

she would leave it one far day neither on wheels nor on foot."

This reckless "giving of herself away" by the author, is distinctly trying; many readers would be so daunted by it that they would give up the effort to read on to the end, since the end was already known to them: but those who have the courage to continue will find their effort well rewarded.

Some of the cleverest writing in the book, is the cutting, but not unkindly presentment of some varieties of the modern girl, to be found in the last part of the book. Maxwell Gray tells us, on page one, that we,—in this enlightened, hypercivilized day, believe in nothing,—"save only steam, bacteria, natural selection, natural appetites, and ghosts." But for all that, she makes Margery Hilton a very loveable character: likewise Maurice Bertram. The whole sketch of the time passed by Grace in the hey-day of her youth and beauty at Mentone, and the gradual unfolding of her love story, with the slight, but most convincing portrait of Mark Hilton, is really good work, much above the average.

Delightful also, are the letters that Grace writes to Mark, when first she comes to live in the old house, and to discover the various humours of the neighbourhood. The first paragraph of one of them must be quoted in full.

"Barling," wrote Grace to a friend, "was dropped from King John's luggage just before he lost it all in the Wash. It is chiefly peopled by old maids and lunatics, harmless but tiresome. There must have been at least five generations of old maids to produce a type so firmly differentiated from the rest of man and womankind. It is reported that there has not been a man in any Barling family—I speak, of course, of the gentry—for at least a hundred and fifty years; but, occasionally, a widow has been born, even in prim families. Barling has one shop in which everything is sold and nothing bought. It smells of cheese, boots, candles, and bacon. Whatever you demand, they are 'just out of.' The town contains one fly, drawn by a superannuated cart-horse with a bad cough. This horse, when not ploughing, is usually lame; except when the driver is drunk. The fly is seldom ordered, except by the whole village *en masse*; it is then always found to be engaged for a funeral. Funerals are the only festivities ever heard of in Barling; they are, fortunately, frequent enough to prevent the population dying of dulness. It is reported, on doubtful authority, that a wedding once took place, within the memory of man,—or rather, woman."

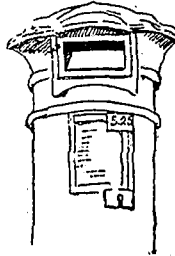
G. M. R.

WHAT TO READ.

- "Problems of Modern Industry." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb.
- "Stories from Dante." By Norley Chester.
- "Leo Tolstoy—a Study in Personal Evolution." By Mr. G. H. Ferris.
- "Haworths." By Frances Hodgson Burnett.
- "Red Coat Romances." By E. Livingstone Prescott.
- "Conspiracy:" A Cuban Romance. By General Adam Badeau.
- "Via Lucis." By Kassandra Vivaria.
- "A Romance of the First Consul." By Matilda Malling.
- "The Yellow Danger." By M. P. Shiel.

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.

SISTERLY SYMPATHY.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—The nurses in this hospital were very pleased to read your words in last week's issue, sympathising with Nurse Brooks, of Crumpsall Infirmary, in the grievous inquest on Frances Atkins; and you said what was quite true in regard to the feelings of her fellow nurses, and indeed, of all nurses who know the true state of the case. We, indeed, sympathise with her most deeply, and hope with you that, as she has been exonerated from all blame, she will cease to distress herself about the matter.

Yours,
A MANCHESTER NURSE.

JUST REPRESENTATION.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—Permit me to thank you very heartily for having reprinted so many of the excellent Papers read at the Matrons' Council Conference. It has been extremely interesting for those who could not be present, to thus have the advantage of reading them; indeed we country nurses would do badly without our RECORD, as no other nursing paper attempts to widen our views, and consequently our sympathies—or to provide us with news from abroad. This, by the way. I am very anxious to support the request made by "Progressive" last week, that the Matrons' Council should consider and draw up a plain statement of the various professional organisations for nurses in other countries than our own, so that we may consider the question of just representation of the profession. The Royal British Nurses' Association has put itself entirely out of Court, and no intelligent nurse has time to worry over its mismanagement longer. The injustice and partisanship of the whole thing is beneath contempt. No organisation of Nurses, for the purpose of gaining legal status, can be of any use unless it is arranged that *just representation is possible*. Under the new Bye-Laws of the Royal British Nurses' Association it is impossible, and we well trained *examined* and certificated nurses do not care to be put under the dictation of hospitals like Middlesex, where the system of training is not up to date, and where the nurses are actually *certificated without examination!!* We won't submit to it, and therefore we cannot join the Royal British Nurses' Association. Is there anything against an Anglo American Alliance in the Nursing World; our Canadian cousins are co-operating with the States—why should we not do likewise?

Yours truly,
C. E. W.

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