

THE MATRONS' COUNCIL.

The summer meeting of the Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland will be held, by the kind invitation of H.H. the Maharajah Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, and the Matron, Mrs. Barton, at the Prince of Wales' Hospital, Jammagar House, Staines, on Friday, July 6th, at 4 p.m. The programme for the afternoon is a very attractive one, and it is to be hoped that a large number of members may be free to attend the meeting. Mrs. Barton will be pleased to show visitors round the wards either before or after the business meeting. The grounds and greenhouses at Jammagar House are beautiful, and will be open for inspection. Mrs. Barton suggests that boats will be available for those who are fond of the river.

BRADFORD ROYAL INFIRMARY NURSES' LEAGUE.

We have great pleasure in welcoming a new Nurses' League—that of the Bradford Royal Infirmary Nurses, initiated by its progressive Matron, Miss Jessie W. Davies, who has been elected President. The League, which has started with nearly 100 members, held its first meeting, which was a very keen gathering, on May 26th. Two of the former Matrons of the Bradford Royal Infirmary, Mrs. Magill and Mrs. Meredith, have accepted office as Vice-Presidents of the League. Miss S. Bainbridge has been elected Hon. Secretary and Registrar, and the constitution provides for a Council and small Executive Committee. A pretty Badge has been adopted.

We have just received the first number of "The League News," which appears in a handsome crimson cover lettered in black, with an impression of the Badge in the centre. The journal is well printed on "lovely" paper, and is prefaced by a letter from the President announcing its annual publication, and that the nurses trained at Bradford have responded enthusiastically to the suggestion of having their own League. We are asked to state that any Bradford Royal Infirmary nurse who has not received particulars can obtain them from Miss J. W. Davies. THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING offers a warm welcome to this new self-governing League of nurses, and feels sure that the members will greatly appreciate the facilities for communication and mutual help which it affords to them.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

JANE'S HUSBAND; OR, TWO IN A CARAVAN.

Jane had to marry a gypsy against her will and passed through various stages of hatred and rebellion till at last he captured her heart entirely. Phineas Mansfield was a handsome fellow and a very good specimen of his lawless race. Little pale Jane, a school teacher, captured his fancy the first moment he saw her and he thereupon determined that she should be his wife. The fact that she resisted his advances made no difference to his resolve; the primitive man resolved to take what he fancied. No doubt Jane played with fire, and her imagination was fired by the evident devotion of the handsome gypsy. Lucy Henderson, her friend, was a farmer's daughter and formed the connecting link in their acquaintance, for the Mansfields had for many years camped on her father's property, when their wanderings brought them into the neighbourhood.

His final wooing of her was as primitive as it was possible to be, and her consent to his proposals was only won by his terrorising her. "Marry you? No! no! no! Nothing on earth shall make me promise you that. I will not marry a gypsy, do you hear? I will not. You have your answer. I tell you I would not marry you if you were the only man in the world."

The wild Romany replies: "You let the devil loose in me when you laughed, and I've almost a mind to take you now, promise or no promise. I'd keep you as long as I wanted you, but I'd never marry you, for there shan't be anything shady about my wife. Now quick, girl, give me your answer. Ring or no ring? Which is it to be?"

A nice position truly, and we can't wonder that poor Jane gave her assent, but it is difficult to understand how she ever forgave his brutal treatment of her, much less ended in such total surrender as eventually came to pass.

She discloses some of her changing feeling when she says:—

"Oh, Phinney, Phinney, you did worse than you knew in that dim, throbbing summer dusk. If you had shown me a tithe of the tender patience you have since lavished upon me and kept out of sight the brutal side of your gypsy nature, you would not have untimely smothered out of existence the frail little love which I verily believe was beginning to struggle into my heart. Well, well, we jog along as well as most, I suppose, and if we just miss the best it can't be helped. In spite of all, within the four walls of this dear caravan, whether it be placed in the middle of a crowded fair, or set in a lonely field, we are truly and absolutely 'at home.'"

Phinney asks her, "How could you think it was possible to live in a house that wouldn't move? You're the most out-and-out wanderer of us all."

* By Susan Redgrave. London: Sampson Low.

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