

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

BROTHERS ALL.*

A very charming collection of stories of Dutch peasant life, which so far has not been noticed in these columns, is "Brothers All," by Maarten Maartens, which we commend to the attention of our readers.

THE DEATH WAY.

The story of "The Death Way" is very true to life. One old man sitting by the bed, the other in it—

"You're in a bad way," said, at last, the old man in the chair.

He in the bed stared steadily on. "You've said that before," he answered; "'twas the last thing that you said."

"Well—it's true."

"I'd like a bit of news," retorted the invalid. "I can find out about the way I'm in for myself."

"You might be civiller, Jan," objected his visitor, "to a man that's come near on two mile to see ye."

"It ain't more'n one and a half," said the sick man, "nor as much."

But after all the visitor left a startling piece of news. "The young Baron has altered the direction of Death Way." This roused the old man indeed, so that when the doctor arrived shortly afterwards he demanded "Who is to blame for this?"

"He is," replied the wife. "He's been fussing and fuming about the Death Way as if he was a-going to be taken along it to-morrer!" Then, suddenly, she began to cry. "He don't even abuse me, doctor," she sobbed. "He can't get to do it. Lord, what a bad way he must be in!"

But the old man before his death made his sons swear that they would take him to his burial along the old Death Way, where his father and grandfather went before him, and faithfully they fulfilled their promise, though the Baron himself on his bay mare blocked the way, threatening to summon them for damage. "The damage," replied Jan, and cast a scornful glance upon the tract behind him, "for that we will pay if necessary, poor as we are—if Mynheer the Baron has a right to stop up the Death Way, the Law must decide, but it is not so; only there is another law for the rich and another for the poor."

The Baron's horse stood where it stood, with arched neck and waving tail.

The old woman, the widow, had stolen away to the Baroness with eager entreaty. "Let me bury my dead in peace!" she pleaded. "Oh, if it were he you were carrying away and you I? I have loved him, and obeyed him faithfully for nigh on sixty years. It was his last command, high-born lady, I must obey it."

And she did.

* By Maarten Maartens. Methuen & Co., 36, Essex Street, W.C.

TUBERCULIN.

Most amusing is the story called "Tuberculin," which opens with the squire and a doctor watching a cow munching the faded grass in a sunlit field.

"Is she or is she not?" said one of the watchers.

"Can't you see?" demanded the squire. "Most certainly not," replied the doctor. The cow lifted her head and munched. "Well, she's consumptive at any rate," laughed the squire.

The doctor did not laugh. He thought the remark showed a levity bordering on intemperance. The squire looked a little bit ashamed and composed his face to meet the seriousness of the subject, which was that his little daughter refused to drink her milk boiled, pasteurised or sterilized.

At the squire's suggestion that she must "just drink her milk as Nature sends it to her" the doctor lifted up hands of scientific horror. "Would you expose your dear little daughter—your only treasure—to the tender mercies of Nature?"

"My wife won't hear of it," said the squire.

"She is quite right," answered the doctor severely.

So "Sweet William" was tested with tuberculin, under the contemptuous eyes of William, her intimate attendant, and ultimately the doctor was able to prove the cow's milk "harmless on the day when you mayn't drink it." But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

"Take her away," said the exasperated squire to "Sweet William's" namesake at last. "I never want to hear her name again! Carry her off. Make whatever you can of her! Dispose of her, William!"

"My beauty," said William, with his lips to the cow's ear. "I'll dispose of you. Your milk won't give me the tubers, nor Carolina, nor the kids that'll turn up in the cottage some day."

P. G. Y.

COMING EVENTS.

June 7th.—Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses. Annual Meeting. Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, London, W., 4 p.m. Tea by kind invitation of Mrs. Walter Spencer, 2, Portland Place, W.

June 10th.—London Biblewomen and Nurses' Mission. Meeting at the Mansion House, Lord Mayor in the Chair. 3.30 p.m.

June 11th.—Central Midwives' Board Examination: London, Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, and Newcastle-on-Tyne.

June 13th.—Colonial Nursing Association. Annual Meeting, Devonshire House, W. 3.30 p.m. Lord Ampthill, G.C.I.E., will preside.

June 13th.—Leicester Infirmary Nurses' League Annual Meeting, Nurses' Home, Leicester Infirmary. 3.15 p.m. Tea and Social gathering 4.15. Supper 6.30 p.m.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"I wish to be a Member of Parliament, to have my share of doing good and resisting evil."—*Burke. Speech at Bristol, 1780.*

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