

ungrateful, yet she resented the suggestion of all her kindness turned to copy. It made her feel unsafe with him."

Merriman's attitude was, "Don't spoil the boy. Keep him as long as he's amusing and pack him off when you're tired."

Torquil did not wait to be packed off. His jealousy of her old friend, David Heron, caused him suddenly to bid good-bye to the hospitable roof.

It was subsequent to this that Merriman advised him not to over-write.

"When do you want my new book?"

Merriman laughed outright. Torquil had the air of conferring a benefit.

"Don't hurry this new novel. Get about too, and see life. It won't do you any harm."

Resentment gradually grew in Torquil's breast. He wasn't the only publisher. There were younger firms with newer methods, glad to get a rising author. He didn't care for Merriman's manner—the superior amused attitude of an elderly man towards a youth. Damn it all, he was only a tradesman with a shrewd appreciation of values. Of course, in a way, he'd been kind to Torquil, but wasn't it a sound investment?"

And then he did the unforgivable thing—placing the book with another firm. And the book when it appeared was full of sins against good taste.

The dream of the little house in Park Lane came true; not, however, as the outcome of his literary exertions, but because he married Fiammetta (the only sister of Lord Talgarth), who took advantage of his genuine passion for her to cover up her misdemeanour with her lover.

Poor Torquil! his pride and ambition suffered bitter humiliation, the climax of which was reached when he claimed parentage from Squire Pomfret, who informed him that his father had been his valet, and that he had taken the responsibility of his education out of pity for Torquil's mother, who had been a valued servant in his family.

Deserted by his wife, lonely and miserable, he turned back to Josephine, who forgave him generously. In the intervening years the kind old publisher had died, and she had married David Heron, who had long worshipped her in silence.

Torquil had gone to her house not knowing of her second marriage, and with a wild dream of obtaining his freedom, and imploring her love.

She was Heron's—the dream was over.

He told her his art was dead, gone.

It will come back, she told him. She spoke like a mother soothing a child that has had a fall. "You're finding yourself, and it's *hard*. Didn't I tell you once, Torquil, that behind the work must be the man—that you needed humanising? I think suffering has done it. I shall watch for a great book from you."

The close of the volume finds Torquil back in his old rooms in Chelsea.

"Lamps paled in the streets. A new day—with its hopes and fears, its vain endeavour and achievement."

The power of money awoke from slumber, the lust of the flesh, the greed for fame.

But Torquil had left all these behind him. For the love of his work he wrote."

A book well worth reading.

H. H.

## OUTSIDE THE GATES.

### NEW YEAR'S HONOURS

The New Year's Honours follow the usual routine—wealthy commercial magnates and newspaper proprietors become peers and baronets, and just a sprinkling of "brains" obtain recognition.

The following medical men have received knighthoods:—

ABRAM, GEORGE STEWART, Esq., M.B., B.C., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.; Mayor of Reading, 1918-20. Senior Physician of the Royal Berkshire Hospital.

BUCHANAN, GEORGE SEATON, Esq., C.B., M.D., B.Sc. Senior Medical Officer, Ministry of Health. Government Representative on the League of Nations Health Conference and Office Internationale d'Hygiene Publique.

PARSONS, JOHN HERBERT, Esq., D.Sc., F.R.C.S., F.R.S., Surgeon, Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital.

WALKER, JOHN WILLIAM THOMSON, Esq., O.B.E., F.R.C.S., Senior Urologist and Lecturer on Urology, King's College Hospital.

### KAISAR-I-HIND MEDAL.

Professional women have very little recognition, but we are pleased to observe that Miss Ruth Darbyshire, Lady Superintendent of the Lady Minto Nursing Association, has received the Kaisar-i-Hind Medal of the First Class, an honour also bestowed on Mrs. Bear, Commissioner of Girl Guides.

### ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

#### DAMES GRAND CROSS (D.B.E.).

The wife of the Marquis Curzon of Kedleston, the Foreign Minister, and Mrs. M. E. Hughes, wife of the Prime Minister of Australia, received the G.B.E. Lady Greenwood, the wife of the Secretary for Ireland, is given a D.B.E. We congratulate Miss Ethel Mary Smyth, Mus.Doc., the composer and conductor, on receiving the D.B.E. Other wealthy women received the C.B.E. and O.B.E. for philanthropic work.

When will women of the intellectual force of Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett receive the recognition which is their due? The O.M. would be a suitable environment for them.

### COMING EVENTS.

January 24th.—Dance for Nurses. Trades Hall, Glasgow. Arranged by Sir John and Lady Reid.

January 26th.—Central Midwives Board, Monthly Meeting. 1, Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, S.W.

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