

PRESENTATION.

A ceremony of a very pleasing character took place recently at the Burton Borough Isolation Hospital. The Staff met to show their appreciation of the retiring Matron (Miss K. Boyes), who is leaving to take up similar duties at East Ham. Dinner was served at 7.30 p.m., after which the Matron was called upon to accept the beautiful presents given by the following: Nursing Staff—Sisters, silver egg cruet and silver butter dish and knife; Nurses, silver cake basket and knife; Domestic, silver-mounted Doulton biscuit barrel Female patients in Sanatorium, combination ink-stand. Miss Boyes replied in very appropriate terms, thanking all who had thought so kindly of her on her leaving the hospital, and speaking in glowing terms of the loyal assistance rendered by all during her term of office as Matron. The Matron then asked Sister Williams (Senior Sister) to accept a valuable tea service, remarking that, knowing as she did her little weakness for an afternoon cup of tea, she hoped she would live long to enjoy it. It was largely due to her help and loyalty, she added, that the Hospital had been brought up to its present standard. Sister Williams suitably responded, and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and other amusements. The highly enjoyable evening concluded with musical honours for the Matron and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

LEGAL MATTERS.

"LOOKING RESPECTABLE."

At Westminster Police Court, on September 27th, a woman giving the name of Evelyn Robinson and an address at Charlwood Street, Pimlico, S.W., was charged on remand with stealing a dressing-case and property to the value of £45 from the Regent Palace Hotel, Piccadilly, W., and further with collecting subscriptions without a police permit.

A porter from the hotel gave evidence that the accused, dressed as a nurse and wearing war medals, called at the hotel one evening in February last, saying that her motor-car was round the corner, and made a statement on which she was allowed to take away luggage which was subsequently found to belong to another person.

Evidence was given by a policewoman that a fortnight previously the accused was seen at Kennington Oval with a collecting-box issued to her some weeks previously on behalf of the Combined Appeal for the London Hospitals, at the offices, 19, Berkeley Street, W.

A member of the organising staff, Mr. S. Wertheim, said that if people "looked respectable" they were allowed to have a box for private collection. They were not allowed to collect in public without a police permit. The accused gave a false address when she had the box, which had never been returned, and no money had been accounted for.

Evidence was given that the accused had collected money at the Herne Hill racing-track, as well as at Streatham, and Mr. Flackwell, oilman, of Tackbrook Street, Streatham, deposed that for months he had been changing coppers into silver for her. She brought them done up in 5s. packets.

The accused was remanded.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE JUDGE."*

There can be no two opinions as to the arresting quality of Mrs. West's literary gifts. In "The Judge," we have a novel that is remarkable, both in style and conception, but we cannot with truth add that it is in any way agreeable.

Of the several characters that are introduced there is not one but conveys a disturbing element, and in the central figure of Marion Yaverland this element amounts to a sense of uncanny horror. The fascination of the book is repellent rather than attractive. The most pleasing portion is found in its earlier descriptions of the little Scotch typist, Ellen Melville, of the firm of Mr. Mactavish James, Writer to the Signet. The story is of the period of the Suffrage movement, and little Ellen was an ardent supporter of the cause.

Ellen was crying in the office because nothing ever happened to her, and she confides her trouble to Mr. Philip, the partner.

"Och, I often feel like this," said Mr. Philip; "I just take a week-end off at a hydro."

"A hydro!" snorted Ellen; "it's something more like a French revolution I'm wanting—something grand and coloured."

The tears she was too proud to wipe away made her look like a fierce baby.

She was an excellent shorthand-typist, but she vexed the decent gray of the office by her vividness. One had to watch her. Even now, instead of registering disapproval at her moodiness, he was looking at her red hair and thinking how it radiated flame through the twilight of her dark corner. It was strange, for Mr. Philip had never liked her very much.

That evening Richard Yaverland called at the office and he at once fired little Ellen's imagination. His was an arresting personality and she was fascinated by his talk of travel in other lands.

"O! to be like that man from Rio. It was his splendid fate to be made tall and royal. And if he fell in love with a beautiful woman, he would do splendid things for her sake. O! he was too grand to be known, of course, but it was a joy to think of him." Beautiful, red-haired, little Ellen was yet to know the joy of this splendid hero of her's, choosing her for his own.

Time and again Ellen came near to wrecking their happiness by her young crudeness, but their love survived for a time.

Richard tells her something of the mystery of his birth. "My father and mother weren't married to each other," he mumbled.

"Yes, I understand," she said indignantly, and after a moment's silence remarked conversationally, "Oh, Richard, when you were wee did the others twit you with it?"

"When they did, I hammered them. But it was awful for my mother."

"Ah, poor thing," she murmured; "isn't it a

* By Rebecca West. London: Hutchinson.

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