then a voice—can it be that of the joyous child?—says:

"The sun doesn't shine any more, dear Betty; let us go home."

* * * E. G. F.

Within the last few months several cases of brutal ill-usage of women by their husbands have been reported in the Press—cases in which, it appears, fists and feet are used indiscriminately in reducing the wretched victims to pulp. In every case the punishment of the offender has been scandalously inadequate, and it is surely time that women of all classes united to put down this most disgraceful national habit of wife-beating. We hear of the hideous demoralisation resulting in men from the use of the lash; how much more demoralising must be the habit of *kicking and maiming women*. Women must no longer tolerate the *genus* hobnailer.

A Book of the Week.

THE BATTLE GROUND.*

Like several of our modern authors, Miss Glasgow has worked backwards. Beginning with the blank and awful pessimism of "Phases of an Inferior Planet," she now offers us the splendidly virile story of the American Civil War, which she calls "The Battle Ground."

The characters of the two young lovers, Dan and Betty, in this book, are among the most charming contributions to recent fiction. Dan Montjoy is the grandson of old Major Lightfoot, a large slave holder, and a Virginian gentleman of the old school. The only daughter of the Major, Miss Jane Lightfoot, eloped in her youth with a young Montjoy, who turned out a handsome scoundrel. Dan was her only child, and Dan has in him the turbulent element of his father's bad blood, as well as the fine breed of the Lightfoots.

Near neighbours of the Lightfoots are the Amblers; and Betty, the younger daughter of the house of Ambler, is Dan's fate, though for a while he believes himself to be smitten with the charms of the lovely Virginia, her sister.

The lad is spoiled by his adoring grandfather, and leads a wild life at college; finally, having fought a duel with some man, over a quarrel about a bar-keeper's daughter—one does not hear the details—the old man, in his wrath and bigotry, taunts him on having spent a night in gaol, and bitterly reviles himself for having believed that a Montjoy could be a gentleman. This is enough for the fiery Dan. He shakes off the dust of his angry grandfather's house, and goes away to earn his living, which he begins to do as driver of a stage coach. But the war breaks out before his good old grandmother has time to set out in her big barouche to order him home forthwith, and Dan goes through the whole of the protracted struggle as a volunteer private.

Just that! He had pictured himself coming home to Betty, covered with easily-won honours; he comes home a penniless failure, but he comes, and Betty is a woman who loves in the right way—a woman who makes herself a star of hope over the dark, stormy sea of Dan's passions, and so saves his soul alive.

* By Ellen Glasgow. Constable, Westminster.

The opening of the book is characteristically American:—

"Towards the close of an early summer afternoon, a little girl came running along the turnpike to where a boy stood wriggling his feet in the dust.

"'Old Ailsey's done come back,' she panted, 'an' she's conjured the tails off Sambo's sheep. I saw 'em hanging on her door!'

"The boy received the news with an indifference from which it blankly rebounded. He buried one bare foot in the soft white sand and withdrew it with a jerk that powdered the blackberry vines beside the way.

"'Where's Virginia?' he asked shortly.

"The little girl sat down in the tall grass by the roadside and shook her red curls from her eyes. She gave a breathless gasp and began fanning herself with the flap of her white sun-bonnet. A fine moisture shone on her bare neck and arms above her frock of sprigged chintz calico.

"'She can't run a bit,' she declared warmly, peering into the distance of the long white turnpike. 'I'm a long ways ahead of her, and I gave her the start. Zeke's with her.'

"'You can't run,' he retorted. 'I'd like to see a girl run, anyway.'"

It is rather overwhelming to an English reader to discover that these apparent street Arabs are the children of the aristocracy of the district!

The impressive thing in the book—though all the war scenes are well, almost too well, done—is the wonderful conviction that has dawned upon the writer of the power of a woman to save a man, if only she be true to herself. Even Dan's father had stuff in him, and, as Betty says, if his wife had been able to help him, who knows—?

But most readers will probably think the greatest achievement is the picture of that ragged, starving army of gay young gentlemen, who went smiling forth to the campaign as to a picnic, and who suffered and fought and hungered together, for no glory or renown, but only to fail at last. One loves all Dan's comrades, but Pine-top best of all; and a running accompaniment to the picture is the negro slave, Big Abel, who follows "Marse Dan" through all his troubles, foraging for him, nursing and tending him, faithfully loving him to the end.

A really good book, and a study of characters worthy to be known. G. M. R.

Coming Events.

July 7th.—Guy's Hospital. Visit of Prince and Princess of Wales to open the Henriette Raphael Nurses' Home. Admission by ticket from 2 to 3.15 p.m.

July 9th.—Princess Henry of Battenberg attends the Annual Meeting of the Colonial Nursing Association at Kensington Palace, 3.30 p.m.

July 10th.—Coronation Bazaar at the Royal Botanic Gardens, in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street.

The British Empire League and the Victoria League give Ball at the Hotel Cecil, in honour of Officers representing the British Dominions beyond the Seas.

July 26th.—Annual Meeting of the Registered Nurses' Society, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W., 5 p.m.

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