

"That's me and my young man when we was first married."

"That's my husband wiv the little gal what we lost."

"That's 'im took in khaki just before 'e went away."

Brave little mother! Good little woman! God send him back to you safely, and perhaps kind St. Nicholas will remember at least a little pinny wiv ribbons for Florrie.

MIDNIGHT ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

A tiny baby, all forlorn, cold and hungry, lay in a corner of a bed—if such a desolate heap could be called a bed. One of the great unwanted, he lay and wailed, and wailed. Fatherless in the eyes of the Law, motherless in the eyes of Heaven. His mother was a rough, coarse girl, with an unclean tongue, at present amusing herself at a cheap picture show. Midnight on Christmas Eve! So small a thing to be alone. He gnawed his tiny fists desperately, savagely; he rent the dirty room with his cries. Did God in Heaven not care, then? "If Carrotty Sal don't look after that kid of hern better, I'll get the visitin' lidy to write to the Croolty Orficer," said a beery but motherly woman downstairs. "It's a shime, that's what it is."

It struck the hour when the cattle are said to kneel in the fields to welcome the birth of the Christ Child.

"Unto you is born a Saviour."

The dirty little infant ceased to wail.

Carrotty Sal and the friend who shared her room arrived home an hour later, singing ribald songs as they climbed the stairs.

"Ain't the kid quiet for a wonder? Gawd! What's 'appened to it? It's smilin' all over its face. Strike me if I don't believe it's dead."

H. H.

A CASKET OF THOUGHTS.

Would you know the art of contentment,
The joy of molestless calm
—Resignation without resentment,
To Life's attendant alarm?

Find in the present moment
The Value of past mistakes,
And in resignation, consolment
For the cherished joy which forsakes.

Seek antidotal ingredients
In pleasures approximate,
"The heart has many expedients
For reaching the ultimate."

From "A Casket of Thoughts."
By Viviane Verne.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

On bravely through the sunshine and the showers,
Time hath his work to do, and we have ours.

"LONDON PRIDE."

The trained nurse has been much before the public of late, and now once more she appears before the footlights in the very amusing play by Gladys Unger and A. Neil Lyons—"London Pride"—now running at Wyndham's Theatre, and we have to thank Miss Jean Cadell for her presentation of a hospital Matron in her becoming and neat professional uniform, worn with preciseness and distinction. Full of common sense, and with a sureness born of knowledge, she gives directions to her staff, reduces a revolting wardmaid to complete obedience, manages a ward full of convalescent soldiers, pays special attention to a newly-admitted patient, and manages to be courteous to the great lady of the house in a way that commands admiration.

The plot is unfolded in four Acts. In the first scene, which is laid in Bunter's Row, Silverside, in the East of London, we are introduced to the hero and heroine of the piece, Cuthbert Tunks (Mr. Gerald du Maurier), and Cherry Walters, as well as to Mr. Councillor Garlic, the landlord of the houses in the Row, and other important *dramatis personæ*.

It is a Sunday morning, and Cherry comes to make enquiries as to the whereabouts of Cuthbert. She is not encouraged by Mrs. Tunks, who considers that her son should look higher than pickles, and Cherry works in a pickle factory, but "where love's planted there it grows" and for better for worse, Cuthbert and his "kid" are true mates, and if Cherry does refuse to spend Sunday afternoon in Greenwich Park with him, they kiss and make it up.

Then comes the war. Cuthbert and his father enlist, and Cherry (Miss Mabel Russell) and Will Mooney carry on their coster business, part of the plant being a very tractable donkey and a cart.

A year later we see a little group of men in a trench in France, Menzies, *débonnaire* and kindly, writing letters home for his less-educated comrades, one to Cherry from Cuthbert (who is rejoicing in the prospect of seven days' leave) included. Into the trench comes the Sergeant, and asks for volunteers for a bombing party. He also tells Cuthbert that his leave is stopped, and Cuthbert, who has just heard news about Cherry which makes him anxious, resolves to take his leave somehow nevertheless.

Then comes his opportunity. Menzies, who was one of the bombing party is killed, and Cuthbert changes identification discs with the body, so officially Cuthbert Tunks is dead.

Then the trouble begins. On his way home Cuthbert receives a wound from an enemy aeroplane, which necessitates his admission to a V.A.D. hospital in Kent. It is here that we meet the Matron aforementioned, and Miss Topleigh-Trevor (Miss Rosa Lynd), the lady of the house—a study in mauve with a sheaf of mauve flowers for the "dear soldiers." When she hears of the new arrival, Menzies, who is supposed to be suffering from loss of memory, she deposits all her flowers on

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