

the kindest expression of approval and goodwill from the dense crowds lining the streets. "Ah! here comes Florrie!" "Good old Florrie!" "Three cheers for Florrie!"—expressions of love and reverence such as are well understood by those who know the London poor. But it was not only the men and women in the street who greeted us as friends; the veterans of the Service Club bared their heads with reverential homage as our noble memorial came in view, and many a man did likewise as the procession went its spirited way.

Five o'clock found us at the Albert Hall, the house crowded, the platform backed by all the lovely banners, with the leaders of this great movement in the centre. Here Mrs. Fawcett, who was in the chair, received a veritable ovation, and in commemoration of her forty years' splendid and untiring work, bouquet after bouquet was presented to her till she stood banked around in flowers. Lady Henry Somerset, the Rev. Anna Shaw, from Philadelphia, Mrs. Despard, Mrs. Hodgetts, and Lady Frances Balfour spoke eloquently, the latter wittily remarking that every woman was with us. "We had won the Derby and the Oaks!"

A torrent of cheering and fluttering of handkerchiefs by an audience as deeply moved as Mrs. Fawcett herself when she rose to return thanks, closed this wonderful meeting, and gay, untired, inspired, and determined, the vast crowd dispersed to a crash of martial music, realising that inward glow of satisfaction after duty well done.

One of the most interesting banners to nurses after that of Florence Nightingale was the one dedicated to Elizabeth Fry, symbolising, as was meet, the chief work of her life for the outcast and fallen in prison; but her large heart included a deep interest in the care of the sick, and she was closely associated with some of the earliest movements for the improvement of nursing.

TO OUR NEXT MERRY MEETING.

Prior to the mass meeting arranged by the National Women's Social and Political Union, to take place in Hyde Park on Sunday next, June 21st, seven processions will march through London.

One of the most prominent sections will be that of the trained nurses, who recently have had the helplessness and indignity of their voteless position brought home to them very forcibly. Nurses are asked to join the Trafalgar Square procession, which will form up at 12.30 and start at 1.30, via Pall Mall, Regent Street, Piccadilly, Berkeley Street, Mount Street, and Grosvenor Gate. Arrangements have been made for a brake for those nurses who prefer to drive at a charge of 10d. a seat. Applications for tickets, enclosing money and postage, should be made at once to Miss Berlon, 4, Clements Inn, Strand.

The colours of the N.W.S.P.U. are white, green, and purple, and scarves costing 2s. 11d. and ribbon at 1s. and at 9d. per yard in these colours can be had from Clement's Inn.

The meeting will be held at 3.30, and at five o'clock, after the resolution has been put, there will go up from the vast crowds assembled in the Park the great shout: "Votes for Women!"

Book of the Week.

THE RUGGED PATH.*

"The Rugged Path" is a very fair sample of light romance, quite enjoyable for a few hours' restful reading. The plot, it must be confessed, is an old one, but worked out on sufficiently new lines to justify its being described as original. Among the characters there are some exceedingly nice people who are quite possible, a charming hero, a delightful heroine whose sister is a fascinating young tyrant of seventeen, perhaps rather astonishingly independent for her age. In addition we have also a real villain of the melodramatic type—a man who is calmly and resolutely wicked for his own ends, and stops at nothing to attain his desires.

Now, though the characters are convincing, some of the episodes may be called into question as far-fetched, it is perhaps necessary to gloss them over with the assertion that fact is often far stranger than fiction.

At the outset one is inclined to be a little sorry for the villain, but the feeling soon wears off. It does seem hard lines that after years of devoted attention to his uncle, Sir William Carton, Hesketh Carton should not be rewarded as he most wished. It appears that many years before Sir William quarrelled with his only son, Wilfred, and turned him out of the house. Of course it was the old story. Sir William wished his son to make a certain marriage, the young fellow jibbed at the coercion, and hence the rift. But sometime later Sir William relented, and writing to his son to the place to which he had traced him, he made peace overtures. To the old man's mortification there came no response. Then Sir William made a will that has been utilised pretty frequently in fiction with more or less effect. He left his property to his son only on condition that he married the girl of his father's choice, Clytie Bramley; but on his refusal everything was to revert to the girl herself, and at her death to Hesketh Carton. There is also a second will extant, but in this Sir William left everything unconditionally to Hesketh. At his uncle's death the young man deliberately burnt one of the two, hurriedly. It was not until he sat listening to the reading of the will that Hesketh discovered he had accidentally burnt the wrong one, and Wilfred Carton, now a baronet, had still his chance.

As we have read of before in such cases, the terms threw both parties mentioned in the will into immediate conflict, and had they not met accidentally they would never have come together at all. It is not new either that Hesketh Carton should set himself to woo the heiress immediately, and, failing in his suit, should try a deadlier method for procuring the fine old property he coveted. But there is always a fresh way of telling an old tale, and it may be said of plots, as of all things, "there is

*By Charles Garvice. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

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