

the knowledge that we are called upon to sympathise with a man who has speculated with trust money, and brought about his own ruin. The test of the book is that we are made to sympathise with Ordway thoroughly and entirely; he proves a hero in every sense of the word.

The five years of prison life are not the only expiation demanded of him; most naturally the slur dogs his footsteps, and shadows his life, though he tries to start fair under an assumed name in a remote corner of the country, where the sins of New York are of very little importance. He discovers that the only possible happiness for him lies in working for his fellow men, and two years devotion in the little township of Tappanhancock bring him into such prominence that he is almost universally elected Mayor. Then the choice is offered to him between taking the honour and reaping his just reward, or disclosing his identity, in order to save a silly, simpering girl from the consequences of her obstinacy and vanity. What line Ordway takes should be read in the book itself; such an excellent bit of work ought not to be spoiled by over-quotation.

There is very much interest to be found in the people with whom our intimacy with the hero, both as Smith and Ordway, brings us into contact. The large and kindly Baxter, who gives him the first lift from the mire; and Beverly Brooke, coming of the old Virginian family, so cultured, so utterly useless in the world, but so ornamental. And his sister, who of all women in the world would have been the very wife for Daniel Ordway, had he but met her twenty years ago.

Is it a sad book? Why, yes, but never a dismal one. It tells of a strenuous fight with fate, and there will be those who will think fate won, but those who read with the inner eye will know that it was Ordway who conquered.

E. L. H.

COMING EVENTS.

July 9th.—Conference of Superintendents, Q.V.J.I.N., Shoreditch Home, 80, Nichols Square, Hackney Road. Lunch, 1 p.m. Conference, 2.40 p.m. Tea, 4.30 to 5 p.m.

July 9th and 10th.—Central Midwives' Board, Caxton House. Penal Cases, 2 p.m.

July 10th.—The Earl of Creve unveils the Statue of Queen Alexandra at the London Hospital; Prize Distribution to Students and Nurses, 3.30 p.m.

July 10th.—Registered Nurses' Society. Annual Meeting, 431, Oxford Street, W., 5 p.m.

July 15th.—Association for Promoting the Training and Supply of Midwives. Annual Gathering of Midwives, 75, Barkston Gardens, S. Kensington, by kind permission of Miss Lorent Grant. Badges will be presented by the Lady Balfour of Burleigh, 4 p.m.

July 16th.—The Royal Maternity Charity of London. Annual Summer Tea of the Nurses, Eustace Miles Restaurant, 40, Chandos Street, Charing Cross, W.C. 3 p.m.

July 23rd.—Meeting, Central Midwives' Board, Caxton House, Westminster. 2.45 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.

MISS STEWART RETURNS THANKS.

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

DEAR MADAM,—Will you permit me, through our official organ, to convey to the members of the Matrons' Council, the National Council of Nurses, the Society for the State Registration of Nurses, and the Registered Nurses' Society, my most sincere thanks for the lovely bouquets which were presented to me on the occasion of the dinner given by the Matrons' Council in my honour.

The bouquets were beautiful, but I valued more even than their loveliness the spirit of comradeship which their gifts conveyed. The evening was one never to be forgotten, not only for the perfection of the arrangements, but also for the delightful cordiality which pervaded it. I have always been proud of the positions I have so long held in these various nurses' societies, and the honour they have done me will, I am sure, strengthen the bonds between us.

I remain,

Yours most faithfully,

ISLA STEWART,

Matron and Superintendent of Nursing,
President of the Matrons' Council of
Great Britain and Ireland.

Matron's House, St. Bartholomew's
Hospital, E.C.

EMILLIAH.

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

DEAR MADAM,—The new health resort for Anglo-Indians on the West Coast of Australia is to become the greatest boon to the "Service" that has yet been found for the long suffering Anglo-Indian official, and is destined to put an end to the cruel separation of the families that has been the curse of the Service for so long.

Being only ten days all told from Colombo, with the most perfect climate, cool, fresh, and English, on a sea point of a sea inlet, or lake, with every variety of wooded or rocky scenery, with a railway to Albany (quite near), with any amount of shooting, hunting, fishing, it bids fair to eclipse all other seaside resorts for the whole of Australasia, since no one of them is so wonderfully well equipped for the purpose.

The Anglo-Indian official will be able to spend his annual leave in this Paradise, instead of saving it up. "Mamma" will be able to visit her children at least twice a year, oftener if she feels inclined, or if it is necessary, while it is hoped that before long there will be colleges, etc., that will allow of the children's education

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)