

dangerous rough. If further personal evidence be required, I may add that I was gripped by the breast—by no means an exceptional act, for heart-breaking to relate, I am medically informed that younger women, women of an age to be my own daughters, were also assaulted in this and other repellent and equally cruel ways." These are not vague charges collected in response to advertisements in *Votes for Women* long after the event.

The Bishop of Southwark (Bishop-Designate of Winchester), who presided at the annual meeting of the New Hospital for Women, Euston Road, said that it was of special interest that the institution had been, since its beginning, a work of women for women. Sir Thomas Barlow congratulated medical women connected with the institution upon the position they had attained by their own efforts in regard to recognition in medicine. Mrs. Creighton urged the claims of the mission fields of the East upon medical women.

Book of the Week.

BEYOND THESE VOICES.*

"She is called Vera. Her father was a poet, and he gave her the absurd name of Veronica because the Italian hills were blue and white with the flower when she was born. . . . She went all Grannie's errands; she walked beside her bath-chair, and read her to sleep in the drowsy, windless afternoons when the casements were open and the sea looked like a stagnant pond. It was a dismal life for a girl on the edge of womanhood—a girl who had little to look back upon and nothing to look forward to. It seemed to Vera as if she had never lived, and as if she were never going to live. Companionless and hopeless she paced the promenade and looked over the tideless sea."

And so, when the middle-aged Mario Prooana, the multi-millionaire, tells her of his love, she takes him gladly.

After six years of marriage, six years of unlimited wealth and unconscious extravagance, Vera had begun to discover that most things were stale, and some things weary, and all things unprofitable.

For relief from ennui she turns to her cousin, Claude Rutherford, and for the satisfying of her spiritual craving to Francis Symeon, the Spiritualist. Between the two she spoils her life.

She thought the blame was with Mario Prooana. "He thought he was in love, but he could not really have cared for me," Vera reasoned, sitting in her lonely sanctuary, while on the other side of the wall there was a man of mature age, a man with a proud temper and a passionate heart. . . . He had lavished upon this unsophisticated girl all the force of strong feelings long held in check. . . . Now he was sure of nothing about this girl whom he had clasped to his breast in a passion of triumphant love on the hill above the Mediterranean. Who could say precisely what had made the separation? He only knew he could no longer recognise his child wife of their

* By M. E. Braddon. (Hutchinson and Co., London).

Roman honeymoon, in the fragile *ennuyee* whom Society had chosen to adore.

Miss Braddon is never at ease without a murder, and we are not, therefore, surprised when Mario Prooana is found shot through the head behind the door of his wife's boudoir.

To the end of the volume the reader is kept in ignorance of the perpetrator of the crime, and though suspicion points to Claude, this is allayed by the fact of his marrying Vera two years later, though in fact he was the assassin and she was aware of his guilt.

"Early on their wedding journey, leaning against the side of the boat, locked hand in hand, they had sworn to each other that all the past should be forgotten. Come what, come might, in unknown Fate they would never remember. But conscience is not silenced at will.

Her friend, Lady Susan, tells her after two years of marriage:—

"You are growing too horribly morbid, Vera. I am afraid you have taken up religion. It's very sweet of you, darling, but it's the way to lose your husband."

To Francis Symeon, the Spiritualist, she turns when the fire of remorse had burnt out the trail body. "I had a friend whom I offended, cruelly, dreadfully," she said, slowly, as if with an effort. And he died before I had begun to be sorry. . . . Thoughts went on like a relentless iron mill, grinding, grinding, grinding the same dead husks by day and night."

Vera dies after seeing a vision of her first husband.

"Kind eyes that told her of his love—a love that Fate could not change nor diminish."

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

March 9th.—Annual Meeting, Shoreditch and Bethnal Green District Nursing Association, St. Leonard's Parish Room, Shoreditch, 5 p.m.

March 9th.—Nurses' Union Meeting, 5, Cambridge Gate, Regent's Park. Tea, 3 p.m. Address by the Rev. W. J. Conybeare, 3.15 p.m. Nurses are invited.

March 10th.—Association for Promoting the Training and Supply of Midwives. Seventh Annual Meeting, 24, Park Lane, W. Princess Christian will preside. 3.30 p.m.

March 10th.—Twenty-first Annual General Meeting of the Hammersmith and Fulham District Nursing Association, Bishop Creighton House, 378, Lillie Road, Fulham, 5 p.m.

March 10th.—South-Western Polytechnic Institute, Manresa Road, Chelsea. Sir Alfred Keogh, K.C.B., LL.D., presents prizes and certificates to students of Evening Classes and Day College, 8 p.m.

March 15th.—National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies and London Society for Women's Suffrage. Public Reception and Meeting in support of the Conciliation Committee's Women's Suffrage Bill, 4 p.m.

WORD FOR THE WEEK

"A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich; A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong."

E. B. BROWNING.

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