

## PRIVATE NURSES AND INSURANCE.

Many private nurses do not appear to realise in deciding not to continue insured with an Approved Society—that if they are still working, they must obtain a certificate of exemption from the Commissioners. The following letter throws some light on the question:—

“During the last eighteen months it has been my fate to be obliged to employ one or more trained nurses, and I have been paying health insurance, because it was always charged in the accounts sent in by the institution to which the nurses belonged. Lately, however, I had a nurse who was not insured, and I wrote to the Commissioners offering to pay employer's share, and inquiring into the whole matter of nurses' insurance I received the enclosed reply.” The reply states that “Health insurance contributions do not require to be paid in respect of private nurses for any engagement during which the nurse receives a rate of remuneration of at least £2 2s. a week, plus board and lodging, and the usual laundry allowance. The fact that the nurse may only be employed during the year for, say, six months does not affect the position, the determining test being the rate of remuneration received in respect of each engagement.” The reply adds that “in respect of engagements at a lesser rate of remuneration than £2 2s. a week, contributions are payable at the rate of 6d. a week, equally divisible between employer and employee, unless and until the nurse produces a certificate of exemption from the Commissioners, which can only be obtained on one or other of the grounds indicated in the memorandum enclosed. In the event of a nurse producing such a certificate, contributions only require to be paid by the employer at the rate of 3d. a week on the special card which is issued with a certificate of exemption.”

Miss Nina Boyle, of the Women's Freedom League, has arrived at Keighley to test her right to nomination as a woman candidate for parliamentary honours at the forthcoming by-election in that town.

She says her object is not to oppose the Liberal candidate but to test the constitutional point.

Miss Eunice G. Murray has intimated her intention to contest Bridgeton (Glasgow) at the next election.

## APRIL.

Oh to be in England, now that April's there  
For who ever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest bough and the brushwood  
sheaf

Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard  
bough

In England now.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

## “MARMADUKE.”\*

Mrs. Steel's books are too well known to need any recommendation. Her Indian tales have delighted thousands of readers, and she is, of course, an authority on Eastern customs.

In “Marmaduke,” however, her *mis en scène* is cast in Scotland, and the period is that prior to the Crimean War. It seems almost inevitable in the novel of the day that war in some shape or form shall be the theme. The early part of the book, we are glad to note, deals of lighter matters, of love and romance and suchlike restful subjects.

“Mr. Duke,” the Honourable Captain Marmaduke Muir, second son of the sixteenth Baron Drummuir of Drummuir, home on leave after an absence of ten years on foreign service, looked at the grand-daughter of his father's head piper and general major-domo. “They were as fine a couple physically as God ever made to come together as man and woman. They were almost alike in stature and strength—she slightly the smaller—and both seemed equal in abounding health, though he was florid and she somewhat pale with the pallor of creamy skin that goes with red-bronze hair.”

These boon companies of childhood's days met after these ten years of separation with the consciousness that each was desirable, and on Marrison's part love entered in at the first.

The Honourable Marmaduke's reprobate old father occupies a prominent place in the story, and Marmaduke's first meeting with him after his long absence was of a stormy character.

“He stood for a moment on the curving flight of massive steps and drew in a long breath of satisfaction; for right in front of him stretched something that once seen can never be forgotten. People came from far for a sight of the great beech avenue of Drummuir.” Marmaduke had come home to find his father in the act of cutting down one of the heirloom beeches.

The old man was in no way perturbed by his son's anger.

“Get down off your high horse, there's a good lad—you look like some play-acting fool up there—and give your old dad a paw. Just what I was at his age. Eh, what? Lordy lord, Jack, how we smashed all the lamp posts in Dodston, and told the provost to send the policeman in with the bill. Ha, ha! and that old cat, Carnegie, sitting in the hearse with her skirt up to her knees going to the Hunt Ball, when we'd commandeered every other conveyance in the town.”

There is a rousing chapter describing an after-dinner scene in the “good old times.” Of what followed Duke's memory was confused. “He remembered that outside the windows the summer twilight was still flooding the green lawns, while humanity inside, after guzzling itself stupid over rich food, was trying to grow witty over the

\* By Mrs. F. A. Steel. London: Heinemann.

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