

Thus the value of types in average fiction is small; it is always the exceptions in characterisation that provides interesting material for a story; all that is really ordinary and matter of fact is apt to become cumbersome to the thread of the narrative. With extraordinary clearness we find explained the intricate workings of American finance. It is a clumsy subject to manage, and hardly one to attempt in a love story, but though it injures the fiction, the fiction certainly serves to illustrate an otherwise very incomprehensible matter.

Don Collar Kelleg, son of a fabulous millionaire, is an idealist. Disapproving of his father's methods he practically disowns him, and while living in England becomes engaged to Eleanor Greville, the daughter of an old world scholarly gentleman, the daughter of an old world scholarly gentleman. The millionaire's death places Don in what is to him the position of a controller of the universe, and his own idea is to redress the wrongs his father has done to people. But Don is no financier, and he is staggered by the immensity of the task he sets himself. The point is: Will he have sufficient strength of mind to go through with it? He is of a singularly sweet disposition, if something of a bore, or he surely could not have borne the amount of advice so liberally bestowed on him. He is accompanied by Eleanor and her father to New York, where he sets to work to face the problem. Circumstances make it impossible for him to carry out his purpose, his father foreseeing the probability of his Quixotic intentions has so tied up the money as to render Don powerless. All this is most interesting and realistic, but a disappointment awaits us in returning to the romance. When Don practically fails to come up to the standard of Eleanor's ideals she accepts the seemingly inevitable, but when he eventually pulls himself up again is it possible that a woman supposed to be in love with him; not a girl, but a woman of thirty, should suddenly turn upon him with the cool assertion that they must, therefore, part? In order to appreciate the book it is necessary to eliminate all desire for sentiment, and to treat it as a most excellent book of reference. E.L.H.

Coming Events.

November 13.—Post graduate Lecture: "The Place of Diet when Treating Disease." By Dr. W. Russell, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, 5 p.m. All Trained Nurses are cordially invited.

November 22.—Conference convened by Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W., Miss Isla Stewart, President, in the chair. 1. The Equality of Rich and Poor in Sickness, the Relation of Cottage Nurses to the Nursing Profession. 2. The Place of Trained Nursing in Prisons. 3. The Organisation of a Nurses' Defence Union.

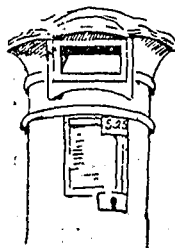
A Word for the Week.

Life is a progress, and not a station.

EMERSON.

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.

OUR GUINEA PRIZE.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks, the receipt of cheque for one guinea.

I was pleased to find I was successful this month.

Yours faithfully,

J. M. SMITH.

The Hospital for Diseases of the Throat,
Golden Square, W.

UNITED WE STAND.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I wonder if the anti-registration Matrons realise that they, and not the ignorant men who largely form the Metropolitan Asylums Board, are primarily to blame for the attempted depreciation of the status of their colleagues, who hold office under the M.A.B.? These ladies, who are well placed themselves, have for years done all in their power to prevent those less fortunate than themselves in the profession obtaining legal status, and thereby a recognised position in the public mind. At present we are merely domestic servants without their protective laws on the Statute Book, and in the mind of the average man the Matrons are merely glorified housekeepers, who have no grievance when told to descend to the kitchen. I hope this new attack may be productive of practical results, that the Matrons will come out in much greater numbers to support the "usefulness and honour of the nursing profession" than they have done hitherto. The rank and file are evidently giving those of their class attacked loyal and whole-hearted support. Let us have a *quid pro quo*.

ONE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

A NURSES' DEFENCE UNION.

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

DEAR MADAM,—Many nurses will have read your last week's editorial with a feeling of satisfaction, and it is to be hoped that the Matrons' Council will be able to arouse the nursing profession to a sense of its present precarious condition. Here is a class of women workers, numbered in thousands, who, by good comradeship, have nothing to do but unite, pay a reasonable fee, and who, if in the right, would feel sure of protection. At present nurses are the victims of any unscrupulous person who attacks them, as they have no central fund to draw on for legal fees, and they are so poorly paid that it is all they can do to squeeze out their Pension Fund premiums, and to pay them they must use great self-denial. I should like to see

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