

workers the better. It is only by protest that abuses can be swept away. In the meantime cheap jokes by either the clerical or medical professions at nursing meetings, so far as women are concerned, should be the sign for self-respecting women to rise and leave the hall.

California, as well as Washington and Oregon, is doing wonders in advanced legislation since women got the vote. Amongst other Bills, the Senate has passed without opposition the Bill raising the age of protection for girls from sixteen to eighteen. Mrs. Alice L. Park, of Palo Alto, writes: "A few of us remember trying this same Bill on one Legislature after another, and always losing. What a difference a ballot makes! One vote is worth a ton of voteless influence." Dr. Charlotte J. Baker, of San Diego, writes from Sacramento: "I have been here two weeks lobbying for a number of Bills. It is fine to be a real true citizen, and to feel your voice in affairs really has weight with the 'Solons.'"

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A RUNAWAY RING.*

The unusual is no doubt to some temperaments in itself attractive, and there is much in this book that can be put under this heading.

Mrs. Dudeney has the art, and a very great art it is, of creating atmosphere, of investing ordinary homely incident with this unusualness.

This is most strikingly emphasised in the opening chapters, when Frusannah and her niece arrive on a walking tour, in December, at a Sussex village.

It is, of course, not a commonplace that aunts and nieces should choose December for this pastime, nor is Frusannah a name that one is familiar with.

Fanny, we are told, was "a nice girl," also very pretty and captivating.

"It is the prettiest village we have seen by far," said the elder woman, as they scurried along in the cold wind, "I do feel this village is destined to be ours."

"You've felt that about so many villages," Fanny shrugged; then turned to smile at the shorter figure by her side; "and I must say that December is a trying month for a walking tour."

"My dear, the devil drove us to it."

"I suppose he did, if Poverty is the devil."

It turned out that this village was their destiny, and the "Decoy Duck" gave them shelter, till they found their charming little cottage, "Top Tree."

Fanny's youth and Frusannah's irresponsibility combined land them into an awkward situation at the outset, when they join the rustic dance held at the "Decoy Duck." If Frusannah had been a different type of woman, and had not insisted on joining in the country dance with a half-drunken

*By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (William Heinemann, London.)

farmer, it might have been just an amusing experience.

But Ninian Baignent, also a stranger at the inn, and who afterwards marries Fanny, makes himself very unpleasant about this incident in their wedded privacy. Now the Baignent family are really very cleverly drawn, and are of the type of which one feels there are many such. So terribly united and satisfied with each other are they, that one sincerely pities poor Fanny, when she becomes one of them. Old Mrs. Baignent, so pretty and cattish, who presented all her children on their marriage with the "Wedlock Treasure," and whose idea it was that a "little family" was the sole aim and object of every woman's existence; Kathleen, who had done her duty with a little family of four; Ethel, who had no little family, and was, therefore, considered rather inferior and not a true Baignent, must indeed, combined, have been more than enough to smother a pretty original creature like Fanny. Of Ninian, her husband, we can hardly speak with patience, so contemptible a creature is he. Poor Frusannah's history is learned from her own lips, when this estimable young man takes her out to luncheon and having long since discovered her failing, gives her so much good wine, that he learns the secret of Fanny's birth, which is, in short, that she is Frusannah's daughter.

When he reproaches his wife for this accident, of which she was not aware, and for which she was certainly not responsible, in most unpardonable terms, she leaves him to return to "Top Tree." But though they are eventually reconciled, the memory of the something he had called her at Highbury remained.

Fanny's face was proud and sad. Why sad? Had she not got everything, even a little family?

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

April 26th.—Belgrave Hospital for Children. Princess Royal will re-open the Babies' Ward.

April 26th.—The Cleveland Street Branch of the Central London Sick Asylum Nurses' League. "At-home." 4 p.m.

April 28th.—The Central Committee for the State Registration of Nurses: The Prime Minister will receive a Deputation, the House of Commons, 4 p.m. The Deputation will be entertained to Tea by the Right Hon. R. C. Munro-Ferguson, M.P., who is in charge of the Nurses' Registration Bill.

April 30th.—Irish Nurses' Association: Lecture on "Gynaecological Nursing," by Dr. Gibson, 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. 7.30 p.m. Unavoidably postponed from April 23rd.

April 30th and May 1st.—Nurses' Missionary League. Missionary Exhibition, Holborn Hall. 9.30 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Beauty is truth—truth beauty—that is all
You know on earth, and all ye need know.

Keats.

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