

Miss Hamilton's own recitation, "How Bill Adams Won the Battle of Waterloo," was inimitable of its kind, and then she announced a raffle, in which one would draw a prize, others blanks, and some numbers signifying cigarettes.

Lance-Corporal Dennelly drew the prize, a book, "In the Grip of the Wild Wa."

Then the guests took leave, expressing most courteous thanks to their hostesses, but as they were packed into their char-a-banc members of the Club assembled on the steps and heartily cheered them, to which the men most cordially responded.

The Lyceum Club are arranging a series of teas, but are somewhat disappointed to find that from many Military Hospitals the men are not permitted to accept the hospitality.

On Friday, July 23rd, the Belgian, French and Russian Circles are giving a tea to Belgian wounded, when Mme. Vandervelde will preside and recite, and when the programme will be arranged by Mme. Jeanne Fromont-Dehune, with the help of her husband, the composer. On the 30th Miss Pullen-Burry is to entertain some of our sailors.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"JAFFERY."*

"A fair-bearded, red-faced, blue-eyed, grinning giant got out of the train, and catching sight of us ran up and laid a couple of great sun-glazed hands on my shoulders.

"'Hullo! hullo! hullo!' he shouted, and gripping Adrian in his turn, shouted it again. He made such an uproar that people stuck wondering heads out of the carriage windows."

Such is our introduction to Jaffery, and a very good idea we get of that inspiring person from the above paragraph.

Of matrimony he said: "I married? I tie myself to the stay strings of a flip of a thing in petticoats, whom I should have to swear to love, honour and obey—?"

Yet, before many pages are turned, we find him hopelessly infatuated with Doria, the promised wife of Adrian—"the precious finnikin Adrian," who was supposed to have written an epoch-making novel, the manuscript of which he had in reality filched from a dead friend. On this fraudulent transaction, the interest of the story is hung. Doria worshipped her make-believe genius with a blind unreasoning devotion. Adrian's admirers naturally demand more books to follow "The Diamond Gate." His inability to produce, of course, places him in an impasse, to escape which he takes his life. Henceforth it was Jaffery's aim to conceal the truth from Doria. He collects the disjointed and hopeless manuscript found in Adrian's study, and himself weaves it into the second powerful romance bearing Adrian's name.

*By William J. Locke. London: John Lane.

It will be readily imagined that this is a plot of sufficient interest and originality to hold the attention of the reader. In Mr. Locke's hands, it is irresistible and fascinating. There are many whimsical situations, such as the author both delights and excels in.

His being the trustee of two charming young widows is quite "Lockean." Besides Dorian there is Liosha, the beautiful primitive Albanian, whom our erratic Jaffery had befriended on his travels, and had brought home as naturally as if she had been a bale of goods.

The book is written in the first person by one Hilary—and he and his charming wife, Barbara, who are Jaffery's devoted friends, relieve him of his charge, Liosha. "When all this was settled, Jaffery pronounced himself the most care-free fellow alive. His hitherto grumpy and resentful attitude towards Liosha changed. She was eventually placed under the charge of Mrs. Considine, whose mission was to change this beautiful young savage into something a trifle more conventional. A few days afterwards Jaffery went off to sail a small boat with another lunatic in the Hebrides."

"Before August was out, Barbara, little Susan and I found ourselves alone.

"'Now,' said I. 'I can get through some work.'

"'Now,' said Barbara, 'we can run over to Dinard.' 'What?' I shouted. 'Dinard,' she said, softly. 'We definitely made up our minds,' I retorted, 'that we weren't going to leave this beautiful garden; you know I never change my mind; I'm not going away.' Barbara left the room, whistling a musical comedy air. We went to Dinard."

Such is "Jaffery." Read the book, if you would have the savour. H. H.

VERSE.

I'm happiest now when most away
I can tear my soul from its mould of clay,
On a windy night when the moon is bright
And my eye can wander through worlds of light.

When I am not, and none beside,
Nor earth, nor sea, nor cloudless sky,
But only spirit wandering wide
Through infinite immensity.

—Emily Brontë.

COMING EVENTS.

July 23rd.—Clapham Maternity Hospital, Jeffreys Road, S.W.: Annual Meeting and Opening of New Building; Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Vendôme presiding; 3.30 p.m. Tea, 4.45 p.m.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"Never lose an occasion; opportunities are more powerful than conquerors or prophets."

—Benjamin Disraeli.

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