

Lanyon, by taking the house on the sands and experimenting with tin-streaming, becomes his tenant. Naturally the state of affairs between him and Audrey is not generally understood, and can hardly be explained; but it is not long before the insight of Tate discovers it.

The book is full of subtle fascination, even though here and there the author gives us undiluted pages of fancy politics, which are not very convincing.

G. M. R.

The Explorer.

"There's no use in going further—it's the edge of cultivation,"

So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and sowed my crop,
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station,

Tucked away below the foot-hills where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes

On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated—so:

'Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—

'Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost, and waiting for you. Go.'

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-poised snow-slide shivers,

Down and through the big, fat marshes that the virgin ore-bed stains,

Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers,

And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains!

From "The Five Nations," by RUDYARD KIPLING.

What to Read.

"The Explorer." From The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling.

"Stars of the Desert." By Laurence Hope.

"What We Dream." By Frances Harrod.

"The History of Liquor Licensing in England." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb.

"The Long Night." By Stanley Woyman.

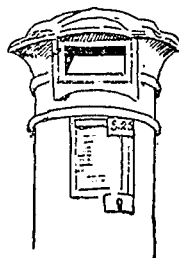
"Rachel Marr." By Morley Roberts.

"A King's Romance: The Story of Milan and Natalie, First King and Queen of Servia." By Frances Gerard.

Coming Events.

November 28th.—General Meeting of the Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses to consider the Draft Bill for the State Registration of Nurses, 20, Hanover Square, 2.30 p.m.

November 28th.—Social Meeting of the Matrons' Council, to discuss "The Twentieth-Century Matron." Paper by the President, Miss Isla Stewart, 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.

AN ETHICAL QUESTION.

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

DEAR MADAM,—Will you be kind enough to give me your opinion in the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING on the following ethical question? Is it in accordance with propriety that a nurse, not in uniform, should travel on the Continent with a bachelor patient? It would strike a stranger, I should think, that if a patient was well enough to travel he could do with a male attendant, and that if a nurse were a necessity she should, under no circumstances, appear without uniform, however much it might be objected to.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

M. Y. F.

[We entirely agree with the view taken by our correspondent. If it is necessary for a nurse to accompany a bachelor patient abroad, then a member of his family should form one of the party. Certainly the nurse should invariably appear in uniform, thus showing unmistakably that her position is a professional one, and the *raison d'être* of her presence.—Ed.]

THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF AUSTRALIA.

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

DEAR MADAM,—As you encourage nurses to be interested in a worldwide sphere of work, something of what women not nurses are doing in Australia now they have been granted the Parliamentary franchise may not come amiss. You know that in Victoria we owe the suffrage to the untiring work of middle-class and working women, the lady of society having conspicuously refrained from taking part in political meetings; even the question of whether or not she should be granted the franchise has failed to arouse more than passing interest. This is but human. Her men found her all pleasant things; she ate, dressed, and lived luxuriously. "A glad world, my masters," she exclaimed, and was content. Not a very high standard of life—but, as I said before, very human, for, after all, are we not all crazy for happiness, and is it not rather difficult to be happy under circumstances of physical discomfort and deprivation? We must not be too severe on the low estimate of life's duties by those who have lived under protection.

Now, however, that we have the vote, and the Federal Elections are coming along, women of all classes are being aroused by the men of the various political parties, and here, there, and everywhere they are discussing political affairs with us, and we are forming ourselves into political societies. Lady Clarke, who was not a suffrage pioneer, is now with many other ladies realising the responsibility of the vote, and is actively helping to assist in the organisation of the

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