

The sixth annual report of the Women's Institute for the year 1903 states that the institute's aim of becoming absolutely self-supporting has nearly been attained, and that there is every reason to hope that in another year or two it will be accomplished. The institute will be able to continue its work at its present premises in Victoria Street until June, 1906. During the past year the institute wrote some 4,000 letters and sent out over 7,000 notices; while the rooms, which are available any evening after 6 o'clock, have been frequently let to members and societies for meetings, lectures, and parties. The work of the information bureau has increased in value to members and non-members alike. The secretarial training department has been very successful; and as only twelve regular pupils are taken, there will be no vacancy until the beginning of the Michaelmas term. The revenue account for 1903 shows an expenditure of £1,726 15s. 5d., and the receipts from subscriptions, entrance fees, pupil fees, and the various departments are £1,596 18s. 10d.

### A Book of the Week.

#### HIGH NOON.\*

Miss Brown hails from America, and comes before us with something of a reputation behind her. Her style is a little reminiscent of Edith Wharton in her short stories. There is a great deal of manner—an effort always to say the right thing, which sometimes grows obvious. She is also not free from the temptation to try and make a small thought great by wrapping it in an ornate envelope.

Yet there is a quality in all her stories which gives them distinction: something so like real originality that it might pass for it.

They are all episodes of the sexes, typical, it is to be supposed, of the way they do these things in America. As such, they are full of interest and instruction.

In the first, a girl writes to a man for whom, some years back, she had conceived a fancy. She tells him that she is dying, and asks him to come and see her frequently until her death, so that she may have a little fun before she dies—or, as she puts it, "I crave a little more of life than life seems likely to offer me."

The man takes her at her word: he goes to see her daily; and when she has succeeded in fanning the ashes of a former flirtation into life—she dies.

In the second, a woman acts as a man's amanuensis, and falls in love with him. He has been engaged before, but broke it off because of the demand his fiancée made upon his emotions. This woman, he fondly hopes, is reasonable. But when she goes away, the emotions which he did not know he had, awake and begin to urge him. She returns at a propitious moment, and he is able to make his proposal.

The third is a singularly unpleasant story, in a mawkish way, concerning a divorced wife who insists upon sending for her husband (a great oculist) to treat her when her sight is failing.

"Natalie Blayne" is one of the prettiest, and it has a delicate touch of humour which most of the others lack.

"The End of the Game" is resented by a reviewer, who holds that the aim of the story-teller should be

\* By Alice Brown. (Eveleigh Nash.)

to tell a story. This one promises well; but the writer, not having settled what the hero should do, breaks off short, that the reader may have the delicate task of completing it.

The two ghost stories are not convincing.

"The Map of the Country," though merely a dialogue and not a story, is decidedly able.

The best is "The Miracle." It is not only well told, but there is a dash of warm humanity in it. The people here have some of the primal passions, and are able to look at life eventually as something other than an intellectual pastime. In true American fashion, they have married by way of an experiment in emotions, and separated because of a difference in opinion. But, by some inadvertence, the wife is also to become a mother, and this humanises her.

G. M. R.

### The Widow's Mite.

"She of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."—St. Mark, xii., 44.

We are Thy Poor, and only Thou  
Canst banish all our cares,  
Who blessed the poor in spirit, for  
The realm of Heaven is theirs.  
First blessed—who only care to hear  
Their Saviour's summons call,  
Who, kneeling gladly at Thy feet,  
Out of their want give all.

Thy Poor. A never-ending host  
Of sick, and weak, and lame,  
Of those who love Thee best and most  
And strive with single aim.  
Great gifts to Heaven these poor can bring,  
Though earth may call them small;  
Such offerings angels joy to sing,  
When want has given all.

The pauper child who bears in pain,  
With loving trust in Thee;  
The Queen who sends her only son  
To set his people free;  
The maid who gives her strength and youth  
To tend the lives that sink;  
The dying soldier who has sent  
His dying friend a drink—

These are Thy Poor, and at Thy feet  
With them we dare to fall.  
Give us the impulse these have found,  
Teach us to give Thee all.

LINA MOLLETT.

### Coming Events.

July 21st to 26th.—Royal Institute of Public Health Congress at Folkestone. July 25th.—"State Registration of Nurses." Papers by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, Miss Plum, Matron of the Victoria Hospital, Folkestone, and Miss Barling, Matron Folkestone Sanatorium, 10 a.m.

July 25th to 30th.—The Sanitary Institute Congress at Glasgow. July 28th.—"State Registration of Nurses." Paper by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick.

July 30th.—Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, 4.30 p.m.

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