

Miss Cavell have now been thrown on the screen. No doubt this historic and dramatic subject will make a strong appeal to the public. We could wish, however, that such a tragedy had been treated with reticence.

The Shoreditch Board of Guardians have agreed to place a memorial to Miss Cavell, formerly Assistant Matron at the Infirmary, in the nurses' dining-room. The design has been submitted by the Matron, and the cost will be met by voluntary contributions.

The fund begun in Manchester to provide a memorial to Miss Edith Cavell is to be used in endowing a nurse who will attend to the needs of the poorest citizens of Manchester and Salford. She will carry on her work under the auspices of the Manchester and Salford Sick Poor and Private Nursing Institution, and will wear a distinctive badge. The appointment will probably be treated as a special honour for meritorious work, to be bestowed for certain periods upon different nurses.

Up to the present about £720 has been given, but, to endow a nurse, at least £2,000 is needed. It is hoped that when the public realise the use to which the fund is to be put they will readily respond.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### "THE GREEN ORCHARD."\*

Martin Wesley Wilderspin, of this story, married Fauvette in Paris less than twenty-four hours after meeting her for the first time. Poor little Fauvette! She knew less about her ancestors, early or immediate, than she did about Martin on the morning that she married him. It was in a vestibule of a Paris newspaper office that Wilderspin first met her. There had been some difference at home and he had rushed to Paris like a woman in a tantrum. Fauvette was interested in literature since the interest kept her body alive, paid her bills, and made her happy. That afternoon the editor had paid a warm tribute to her work and prophesied the day when she would be "the great Fauvette."

It was raining and Martin offered her a share of his umbrella. They hurried along to a café (it was his suggestion) and sipped tea together. Her attention moved him to volubility. He told her everything.

"And what about yourself?" he asked.

The brown eyes drooped: "I am just Fauvette," she told him, "I write."

That did not appear to convey much to his mind.

\*By Andrew Soutar. Cassell & Co., London.

"What for?" he asked.  
Fauvette dropped her spoon and leaned back.  
"Ma foi! To eat, you—you big lapin."  
"You're only a girl," he said, his countenance still grave.

"Ah, you English," she sighed with mock reproach. "You are so funny when you are sad. Is it not well to work, say me?"

"Of course it is, but—but what of your people?"

"La la! I do not remember, they are dead—I think so. I am never lonely, m'sieur. I have thousands of children."

"Children?"

"Oui. All in here"—and she tapped her forehead. "I make my own friends with my pen. You understand—yes? M'sieur has imagination?"

"I'm a barrister," said Wilderspin, as though that confession were sufficient answer. That really was the answer to the difficulties which arose after this strange courtship and marriage. She had imagination—yes? And he—he was a barrister.

These differences might not have proved insuperable, given several things. If Martin had loved her, and if he had not been dominated by his overbearing parents, and if he had not been addicted to secret drinking. Martin had sucked too much of the Wilderspin atmosphere into his lungs to develop the spirit that had led to his marrying Fauvette. He was frightened of what he had done in pique and bravado, almost before he had done it. All the prudery of his narrow-minded mother found a new champion in him. All the pseudo-dignity of his father found an impressionable spot in his nature. He commenced by regarding Fauvette not as a wife, but as a duty.

Poor Fauvette in the midst of an uncongenial atmosphere asked to be allowed to furnish her own room in accordance with her ideas of art. But Martin gazed with horror on the black satin canopy over the bed, the black satin clothes on the bed, and had it dismantled the next day.

But she had a spirit, had little Fauvette, and on the occasion of the visit of his friend Tony, whom he had always held up to her as a paragon, she descended to dinner before their horrified eyes dressed in, it must be confessed, a bizarre and outrageous costume. We must not blame her, she was really a good little girl this Fauvette.

This is quite an interesting and pretty story.

H. H.

## COMING EVENTS.

March 17th.—Irish Nurses' Association Annual Meeting, 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

March 18th.—Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses. Meeting Executive Committee to consider the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the proposed Voluntary Nursing College Scheme. 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 4.30 p.m.

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