

your own way in the world, who read these lines—*how are you going to help it?* Because the remedy lies with women, and with them alone.

Christine Carruthers is the great London actress, and Grenfell the great London actor. Grenfell is the Actor manager of the most popular theatre, and the relation between Grenfell and Miss Carruthers is thoroughly well understood by everybody, including "the lady who was legally entitled to bear his name." Miss Carruthers receives a letter from a young orphan girl, Jean Murray, who says her father was an old friend of the great actress, asking her to forward her histrionic aspirations. One instantly guesses at the secret of Jean's birth; and understands the somewhat fitful and erratic attempts of Christine Carruthers to befriend her. Jean comes to town, so innocent that nothing seems to open her eyes. She makes great friends with Lottie Travers, who is living under the protection of Billy Belasco, the millionaire; and is not awakened from her dream until Sir Eric Deering, whom she has learned to love, proposes to set her up in a villa at St. John's Wood. The scene which then takes place between them is the best thing in the book. Sir Eric is anything but a villain; and considering the company which he found Miss Murray habitually keeping, it is not much to be wondered at that he should have made his mistake. What is unnatural and appears to me to be in the highest degree unlikely is that after Jean is enlightened as to the manner of life of these people among whom she lives, and the object of admiration like that of Deering, that she should suffer no horror, should not desire to shake herself free, should have no wish or thought of quitting the stage, should even, sooner than leave her profession, become a chorus girl at the theatre whose identity is thinly veiled as the "Morality."

There seems to have been no underlying principle involved in her refusal of Deering's insulting offer; and when he subsequently proposes marriage to her, she is as glad as Pamela herself was, to be taken on her own terms. One feels that a chastity whose roots went no deeper than this would very soon have yielded, if Sir Eric had persisted.

G. M. R.

Bookland.

A FEBRUARY GARLAND.

Three flowers in Nellie's garden quaint I picked
in February,
White arabis, and snowdrop pale, and sprig of
sweet rosemary.
But Nellie came upbraiding me in humour quite
contrary,
And through her pleasance led me where were
other flowers growing,
The April sky-blue scilla, and the golden crocus
blowing,
And round the rare old ivy stump the violets
thickly showing.
"And if 'tis of my garden that you really will be
singing,
"Pray don't forget," she pouted, "that the acon-
ites are springing,
"And tiny buds from primrose tufts; all February's
bringing."

EROS.

(From *Weekly Sun*).

WHAT TO READ.

- "From Peking to Petersburg: A Journey of Fifty Days in 1898." By Arnot Reid.
"England in Egypt." By Sir Alfred Milner, G.C.M.G. New and Popular Edition, with additional chapter, bringing down the work to the close of 1898.
"French Literature of To-day." By Mdlle. Blaze de Bury.
"The Two Standards." By the Author of "The New Antigone."
"A Son of Empire: a Novel." By Morley Roberts.
"Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain." By Constance Hill.
"Michael Dred, Detective: the Unravelling of a Mystery of Twenty Years." By Marie Connor Leighton, and Robert Leighton.
"Red Rock." By T. Nelson Page.

Coming Events.

March 7th.—The Bishop of London opens the New Ward of the New Hospital for Women, Euston Road, 3.0 p.m.

March 8th.—Medical Society of London: Dinner at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole.

Sessional Meeting of the Sanitary Institute, at the Parkes Museum, Margaret Street, W. Discussion on "The Establishment of Public Abattoirs in the Metropolis in relation to the prevention of Tuberculosis." Opened by Dr. William Arthur Bond, M.A., M.D., B.Sc.Camb., D.P.H., M.O.H., Holborn. Tickets for the admission of visitors may be had on application to the Secretary. 8 p.m.

April 20th.—Ball in aid of the London Hospital Convalescent Home, Hotel Cecil.

Letters to the Editor.

NOTES, QUERIES. &c.

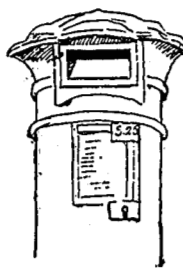
Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

WHO WILL GO?

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—I venture to appeal in the RECORD for Nurses to work in the *Universities' Mission to Central Africa*.

The position we are in is briefly this. We could do with twenty nurses on our staff, and we have ten. Of this number, *six* are at home at the present time. This leaves four in Africa. The Hospital in Zanzibar alone needs a staff of six, and at this moment it has three nurses, one of whom is on the point of leaving for Lake Nyasa. A nurse is also needed for the station at Mbweni, about five miles from Zanzibar Town. Miss Sharpe, who went out to this work in 1896, is now on her way home for rest. The nursing staff in Zanzibar



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