

and get in.' He removes his lower garments and enters the water standing. 'Take off your coat.' The coat is removed. 'And that other bit of a band.' He still stands. 'Now sit down in the water, right down.' He kneels, and finally is persuaded to lie down covered by that health-giving sulphurous fluid, and he vigorously applied soap and cloth for half an hour. 'Have you ever been in a place like that before?' 'Never!' He liked the operation and had it repeated ten times, when he went home a happier, wiser, and cleaner man."

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### "THE SHINING HEIGHTS."\*

The story tells of the son of a prosperous medical man who, after long residence abroad in estrangement from his father, returns to find the familiar house in the hands of strangers.

A shabby manservant replies to his enquiries.

Dr. Harding had had to leave his practice some years ago.

"It didn't get into the papers, though there was terrible trouble. I didn't understand the ins and outs of it, but it seemed the doctor had tried an experiment on one of his patients—a lady—a Mrs. Bryce—and the lady died. Other medical gentlemen were called in. I heard they were very severe, and in the end the doctor had to go."

The son traces his father and arrives to find him on his deathbed. He was in a state of extreme poverty and neglect. "A single blanket covered the figure to the waist. It was worn and threadbare and yet the limbs scarcely showed beneath their outline. On the edge of the bed was a thick pile of manuscript, neatly ordered; one fleshless hand rested flat upon it in an austere gesture of authority."

† This manuscript set forth the calculations of the specific for the cure of tuberculosis, the experiment of which had cost Mrs. Bryce her life, and ruined his reputation.

He died shortly after his son's arrival, and Peter Harding sat far into the night by his father's dead body studying the manuscript. He was himself no mean bacteriologist.

A few years later there was much excitement in a remote Cornish village because a large and lonely house called "Lone Point" was let, after being empty for some years. It was a great event for the Vicar and his daughter Genifer. The Vicar was chiefly disturbed because he would now have to pull himself together and write decent sermons. Genifer because she was at first unable to place the man and woman. Were they brother and sister? Were they husband and wife? The Vicar's qualms were set at rest for they proved

\* By I. A. P. Wylie. London: Mills & Boon. Price 6s.

most unconventional people and religion did not form part of their lives.

Genifer's first encounter with her showed her to be a beautiful girl, who carried her beauty with a rare simplicity. She was hatless, stockingless, coatless. Her bare feet were thrust into old tennis shoes—symbolical of the casual conventionality of her whole appearance. Neither the cotton blouse open at the neck, nor the rough tweed skirt was fashionable or even decently new.

She was the wife of Peter Harding, whom he had married under unusual circumstances. Lone Point was opened as a Sanatorium where Peter Harding carried out the experiments which had begun to mature in his father's brain, when they ended so disastrously. He had married Lillah chiefly because she had taken an interest in his scientific pursuits. Haumann, the monkey on whom he tried his experiments died, but this did not deter him from pursuing the treatment on the unlucky creatures who had placed themselves under his care.

In the death of Miss Jones, one of his patients, his career comes to an end, and he knows himself beaten, and owns his failure to the little *demi-mondaine*, one of his patients.

"It isn't a cure. I've believed in it, and in myself, till the very last. Perhaps another man might have succeeded, but I hadn't the experience. I've meddled with a thing that was too big for me, and others have paid the penalty."

Peter Harding left the Sanatorium surreptitiously, and Earnshaw, who has always loved Lillah, would fain persuade her and himself that Peter is dead. The faithful Genifer who had been betrothed to Earnshaw before the advent of Lillah, however in the end we believe, is in sight of her long-delayed happiness, and Lillah is re-united to her husband. The story, as a whole, is not a very convincing one, the descriptions of the life in the Sanatorium being wildly improbable.

H. H.

#### "SONG OF LIFE."

I ask no more of youth  
Than the sun and blue o'erhead,  
With the grass-lined road before me,  
By wind and fortune led.

I ask no more of age  
Than the peace that comes with night,  
Stretched on the earth forgotten,  
With the stars above alight.  
(From "Song of Life," by Henry Simpson.)

#### COMING EVENTS.

June 7th.—Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses. Annual Meeting. Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, London, W., 4 p.m. Tea after the meeting by the kind invitation of Mrs. Walter Spencer, 2, Portland Place, W.

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