insist on going off, unhappily to their ultimate harm. Not, of course, that it is the environment that drives them to want to take departure. The tent-cabin colonies insist that there shall be the atmosphere of the home, rather than of an institution, but folk who have been sick with some disease that is not keeping them abed grow restive as they grow well, have little liking for the company of other sick, and want to be out and away. What is more, the home atmosphere dispels the *heim-weh* (home-sickness), which is often the hardest factor to cure.

Twenty-five patients, come seeking health, have many needs of course, and so, at the tent-colony, there is also a so-called "utility house," fitted with special lavatories and baths and the like, to suit every phase of convenience.

With all this, though, a patient comes to prefer his own cabin best, and when indoors at all each is usually to be found there. Cabins, for example, have advantage even over porches to read, for the cabin does not possess the glare and so there is always a very good light. What is more, a cabin can be made comfortable, inside of five minutes, for giving a patient a "bed bath"—and this in all kinds of weather—as few other structures can. Still again, in such cabin one is freed of the annoyance of the best-intentioned neighbours.

Three nurses are maintained at a tent-cabin colony, and one of these is always on duty with the cabin folk.

Away up here, at an elevation of 6,300 ft., they give the patients vaccine and serum treatments—artificial neurmothorics—see to their rest and food, and look after the matter of recreation.

For all of which patients pay but fifteen to twenty dollars a week here, which is not excessive when one considers what a *well* man pays to board at home.

Out of all of which comes the success of the tent-cabin colony over all other media. Its novelty appeals, its service is good, its patrons go forth pleased, so that to-day it takes first rank among the goals of the seekers after health in the health-seekers' Paradise, Colorado.

At a meeting of the supporters of the Battersea General (Anti-Vivisection) Hospital, the Chairman, Lord Tenterden, said the meeting had been called owing to the unavoidable disadvantages under which the hospital was labouring. They were in a most serious position. Their very existence as a hospital was at stake, and if funds were not forthcoming the work would have to be curtailed or even abandoned. Considering the really excellent results he could not believe that such a catastrophe would be permitted. They had not only ministered to the civilian sick poor but had done much for wounded and disabled soldiers. The hospital, which is situated in the Albert Bridge Road, near the park and the river, began, before the war, to build a much needed out-patient department, which partly accounts for its financial difficulties,

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"IN BRIEF AUTHORITY."*

This is a fairy story for grown-ups. Mr. Anstey of course is well known as a writer of farcical fiction. In this time of stress and strain when even the young feel old, it is not a bad idea to present a work such as this in the pages of which one can for an hour or two slip off grim reality, and imagine oneself back in regions of the "make believe" of our childhood.

Mr. Anstey is careful to explain in the preface that three-fourths of the book were written "in those happy days which now seem so patheti-cally distant, when we were still at peace. . . as the central idea of this story happens to be inseparably connected with certain characters and incidents of German origin. . . because it would be difficult, if not impossible, to substitute any others, but mainly because I cannot bring myself to believe that the nursery friends of our youth could ever be regarded as enemies."

So we can enjoy our tale without imagining that topical problems have to be construed from it. The Wibberley-Stimpsons of "Inglegarth," Gable-hurst, are typically vulgar well-to-do inhabitants of a typical suburb. The family consisted of Mrs. and Mr., Clarence, Edna, Ruby, and Daphne Heritage the governess. At the time the story opens a local Historical Pageant was in process of formation. Mrs. Wibberley-Stimpson is of opinion that she and her family inclusive are the most suitable to personate the Royalty, and is endeavouring to impress Lady Harriet, who is calling on her about the character of a servant, with the same point of view.

Lady Harriet, without betraying any sign of mirth, takes her departure, leaving Mrs. W.-S. under the impression that she has carried her point. The same evening, when the Wibberley-Stimpsons are about to sit down to dinner, they hear a strange kind of flapping whirr in the air, and a moment later a shrill clear call which seems to come from silver trumpets "Very odd;" said Mr. Stimpson. Then the drawing-room door was thrown open and two persons wearing tabards and gaily plumed hats, entered. A third person then entered, who fell on his knees before Mrs. Stimpson, and kissed her hand with deep respect. "Heaven be praised!" he cried, in a voice that faltered with emotion. "I have found the Queen we have sought so long in vain!"

The family naturally concluded that this was all part of the pageant, and regarded the summons to accompany their strange visitors as an invitation to a rehearsal. They enter a strange looking car, drawn by storks, and up and away they fly to Magic Land and a Magic Kingdom.

The funny part of it is that, *au fond*, the Wibberley-Stimpsons remain the Wibberley-Stimpsons the whole time. The Coronation was arranged to take place at once on their arrival, which was by this time early morning.

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* By F. Anstey. Smith, Elder & Co., London.

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