

during the past year, and one could wish that its delightful environment was within the means of those who are struggling to take front rank in journalistic work. But as this is not always possible, the club has a plan on hand to help women journalists. An Advisory Board of the following journalist members of the club has been elected from their number: Miss Billington, *Daily Telegraph*, Mrs. Bulstrode, Hon. Sec. Soc. of Woman Journalists, Miss Dora Chapman, Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, President S.W.J., Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Miss Lillian Joy, Miss O'Connor Eccles, Chairman of Council S.W.J., Miss Curtis, Mrs. Everard Cotes, Mrs. Ady, Miss K. M. Bennett, Lady Violet Greville, Miss E. M. Tait, Hon. Treasurer S.W.J., Mrs. Arthur A'Beckett, Mrs. J. A. Crawford, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, Editor BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING, Miss Ethel Lloyd, Mrs. Clarence Rook, Mrs. Granville Ellis, and Miss Pearl Humphry.

There is a very wide field of usefulness before such a Board.

Book of the Week.

THE CHERRY RIBBAND.*

Mr. Crockett's new story reawakens one's regret that he should have so come short of the promise of his beginning.

More care, more self-criticism, less pot-boiling, and Mr. Crockett might have been a really great writer. A too sudden success and a "fatal facility" have ruined him. But in "The Cherry Ribband" one is allowed to see how really fine an imagination the man has, and how keenly he realises the stirring adventures of which he writes.

He chooses the days of the Cameronian persecutions in Scotland, and gives a far from despicable portrait of Peden the Prophet and of Sir Robert Crier, or "Lag," Colonel Grahame, and other notables of the time.

Captain Grif Rysland is a Sergeant-Major of Dragoons, a youngish widower with a beautiful, light-hearted daughter, Ivie, whom he guards from all insult with his particularly sharp sword. Raith Ellison is the youngest son of a Covenanting household, but is himself not convinced of the justice of his family cause, nor that every other religious body except the Calvinist is a device of Satan. He falls in love with Ivie Rysland; and for the fault of chatting to her by the roadside one summer's day, his father casts him out from his house and declares him to be no longer his son.

This episode is not convincing. Narrow-minded, bigoted, bitter and ignorant the Covenanters may have been. But had they carried their senseless bigotry to such length, their existence could hardly have been possible.

The young Raith, thus cast out, enlists in Grif's regiment of Dragoons; and the acquaintance between him and Ivie ripens; for Grif has just slain the laird of Houston for insulting Ivie, and it is thought better that he should lie low awhile. So Captain Grif Rysland is made Governor of the Bass Rock and its prison; and with him go Ivie and Raith. The sub-

sequent adventures of the pair would take too long to tell. It is a clever thought which brings the Ellison household, Raith's headstrong old father, Peden the Prophet, and Gil the elder brother, all as prisoners under Grif's care. It is a still more brilliant and charming thought which makes Grif Rysland, soldier of fortune, fall in love with Euphrain Ellison, the demure Puritan maiden.

"She had never been beautiful save in the stillest fashion, like an autumn afternoon in an orchard when the sun is shining. Nevertheless she was beautiful now, the light flecking her hair, and all her face transfigured with the wonder of being loved."

That is excellent, and shows what Mr. Crockett could do if he took pains. But the whole episode of Euphrain's wooing is wedged in among a quantity of movement, enough to furnish the plots of two books, and so the delicacy with which it ought to be done is out of the question, and we get no glimpse of the stages by which her shy defences went down, nor the excuses with which she supported her tolerance of the man who was the embodiment of all she had been taught to hate, and loathe and flee from. If Raith were disinherited for talking to Ivie, surely Euphrain's father, had he had the power, would have damned her eternally for marrying—actually marrying—Ivie's father. But we are not allowed to hear a word of this. William Ellison's consistency has to be sacrificed to the exigencies of the story.

But it is a story which will stir the blood and fire the interest, and not the least clever part is the character of prayerful Peter Paton.

G. M. R.

At An Open Door.

Shall the year die and lack its epitaph?
Shall this good friend pass out for evermore
Into the night, ungreeted?

*Fare thee well,
And God be with thee, for a thousand gifts
Never to be forgotten.*

Keep the door
Held wide to welcome the New Year, that comes
To be more prodigal of joy. The earth
Lies bare as ever a grave, but underneath
Our February crocus seeks the light,
Spring's at the heart of April's daffodils,
And dear, dead leaves of roses fall'n in June
Make sweetness for the roses yet to be.

H. D. LOWRY
From *Morning Post*.

Coming Events.

January 6th.—Meeting of the Executive Committee, Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, 4.30 p.m.

January 19th.—Special General Meeting of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, 20, Hanover Square, W., Miss Isla Stewart in the chair, "To consider the Re-drafted Bill of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses," 3¹⁵p.m.

* By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

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