

him to another hospital to get other treatment. She was afraid he must be dead, but he laughed at the idea and would have none of it. So he kept this new trouble from the poor miserable woman till she was a little stronger, and every day when her many dressings were done, he helped with them and learned how to do them so that he might take her back as soon as possible to the home which had been left so desolate. At times the sadness of such incidents weighs very heavily, but then again there are the many happy cases when sadness is turned into joy; a despairing mother has her child brought back from the gates of death, or a woman is saved at the time of her delivery from the ill-effects of the ignorant midwife, or from the dangers due to bone-disease; and always out in the East one works with the knowledge that there is a terrible need for women workers who alone can bring help to these other women.

E. S.

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### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### "MR. WASHINGTON."\*

This volume tells the story of the American fight for independence, and of a good deal of love making in the intervals.

The creatures of Miss Bowen's imagination are nearly always fascinating; we really cannot fancy her dealing with commonplace people, in every-day garb. Washington, Martha Dandridge, Sarah Mildmay, and Hortense are no exception to her rule of perfection of style. She has a perfect genius for background colour, and toilet, and to say the truth we grow a little weary of constant description of exquisite dresses, both male and female.

Martha's farewell to George Washington before he starts on the expedition to build and hold forts in the Ohio Valley is a very characteristic passage: Martha entered the withdrawing room with a delicate slowness; she closed the door behind her softly. "Good afternoon, Mr. Washington," she said slowly. She seated herself on a striped settee and folded her hands in her lap; the many frills of her white muslin skirts flowed over the polished wooden floor, and the gleaming pink of her satin coat was thrown up against the warm darkness of the polished panelled walls. Behind her hung an oval mirror which reflected the long, dusky ringlets confined by a soft bondage of violet velvet ribbons, and the crimson silk roses in her wide straw hat.

Mr. Washington turned from the window, and looked at her, resting his hand on the back of an old gilt chair, the brocade seat of which was cut from the wedding gown of Martha's grandmother which had been woven in Italy and sold at the Exchange in London at five guineas a yard. Martha looked at this hand, at the fall of white

lace at the wrist, at the dark blue cuff with crystal buttons, and never raised her eyes to his face. When she did so a moment later "her instant's gaze had remarked keenly the little things to which she was so quiveringly alive in this man, the bright blue colour of his neck ribbon, the pattern of the lace he wore, the powder of his curled hair." One would hardly have expected that these would be the chief points of attraction in a man of George Washington's personality.

The treachery of Benedict Arnold in selling West Point to the British and his consequent flight makes a stirring scene to which Miss Bowen does justice.

Washington accuses Arnold's wife of influencing him, "So you brought him to this," he said passionately; "you have a fine triumph to boast of in the British camp. I never trusted you—my God! Why could not he have married a fine woman?"

She turned as white and tense as he.

"Before heaven I never knew of this before this morning; I often urged him to stand true, openly to leave you. Spare hard words to me, General Washington, for I am smitten to the heart."

"Do you think that I believe you? You have been beguiling me even now while he escapes."

"Yes, he is my husband."

"And your partner in treachery. Oh, I was soft to allow loyalist women in my camps."

She set her back firmly against the door as he approached, towering in his wrath.

"Stand out of my way," he said.

"No—I am giving him a chance."

"Where has he gone?"

"I will not tell you."

As she was about to hurl the key of the door from the window "a low boom echoed through the still warm air and vibrated in the chamber."

"The British," cried Washington.

Margaret sprang from the window holding out the key to him.

"Take it—undo his evil—do not let West Point be lost through him."

She heard him dash from the room, and his shouted orders to Knox and Hamilton.

"He will save West Point," she said, and put her hands before her eyes; "but God Himself cannot save the honour of Benedict Arnold."

She heard the rattle of an artillery team galloping past the window, and the joyous shout of the man to his horses, and at the thought that any one could still be happy in this horrible world she gave a wild laugh and slipped unconscious to the floor.

The book concludes with Martha embroidering a flag with stars and stripes—"The arms of Mr. Washington."

H. H.

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### WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Only through service can man attain greatness, and until he has made himself a servant he cannot even become a king.—*E. Cowley.*

\* By Marjorie Bowen. Methuen & Co., Ltd., London.

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