

In literary art, just as in the other sister arts, mere realism without atmosphere has a depressing effect upon the mind. The picture gazer will always enjoy pictures of the type that Frith painted so successfully; picture appreciators have but to compare his "Derby Day" with any work of the highest merit, and the difference in the type of art that produced both the one and the other is evident. I hope my readers will forgive this diatribe. It is a problem that interests me personally, and therefore I fear I have been somewhat prolix in writing thereon.

"Adam Johnstone's Son" is a very modern story of a most mixed-up family, a jumble-up of first wives and second husbands, and the offsprings of forgotten and repudiated marriages, and all these characters meet at table-d'hôte at Amalfi. Their fortunes and the unexpected *dénouement* of their histories are related briskly, and with a pleasant background of Italian scenery. All the characters are rather nice, engaging people, and while the book is in our hands it is impossible not to be interested in their very complicated fates. I advise all my readers to get the book from the library and judge of it for themselves; I am sure they will enjoy it, though I doubt their wishing to buy it. Personally, though I have read (I verily believe) every line Mr. Crawford ever wrote with pleasure and enjoyment, I have never wanted to acquire any of his books, with the single exception of "Marzio's Crucifix," of which I possess a first edition that I value very much.

A. M. G.

Bookland.

WHAT TO READ.

"Life of Richard Cobden," by the Right Hon. John Morley, M.A., M.P. With a new portrait by Lowe S^r Dickinson.

"The Portuguese in South Africa." With a description of the native races between the river Zambesi and the Cape of Good Hope during the sixteenth century, by George M'Call Theal, LL.D. With maps.

"The Bygone Pleasure Gardens of London." (London: Maurice & Co.)

"Prose Fancies," by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne (John Lane.)

"George's Mother," by Stephen Crane. (London: Edward Arnold.)

"March Hares," by George Forth. (London: John Lane.)

"The Saltonstall Gazette," by Ella Fuller Maitland, author of "Pages from the Day-Book of Betha Hardacre."

"The Woman Movement in Germany," by the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell. (*Nineteenth Century*.)

"Stray Thoughts on South Africa," by Olive Schriener. (*Fortnightly Review*.)

Mr. T. P. O'Connor's new book "Napoleon" is an entrancing work from cover to cover to those interested in human abnormalities. The *Weekly Sun* says:—

"Enthralled and entranced as one is by the dazzling career of this elemental man, with its wonderful vicissitudes and its glorious successes, one cannot, as one closes the book, resist the inquiry, 'What, after all, has Napoleon accomplished?' 'What,' in the lan-

guage of a great orator, 'has he done for humanity, and the inspiration of the human race? What new truth has he discovered? or what old one made brighter? What advance in society has he conducted? What heroic deed has he embodied? What single quality has he made more resplendent, noble, or desirable?' The most ardent votary at the shrine of Napoleon can give but one answer. His name belongs, it is true, to the great ones of the earth, but not to the worthy; it belongs to the destroyers, not to the benefactors. He fascinates us, but it is with the fascination with which the serpent holds the trembling bird. We give him admiration. We decline to yield him homage. That is the retribution of history on Napoleon. And the retribution is just."

We women are constantly being told that the "ladies' weeklies" have but to be glanced at to gauge the inanity of the female mind. Be that as it may, there is now issued weekly a paper edited by one of our leading women journalists—Mrs. Fenwick Miller—which touches on all the more serious interests and work of women, and should therefore be read and supported by all earnest and thinking women. Mrs. Fenwick Miller is devoting her great talents to editing *The Woman's Signal*, and we should recommend Nurses who take an interest in the wonderful development of their sex to read this little paper every week—it only costs one penny.

Coming Events.

July 3rd.—Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Royal British Nurses' Association, at the Offices 17, Old Cavendish Street, W., 5 p.m.

Reception by the Committee of the Nurses' Cooperation at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, 3 to 6. Meister Orchestra.

July 6th.—Princess Christian attends the Bazaar in aid of the Young Men's Christian Association, Windsor.

July 8th.—The Duchess of York opens the "Princess May Ward" at the Royal Hospital, Richmond.

July 9th.—Annual Meeting Registered Nurses Society, at 20, Upper Wimpole Street, 5 p.m. Tea and coffee.

July 10th.—The Miller Hospital and Royal Kent Dispensary—Dinner at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole.

General Council Meeting of the Royal British Nurses' Association, at 17, Old Cavendish Street, W., 5 p.m.

July 22nd.—Annual Meeting Royal British Nurses' Association, Great Hall, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C., 11.30 a.m.

July 25th.—The Duke and Duchess of York open new Infirmary at Halifax.

Notice.

WE are requested to state that there will be a special reception of Nurses at the Bovril Manufactory, 63, Bath Street, City Road, E.C., on Tuesday, July 28th, by Lord Playfair, the Chairman of the Company, from 3 to 6 p.m. The methods of making the excellent Bovril preparations can thus be seen; and the reception is sure to be of a most hospitable nature.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)