

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

## "THE ACCOLADE."\*

A table of the Ingestre family is printed on the fly-leaf of the book and we recommend its readers to study it carefully before reading the story. If it is overlooked, as may quite well happen, it will probably follow that one will get hopelessly bewildered with the different branches and generations of this very interesting family that is marshalled in quick succession, with rather abrupt exit and entrance.

John Ingestre is the central figure for whom the rest of the family form a setting.

We confess that John baffles our power of description, but of one thing we are quite certain: that we are very sorry for Mrs. John, who, though she always did and said the correct thing, was no doubt the worst possible wife for her erratic husband.

The author deals largely in subtlety of thought and style, both in plot and conversation, and often leaves one wondering if the point is too fine for our comprehension, or whether there is any point to see. But there is no doubt at all that in the "Accolade" we have a most interesting and fascinating study, shall we say of complexities, and it is not far short of brilliancy.

John's attitude to his family, who had vetoed his leaning towards the stage, is as follows:—

"He liked his new friends, and did not happen to like his father. The parental methods, for some time past, had bored him. Having always figured as a rebel, he had tried all his father's moods, and admired none of them. At a distance of thirty miles, he could stand his relations very well. After all, if things came to the worst with the new arts he was learning, he could always knock his father down; lay him out tidily that is—since Mr. Ingestre was rather old and infirm. As for his grandmother, she was for obvious reasons older still, but there was good hope of her coming to a natural end. Johnny—piously-minded—commended her to nature's attention, and went on."

John, teasing Violet, the fourteen-year-old daughter of a friend, whom with his fiancée he is seeking to entertain at his house, says:—

"You learn lots of dates, don't you? When you were her age, Ursula, you probably knew lots of things."

"Do you mean I'm ignorant now?"

"Yes, thank Heaven."

"Do you like ignorance?" said Violet.

"Rather," said Johnny. "Except, of course, in the people I pay to know. People like secretaries and solicitors and doctors—"

"Don't attend to him," said Violet, kindly.

"I pay Miss Thynne," said Johnny, "or rather I shall pay her shortly, to know nothing."

"John, how horrid you are," said Ursula, really indignant. "Pay me indeed! A nice

time you'd have if I didn't know a great deal more than you."

The child Violet grown up and married in after years is always a thorn in the flesh to Ursula, though the friendship between her and John was quite an innocent one. But then John is the type of man that attracts women against their will, and his attitude towards those favoured with his approbation, was whimsical and caressing.

John tells Ursula that the dramatic profession is the worst paid, and hardest worked, of any except sick nursing.

"How can you compare them?" said Ursula, indignantly.

"I don't for a minute," said Johnny. "Any one can smooth a pillow. You'd do it by nature; so would little Miss rough-haired Rosalind. Violet would do it—oh, rippingly." He stretched his arms and looked at her. "Pity I've never been ill."

Ursula coloured a little. She would have given much to have John ill, really helpless on her hands: she could have taught him a few things then. How much of woman's boasted faculty for nursing is love of power, in origin. How curious it is, we might add in our turn, that so many persons consider themselves competent to criticise the nursing profession.

But with this and other blemishes allowed for, we can recommend the book as an interesting and amusing study.

H. H.

## COMING EVENTS.

January 14th.—Applications for Licences for Lying-in Homes. London County Council.

January 15th.—Meeting of the Central Committee for the State Registration of Nurses. To consider a Circular Letter issued by the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., Chairman of the Joint War Committee, proposing to organise the Nursing Profession in conjunction with a Voluntary Nursing College.

January 20th.—Central Midwives Board. Monthly meeting. Board Room, Caxton House, S.W. 3.30 p.m.

January 21st.—Central Midwives Board. Penal Cases. Board Room, Caxton House, S.W. 11 a.m.

January 21st.—The Matrons' Council: Annual Meeting, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 3.45 p.m. Tea.

Meeting National Council of Trained Nurses, 5 p.m. To receive a report from Delegates to International Council Meeting and Nurses' Convention, San Francisco.

January 22nd.—League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses. The Winter General Meeting, Clinical Theatre, Medical School, 3 p.m. Social Gathering, Nurses' Sitting Room, Nurses' Home.

Rise, brothers, rise—

The wakening skies pray to the morning light.

—Sarojini Naidu.

\*By E. Sidgwick. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd., Lond.

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