

The ground floor ward has green for its colour scheme, and opens on to a verandah which, on the occasion of our visit, was festooned with a lovely passion flower. Beyond this is a garden of considerable size with well-kept turf.

The historic mulberry tree, said to have been planted by the order of James II. to encourage the silk weaving trade, is a possession to be proud of, and its venerable boughs still bear luscious fruit, the excellence of which we proved.

On the upper floor we visited another charming ward, this time with blue quilts and walls.

Among the small patients was a delightful person, rapidly recovering weight after marasmus, and another pathetic infant, who was succumbing to the same fell enemy of the slum baby. Truly a beneficent work to tend these hardly-used little ones.

The surgical work is good, and major operations are in a large proportion. An up-to-date completely equipped theatre is kept in constant use, and the nurses have a strenuous time.

Dr. R. Murray Leslie, M.A., B.Sc., M.D., M.R.C.P., is one of the three visiting physicians, and Mr. A. E. Kennedy, M.R.C.S., &c., one of the visiting surgeons. With this exception, the whole of the visiting staff are medical women, and upon it are to be found some of the best known in the medical profession.

The nursing staff are well cared for, and are provided with a comfortable sitting room and separate bedrooms.

The Matron is feeling very sad, as, in consequence of the shortage of trained nurses, it is impossible to use the full number of beds. This, in a very crowded and poor neighbourhood, where many patients are on the waiting list, is a very serious condition of things. And there surely must be certificated nurses who for some reason or another are disqualified from war nursing, who could for the present distress once more get into harness and do their bit for this good work.

A special feature of this hospital is that it runs its own laundry. This enables a larger supply of clean linen than otherwise would be possible. The patients do not provide anything except combs and soap; and Miss Bland finds this plan very satisfactory. It can be well understood that the appearance of the patients gains by the provision of whole and clean body linen. A fowl-run caught our eye as we were leaving the premises, with its suggestion of new-laid eggs for the patients. This little hospital may be described as self-contained. It is, indeed, a boon and a blessing to the poor district in which it is situated, and it will be a thousand pities if even one bed has to be denied to some poor sufferer because no nurse is forthcoming. Nurses please offer your services to the Matron. If you cannot apply to become members of the staff, why not offer a day or a half day a week for the good work.

H. H.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### "GILDED VANITY."\*

Richard Dehan's latest book will come as a surprise to those who have been anxiously awaiting its publication, for it differs so widely from its predecessors that one can hardly imagine it to have been written by the same pen. The title, "Gilded Vanity," refers to the unworthy motives for which a girl bartered the love of her heart, and wore the wedding ring of an unhallowed marriage. There are some amusing and telling passages in the book, but the idiosyncrasies of the characters are overdrawn and in truth become rather wearisome. But those who are in search of something not too strenuous will be amused with the match-making propensities of Lady Baintree, and the vagaries of Midge, the precocious schoolgirl, who deserved a good whipping.

Pope Dollimore is furnished with two wives in quick succession by Lady Baintree, both of whom drag the unfortunate man through the divorce court. Partly to save himself from being married for the third time, to the school girl Midge, and partly because of an old attachment in that direction, we find him at the close of the volume persuading Lady Baintree herself to become his wife. This does not strike us as artistic; but we presume that the authoress does not intend to be taken seriously.

The meeting between the first two wives during the honeymoon of the second is described by the unhappy Pope.

"My first and my second met together under one roof. My second admires my first's toilette. My first——" he broke off. "It sounds like one of the acrostics newspapers offered to be guessed correctly for a prize." He rolled his round, china-blue eyes over the rim of his little glass of Benedictine. "You cannot imagine," he went on, "the kind of sensation that went over me. I felt like—I do not know what I felt like—my dear Warr."

Warr is the only really nice character in the book. It was at Cannes that he first met Elizabeth Colquhoun. She came "along a garden alley paved with green mossed tiles and chequered with dancing lights and flying shadows under the blossoming, perfume-shedding boughs of mimosa and almond. She brought her eyes down from chasing a pair of yellow butterflies in and out of the thick mimosa blossoms and turned them on his face. They were grey in colour, or hazel, or blue, and heavily bordered with long, straight, brown lashes. There was a powdering of freckles underneath them. There was something in the way her throat rose out of the encircling band of moss-green velvet that reminded Warr of a ripe fruit. All these details and many others he noted in an instant, as one does sometimes. Do people who are destined to bring a great deal of grief or a corresponding amount of joy into the lives of each

\* By Richard Dehan. William Heinemann, London.

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