

in ascending stairs or dipping on the floor when stooping. As to its being Indian, "it is," says Miss Butcher, "very slightly altered from one in use, as I have seen, by the women of some hill tribes of the North, only theirs were in colour, and it is very becoming."

Miss Ada Newnham, a trainee at the Mooropna Hospital, Victoria, Australia, won the prize given by Miss Gretta Lyons in September for an excellent essay on phthisis.

The Annual Meeting of Associations of Poor Law Unions met at the Connaught Rooms last week, when the Chairman, Sir John Spear, M.P., said that the great work of the Association was the considerate, humane, yet economic care of the poor. Considering the crisis the country was passing through, it was satisfactory that there was little abnormal distress, such as would fall to the lot of Boards of Guardians to relieve.

HOME FOR RETIRED NURSES.

The Scottish Committee of the Nurses' Memorial to King Edward VII have opened a Home for Retired Professional Nurses at Nos. 7 and 9, Chamberlain Road, Edinburgh. Intending inmates should make application personally or by letter to the Hon. Sec., R. K. Blair, Esq., W.S., 19, Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, or to any of the Matrons of Hospitals in large towns in Scotland.

LEAGUE NEWS.

The Committee of the City of Westminster Nurses' League will be At Home on Monday, December 7th, at 4 p.m., to members of the League, who are invited to bring a friend. A lantern lecture on "Some Aspects of the War," will be given by the Rev. R. Waldron at 5.30 p.m., and it is hoped that as many members and associates as possible will attend.

The following resolution, passed at a General Meeting of the General Hospital, Birmingham, Nurses' League on November 28th, accompanied by a most kind letter from the President, Miss E. M. Musson, has been received by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, President of the National Council of Trained Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland:—"That the best thanks of the General Hospital, Birmingham, Nurses' League be given to all those who so kindly came to read papers on various subjects at the Conference organized by this League under the auspices of the National Council of Trained Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland in June of this year."

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE LONELY PLOUGH."*

This charming Westmoreland story can be commended from every point of view. It is full of varied interest as a work of fiction, and its descriptive and imaginative flights hold and captivate the senses. At times humorous, always tender and sympathetic, "The Lonely Plough" leaves little to be adversely criticised and nothing to be added to.

The charm of the countryside, so evidently a part of the writer, extends to the reader also, which is in reality the work of the true artist—that of creating atmosphere.

The way Lancaster, agent to Lord Bluecaster, describes what the smell of a bonfire conveys to him is a gem in itself.

"That's real back end," he exclaimed. "Unless you've lived in the country all your life you can't know what it means. You need only shut your eyes and it paints little pictures for you. I can see things I loved when I was a boy, shadowy autumn evenings, driving home with my father from Witham, the long white road, the black hedges, and the dim land. Children running on to bed, and the cattle close against the fences, and no birds singing—all the field things resting. The horse's hoofs going clip-clop, a bit tired, and myself resting under my father's elbow, half-asleep. The smell of bonfires all the way, frost coming, leaves dropping, the lights showing one by one, and then the quiet night. The smell of bonfires all the way, and then—home."

One can so well understand the independence and resentment of Francey Dockeray, when the old man Whinnerah attempts to bring to a head the courtship between her and his son Lup, thereby wrecking the happiness of many persons and bringing tragedy into their lives.

"If you're courtin' you're likely thinkin' to get wed. What's to hinder? The farm's ready and the lad."

"Ay, but not the lass," says she spiritily like. "The right time's my own time, and I'll come when I choose."

"You'll come when Lup chooses," I said, fair loosing my temper out and out. "Tell her that, my lad. Tell her she'll come when she's fetched."

"With that she took herself off, and after a minute Lup up and followed her. He didn't come home one morning—and after that it was Canada."

We can also thoroughly sympathise with Lancaster's anger when his dreamy enjoyment of his evening stroll in his favourite lane was rudely interrupted by the new neighbours from Manchester. The dancers, closely clasped in each other's arms, executed a series of intricate steps from hedge to hedge. They wore dinner coats and evening pumps, their heads were bare. With them was a girl.

* By Constance Holme. Mills & Boon, London.

previous page

next page