

own clothes; and so arrayed he is presented to Keppel's sister Marcia, a woman older than himself, of fine disposition and majestic aspect.

The account of his feelings all dinner-time, the jar, to him, of the talk, Marcia Keppel naturally assuming that he is a man who belongs to her own world, is depicted with biting insight; one actually grows hot with the man's shame, and bitter with his cynicism. At last he can stand it no longer; in one short, wretched sentence he has blurted out his misery, his hopelessness. Then he goes; but Marcia will not let him so pass out of her life. In her the springs of a vast compassion have been touched, and she asks her lover, Reginald de Winter, to seek him out.

Her plan is not to help him, except to help himself. But the fact of this woman's caring whether or not he goes under, re-makes the man. His struggle for the first year or two is bitter. It is three years before he is able to pay off the last of the £10 which he borrowed of Marcia's brother. But as soon as that point is reached he is invited to dinner at the Keppels.

He is regenerate, clean-minded, looking back at the Inferno from which he has emerged as though it were a bad dream.

Then the sweet, mistaken woman who has willed to play Providence to this cockle-boat arranges that he shall have a post which will give him a self-respecting income; an income which will enable him to leave his garret. She also falls in love with him; and, at this crisis, the man from whose life woman has so long been banished sees and loves Marion Gay, pretty, suburban, slightly underbred and foolish—what one calls a nice girl.

Such a thing is most natural, as we women know, though we always fail to understand it. Percival falls in love with Marion, and all the time likes Marcia best.

And at this point Mr. Onions falls into the pitfall which yawns for the modern novelist. Tragedy is not suitable for a book of this kind; yet a happy ending is forbidden him by all modern laws. He must at all hazards be unexpected, and the only way out is not to finish his story at all. Marion dies, and Percival is left. How he employed the rest of his life we can only guess.

Old Dumitrie, the restaurant keeper, is the high-water mark of the book. The little episode of his garden is exquisitely touching. The part which treats of modern journalism is very convincing. Hetty Bostock is good; Cayley is good. The whole book is very nearly quite good. G. M. R.

### What to Read.

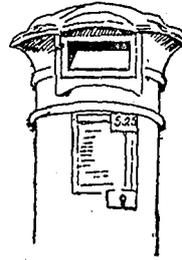
"Songs of Love and Labour." By Sir Wm. Allan, M.P.

"The Voice of April-Land, and other Poems." By Ella Higginson.

"The Heart of Japan: Glimpses of Life and Nature Far from the Travellers' Track in the Land of the Rising Sun." By Clarence Ludlow Brownell.

### Coming Events.

February 5th.—Mrs. Stanbury (Women's Local Government Society) will address the Matrons' Council on the Civic Rights of Women, at 431, Oxford Street, W. 8 p.m.



## Letters to the Editor.

### NOTES, QUERIES, &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.

### THE REPUBLIC OF NURSING.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—Surely we are all "ladies" now; at least, we pass muster in a fresh suit of uniform. I sincerely hope we shall never revert, in the nursing world, to two classes of nurses, as approved by Miss Wortabet. Lady pupils may have been necessary in the past, when the class of women who made up hospital nurses' ranks were often those who were quite unfitted for respectable domestic service. But "guinea-pigs" are quite out of date, if they pay for social privileges in the ward, and not for professional education. I am quite with you in thinking it is "the glory of the nursing world that it is essentially democratic, and gives a fair chance of promotion to every woman who enters it." Lady pupils are no longer necessary, because so many well-bred girls enter hospitals for training as regular probationers.

Yours,  
ONCE A PAYING PRO.

### INSPECTION OF NURSING HOMES.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

MADAM,—In my opinion the official inspection of Nursing Homes and such institutions should be the duty of the County or District Councils. Trained nurses have no more to do with such work than any other class of the community, and, as you point out, it would be most unjust that we nurses should have to pay for such inspection. It is time there were Nursing Inspectors for hospitals, infirmaries, and asylums, and these specially educated women might be diploméed by the General Nursing Council for appointment to centres, and paid by the respective local authorities which deal with public health.

Yours sincerely,  
S. JAMES.

### IS BEAUTY A BOON TO NURSES?

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—One cannot help pitying "Another Gargoyle," not because she cannot procure fine clothes and dainty food, but because she appears to have such a false idea of what are "all the good things in life." Surely they are not summed up in animal gratification. No wonder she is desperately unhappy if "the breath of life" is so little appreciated by her. Surely even "gargoyles" may be permitted to have duties to perform, and it is in the honourable performance of duty that human beings can alone realise consolation in whatever sphere they are compelled to exist. Fine clothes, tasty food, and gay society become very

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