

window if there is no draught. The windows should be free of heavy hangings, the curtains washable, and the blinds easily cleaned. The floor is best covered with a good quality lino, which can be polished daily; the rugs of that delightfully pretty washing variety so easily obtained.

It is an easy thing to train a child to appreciate the beautiful, to be fond of animals and to pity those who are less fortunate than himself. Teach him, early—the first impressions of childhood are never lost, they colour the whole of life.

As to clothes—these are mainly the results of the mother's artistic or otherwise taste. Day clothes must not be worn at night, but aired on a horse ready for the morning's use. An untidy "darn" in a little sock is often the cause of a chafed foot and carelessness in fastening buttons the beginning of a cold.

Care of the hair, the teeth, and the nails must be performed conscientiously and daily. Tangles are much more difficult to comb if left until to-morrow.

Meals must be regular and simple, and never to be eaten with unwashed hands, or in soiled garden clothes. If regular habits are taught early, there will be little or no trouble as to medicine and the difficulty of giving it.

Respect for the old—both people and things—and above all, respect for their parents' wishes is a lesson often left for nurse to teach.

The nursery should, if possible, have a garden aspect, it should be a cheerful room, with a place for everything and every child should be taught to replace his toys and tidy after play.

Children naturally love animals—a dog is a splendid play-fellow, and a canary a never failing source of amusement. If a child understands early that he is responsible for the feeding and happiness of something weaker than himself he has touched and learned a little of one of the greatest lessons of life.

Then the garden—the little patch of his own—with the first flowers for mother's bedroom, or the "jolliest radish" for father's tea, and the lettuce for the rabbits, and the groundsel for "Dickie."

If mother is busy, as mothers so often are these days, it is to Nurse to open all the wonder books for her little charges. Does she grow tired by the way. Never, for all the time knowledge of life and growth and happiness are coming as her just reward.

M. K. S.

Messrs. Putnams are publishing this autumn a posthumous work entitled "Threads of Grey and Gold," by Myrtle Reed, whose most famous novel "Lavender and Old Lace" has delighted a million readers. "Threads of Grey and Gold" contains stories and poems and graceful studies all marked by the author's characteristic temperament.

The first complete Memoir of the Empress Frederick will be published this week. A life of strangely mingled joy and tragedy.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE WAY OF AMBITION."*

In "The Garden of Allah" Mr. Hichens taught us to expect great things of him; in "The Way of Ambition," he has more than justified our belief. For the book is great, and will last, and deserves to last, when the ephemeral output of the year, with its few notable successes, gives place to more that is ephemeral. It should not only be read, but re-read, and possessed, and the place of honour accorded to it in our bookshelves can scarcely be too high.

The hero, Claude Heath, finds expression for his art in the music, which—conceived in the atmosphere of seclusion and austerity with which he surrounds himself—is set to words from the Bible or the Prayer Book, before the large ebony crucifix so placed that any one seated at the piano faces it. Having sufficient private income to relieve him of the necessity of supporting himself by his art, instinct makes him conceal his gift, except from the very few, and his instinct is right; for his genius, which is of rare distinction, is of a quality too fine to appeal to the multitude, and must shrivel in the glare of the footlights; of a delicacy so fragile that a clumsy touch must tarnish its wonderful bloom, which should be handled only by those rare and reverent souls who have gauged the value of success as the world appraises it, and are willing that genius should develop as instinct bids.

In spite of his desire for seclusion, influences come into Heath's life which force him into an environment in which his talent cannot develop. "Force" is perhaps too strong a word, for it is of the nature of genius to compel circumstances, and yet the "heel of Achilles" of the artistic temperament is that it desires to please, and so often, to its detriment, fails to follow its instinct.

"We want a new note in English music," said Charmian in her clear and slightly authoritative voice. "The Hallelujah Chorus era has gone at last to join all the Victorian relics. And the nation is drifting musically. . . . What we want is an English composer with a soul. I'm getting quite sick of heads. They are bearable in literature. But when it comes to music, one's whole being clamours for more."

"I have heard a new note in English music," observed a middle-aged bald and lively looking man, who was sitting on the opposite seat of the drawing-room in Berkeley Square.

The "new note" is Claude Heath, and then and there are set in motion influences which bid fair to stifle his gift.

Chief among them Charmian, who yearns to be a celebrity, whose vanity, love of power, ambition, and egoism, lead her to believe that success may be obtained if Claude Heath's gift is directed and

* By Robert Hichens. Methuen & Co., Ltd., 38, Essex Street, London, W.C.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)