

resolutions suggesting various schemes for national and international organisation with a view to securing the representation of women in the League will be discussed.

The Sub-Committee appointed to make arrangements for the Conference consists of representatives of the following societies:—Catholic Women's League, National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland, National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship, National Women's Citizens' Associations, Standing Joint Committee of Industrial Women's Organisations, Women's International League and Women's Local Government Society.

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### "THE TASTE OF APPLES."\*

This story is quite charming in its own way. It relates how an old American shoemaker and his wife went on a visit of several months to England, and the experiences of Mother and her gentle imaginative husband are described by a sympathetic pen.

The writing is appealing and full of delicate humour and pathos. The introductory passages give the picture of Anthony in his shop.

"The shoemaker's long fingers pulled at the string and tore aside the paper—a pair of girlish slippers lay in his hand.

"Can they be mended, Mr. Wickham?" the girl asked quickly."

The shoemaker stood considering the worn things. The flickering gaslight, as he bent over them fell full upon his face. The eyes followed the line of the shoes, and touched them here and there—then he turned and looked at the girl. "Never too late to mend," said the old man smiling, and fingering the shoes as if their very frailties pleased him. He carried them across to his bench, and the girl went out. The shoemaker did not look up; his eyes were on the shoes in his hands, studying their possibilities . . . he was deaf to the world." What a charming picture of devotion to work even though it be an uncongenial one—for Anthony was not of common clay, all his life he had sighed in secret for a full existence. "Thirty years he had waited, stitching his vision into leather and thread and now, on this particular night the great world door swung softly open before him."

We must explain how this happened. Anthony had an only son John. It was for his boy's sake that he had denied himself a more congenial life, and had plied the trade that brought in the means to give John a chance in life. John had made the best of it and had prospered exceedingly. And now on this evening there had come a letter from him pressing Anthony and Mother to come to England for a year's holiday. Freedom for gentle wistful Anthony, but not so for bustling Mother.

\* By Jeanette Lee. (Skeffington & Son, Ltd.)

"She was a little woman, barely reaching to the shoemaker's shoulder, when she stood still beside him for a moment; but when she moved she seemed to rise on little springs."

She did not take kindly to the idea of going to Europe.

"Was his apple pie right?"

He nodded slowly, "Just right Mother."

A little smile quivered on her face "You know I shouldn't like it, don't you Anthony—going abroad?"

"It takes time—to get used to going abroad." He was looking wistfully at the letter.

"I shall stay right here," she said, and save the money, you can go," she added, looking at him.

But mother was really a sporting little woman and it wasn't likely that she would stand in the way of Anthony's pleasure or let him go without her. Once she had surrendered, she took entire charge of the campaign.

"You take care of the shop," she said, fairly bustling him out, "I'll see to things here."

The assistant, perhaps, has a right to be discontented. The repairs poured in, everyone wanted their shoes done before Anthony's departure. "You couldn't finish them by Christmas, not if you worked nights," said Samuel resentfully.

"I'm picking out the worst ones," said Anthony. "These slippers now I've mended these twenty years I should think; first tops and then bottoms, and then tops and bottoms both."

Mother in London is quite delightful. She had suffered from homesickness as well as sea-sickness on the voyage, but Anthony never saw the tears. At first she did not take to the idea of exploring the metropolis. Though it was May and fine, she insisted on remaining indoors to alter her husband's winter coat. You can't tell what you may need in London; its different. I haven't had such a good time to sew in years," she said, slipping on her thimble and plunging into work. Though she tolerated the city for Anthony's sake, she could not get quite reconciled to it.

Of course, the story would not be complete without the introduction of a trained nurse and there is nothing to object to in Nurse Timberlake, if only she would have devised some other means of cooling her patient's gruel than "by blowing it a little." She really ought to have known better as she was the niece of a peer, in addition to being trained. But it is ungrateful to find fault with her, and when she inherited her castle and a great deal of money, both most unusual in the profession, she married Wallace Tilton, to whom mother was very partial.

If parts of the book are improbable, what of that, as, after all, probabilities are generally very dull, and a lively imagination has saved this book from being anything but dull. H. H.

### WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Be slow to undertake a thing; but, once undertaken, go through with it.

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