

Lilian, Edward's half-sister, was described as a nice girl, but so colourless. Colourless and uninteresting she was, no doubt, and plain, and, in spite of their money, badly dressed and dowdy.

Edward was fond of her, but he was a beauty-lover, and an idealist. It was soon evident that he was attracted by Mrs. Stafford, and she—well, her husband had only been a means of escape from her brother's country parsonage. At first quite an innocent friendship, though good, prim Lilian at once took exception to his friendship with a married woman.

"Looking back over the sixteen years of life in his father's factory, Edward felt that every one of them had been wasted. One lived in an atmosphere of dull prosperity, making much money, spending it freely; condemned to make money and spend it; to go on spending and making money for ever." In such an atmosphere it was little wonder that Celia's beauty and surface charm should grow upon him and arouse him to all that he had missed in life.

"She had implied more trouble in her life than she had ever disclosed; awakened a romantically passionate sympathy. It had made him seek her, and she had not been so elusive as he supposed."

The conclusion of the book deals with threatened ruin of old Mr. Willis, which is only averted by the declaration of war, and its consequent large order for armaments. Old Willis is frankly delighted.

"We've declared war on Germany; you may thank God for that. . . . Do you understand, mother?"

"Over the cornfields of that dim country above the Holloway the summer night slept. Already in Belgium, amid other trampled corn, men who had little to gain lay screaming with their entrails in the dust."

And Edward! Well it struck him as vaguely humorous that it should take so great a thing as war to give him courage to die. He walked into the recruiting office at the Horse Guards, and took an oath which meant as little to him as to many of the men who followed him.

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

July 10th.—Women's Local Government Society. Conference of Representatives of Affiliated Associations on the Recommendations of the Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases, 88, Lancaster Gate. 3 p.m.

July 13th.—Meeting of the Central Committee for the State Registration of Nurses, Council Chamber, British Medical Association, 429, Strand, W.C. 2.30 p.m. To consider the Nurses' Registration Bill and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the College of Nursing, Ltd.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"Ships sail east, and ships sail west,
By the very same gales that blow,
'Tis the set of the sail, and not the gale,
That determines the way they go."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

WHAT IS RECREATION?

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—There was once a dear little girl, who, when she said her Creed, affirmed her belief in the "Recreation of the Body." A very good article of faith, too. Let's get on with it. But how? That's the question.

It would be quite nice, if some of the JOURNAL readers would give some of their ideas on Recreation.

Duty is an admirable thing, but it does not do to become like the grave-digger who, when he had a holiday, went to see how they dug graves in a neighbouring churchyard.

Change of environment is an essential part of real recreation and there are very few who cannot attain this in some degree.

Personally, I think a visit to the East End of London very stimulating; this is, of course, a matter of taste. A short time since, being wearied with the conventional type of congregation, I paid a visit to a church in a very poor neighbourhood, where the parson is the friend of his shabby flock.

There were lots of ceremonial and flowers and light, as was fitting in a neighbourhood where all is dull and ugly. It was the old gospel service that was being recited, and while the poorly-clad mothers were joining with "Angels and archangels and all the company of Heaven" in their praises, it seemed quite natural that a chubby infant should squat in the centre aisle and gravely play with its doll. The padre was not in the least upset that he nearly crushed the doll's bonnet when he knelt to pray among them; nor was he disconcerted by the evident impression of the babe that he had come there with the sole intention of playing "peep-bo" with her.

It was certainly unconventional that he should rise from his knees and say, "Now, my dears, don't let's forget the others"; and that we—mothers, babies and the rest—should follow him to the "War Corner," where cheap photographs of husbands, fathers and sweethearts in khaki were nailed up around the Crucifix. We all prayed after him that the boys they loved might be preserved from drunkenness, impurity, from grievous wounds and poisoned gas, and all other ills of body and soul.

I had that Sunday morning "a nice change," and—as refreshment—it lingers still. But, as I said before, it's a matter of taste. H. H.

CRITICISM A WHOLESOME THING.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I was glad to hear Miss Haughton speak of the courtesy and amiability

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