

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### "THE REAL ADVENTURE."\*

This is beyond doubt a book that counts, and a book that will deservedly win a large circle of admirers. It is so original in conception, and in style, so breezy in its tone, so reverse of stodgy, that it will act as a stimulant to those who are weary of the commonplaces of mediocre romances. A long book, too, closely written, but with each page full of interest. It was Rose Stanton who was out for a real adventure, and it must be confessed that she attained her object. One is not bound to agree with her, but that is quite another matter.

Rose, on our first acquaintance, was a student at Chicago University, more than half inclined to be in love with the celebrated half-back of the same seat of learning. But really she didn't care a "cotton hat" about him, and she married some one quite different.

In point of fact, she married Rodney Aldrich, of whom Frederica Whitney, his sister, said "Rodney won't look at young girls. They bore him to death, and no wonder, because he freezes them perfectly brittle with fright." But he looked at Rose all the same, and having once looked he never took his eyes off her again, and after a fortnight's acquaintance became engaged to her. Rodney worshipped his boyish young wife, with her beautiful wide mouth and her charming smile. Rose had somewhat sauntered along the sunny side of life heretofore, browsing here and there on books, but never giving herself very seriously to study. She soon discovered that she was outside the serious side of Rodney's life, and she complained that, though he was her devoted lover, she had not his friendship. The climax of her hurt came when Rodney, having to wrestle with a legal problem to be argued in Court, irritably rejected her ministrations. "Good heavens, Rose," he shouted, "can't you take my word for it and leave me alone? You can't solve an intellectual problem by having your hand held or your eyes kissed or anything like that. Run along, child, and let me forget you ever existed for a while."

In fact, Rodney put her and his work in separate water-tight compartments. She takes the half-back into her confidence and begs him to put her in the way of studying law.

Shortly afterwards Rose learned that she was to become a mother.

She would have her own vocation, justify her existence, in this wonderful prospect before her. "Then at last it came. She was in her own bed; what had happened? The urgency of a sudden terror gave her her voice." "Roddy," she said, "there was going to be a baby, wasn't there?"

"There were twins, Rose," she heard Rodney explaining triumphantly, but still with something

that wasn't quite a laugh, "a boy and a girl. They're perfectly splendid."

"But the baby," she said, her wide eyes filled with tears. "I wanted a baby."

"You've got a baby," he explained; "two of them. Don't you understand, dear?"

Her eyes drooped, shut, but the tears came welling out along her lashes.

"Please take them away," she begged. "I wanted a baby; not those."

When Rose was once more about her house again she began to realise that the vocation to which she had looked forward so eagerly was as far off from her as ever. There was an experienced nurse who relieved her from all the duties she would fain have performed for her children. There was the old sense of being separated from Rodney in the great part of his life, and it was at this point that Rose took the determination for her great adventure.

We are relieved to find her at the close of the book back in her nursery washing her twins herself and successfully relegating the nurse to the back-ground. Charming as Rose was, and much as we sympathise with her point of view, we feel it was hardly playing the game to the twins.

H. H.

### COMING EVENTS.

November 16th and 17th.—National Union of Trained Nurses: Conference, 3, Vere Street, London, W. Friday, 2 p.m.; Saturday, 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. Concert, 6.30 p.m.

November 17th.—Nurses' Missionary League. Sale of Work, Sloane Gardens House, 52, Lower Sloane Street, London, S.W. 1. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

November 19th.—Scottish Nurses' Association Annual Meeting, Glasgow.

November 22nd.—Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses. Meeting of Executive Committee. Important Report from President. 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 1. 4 p.m.

### 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.*

#### UNSEEMLY AND OUT OF PLACE.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I suppose I am only one of hundreds of nurses who are boiling with indignation at the humiliating advertisements displayed day by day in our newspapers for "The Nation's Fund for Nurses."

At this time, when piteous appeals from all parts of the world are being made for starving and destitute refugees; when at home, on all sides, are to be found the widows and orphans of our gallant defenders, men who formerly occupied good positions and were in comfortable circum-

\* By Henry Kitchell Webster Constable & Co., London.

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