

complicated by the well-meant efforts of dear old Captain Bowers, to give the young man his chance and help on matters. The clear-eyed manner in which Prudence sees through his diplomacy is positively pulverising to the dear old mariner.

But another circumstance it is which gives special point just now to the appearance of "Dialstone Lane." The gist of the story is that the waggish Captain, working on the credulity of Mr. Chalk, makes for him an imaginary map of an island where treasure is concealed. With the ludicrous story of Cocos Island fresh in our minds, the gulling of Messrs. Chalk, Stobell, and Tredgold, senior, is not so very hard to believe. The funniest bit of the whole tale is that which treats of the starting of the expedition, and the leaving behind of the truculent Mrs. Chalk and the crushed Mrs. Stobell, who have been allowed to think that they were to join in the cruise, and by means of a deep stratagem of Mr. Stobell are successfully deluded at the last moment.

Every single character that walks across the stage stands out life-like throughout—Mr. Tasker and Miss Selina Vickers, Miss Vickers's father, and all the rest of the population of the little town and its middle-class respectability. One sees the romance, the fun, the interest underlying these lives that look so dingy and uneventful. The sovereign gift of humour illumines everything, as sunshine illumines a dull waste of waters.

G. M. R.

### A Heart of Three Colours.

(Legend from the "Morte d'Arthur.")

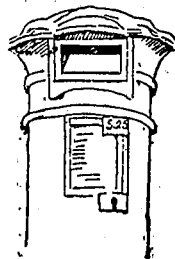
Eve planted a bough from Eden-land;  
In the desert that bough took root,  
A snow-white Tree upgrew in the sand,  
It bore nor blossom nor fruit.  
(Your heart, little soul, grew even so,  
A virgin heart in a waste of snow.)

Eve laid her to dream beneath that Tree;  
To Eve a child was born,  
And the Tree grew green as an emerald sea,  
And it blossomed rose-white that morn.  
(Your heart, little soul, broke even so  
To summer and blossom from winter and snow.)

Eve wept one day; the Tree was red,  
Red-crimson, leaf and root;  
And the child of her dream was lying dead,  
And fallen lay the fruit.  
(So Death gave back to the Eden-tree  
A second, crimson, virginity.)  
UNA ARTEVELDE TAYLOR, *Westminster Gazette.*

### What to Read.

"Matilda Countess of Tuscany." By Mrs. Mary E. Huddy.  
"Peter's Mother." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture.  
"The Mirror of Kong Ho." By Ernest Bramah.  
"Aunt Phipps: a Novel." By Tom Gallon.  
"Women Workers." The papers read at the Conference held at York on November 8th to 11th, 1904, arranged by the National Union of Women Workers of Great Britain and Ireland in conjunction with the Committee of the York Branch of the N.U.W.W.



### 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.*

#### A DANGEROUS MONOPOLY.

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

DEAR MADAM,—May I enter my protest, ineffectual and weak, no doubt, but still a protest as emphatic as I can make it, against this scheme for obtaining incorporation by the Board of Trade of seven noblemen and gentlemen connected with finance and philanthropy, but not nurses in any sense of the word, to superintend our education as nurses, to arrange for our examinations, to settle who are suitable and can be registered, and when registered can unregister us, and this with no appeal. These same noblemen and gentlemen propose, if incorporated, to take all these powers to themselves, and to appoint a council of twelve, who will appoint further bodies; but in all this there is no suggestion of what nurses themselves would wish or what nurses' wants are; no hint of who asked them to undertake this task, or what motive has induced them to make proposals so unpalatable to the very large majority of an important and large body of women workers; and so absolutely uncalled for, for the whole ground was covered long ago by the Royal Charter granted to the British Nurses' Association. Every power for which this new society asks was granted to them—as a body of nurses represented by their own elected members—and, moreover, at this present moment no less than two Bills are before Parliament asking for powers to rule ourselves, and a Select Committee of the House is hearing evidence on the subject and considering it; so that this sudden interference seems to be so uncalled for, so inopportune, and so gratuitously insulting to our common sense and our independence that one cannot but think that, if these seven really understood how the scheme is disliked by those they intend to benefit, they would not think of pressing it. So I beg my fellow nurses to do all in their power to show how much we wish to manage our affairs in the only way tolerable to any body of British-born subjects—namely, representative government, with power to make that government effectual, granted to us by Parliament.

Yours faithfully,

CHRISTINA FORREST, M.R.B.N.A.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I think all nurses are greatly indebted to you for publishing the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the proposed Incorporated Society for promoting the Higher Education and Training of Nurses. Had it not been for the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING we should have heard nothing of this scheme, and should have waked up some morning to find the Society incorporated and the whole thing settled. As it is, the Board of Trade will have be-

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