

VIROL, LTD., 148-166, Old Street, E.C. 1, have an attractive display of this admirable and well-known food—also of their latest product, "Virolax," which is a combination of 60 per cent chemically pure liquid paraffin with 40 per cent. of "Virol," from which a portion of the animal fats has been omitted. It forms a pleasant and effective laxative, which, in the right dose, may safely be given to babies.

"JOUJOU," 104, George Street, Portman Square, W. 1, is displayed to great advantage near the Gas Light and Coke Annexe. Maternity nurses should make a special note of this brassier, as it does not interfere with infant feeding.

#### THE ANNEXES.

There are two Annexes to the Exhibition—Annexe A, that of the GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY, Horseferry Road, Westminster, S.W. 1, to the left-hand side of entrance; and Annexe B, THE GLAXO Co., 155, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, to the right-hand side of entrance.

The Gas Light and Coke Company's Annexe (A) contains a model gas kitchen and rest room, or model bed-sitting room, and many other interesting fixtures. The exhibit should not be missed.

The Glaxo Co.'s Annexe (B) represents a cottage, which "Glaxo" most considerately invites nurses to use as a resting place, where they can meet their friends and—if they desire it—refresh themselves with a cup of rich, hot "Glaxo." The Cookery Demonstration given by Miss Graham, for the benefit of nurses who are specially interested in the use of "Glaxo" in the dietary of children and invalids, and the delicious dishes she concocts, should inspire nurses to go and do likewise.

#### PROFESSIONAL EXHIBITS.

The most important of the professional exhibits, of which there are disappointingly few, is the model of a gynaecological and maternity "element," arranged by the Royal Free Hospital. Under the new system of teaching in medical schools a unit is composed of medical, surgical, and gynaecological elements. The model, the arrangement of which Miss Cox-Davies, the Matron, personally supervised, is an exact replica of the maternity and gynaecological block of 60 beds at the Royal Free Hospital. The beds with quilts embroidered with the monogram of the hospital, the tiny cots with their tinier inmates, are all exact to scale, the lockers and towels for each child, the store cupboards, and, most of all, the wee instruments in the operating theatre are miracles of deftness. Other interesting exhibits, are those of the Mother Craft Society, showing a Truby-King cot, &c., and of the South Kensington Nurses' Co-operation, which is showing a complete outfit for surgical operations, a portable lamp, the white linen cap worn by the nurses when at work, &c.

We hope to describe next week the bed for a fractured femur shown by the Edmonton Maternity Hospital, and other professional exhibits.

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### "THE TALL VILLA."\*

Our readers who are interested in "psychics" will read this book with avidity. It is gracefully conceived and written by one who has evidently made a study of the sub-conscious self, so that the transitions from the normal to the supernatural are set forth in a convincing manner.

The whole environment of the book is both subtly and powerfully made to enhance the psychic atmosphere.

"And there is always the tall villa," Frances Copley said in her quiet, well-bred, slightly husky voice.

"As she spoke she dropped the stump of a half-smoked cigarette into her finger-bowl, and looked at her husband across the dinner table. It was the first time she had looked at him during his surprising confession."

To put it briefly, she had just learned that her husband had ventured his fortune and had lost.

"It was her habit to surround herself with beautiful things. To do so appeared to her to be reasonable and right.

The appointments of the room and the dinner table bore witness to her graceful taste and power of spending. She loved half lights, soft subtle colours, exquisite surfaces and textures. By the employment of these she sought instinctively to veil the too frequent crudities of life.

Now Frances Copley understood that the day of veils and half lights was over. For all these beautiful and costly things with which she had screened herself from coarse reality were doomed to dispersion. They must go; were already gone in point of fact if honour were to be satisfied.

"Thanks to his abounding vitality, to his good looks, and to a certain dazzling plausible way he had with him, Morris Copley, though less well bred and less well connected, eclipsed and dominated his wife. Tacitly she consented to be passive and ineffectual." They had no children, and without a baby in her arms she came a poor second, though he was fairly faithful and genuinely fond of her.

"And there is always the tall villa," said Frances Copley.

From Grosvenor Square to Primrose Hill is a far cry, and the somewhat pretentious house, minutely described, was more remote still from Frances Copley's natural entourage.

The numerous windows seemed to her to endanger all nice sense of privacy and repose.

She had a singular suspicion, too, of never being quite alone, though, in fact, she had never passed so many solitary hours. Morris regarded the house as a lair to sleep in. To him it was simply unspeakable.

Yet Frances could not call herself unhappy. She now saw that hitherto she had been mercilessly

\*By Lucas Malet. Collins & Sons, Ltd., London.

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