

"You are a proper envoy," she said, scornfully, "to carry the hand of a Princess to be huckstered about. . . . Do you hear me, sir? I will never marry in Holland. It is the dullest place in the world. I cannot leave England, can I Anne?"

The short-sighted eyes turned an appealing glance to the Duchess.

"Why, if you must," the lady made reply, "you can give some trouble first."

Of course, the marriage was accomplished, and with no pretension of affection on either side. Puritanical, cold, grave, and absorbed in the affairs of his country, William of Orange was a strange mate for the childish Princess, educated and brought up in one of the most frivolous Courts ever known. The description of her stolen visit to the fair is charmingly told.

"I have been so cooped up I have been like to die of spleen," said the Princess, "and I should dearly love to see a fair on the ice, and Anne, what shall I wear?"

She was very splendidly dressed, her clothes were the one pleasure left her, and she took a great joy in them.

Not until the purple of the evening was staining the clear sky did they turn home. They returned to the drawing room and laughed at each other.

"Oh, la, what a hoyden you are," cried Mary, "I should be dead of dullness without you, Anne. Look what I have brought home."

She opened her pink silk skirts, and showed them full of silly trifles, bags of nuts, little wooden dolls, and horns of sweets."

But the frivolity of her nature was on the surface only.

William of Orange, defeated, humiliated, misunderstood, even by his friends, finds at last fresh inspiration from Mary.

"I do believe she said you will accomplish your task. If God hath appointed you his captain how could you be discomfited?"

"Why, what is this?" said William Bentinck lightly. "What are you going to do, Prince, now peace is signed?"

"Plan another war," said the Stadtholder, still looking at his wife.

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

March 16th.—Nurses' Union Meeting, 5, Cambridge Gate, Regent's Park. Tea, 3 p.m. Address by the Rev. Cecil Bardsley, 3.15 p.m. All nurses invited.

March 17th.—Annual Meeting, Irish Nurses' Association, 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

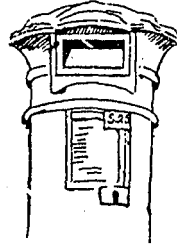
March 17th.—London Homœopathic Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C. 61st Annual Meeting, 3.30 p.m.

March 17th.—Annual Meeting of Women's Local Government Society, Lady Strachey presiding. Council Chamber, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 5 p.m.

March 23rd.—Monthly Meeting, Central Midwives' Board, Caxton House, S.W., 2.45 p.m.

March 23rd.—Women's Social and Political Union. Meeting at the Royal Albert Hall. 8 p.m.

Letters to the Editor.



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 WEEKLY PRIZE COMPETITION.

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

DEAR EDITOR,—It was a pleasant surprise to learn that the prize for the Competition on the alleviation of discomfort in a patient to whom fluids have been forbidden after an abdominal operation, had been awarded to me. Thank you for the cheque received yesterday.

Yours faithfully,

Hope Ward, ALICE SIMPKIN.
St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

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

DEAR MADAM,—Many thanks for cheque (5s.) received to-day. I am very glad to have won this week's competition.

I am, yours faithfully,

MARGARET K. STEELE.
St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Rochester.

THE NURSING PAGEANT.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I have heard many eloquent speeches, I have read the literature, I have attended two International Congresses, all setting forth, and demonstrating the same great purpose, comprehended in the potent term—*State Registration for Nurses*—but the classical beauty of the Pageant, with its inspiring idealism and symbolism, has made the strongest appeal to my imagination.

It was beautiful throughout, and surely must have stirred the minds of all the spectators. We must not forget, however, that hard work and genius were the essential ingredients of it, and for this we are deeply indebted to you and Miss Mollett. I should like, therefore, through the medium of our Journal, to offer the tribute of my individual thanks for so fine a thing, and the pleasure of it. I cannot but think that a second presentation of the Pageant would still further advance our cause, and would be still better understood and appreciated.

One good result upon me has been that I have been impelled to buy Miss Dock's and Miss Nutting's admirable book, "A History of Nursing"!

Yours very sincerely,

BEATRICE KENT.

THE TRAINING OF NURSES IN INDIA.

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

DEAR MADAM,—Will you kindly allow me to correct a few of the errors in the Foreign Letter by "Anonymous" in your December 31st issue, which

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