

suitable and comfortable for country wear. Then, with a mind at peace with the world, they can look forward happily to the delights of country life.

To nurses resident in the provinces we suggest that they should send a postcard to the Bendable Shoe Co., asking to be supplied with the "Bendable Booklet." A suitable selection can then readily be made.

A wise Matron of our acquaintance was wont to conclude her instructions with the phrase, "And I should like it done now." We commend it to our readers in regard to the purchase of Bendable shoes.

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### ANDERBY WOLD.\*

This delightful story should commend itself to all classes of readers for its really clever character delineation.

Mary Robson is a personality who lives and grows familiar as the book proceeds, and in spite of her failings we are impelled to take up the cudgels on her behalf.

She was too capable, that was the grievance behind her relations' complaint. Mary was very capable, there was no mistaking that.

She had married John Robson, a man older than herself, some years previously, and John had formerly lived with his sister Sarah, who had made an idol of him.

Anderby Wold was Mary's own farm and her's was the master mind that directed its orderly and prosperous way until the last payment of the mortgage was made. It was to celebrate this satisfactory event that Mary and John had called together their numerous relatives from Market Burton and other near-at-hand places.

Mary had been a Robson before she married John, so that she had not come as a stranger into the family. Sarah was as much of a personality in her way as was Mary, and she did not like Mary.

The reader is introduced to her as she is driving in her high dog-cart with her ineffective little husband to Mary's party.

Noticing the uncompromising angle of Sarah's bonnet, Tom decided that he was doomed to an uncomfortable afternoon.

Tom and Sarah were the last of the family to arrive. Sarah had declined the invitation to mid-day dinner because she had made her Christmas puddings on the fourteenth of December ever since she was old enough to hold a wooden spoon, and nothing short of a sale or sack fire would induce her to postpone the ceremony.

The youthful ease of Mary's movements flouted Sarah's sixty-three years in her face.

"I'm sorry you did not get here in time to see the dinner. You'd have liked to see the spread we gave the men in the front kitchen. It was a business, but we got through." Mary sighed with satisfaction.

\*By Winifred Holtby. (John Lane, Bodley Head.)

"I should have thought it would have been better to set aside a bit of money for a rainy day, instead of spending all this as soon as your debts were paid."

But it was of no use criticising Mary, she was obviously convinced of her own perfections; it was ridiculous the way she behaved, too, among her relatives, as though she were a queen holding a court. Well, no one was likely to bow down to her, unless one counted the villagers, who were said to make an absurd fuss with her.

Next to the farm, Mary loved the village, and loved the sense of her own importance in it.

Everything had gone well at the family gathering. Perhaps she had been a little too prompt in speeding the parting guests. Uncle Dickie had looked almost hurt when she hustled him into his carriage. But then such a busy person as Mary would never have time for anything, if she always stopped to consider other people's feelings. There were so many really important things to be done. The village Christmas tree was important; there was literally no one else who could do it properly. Then it was a singularly pleasant thing to do.

Mrs. Coast, the schoolmaster's wife, set down a basket of coloured balls and came forward to greet her.

She was always a little more afraid of life in Mrs. Robson's presence—half-admiring her, half-abashed.

Mr. Coast did not like Mary, and where Mr. Coast disliked Mrs. Coast must not admire.

"Well, this is good of you, Mrs. Robson," she said, quite sincerely. Mary generally managed to impress other people with the immensity of her goodness.

Things, as far as Mary were concerned, went delightfully on the farm and in the village until the arrival of David Rossitur, the red-headed young Socialist, who was on a preaching tour.

He at once fell in love with Mary and denounced her ownership of land and her patronage of the village folk.

Her first meeting with him is delightfully told. Mary so motherly, and the boy so irresponsible.

He came across her on a dark road as she was vainly trying to remove a stone from the pony's hoof.

David extricated it and the pony repaid him by knocking his benefactor to the ground. Mary cried, "Are you hurt?"

The stranger said "Damn!" calmly and without prejudice. Mary could do no less than drive David as far on his journey, and it ended with her giving him hospitality at the farm, in spite of her being a "capitalist farmer"; but he surrendered to the firm hand of Mary.

Poor Mary is made to suffer very severely for being competent, and erratic attractive young David is shot through the heart as an indirect result of the "strike" which he had engineered.

A charming book to which justice cannot be done in a short review, but it is well worth reading. Full of atmosphere.

H. H.

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