

is insufficient, and the wages received are totally inadequate. One only wishes for more unrest in the nursing ranks. Advantage is taken of lives of self-sacrifice and devotion, and doctors who know ought to feel responsible. Ministers of religion should also demand better conditions for the nurses."

Miss B. Kent supports Mrs. Fenwick's statement that nurses are discontented with their present unjust economic conditions, owing to lack of legal status, and says that the demand for State Registration is the *vox populi* of the nursing and medical professions, and that nurses are tired of being associated with fraudulent masqueraders and criminals.

Mr. E. Powers, a wealthy bachelor, who is a candidate for the Mayoralty of Quincy, Massachusetts, has promised his "hand and heart and half the mayoral chair" to the lady who proves the greatest aid in his election. Surely in New England women have a voice in such a detail as accepting a proposal.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE WHITE THREAD."*

Tilly thought it was hard to "work for five and nine a week and try to be cheerful, and can't even hope for the best as other people do."

A drunken mother, two mentally deficient brothers, and the usual shortness of money are not exhilarating factors in one's life, but Tilly dealt with them all in a masterly manner. With regard to the mental taint, she expressed her opinion that "soon half the world'll be in the 'sylum and the other half minding 'em."

Tilly earned her five and nine as a domestic drudge; her scanty outings were divided among her family, of which our Tilly was the driving force.

Mr. Kingdom, the plumber, whom she afterwards married, was the recipient of her confidences, both of joy and sorrow. She was introduced to him for the first time at the commencement of the story, when he was sitting with his legs dangling through a gap in the floor.

"She had been gone from the Porter Street home just four months, and this was her third return duty visit.

"It's a good job we didn't have a Brussels carpet down to be ruined. That's one advantage of bare boards, isn't it?"

The expedition to Hadley Woods with the half-witted brother from the 'sylum was organised by Mr. Kingdom, as even this moderate outing was quite outside Tilly's ken.

"It's no use," she admitted to the servant-maid next door, who had loaned her various time tables and country rambles guides; "if you killed me, I could never understand the thing. Some of the trains seem to start off and never reach the place, and others get there without

starting. And every time I *do* seem to get one under my thumb there's a dot or a thingamybob to say it doesn't stop there, or that it doesn't stop that day, or its only for horses, or something of that. Bust the things, I say!"

The girl's frank delight in her unaccustomed treat is one of the best things in the book, and her unselfish devotion to Tommy's welfare is not the least part of her pleasure.

"Have another sandwich, Mr. Kingdom, before I put 'em away; it is a pity to carry 'em home again just because of the mustard. And I went and bought a penny tin of my own, too, to be free of the mistress."

The trams caused her unbounded satisfaction. "It's bein' rushed along on velvet springs, ain't it? Now, then, Tommy, off we go again! If you'd 'ave lived years ago a ride like this would have cost you a hundred pounds, instead of fourpence. Look at the sky, now! All blue and gold. Ain't you lucky, Tommy? And if you only behave yourself you don't know but what you'll have another day somewhere, before the summer's out."

But Tilly would not hear a word in disparagement of Stepney.

"I begin to think there's no place better than where you're born and brought up. You get fond of it somehow, wherever it is; you know all the cracks in the pavement, and the short cuts, and the people, and the shops. Poor old Stepney! Good old Row!"

"The White Thread" is really just a chronicle of Tilly, and she is a delightful little person altogether. We must, however, quarrel with Mr. Halifax for introducing so large a proportion of mental deflection in his story, for this is a subject that must ever sadden and depress, and the world cannot afford to take such as recreation.

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

July 10th.—Nurses Registration Bill. Informal discussion. 20, Upper Wimpole Street, London, W. 8.30 p.m. Matrons and Nurses cordially invited.

July 16th.—Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses. Annual Meeting, Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, London, W. 4 p.m. Tea after the meeting by kind invitation of Mrs. Walter Spencer at 2, Portland Place, London, W.

July 22nd.—Central Midwives' Board. Penal Board, Caxton House, S.W. 2 p.m.

July 23rd.—Central Midwives' Board. Monthly Meeting, Caxton House, S.W. 3.30 p.m.

August 5th.—Central Midwives' Board: Next Written Examination in London. The oral examination follows a few days later.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Life is mostly froth and bubbles,
Two things stand like stone;
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.—*Lindsay Gordon.*

* By Robert Halifax; Methuen & Co., London.

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