

administrative co-operation of women, and, we are glad to observe claim that one at least of the Insurance Commissioners, to be appointed by the Treasury, shall be a woman. They also claim that at least one-fifth of the Advisory Committee shall be women, that at least one-fourth of the members of the Local Health Committee to be constituted for every county and county borough shall be women. Influential Members of Parliament have put down amendments to obtain these alterations, and Mr. Phipson Beale and Sir Henry Kimber have set down amendments to require the appointment of a duly qualified midwife on all local Health Committees. It is also desired that at least one-fourth of the Local Health Committees in Ireland shall be women.

Book of the Week.

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA WING.*

We will start by saying that this book is a notable one, as indeed anything from the pen of Mr. Locke is quite sure to be. It is not necessarily sure to please, that is quite another thing, but we think the discriminating reader will be difficult to satisfy who is not caught by its literary style as much as by its seduction as a novel.

Clementina alone is a creation. An artist, a successful portrait painter, aged thirty-five, plain, untidy, slovenly, who in her art "had a rough brilliant method, direct and uncompromising as her speech." A love affair in her younger days had embittered her, and "in the tragedy the girl Clementina perished, and from her ashes arose the phoenix of dingy plumage who had developed into the Clementina of to-day."

A sample of the rough side of her tongue is given us when after her having nursed her young artist friend, Tommy, through an attack of pneumonia, his uncle, L. Ephraim Quixtus, Ph.D., suggests he might have had a trained nurse. "There are such things."

"Trained Nurses," cried Clementina in disdain, "I've no patience with them. If they're ugly they're brutes, because they know that a good looking boy like Tommy won't look at them. If they're pretty they're fools because they're always hoping he will."

"I say, Clementina," Tommy protested, "Nurses are the dearest people in the world. A fellow crooked up is just a 'case' for them, and they never think of anything but pulling him through. 'Tisn't fair of you to talk like that."

"Isn't it?" said Clementina, conscious of a greater gap than usual in the back of her blouse, and struggling with one hand to reconcile button and hole. "What on earth do you know about it? Just tell me are you a woman or am I?"

But she thinks it rough luck to be a woman. "No man alive can ever conjecture what a devil of a thing that is to be."

But as the story proceeds we discover that there are two Clementinas.

"When she was a lady, she behaved in the most self-effacing and early Victorian ladylike way in the world. But when she was Clementina, and wanted to do things, she would have ordered the devil about like a common lackey."

She is not, however, behind in using the ordinary weapon of her sex when she sets herself to outwit her rival in the affections of Dr. Quixtus, and bursts upon an astonished dinner party in a hundred guinea gown. "Clementina wearing diamonds at her throat, Clementina perfectly gloved, Clementina carrying an ostrich feather fan, Clementina a very great lady, and almost a beautiful woman."

Dr. Quixtus is treated in Mr. Locke's peculiar whimsical style, and the gentle lovable antiquarian becoming an "earnest seeker after wickedness," is quite what might be expected from him.

"For mercy sake, Guv'nor, spare a poor man a copper or two. I've not tasted food for twenty-four hours."

Quixtus stopped, his instinctive fingers diving into his pence pocket. Suddenly an idea struck him.

"You must have seen a great deal of wickedness in your time," he said.

"If you arsk me," opined the man, "there's nothing but wickedness in this blankety blank world."

He did not say "blankety blank," but used other and more lurid epithets.

"If you will tell me where I can find some," said Quixtus, "I will give you half a crown."

A glimmer of astonished interest lit up the man's dull eyes.

"Wateher want to know for?"

"That's my business," said Quixtus.

Needless to say, he fails dismally in this pursuit, and pursues Love in the person of Clementina instead.

"He lay deeply rooted in her heart, half child for her mothering, all man for her loving. . . . And towards October the oddly mated pair were married." H. H.

READ.

"Queed," By Sydnor Harrison.

"Her Husband's Country." By Sybil Spottiswoode.

COMING EVENTS.

July 24th-29th.—The Royal Sanitary Institute. Patron, His Majesty the King. Twenty-sixth Congress, 1911. Belfast.

July 27th.—Special Penal Meeting, Central Midwives' Board, Board Room, Caxton Hall, London, S.W., 2 p.m.

July 28th.—Irish Nurses' Association. Social Gathering. Howth Summit. Cyclists' meet at the Crescent, Clontarf. 4 p.m.

August 2nd.—Examination conducted by Central Midwives' Board, Examination Hall, Victoria Embankment, W.C. Oral Examination a few days later.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"A . . . is one who can say what others
BEACONSFIELD.

* By William J. Locke. (John Lane, London.)

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