

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE MILKY WAY."*

"He who is light of heart and heels
Can wander in the Milky Way."

The charming illustration on the frontispiece, depicts the two principal characters of the book, who were the possessors of the lightest hearts and heels that it was ever our good fortune to meet.

Bohemian of the Bohemians are the delightful people to whom Miss Tennyson Jesse introduces her readers. It is a book that begs description, so impossible is it in extract to catch the fantastic charm which fills its pages. Wander where you will between its covers, you will find a breezy freshness unfettered by dull conventionality.

Viv Lovel with exactly thirty-eight shillings in the pocket of her one and only coat sat on Penzance quay and wished she had a hundred a year of her own. Failing that, she decided she must marry Harry. "How absurd it sounded, 'Marry Harry, Harry marry.'" When he boarded the little craft, carrying a general cargo, by which she had elected to travel to London, she immediately decided the thing was impossible.

Pan in the stokehold, playing Dvorák's "Humoreske," in other words Peter, a steerage passenger, had a good deal to do with her decision, for "what had my kind, staid Harry to do with these pipes of Pan?"

"Only some one playing a whistle! It was more than that, it was a vagabond calling to his like; it was the summons to fare forth again, and work and laugh and take life as it came."

This was not the only adventure that befel Viv during her voyage on the *Chough*. During a squall the *Chough* was run into by a brig. "Looking up I saw leaning over the rail of the brig a woman with a bundle in her arms. She dropped it straight into my arms." The bundle was an infant, who henceforth shared the happy-go-lucky existence of Peter and Viv, after she had decided she couldn't possibly marry Harry. Not that Peter and Viv married then—oh, dear no!—not till quite the end of the book.

It was quite simple the way they managed it, though at first it seemed rather foolish to have discarded kind, substantial Harry.

"My mind was a blank for the time being, but it was quite a bright little blank."

Peter suggests that they should join Haggetts. "It's a beastly life going round in caravans, and it's no place for you, but when one hasn't a sou—I know what that means. And Mrs. Haggetts careful of the girls."

"Peter Piper, it's most awfully kind of you, but how can I be such a bother to you? And, if one looks at it as a man of the world, Little John makes another mouth to feed."

"Oh, if that's all—will you come on this adventure with me, Princess? I'm a shabby

* By F. Tennyson Jesse. William Heinemann, London.

knight, but to paraphrase a poet: 'a poor thing, but your own.'"

"Yes, I'll come."

Henceforth adventure comes thick and fast on the trio, and we pursue them breathless through caravan life, in studios abroad, rub shoulders with artists and actors, strike acquaintance with Chas, pretty Chloe, doubtful Gladeyes, Bon Papa (the skeleton), the Changeling and a whole host of other originalities just sketched in only too soon to disappear.

Peter and Viv became the proud possessors of Secrecy Farm, and on the strength of it were married.

But Viv knew that this home, sweet as it was to her, would cease to satisfy him and one day he would take the road again.

"Do you know," he said "I am not sure a roof isn't a good thing to have because—after all, true adventure is of the soul."

"Let's just be happy," I answered, "for as long as we can. Oh, Peter, I wonder—I wonder—"

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

January 30th.—Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland. Annual Meeting. 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 3.30 p.m.

January 31st.—Lantern Lecture on "Some Aspects of Women's Work in the Past," by Miss V. Thurstan. Chair, Miss E. M. Musson. Grand Hotel, Birmingham. 7.30 p.m.

February 3rd.—League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses. Lecture on Florentine Painting. 2.—"The Age of Faith," by Mr. Beckwith A. Spencer, M.A., F.S.A. Medical and Surgical Theatre, St. Bartholomew's Hospital. 8.15 p.m.

February 4th.—Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. Lecture: "Surgical Tuberculosis," by Mr. C. W. Cathcart, F.R.C.S. Large Theatre on Surgical side. 4.30 p.m. Trained nurses cordially invited.

February 4th.—Guy's Hospital Past and Present Nurses League: Lecture "The Feeding of Infants," by Dr. Cameron. Medical School Building. 8 p.m.

February 7th to 11th.—The Medical, Nursing and Health Exhibition and Conference, Old Zoo Buildings, Glasgow.

February 16th.—Irish Nurses' Association. Lecture "Poliomyelitis and Neuritis," by Dr. Purser 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. 7.30 p.m.

BEGIN NOW.

O, never mind what the world has done

Before,

As a matter of fact, we've just begun

No more!

The glory of life is ours to take;

The world we want is for us to make;

The loveliest faith of all the lands

Is true,

And the building of heaven is in our hands

To do!

—The Forerunner.

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