

its constitution and its membership in different countries; (c) that at least two-thirds of the National Branches of such International Society be affiliated to the National Council of their own country; (d) that no such International Society be given more than one vote, or, say, one-third of the total number of votes given to National Councils."

"That only those International Organisations be accepted into the International Council of Women whose Branches are affiliated to the National Councils in all countries where National Councils of Women exist."

"That the fee for International Societies be fixed at 100 dols., and that such Societies as are accepted be allowed each one representative on the Executive Committee and on the Council."

In the future, when trained nurses have formed National Councils of Nurses on a thoroughly representative basis, eligible for affiliation to the International Council of Nurses, they will, it is to be hoped, find themselves associated with voting power in this wonderful International Union of Women, which is doing such splendid work in educating the women of the world to take broad, human, international views of life, and thus elevating them on to the highest earthly plane, with nothing between them and the Stars.

E. G. F.

## A Book of the Week.

### "THE YELLOW VAN."\*

Everyone was eager to welcome another book from the hand which gave us "No. 1, John Street." And there is much—very much—in this book which will make an almost universal appeal.

It is hardly to be described as a story. There is no story, properly so called.

The Duke of Allonby goes "out west" and falls in love with a "school marm," the granddaughter, as it happens, of a labouring man on the estate of his friend, Squire Liddicot. This woman, beautiful, intelligent, and sincere, the Duke brings home to do the honours of his ancestral mansion, and to make acquaintance with the life of rural England. The duchess's young brother also appears on the scene, fresh from Harvard, with apparently inexhaustible supplies of cash and leisure, which he spends in flying across England in a motor-car, travelling into the heart of Africa to bring home a wounded officer, and exploring the slums of London. This young man savours too strongly of the stage American to enable one to grasp him; and it is a pity that the exigencies of Mr. Whiteing's theories oblige him to give a description of life in the ducal village which it is speaking moderately to call distorted. Mr. Whiteing belongs, of course, to the class of modern materialists. He thinks happiness is the result of physical well-being, and that to make a man comfortable is to make him happy. If one holds such a theory, nothing is more fatally easy than to write books to prove it; whereas the converse, namely, that man is a spiritual being, and largely independent of circumstances when he leans upon a Higher Power, and endures as seeing Him who is invisible, is particularly hard to show forth in print. The whole real life of the world is the hidden life—that lived between the soul and

\* By Richard Whiteing. (Hutchinson.)

God. This, the only thing of true importance—the real "thing that matters," is of necessity wholly ignored by writers like Mr. Whiteing.

But, within his limits, the writer's intentions are wholly admirable. And some of his observations are trenchant, and some are brilliant; while the whole style of the book is so delightful, so full of good things, that one floats through it as if through a prelude, waiting for the story to begin. Perhaps the most powerful of the various hits at society is the episode of Mary Liddicot's bridge playing. She is staying in the Duke of Allonby's country house, where, needless to say, open gambling would not be allowed; so the three experienced ladies, Lady Felicia, Muriel Paryngton, and Ethel Penstone, beguile the guileless Mary into their room after bedtime, and the play begins. Muriel's income depends upon her bridge playing. It is the business of her life. The picture of the pretty faces hardening and pretty toilettes growing limp, as the fever of gambling makes nerves tense and feeling superfluous, are given in a scene of such real, such surprising power, that one wishes Mr. Whiteing would write a character novel, and give us a study of one human being rather than a mass of candidates for public baths and wash-houses.

For one sample of the quaint arrangement of some of Mr. Whiteing's epigrams, take this discourse upon the cuckoo:—

"In these days there is some danger that mere human mothering may become one of the lost arts, crowded out, as it were, by societies for the improvement of the mind, the development of the individual, and other equally pressing concerns. Perhaps the European cuckoo is destined to be the emblem of the womanhood of the future, with her startling invention of motherhood by deputy. The cuckoo dames of social life, who are mothers last, whatever else comes first, should include a bird of this variety in their aviaries. It would be interesting to learn by closer observation how the bird employs the abundant leisure which she derives from the neglect of her offspring, and incidentally from the destruction of that of her neighbours. It is probably devoted to the more intelligent contemplation of Nature, the more refined care of her plumage, the improvement of her voice, and the power of visiting at seasons when so many other birds are kept at home."

G. M. R.

## Coming Events.

November 19th.—Princess Henry of Battenberg opens a Bazaar in aid of the Glasgow Samaritan Hospital.

November 28th.—General Meeting of the Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses to consider the Draft Bill for the State Registration of Nurses, 20, Hanover Square, 2.30 p.m.

November 28th.—Social Meeting of the Matrons' Council, to discuss "The Twentieth-Century Matron." Paper by the President, Miss Isla Stewart, 8 p.m.

November 28th.—Princess Henry of Battenberg will unveil the memorial tablet to the late Emperor and Empress Frederick, New Hospital for Women.

December 10th.—Charing Cross Hospital.—Ball at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, to raise a fund for the renewal of the floors of the old wards.

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