

it was very difficult to evoke any sympathy for a Society like their own. People complained of poor ladies being *difficile* and ungrateful, and generally were disposed to leave them alone. She spoke of the hardship it was for a gently born woman to wait in the out-patient department of a general hospital. The poorer people, as she rather humorously remarked, had a not unpleasurable time there, as they enjoyed a veritable carnival of complaints.

Information as to the Society will be gladly furnished by Miss M. E. Green, 7, St. Katherine's Precincts, Regent's Park, N.W.

## Book of the Week.

### THE PATRICIAN.\*

Mr. Galsworthy excels in character study, and it is to the exquisite finish of his personages, from the greatest to the humblest, that he owes his popularity.

Thus "Little Ann Shropton, child of Sir William Shropton by his marriage with Lady Agatha, had a broad, little face, and wide, frank, hazel eyes over a little nose that came out straight and sudden. Encircled by a loose belt placed far below the waist of her holland frock, as if to symbolise freedom, she seemed to think everything in life good fun.

"Here's a bumble bee, William. Do you think I could tame it in my little glass box?"

"No, I don't, Miss Ann. And look out, you'll be stung."

"It wouldn't sting me."

"Why not?"

"Because it wouldn't."

"Of course—if you say so——"

"What time is the motor ordered?"

"Nine o'clock."

"I am going with grandpapa as far as the gate."

"Suppose he says you're not?"

"Well, then I shall go all the same."

"I see."

From the doorway a lady said:—

"Come, Ann."

"All right! Hallo, Simmons!"

The entering butler replied, "Hallo, Miss Ann."

"I've got to go."

The door banged faintly, and in the great room rose the busy silence which precedes repasts.

We already know Ann well.

And again, "Old Lady Casterley was that inconvenient thing—an early riser. At Ravensham she walked regularly in her gardens between half-past seven and eight, and when she paid a visit was careful to subordinate whatever might be the local custom to this habit.

When, therefore, her maid Randle came to Barbara's maid at seven o'clock and said, "My old lady wants Lady Babs to get up," there was no particular pain in the breast of Lady Barbara's maid, who was doing up her corsets. She merely answered: "I'll see to it. Lady Babs won't be too pleased." And ten minutes later she entered that

white-walled room which smelt of pinks—a temple of drowsy sweetness, where the summer light was vaguely stealing through flowered chintz curtains."

Audrey Noel, the woman living apart from her husband, beautiful and fascinating, captivates the somewhat austere and fastidious politician, Eustace Miltown, and too late he learns of the insurmountable obstacle in the pathway of his love.

"So he had really never known about her. A surge of bitter feeling towards the man who stood between her and Miltown almost made her cry out. The man had captured her before she knew the world or her own soul, and she was tied to him till by some beneficent chance he drew his last breath—when her hair was grey, and her eyes had no love light, and her cheeks no longer grew pale when they were kissed; when twilight had fallen, and the flowers and bees no longer cared for her.

The struggle, dumb and pitiful, seemed never to be coming to an end in the little white room darkened by the thatch of the verandah, and sweet with the scent of pinks and of a wood fire just lighted somewhere out at the back. Then, without a word, he turned and went out. She heard the wicket gate swing to. He was gone."

Though in our opinion "The Patrician" does not approach the merits of its predecessors, "Fraternity" and the "Country House," it is undoubtedly a book to read, and though some of its characters are not in themselves admirable, notably Miltown, they are all admirable works of art.

H. H.

### COMING EVENTS.

March 23rd.—Monthly Meeting, Central Midwives' Board, Caxton House, S.W., 2.45 p.m.

March 23rd and 24th.—Simple Life and Healthy Food Conference and Exhibition, Caxton Hall, Westminster.

March 23rd.—Women's Social and Political Union. Demonstration at the Royal Albert Hall, 8 p.m.

March 25th.—Annual Meeting, South London District Nursing Association, Canon Erskine Clarke presiding, St. Mark's Vicarage, Spencer Park, S.W. 3.30 p.m.

March 28th.—Trained Nurses' Annuity Fund. Princess Christian receives purses of £1 and upwards from children, at 47, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square. 3 p.m.

March 28th.—Women Writers' Suffrage League. At Home, Richelieu Palace Hotel, Oxford Street, 3.30—5.30 p.m.

March 28th.—Annual Meeting, Sick Room Helps Society, 3, Hamilton Place, W. 3.15 p.m.

March 30th.—Chelsea Hospital for Women. Annual Meeting of Governors, 4 p.m. Viscount Castlereagh, M.P., M.V.O., President, in the chair.

March 31st.—Public Meeting at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presiding, in support of a memorial to Miss Florence Nightingale.

April 4th—April 7th.—Fourth Annual Nursing and Midwifery Conference and Exhibition. Noon to 9 p.m.

\* William Heinemann, London.

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