

speakers dwelling on the importance of national housekeeping and woman's part in the same. One very good speaker insisted on the importance of making household science attractive, and deprecated the martyr-like spirit in which it was treated, likening this to the old receipt for making black currant jelly, where the currants in the pot should be crushed by hand as long as it could possibly be borne. I must say I secretly sympathised with the only dissentient speaker, who expressed her opinion that it was a pity the cares of housekeeping should be thrust upon children so young, and that time should be taken from less material, more ideal subjects to be given to domestic science. Still, this is a material age, and we gaily passed a resolution to train the infant mind to a deeper sense of its scientific responsibilities towards food stuffs and such like.

In a resolution to the effect that boarded-out children should be under the supervision of "trained" women Government inspectors, the lady guardians present gave some interesting opinions. The word "trained" was dropped, as it was pointed out that there was no scheme for training such officials, and that fact might be made the basis for rejecting their recommendation. This gave me furiously to think. Surely the training of a nurse, plus official instruction, would be a useful basis to go upon. And so on—and so on. We passed our resolutions, we made our recommendations, and we hoped for the best. We were very genteel. All the unpaid workers were referred to as Ladies' Committees, etc., all the paid as Women Inspectors, and so forth. It was a subtle distinction. We never shook ourselves free from a gentle air of patronage towards the workers, very British and kindly, but it was pitiful to see so much hard work, kindness, and talent foredoomed to failure. The discussion on the oldest profession of civilised women, that to which Rahab of Jericho belonged, took place on the Friday. I should much have liked to be present—I greatly wished to hear their point of view—but as I was due in London "in another place" I had to miss it. I trust the members who so kindly sent me as their delegate will forgive these scrappy impressions. M. MOLLETT.

A GENERAL GORDON CALENDAR.

January 26th of next year will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of "Chinese Gordon," the hero of Khartoum, and "lest we forget" a Calendar for 1910 containing Gems of Thought from his letters has been arranged by Miss Mary Breay. The coloured frontispiece represents the statue of General Gordon at Khartoum, in which he is depicted as seated on the back of a camel, and each of the twelve pages is illustrated by some African scene. The Calendar, price 1s., or 1s. 1d. post free, may be obtained from Miss Mary Breay, Inglewood, Fleet, Hants, or Miss M. Breay, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. Any profits from its sale will be given to the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, and the Hospital of the Universities Mission at Zanzibar, so that purchasers will not only obtain a Calendar of unusual interest, but help the Registration Cause.

Book of the Week.

THE UNLUCKY MARK.*

In her latest book, Mrs. Penny once more deals with life in India, that land of many conflicting elements. The scene opens with the arrival of a detachment of "Walers" from Australia, bound for Hosur, on the borders of Mysore, where the British have a remount depot. The description is so vivid and detailed that one feels the author must be familiar with like scenes. In rapid succession all the chief characters are introduced, and from the first the interest of the reader is aroused. It is also at a very early period that the meaning of the title is explained.

In the same train as the Walers two racehorses arrive belonging severally to Sir David Dereham and a Hindu, Dharma Govinda. The latter has been a great deal in England, speaks the language fluently, and is fond of displaying what the author calls his "best Bayswater manner."

The reader soon realises that he is one of those dangerous agitators, possessed of large means, and sufficiently clever to incite his fellow natives to discontent and rebellion while veiling his language so carefully as to make it impossible for the police to lay their hands on him.

Both Govinda's and Sir David's horses are intended to run in the Bangalor races. Bought from the same dealer, being brothers, they are strangely alike. Sir David's horse carries what the Hindus call a lucky mark, while Govinda's has the unlucky mark. Whilst effecting the exchange of the horses without Sir David finding out what has been done, we get a strange insight into tortuous native methods, with whom cheating and untruthfulness appear to be second nature. Sir David, a retired military man, with ample means, possessing great personal charm and good looks, is going to stay with Major Cheverell, head of the remount depot. Lieutenant Timothy Breydon, son of a Norfolk squire, is also attached to that department. He and his wife are two of the most interesting and well drawn characters in the book. There are so many people of almost equal interest that it seems almost impossible to fix on any as hero and heroine, though in a way Sir David may claim the title. A bachelor, who thinks it is time to settle down, he falls seriously in love with Alanda Lawrence, a young American girl with a large fortune. At first it is her money which attracts him, but before long he falls under the spell of her charming and, at the same time, unconventional personality. She likes him as a friend, but does not return his love. Love she has never felt for any man, though American fashion, she is good friends with many. Then she meets Major Adam-u-din, who is in command of one of the Imperial regiments, a well-born Mohammedan. He has been educated at Harrow and Oxford. A school-fellow and friend of Major Cheverell's, he is received by some few of the Englishmen on terms of equality, the man being essentially a gentleman. Alanda meets him at the Breydons, in her usual unconventional manner strikes up a friendship with him. She does not at

* By F. E. Penny. (Chatto and Windus.)

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