overwhelm the town—
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover-bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and home.
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets—
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

ROBERT LOVEMAN. From *Wings*.

Verse.

Oh! joy is but a gay deceiver,
And will not long beside you stay;
She lightly smooths your brow's hot fever,
She gives one kiss—and trips away.

But old Dame Sorrow pours her blessing
With pious fervour on your head;
She says her business is not pressing,
Sits down, and knits beside your bed.

Transatlantic Tales.

Coming Events.

April 5th.—A General Meeting of the Certified Midwives' Defence Union, 10, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, Dr. Stanley Atkinson, M.A., J.P., in the chair, 7 p.m. All midwives and others interested in the question are invited to attend.

April 9th.—Annual General Meeting, Royal Maternity Charity of London, 31, Finsbury Square, E.C., 3.30 p.m.

April 9th.—Meeting of the Nurses' Social Union at Bristol. Subject to be treated, "Digestion and Diet." Information as to the Bristol Branch of the N.S.U. can be obtained from the local organiser, Miss Fry, Failand House, Bristol.

April 11th.—Social Gathering of the Matrons' Council. Miss Mollett will read Paper on "The Twentieth Century Probationer." 431, Oxford Street, 8 p.m.

April 12th.—Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, 4.30 p.m.

April 15th.—The Prince and Princess of Wales visit Richmond to open the Swan Memorial Ophthalmic Wards at the Royal Hospital, Richmond. 4 p.m.

April 18th.—Catholic Nurses' Association, Conference at 109, St. George's Road, Southwark.

April 18th.—Meeting, Central Midwives' Board, Caxton House, Westminster, 2.45 p.m.

April 24th.—Examination under the authority of the Central Midwives' Board, Examination Hall, Victoria Embankment, W.C. The Oral Examination follows a few days later.

April 27th.—Meeting for Nurses at the Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Road, 3.30 p.m. Tickets on application to the Secretary, Women's Total Abstinence Union, 4, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

A Word for the Week.

"It is true that we are born with certain faculties; but there is a great world outside us to which we owe our development, and from which we can appropriate what we can and what is suited to us. The great thing is to love the true and to accept it wherever it presents itself. . . . There is no cultivating taste by means of what is second rate; nothing short of the best is of any avail."—*Goethe*.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)