

Clifford Thornton accordingly marries Marianne, the handsome, vulgar, fierce-tempered daughter of a boarding-house keeper. This is so exactly the person whom he must have married, and the result of the marriage is so precisely what it must really have been, that as we read we forget that the author is inventing; to us she is merely narrating an interesting case.

Marianne's death, under somewhat tragic circumstances, may be said to open the book; and not very long after her death Clifford comes across Katharine Frensham. When they meet he is on the eve of starting for Japan, on the advice of Knutty, who sees that he is growing morbid on the subject of the odious Marianne's decease.

A slender thread of coincidence brings Katharine and Knutty into *rapport* with each other at a Norwegian farm in the hills, and they suit each other admirably. In fact, so admirably that, when Clifford and his boy Alan come on the scenes, one has a passing wonder as to what they are all going to do until the end of the book. They do what the reader will quite contentedly assist them to do, namely, enjoy life in a Norwegian Gaard. There are really only a few minutes during which the *dénouement* causes one even a passing anxiety, namely, when Clifford has the imprudence to go out and get lost in a thunderstorm. It is a high compliment to the author to say that, in the case of most books, we should say the story was too slight, the ultimate issue too apparent; but that, in company with Tante Knutty and her botanists, and the Sorenscriber, and various other delightful persons, we would gladly spend not only one but several summers at the Solli Gaard.

Katharine herself is of the noblest type of modern woman; she is independent without being lawless, or hard, or sour. She actually dresses well, without being either an idiot or a butterfly; and, in fact, is so wholesome, normal, and attractive a specimen that we feel that if Mrs. Green could know her, the pleasant satire on the modern novel heroine, which she gave to the Women Writers at their annual dinner, might never have been penned.

Perhaps the most delightful part of the whole book is the account of the funeral of the old Norwegian Grandfather, or Bedstefar. The demeanour, during the time of decorously subdued feasting, of the triumphant old dowager, Bedstemor, is really deliciously funny; and the description of local customs already beginning to vanish, even in the North, should be of real value not many years hence.

The spirit of Norway has entered deep into the heart of the writer, and the result is a warmth, a convincingness, which carries the reader away; and when dear delightful Knutty sounds the final note, one longs to give her a good hug—wicked old woman and true Viking that she is.

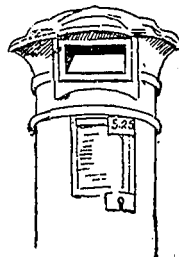
G. M. R.

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.—Princess Henry of Battenberg will unveil the memorial tablet to the late Emperor and Empress Frederick, New Hospital for Women.

December 10th.—Charing Cross Hospital.—Ball at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, to raise a fund for the renewal of the floors of the old wards.



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.

NURSES ON LINERS.

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

DEAR MADAM,—Can nothing be done to stop this growing craze, just now developing, in regard to ladies who are fully-qualified nurses seeking posts as "nurse-stewardesses"? To me it seems most lowering to the profession, and very unsuitable, especially at the present time. What "standing" or position will they expect to occupy in the nursing world now or later on, when they may be compelled to seek work on land? And, again, how extremely *infra dig.* they will feel, should the proposed scheme for nurses for liners irrespective of the stewardess ever become an accomplished fact.

The latter post will at times be very hard work, but nothing compared to what will be expected of a "nurse-stewardess," especially on some voyages.

You are, I know, a good friend and adviser to nurses, so I venture to write thus, feeling sure of your sympathy with these very inadequate but heartfelt remarks. It is a subject which I feel very deeply upon, and upon which I could write much more, but will leave it in your hands.

Believe me, dear Madam,
Yours very faithfully,
KATE PENN.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

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

DEAR MADAM,—You may have seen in our local papers an account of an action brought by a patient and her husband against the Oldham Nursing Association. It has, of course, created great interest and some alarm in nursing circles in Lancashire, as there were certain points connected with the case which did not come out, or at all events were not clearly reported in the papers. The case indeed, though in able hands, should, in my view, have been conducted by an expert in nursing. As at present women are not admitted to the English Bar, legal, and not nursing, knowledge was of necessity alone at the disposal of the defence, with the result that one very important point at least was missed.

Two nurses belonging to the Association were alleged to have been negligent in the application of hot-water bottles to an unconscious patient, with the result that severe burns were occasioned. The burns undoubtedly occurred; the jury found they were caused by the negligence of the nurses, and the judge concurred. This judgment is of great importance to all of us, because what the nurses say is that the burns took place, not when the patient was put back to bed *after* the operation, but while she was on the table *during* the operation.

What we private nurses want to know is—and perhaps you will be kind enough to tell us, for you

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