

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

## UP TO PERRIN'S.\*

An admirable sketch of a holiday spent at a Cornish farm by a journalist, Theodora Baird, and her friend, Jenny Milton. Theodora, though a very charming woman, was, before all things, an egoist, albeit an unconscious one. "She believed herself to be as entirely 'original' as her critics declared her to be. When her crisp and slightly ironical epigrams expressed just what was in the air in fashionably cultured circles, a little vanity was no more than a pardonable weakness in one who had found success facile and appreciation ready. . . . Theodora was lying back on the fine turf with her hands under her head, staring up into the blue. "Never, never, will I do anything again. Do—good heavens, what a word! As if it was not enough for the likes of me to *be*."

"And to talk," said Miss Milton demurely.

Theodora sat up. "Yes, I do talk an awful lot sometimes," she admitted. Then she asked, "Whom are you writing to?" She knew quite well, but it tickled her sense of fun to see that Jenny still looked a trifle conscious and to hear the devout note in her voice as she answered, "Arthur."

"Jenny, you are a marvel. You are too Early Victorian for words, darling. Do you really think he reads them?"

Jenny had been engaged six years, and wrote to her fiancé three times a week.

Tom Perrin is a delightful person, and his unbounded belief in himself and his belongings is indeed a thing to be coveted.

"Now I'll show 'ee the greatest curiosity 'ee ever saw," he said, as he and Miss Baird continued their way along the shore.

The lifeboat stood ready on its carriage, beautifully white, with gay lines of red and blue upon the counter.

"That's the lifeboat," said Mr. Perrin superfluously.

"Yes," said Theodora. She began to think he really flattered himself that Targit was unique in such a possession, but he led her round to the side of the boathouse, and showed her a photograph.

"Job Perrin, Anthony Perrin, Thomas Perrin, David Perrin. Why, what a lot of Perrins!"

"They'm all our family," said Tom. "You might go all the world over and not find the like."

David, the younger Perrin, was a lighthouse man, and on the occasion of Theodora's visit to the lighthouse he conceives a romantic devotion to her which ends disastrously.

When the boat was made fast, Tom called 'to Theodora to jump ashore.

"It's all right; Dave'll catch 'ee," said Tom.

He held her above the elbow and called to his brother.

\* By Margaret B. Cross. London: Chatto & Windus.

"And Dave did catch me—just like a cricket ball," said Theodora afterwards.

Presently he indicated some far distant point. Tom called to him,

"Can 'ee see Millers; Dave?" His speech broadened as he spoke to his brother.

"'Iss, I see her," Dave said.

"Us Perrins belong to have terrible good eyes," Tom remarked.

His simple, unaffected pride in his family and their infallibility was cruelly hurt when Dave failed to answer the call to man the lifeboat in a storm.

Hearing a cry of terror in the night from Theodora's room he had gone there to reassure her, and, almost frantic with fear, she had unconsciously clung to him. 'Twixt love and duty, he chooses the former, and the lifeboat goes on its perilous way without him.

Afterwards, fearing to compromise her, he lies under the charge of cowardice and Tom Perrin's scorn.

"Where was 'ee last night?"

Dave said nothing.

"Hiding, was 'ee, coward?"

Everyone should read for themselves this charming and pathetic story.

H. H.

## COMING EVENTS.

June 1st.—Central London Sick Asylum Nurses' League (Cleveland Street Branch), "At Home." 4 to 10 p.m.

June 1st.—Irish Nurses' Association. Meeting Executive Committee, 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. 8 p.m.

June 4th.—Irish Nurses' Association. Social function, by invitation of Miss Phelan. Cyclists meet at the Crescent, Clontarf. 4 p.m.

June 5th.—The Leicester Infirmary. Nurses' Prize Distribution. 3.30; Tea, 4.15 p.m.

June 6th to 12th.—Nurses' Social Union, Health Conference and Exhibition, the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, Bristol. Nurses' Day, June 6th, 2 p.m.

June 7th.—Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses. Annual Meeting. Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square. 4 p.m. Tea by kind invitation of Mrs. Walter Spencer, 2, Portland Place, W.

June 13th.—Colonial Nursing Association. Annual Meeting. Devonshire House, W. 3.30 p.m. Lord Ampthill, G.C.I.E., will preside.

June 13th.—Leicester Infirmary Nurses League Annual Meeting, Nurses' Home, Leicester Infirmary. 3.15 p.m. Tea and Social gathering 4.15. Supper 6.30 p.m.

## WORD FOR THE WEEK.

I feel the earth move sunward,  
I join the great march onward;  
And take by faith, while living,  
My freehold of thanksgiving.

—WHITTIER.

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