

"The Woman's Suffrage Union of the British Dominions Overseas" has been formed. Enfranchised women from our self-governing Dominions resent the loss of citizenship when resident in Great Britain. No wonder!

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### "WIND ON THE HEATH."\*

Weird is the adjective to apply to this book. A strange tale it tells—of Nature wrestling with Love, and Love triumphant. Truly a strange career Tristram Chase runs through, in the ten years or thereabouts that we are permitted his acquaintance.

We meet him first as a young clerk, paying no heed to his papers, but sitting with elbows on the table and head between hands. "There lay before him the photograph of a girl—curly hair, uncertain smile—and there sounded in his ears the whisper of the wind through trees. Mr. Chase, staring at the photograph, sees neither curls nor wavering smile—sees nothing, in fact, but the short, springing grass of the downland; hears nothing except the sound of the wind in the trees, which in Herefar Street, S.W., is manifestly absurd."

Romney blood was in his veins, and it was obvious that the office could not hold him. The girl in the photograph had nothing to do with the story; she was probably an incident common to youth. But there were others who played an important part in his life.

By the will of an eccentric father he could not inherit his two thousand a year till he was thirty-five, and it was also a condition that he remained unmarried till then. From a fusty old Jew he learned the secret of bird calling with a flute; from a gipsy poacher he learned to hypnotise trout in the cool streams, which craft he practised for its fascination more than its material advantages.

Meeting some gipsy ancestors, he caravans in their company, and succumbs entirely to the lure of open skies and sweet heather.

"With the caravan vanishes all traces of the City clerk. Chase is frankly of the open road—brown, lean, clad in sweater and flannel trousers—he is a wanderer, one of the alien race. Alien or not, Mr. Chase found much pleasure in the yellow caravan."

Jane Snagge was bent upon matrimony, but she rightly supposed that with a name like hers it would be hopeless to answer a matrimonial advertisement. Would Snagg look better? or perhaps unadorned Snag? It was quite a misleading name, for Jane was a pretty, alluring girl, who sickened of being governess in a dull country village to an uninteresting doctor's children. Her longing for romance and colour makes her dangerously susceptible to Chase, who comes across her path.

\* By Essex Smith. John Lane, New York.

"He had been a loophole at first—nothing else. He had come now to fill her days and nights, her heart began to thud, her head to buzz at sight of him and sound of his steps. But Chase feels that close touch with Nature is incompatible with love, and it is mere pity for her that makes him tell her 'I love you, I love you!'"

"If it was a lie, the lie was not for her sake alone. She was near and he was young."

"She stared at him. 'You can't marry. You're not thirty-five.'"

But she wanted "someone to call her 'Janie,' and 'care, I could care; I could care horribly.'"

They were both generous in their love, for he would have forfeited his inheritance, and she would have none of the sacrifice. Their union was unblest and of short duration, and poor Janie took a short cut out of a world that had treated her most niggardly.

H. H.

#### THE NUGLY LITTLE MAN.

I 'tend that in the garden  
Lives a nugly little man,  
An' he always wants to catch me  
If he can—if he can;  
But I 'tend that I am quicker than the nugly  
little man.

I 'tend he sits an' watches  
In the hedge as I go by,  
And he pulls such nugly faces  
'Cos he thinks he'll make me cry;  
But I 'tend I always laugh at him, an' whistle  
goin' by.

By Marion St. John Adcock.

#### COMING EVENTS.

July 16th.—Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses. Annual Meeting, Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, London, W. 4 p.m. Tea after the meeting by kind invitation of Mrs. Walter Spencer at 2, Portland Place, London, W.

July 22nd.—Central Midwives' Board. Penal Board, Caxton House, S.W. 2 p.m.

July 23rd.—Central Midwives' Board. Monthly Meeting, Caxton House, S.W. 3.30 p.m.

August 5th.—Central Midwives' Board: Next Written Examination in London. The oral examination follows a few days later.

#### WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"It has been truly said that 'we may work without any exterior reward, but we cannot work without some internal reward, even if it is only the spiritualised pleasure of feeling that unpleasant duties have been conscientiously accomplished. The feeling of pleasure may have been given us by Providence to use for our own improvement, or it may have been evolved in the struggle for life as an accompaniment of those processes which make for the survival of the individual or the race.'"

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