

the grounds of modesty, to women doctors attending men, when they are entirely nursed by women nurses, may also be pointed out. There is no sex in sickness. Women nurse men without loss of modesty; they can also safely attend them as medical practitioners. Modesty is an indestructible virtue, prudery a vulgar subterfuge.

Book of the Week.

OPEN COUNTRY.*

A sequel is said to be seldom a success. Mr. Hewlett has avoided the risk of "Open Country," being less interesting than "Halfway House," by reversing the position, taking his readers back four years in the life of his fascinating Gentleman Gipsy. Anyone having read a little about this strange compound character will welcome the further light thrown on his personality in "Open Country." John Senhouse, son of a rich man, educated at Eton and Cambridge, at the age of twenty feels the irresistible "call of the wild." He walks out of College one morning, taking nothing with him but the clothes he stands in, and from that day forward he abjures the houses of men, living in a tent, travelling in a tilt cart drawn by a meagre horse, rightly called Rosenaute. Avowedly an Anarchist, breathing slaughter against all in high places, yet of so tender a nature that he would not hurt or kill a living creature. Well read, himself a poet, an artist of no mean power, he subsists on the proceeds of his pen and brush, though on perfectly good terms with his father, the worthy coal owner (who must have felt somewhat like the proverbial hen with the duckling). Senhouse never took a penny from the old man, his theory being that poverty was the only right condition for man to be in. So he lives the life of a tramp, wandering from one end of England to the other, studying plants and all wild creatures, ever living close to nature. In the midst of a good deal of nonsense he speaks much common sense. His ideas on most subjects are exaggerated and impracticable. His views on marriage are distinctly peculiar, though his reverence for women is phenomenal.

Through all his wandering he has kept more or less in touch with his old friends. We meet him first, at the age of thirty, camping in the park of his some time school chum, Roger Charnock. It is here that he sees in the wood Sanchia Percival, a girl in her twentieth year, the youngest daughter of a well-to-do City merchant. The member of a highly respectable family, she has been carefully brought up, surrounded by conventions. The youngest of five sisters, she has purposely been kept young by her ambitious managing mother. She strikes one as strangely child-like and innocent, for a present day maiden of twenty, but as is ever the case, nature proves stronger than training, when the nature itself is a strong one. Sanchia is in reality nearly as unconventional as Senhouse, so that the great and peculiar friendship which grows up between them is quite natural. They meet daily in the woods; with Senhouse the friend-

ship develops into a much warmer feeling, while Sanchia's heart is untouched. She speaks to him with quite amazing frankness, he treating her with adoring veneration, calling her Artemes the Chaste. They part, he going on his way to another district, Sanchia returning home. Here follows a wonderful correspondence. Little of her letters is given, but his are long and full of interest, ranging over every possible subject. Meanwhile Sanchia meets Nevile Ingram, the man who awakens her to the knowledge of what love means. Ingram is a young man of good position, good looks, and power of attraction. Unluckily he is married, though neither Sanchia nor her family know this. Separated from his wife for eight years, he lives the ordinary life of a fast man about town. Then with him, too, love steps in, making him wish to lead a better, more rational existence. At first, he means to play fair, be merely the friend, but one soon sees the subtle difference between the characters of Senhouse and Ingram, the one man caring only for possession, the rarer higher nature content with self-abnegation and honest endeavour to serve the woman he loves. Sanchia's avowed indifference to the fact that Ingram's wife is alive naturally rouses feelings of disapprobation in her respectable family.

The book is without doubt interesting, all the minor characters and details carefully worked out.

E. L. H.

Ode to Duty.

"Stern Lawgiver! yet Thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon Thy face:
Flowers laugh before Thee on their beds,
And fragrance in Thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are
fresh and strong."

Wordsworth.

COMING EVENTS.

December 25th (Christmas Day).—Hospital and Infirmary Entertainments.

December 28th.—Prince of Wales' Hospital, Tottenham, N. Christmas Tree Entertainment, 5 p.m.

January 4th and 5th.—St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Christmas Entertainment for the Resident Hospital Staff, 8 p.m.

January 6th.—Charing Cross Hospital. The Nursing and Resident Staff At Home. Music. Tea and coffee. 7.30 to 11 p.m.

January 7th.—London Homoeopathic Hospital, W.C. The Matron and Nursing Staff At Home. Music. Tea and coffee. 8 to 11 p.m.

January 12th.—Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. Lecture on Operations on the Stomach and Intestines. Preparations and After-Nursing. By Professor Alexis Thomson, F.R.C.S.E. Extra-Mural Medical Theatre, 4.30 p.m. Nurses cordially invited.

* By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.)

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