

APPOINTMENT OF SECRETARY.

The Board of Management of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital have appointed to the office of Secretary, Mr. F. Inch, who was one of the four final candidates selected after a numerous competition. Mr. Inch, who takes up his new duties early next month, has for the last three years been secretary and steward of the Walsall Hospital, which has ninety beds. Previously he was for seven years at Bristol Children's Hospital, and five years at Cardiff Hospital.

A NATIONAL ASSET.

At the annual meeting of Bovril, Ltd., the Earl of Erroll, K.T., who moved the adoption of the report, said that the net profits (with the exception of the Boer War year), constituted a record in the company's history. The introduction of new licensing laws was a helpful factor.

One speaker claimed that Bovril might be regarded as a national asset, and said that during the terrible journey of English nurses from Serbia to the Adriatic it was for days almost their only food.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"WHEN A MAN MARRIES."*

Mrs. Mann has a large and admiring public, and she keeps pace with its demands in a very energetic manner. Her stories are of a light description, and are always bright and wholesome in tone. We should be grateful to a writer who meets such a need, and who can always be thoroughly recommended to the young person. Her latest story deals with the happenings in the life of Marion Mott, who at the time the story opens lived with her parents at Mott Hall. The girl idolised her father, was irritated by her mother, and was petted and teased by the three pupils.

She says, "As far as I remember no pupil ever received instruction from my father, nor ever seemed to expect it. They were guests under a commodious roof tree; they had stables for their horses, kennels for their dogs, plenty of sport with the ferrets amid the rat-ridden old barns and out-houses all the year round." It was Otto, the paying guest in the house, who appealed to the child's imagination and ultimately won her enduring love.

"There came that detested day when my mother, taking me on one side had whispered solemnly that I, who was getting a big girl, was too old to sit on Otto's knee any more."

It was shortly after this that most unexpectedly Otto brought a young wife to share his life at Mott Hall.

Marion says (for the book is an autobiography), "At that callow period of my life I was, I remember, ill at ease with all women, I despised them for the emptiness of their lives, in which horses and dogs and sport of all kinds was not the primary object of existence and I felt they disapproved me and

*By Mary Mann. Hodder & Stoughton.

censured my parents for having allowed me to grow into a hoyden, a tomboy without accomplishments, awkward and often ill-mannered." But for all this she was the centre and idol of her home. It might well be imagined that the advent of Otto's fascinating worldly little wife was a cause of intense jealousy.

"This little person with the exquisite finish, the small features, the small dark beautifully poised head, the trim neat figure; this girlish-looking thing with her confidence in her power of charming, her easy childish prattle, was a matter to reckon with. I hated her for taking Otto—our Otto of the good old days never to come again—now to my jealous fancy it seemed she was going to take all."

Otto's wife was as unscrupulous as she was fascinating, and after events caused trouble on the domestic horizon. Then Marion's adored father died, and she took up nursing as a sort of last resort for a penniless girl.

"Always tired I was at that period, always footsore, always oppressed by familiarity with the dreadful suffering around me from which I could not escape, and resentful of the menial tasks which alone were committed to me, always pining for lost freedom. Keeping on at the work, not for the love of it, or because of any special aptitude for it, but from a sort of despairing doggedness which took the place in me of fortitude; often I found myself occupied, not so much with thoughts of my patients, but with the more frivolous side of my experiences."

It is not to be surprised, with such a picture drawn of her attitude towards the profession she had chosen, that at the end of her training she did not follow it up. She found herself once more under the same roof as Otto and his wife, and once more succumbed to her old worship of the former.

Disaster follows her to the close of the book, when Otto is killed in a motor accident.

We believe that she was of too faithful a disposition to console herself with Noel's love, but we feel that as he was established in her old home at Mott Hall and was in every way desirable, it would have been a pleasant ending to the story. As it stands it is somewhat depressing.

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

February 24th.—The Society State Registration of Trained Nurses. Meeting Executive Committee, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 4 p.m.

February 25th.—Central Council for District Nursing in London: Annual Meeting, Board Room, Metropolitan Asylums Board, Victoria Embankment, E.C. 11 a.m.

February 26th.—League of the Royal Free Hospital Nurses: Winter Business Meeting, Royal Free Hospital. 3 p.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Know, then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too;
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel.
Is Hope; the balm and life-blood of the soul.

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