

of special interest, the floor and the wainscoting—to a height of six feet—are of green tiles, also the linen used and the utensils (if I remember rightly) were of the same colour. This is to gratify the wishes of one of the surgeons, who finds the effect upon the eyes very pleasant; it has now become a favourite operating room with the other surgeons.

One of the special features of St. Luke's is the "Solarium," of which there are two on each floor, besides one in the maternity wing. It is obvious that in "sunny California," the greatest advantage should be taken of the sun's cheering and curative warmth. The private rooms of the hospital are on the upper floors; they are furnished with all the luxury and comfort of a first-class hotel. The suites consist of sitting-room, bedroom and bath room. I have observed that it is becoming a very general custom in the States, as well as in Canada, to abolish the old-fashioned movable wash-hand-stand with jug and basin, and replace it by the neat and simple fixed basin with hot and cold water taps. The custom has much to commend it; in the private rooms of hospitals it is always seen. Facilities for open-air treatment have been brought to a science at St. Luke's; besides the solariums, there are two roof gardens, glassed in on the west, as a protection from the prevailing west wind, and also overhead as a protection from rain. This is a feature of which the founders are justly proud. Last, but not least, there is a beautiful little chapel, Gothic in style—to be in harmony with the rest of the building; it has a perfect groined roof and a gallery approached from the second floor of the hospital, for the use of patients unable to be present in the chapel. Mrs. Monteagle conducted us herself over this magnificent building, accompanied by Miss Brown (the Superintendent of Nurses). It was clear to us as we heard her make various enquiries, that it is her desire and intention that there should be nothing lacking which could contribute to the comforts of the patients and nurses and the well-being of the institution. This most interesting tour of inspection was an ample proof of Miss Brown's words to me, namely, that Mrs. Monteagle was never happy unless she was doing a kindness to someone. St. Luke's is not a free hospital, but it is the wish of the generous founders that endowments should be established for the free treatment of poor patients—and, no doubt, this wish will materialize before long. The exigencies of time and space do not permit of a detailed account of the Nurses' Home, corresponding in comfort and equipment (having also its own roof garden), with the hospital, the first-rate X-ray department, &c. I should much like to speak of the "affiliation of clinics," the Post-Graduate Nursing Courses, and the following-up system. I must ask the readers to imagine the excellent work—preventive and curative—that these terms cover. The work of healing the sick is done at St. Luke's in the spirit of the Divine Master, who gave the command, and in whose honour it is dedicated.

BEATRICE KENT.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"GUY AND PAULINE."*

The dedication of this volume is to Sir Ian Hamilton and the General Staff of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. It must not be surmised from this that the story is of a martial character, or indeed that it has any bearing whatever on the War. Far from it. The story is a story of Guy and Pauline—an idyll filling nearly four hundred pages, written in the author's best Meredithian manner. Clever, certainly, and its literary style—if rather affected—is still in the front rank. As a story it is distinctly disappointing, as we are kept on tenter-hooks for a *dénouement* which never arrives; and the close of the book finds Guy and Pauline no nearer the achievement of their desire than when—in the forefront of the book—they discovered their love one for the other. Guy and his friends, Michael and Maurice, will be familiar to those of our readers who read the two remarkable volumes of "Sinister Street."

Guy, by this time, has decided his vocation to be a poet, and has taken a fascinating cottage, and with an income of slender proportions and a housekeeper into the bargain, settled himself down to woo the muse. Perhaps all might have been well if, at the outset, he had not met Pauline and her sisters picking mushrooms by moonlight.

From that moment she obsessed him.

She was one of three pretty sisters, the daughters of the Rector of the parish, who was so immersed in the pleasures of his garden that he could rarely be brought down to the realisation of anything besides. Mrs. Gray, their mother, also was of an abstracted turn of mind, and voted everything "charming" in a delightfully vague way. She, however, placed many needless and tiresome restrictions on these ardent young lovers, with the result that they took their expeditions *sub rosa*, thus costing Pauline's sensitive conscience many pangs.

After much anxious study and misgiving, Guy decides that he has written enough for one small volume.

"This roused Pauline to the greatest excitement.

"'We'll drink the poet's health,' said the Rector.

"'Oh! Father, I must kiss you.'

"'Now, Pauline, you're sweeping your napkin on the floor.'

"'Oh! but Mother, I must kiss Francis for being so sweet.'"

It was always a source of vague annoyance to Mrs. Gray that her youngest daughter insisted on calling her father by his Christian name.

Guy dallies with work and love for a whole year, shutting his eyes to the practical side of life, and dreaming of the time when he should be

* By Compton Mackenzie. (London: Martin Secker.)

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