

speculate upon the future life of the two; perhaps in after days Patience suffered the extreme penalty of the law for the removal of her second husband—it would not be surprising. Surely it must be an exaggeration of the state of things in American society to represent the man who is engaged to the daughter of a somewhat exclusive family, as suggesting, during the engagement, in the house of his future father-in-law, to the wife of his *fiancé's* brother, that she should become his mistress. Episodes of this kind seem too brutal to serve any artistic end. The book is so clever that its absence of moral tone is a disappointment.

G M. R

### Bookland.

MESSRS. HORACE MARSHALL will shortly publish a small work called "The Making of the Empire," by Sir Walter Besant. This volume forms the first of a series, entitled "The Story of the Empire," edited by Mr. Howard A. Kennedy. It will be followed by volumes on Australasia, by Miss Flora L. Shaw; on South Africa, by Mr. E. F. Knight; and on Canada, by the editor. Mr. Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. James Bryce have written letters expressing interest in the idea. The object of the series is to interest, in the history and possibilities of "Greater Britain," those who are at present but little acquainted with them.

### WHAT TO READ.

- "The North-Western Provinces of India," by W. Crooke.
- "The White Slaves of England," by R. H. Sherard.
- "Scarlet and Steel," by E. Livingston Prescott.
- "The Birthright," being the Adventurous History of Jasper Pennington, of Pennington, in the County of Cornwall, by Joseph Hocking.
- "Only a Flirt," a Novel, by Mrs. Robert Jocelyn.
- "The Eye of Istar," a Romance of the Land of the No Return, by William Le Queux. Illustrated. F. V. White.
- "Old Man's Marriage," by G. B. Burgin.
- "A Rogue's Conscience," by D. Christie Murray.
- "The Plattner Story, and Others," by H. G. Wells.

### Coming Events.

*May 11th.*—National Union of Women Workers, Conference at London House, 32, St. James's Square, Mrs. Creighton in the chair, to consider the "Question of the Establishment of a Central Employment Bureau for Women," 3 p.m.

Lord Herschell presides at a Festival Dinner in aid of the East London Hospital for Children and Dispensary for Women, at the Hotel Cecil.

Grand Festival Banquet at Hotel Cecil in aid of the Great Northern Hospital.

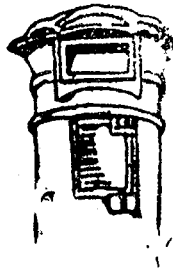
*May 13th.*—Royal Institution: Professor Dewar on "Liquid Air as an Agent of Research," 3 p.m.

*May 14th.*—Lord Glenesk takes the chair at the Annual Dinner of King's College Hospital, at the Whitehall Rooms.

*May 17th.*—Meeting at Grosvenor House on behalf of the Mary Wardell Convalescent Home for Scarlet Fever.

*May 20th.*—The Duke of York presides at the Festival Dinner of the Gordon Boys' Home at the Whitehall Rooms.

*May 28th.*—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales lays the foundation-stone of the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, City Road.



### Letters to the Editor.

Notes, Queries, &amp;c.

*Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.*

### PRIVATE NURSES.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—Your correspondent quotes the people who say, "No trained nurses for me." May I, as one who has suffered, say, "No motherly old bodies for me." These excellent people bore me to pieces, and so, as a rule, I am sure they would anybody, whose nerves were not made of cast iron. I admit their intentions are excellent, but would you like to know how they behave? First of all they all talk in a whisper, then they invariably pity you, and they generally stroke your face and call you "dear," and they bring you the thermometer when you have just had your temperature taken and say it must be taken again because you are 104°, and if it is not a mistake they must send for the doctor, and will you give them your home address "in case anything should happen." Then they *always* want to shake your pillow up just when it is comfortable, and they invariably fan you. I remember suffering so much once in this way at the hands of one of the best-intentioned people in the world, that at last I felt I must scream if she went on a minute longer, and I had to beg her to leave off. Naturally she thought me most incomprehensible. Another well-meaning amateur I found trickling cold water on to the toes of a patient in a high fever, and she wanted to know if I knew it was the most soothing thing imaginable. All this is absolutely *true*; I am not exaggerating one bit. No, I don't want a motherly old body when I am ill. Give me someone who knows her work.

I am, dear Madam,  
Yours faithfully,  
A TRAINED NURSE.

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Fine Rich, and Delicious

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)