

And so, in a life of toil and peril and love, scarcely different from that of their fathers in the days of the Norse jarl who first burned peat, live the kindly folk of Setter on Snarravoe, of whom I could tell you much if you would listen."

Such is the setting of the stage upon which Miss Edith Rickert rings up her curtain. With care and delicacy, and also with great vividness, she brings before us the quaintness and the simplicity and the shrewdness and the pathos of these people and their love. She works in her account of the herring fishery with guile and glamour, so that it is all coloured and made alive by the sensations of poor Meggy-Betty, and dwells on the mind after, like a scene from a memorable drama. She gives us a noble picture in Osla, widow of Eric, to whom it always seemed impossible that the one man who had ever dominated her pride and strength could be dead. She was as much his as she ever was, and could be no one else's; Eric to her was an eternal truth, not a transient fact. Absent or present, alive or dead, he was her "man."

Of Terval Saemundsen it is difficult to speak with moderation. He is quite grand. The high blood of old Norse Vikings flows in his veins, his heart turns yearning to the north and to the sea. Yet fate compels him to live at home on the land, with an old mother who will drink if she gets half a chance. He will not leave her to the care of Osla, her magnificent daughter-in-law, because with his hereditary pride he will not let her secret disgrace be known.

Scholar, poet, dreamer, he makes us love him; but we rebel when at length he finds his fate in the excellent Meggy-Betty. Just at the end we feel that the author is trying us too far. Meggy-Betty might do to wash Terval's dishes, but as his wife, we demur. Miss Rickert's name is quite unknown to us. We congratulate her upon a very artistic piece of work, and hope for more.

G. M. R.

What to Read.

"A Secret Agent in Port Arthur." By William Greener.

"The Russo-Japanese Conflict: Its Causes and Issues." By K. Asakawa.

Coming Events.

January 25th.—Meeting under the auspices of the Rural Midwives Association by kind permission of Mrs. Murray, 50, Albemarle Street, W., 2.30 p.m. Tickets from the Secretary, 47, Victoria Street, S.W.

January 26th.—Meeting of Central Midwives' Board, 6, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W. 2.45 p.m.

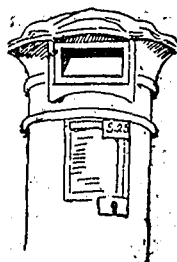
January 27th.—Quarterly Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, 431, Oxford Street. 4 p.m.

Matrons' Council Winter Meetings:—

February 5th.—Miss Amy Hughes on "The Work of County Nursing Associations," 431, Oxford Street. W. 8 p.m.

February, 7th to 10th.—Conference on School Hygiene, arranged by the Royal Sanitary Institute, University of London.

February 21st and 22nd.—Central London Poor Law Conference, Guildhall, London, E.C.



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.

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF PRIVATE NURSES. To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—I think the remarks of "Self-Respect" may apply to some metropolitan nurses, and those working in large towns, but most private nurses working in the country have neither time nor money to spend in amusements. Most of us earn about £30 a year in institutions, and we are kept hard at work all the year round, with the exception of our annual holiday. I for one have not been inside a theatre for four years, and seldom get a chance of hearing any good music. I am not grumbling, but one does grow grey and dull without a chance of seeing a little life. I am sure nurses are the better for taking part in the world's ways, and not being thrown too much back upon themselves.

Next holidays I mean to have a week in London, and, like the regular country cousin, keep going all the time.

Yours truly,

A COUNTRY MOUSE.

A SOP FOR CERBERUS.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I have read with both interest and surprise the letter in your last issue from "A Hospital Sister," from which I gather that a scheme for the management of nurses is being evolved by sundry persons connected with the reactionary party, behind closed doors, so to speak. One, of course, cannot say much until this latest scheme for our welfare sees the light of day; but of one thing I am certain, nothing is of any use to us but what we (both Matrons and nurses) have so long asked for—the organisation of our profession under a Board which has the authority of the State, and so can define the training necessary for a nurse, establish an examination, by means of which it can be ascertained whether nurses applying for registration have attained the necessary standard, and which will then place on a professional Register, issued under the authority of the State, the names of those nurses who have satisfactory records from their training-schools, and have proved that they possess the necessary knowledge which entitles them to recognition as trained nurses.

Personally, I should regard with distrust any scheme which offers us less substantial advantages than this, and I know that many Matrons feel with me. Voluntary registration has been tried, and the antagonism of the training-schools is responsible for the lack of response to this measure. Be that as it may, it has had its chance for the last seventeen years, and I think I may add, it has had its day. We must keep our eyes fixed on our goal, legal registration, nothing less, and must not be lured into by-paths which hold out the rosy

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