

also acknowledged the wonderful services of the hon. and resident staff, and of the nurses. The President also said that he had heard with the greatest possible regret of the retirement of Miss Knight, the matron. They had all hoped that continued health and strength would enable her to carry on until the war was over. They would all like to pay her the tribute of respect which was her due, for she had done her duty nobly, and all connected with the institution owed her a deep debt of gratitude.

Mr. F. Acton, the Chairman of the Weekly Board, said he associated himself most cordially with all that had been said about Miss Knight, whose services for many years had been invaluable.

Mr. James Forman, the Vice-Chair, re-echoed the tributes already paid Miss Knight.

Sir Charles Seely, M.P., son of the greatest of benefactors to the General Hospital, Nottingham, was elected President for the ensuing year.

At the annual meeting of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for Nurses, Cardiff and district branch, held recently at the City Hall, Cardiff, Alderman Dr. R. J. Smith presided, in the absence of the Lord Mayor. The report showed that last year there were 1,950 cases, involving 50,046 visits. This was exclusive of Whitchurch and Llandaff, where 53 patients had been nursed, entailing 2,423 visits. The Rev. W. L. Robertson (chairman of the committee), moving the adoption of the report, said they were thankful the income on the whole had kept up so well, and especially to Lady Hughes and the vice-presidents and collectors for the splendid result which had been achieved, Lady Hughes having been able to hand over £300. Mr. S. Fisher, J.P., seconded, and Dr. Meredith Richards (National Health Insurance Commission for Wales) congratulated the branch on the success of the work. Speaking in appreciation of the work of the V.A.D., and discussing what might be the V.A.D. position on demobilisation, he said experience in a V.A.D. hospital was not equivalent to training, and it was well that there should be no misapprehension on the point. Many would want to take up the nursing profession, and he believed there would be room for all, and arrangements should be made for training. Nurses of the future would need more rather than less nursing training. The motion was carried. Dr. Smith, responding to a vote of thanks, paid tribute to the magnificent work of the nurses, and suggested that after the war they in Cardiff should aim at an endowment fund of £10,000.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### "KING AT ARMS."\*

Miss Bowen has chosen the period of the European struggle in the latter part of the eighteenth century as the basis of her last historical novel. The story is concerned with the conflict between Sweden and Denmark, Russia and Poland. The personality of the rulers of these dominions gives to the gifted authoress a wide scope for her unique power of portraiture and the stirring events of those times are told with all her well-known energy and realism.

The young king of Sweden, Karl XII, is introduced to the reader as a spoiled arrogant boy of eighteen—selfish, ill-mannered, and thinking only of his pleasures.

Miss Bowen is an adept at drawing kingly personalities, and she contrives that they are never wholly undignified, even when they are in their cups.

Karl, handsome, drunk, at the table of his royal grandmother, is at last aroused to the dangers that beset his throne, and to dimly realise that he has other duties than the pleasures of the chase. In answer to a taunt from his grandmother he leaned forward with a lurching movement.

"The Czar," he muttered—"the Czar—"

Then suddenly he broke into a fury, dashed down his glass, and rose to his feet.

"God help you, madam!" he shouted at the Queen. "But do you think I am no match for the Czar of Muscovy?"

He stood as if he threatened her, flushed and with his eyes gleaming as only bright blue eyes can.

The Queen turned a yellow wax colour and her cold blood receded from her face.

"I think you are no fit company for a lady's table," she said bitterly.

It was the fate of Viktoria von Falkenberg to arouse the young man to a full and sudden sense of his immense responsibilities.

Here follows a charming sketch of her—one of the many graceful descriptions of women that appear in this book.

"She was fair, so fair that her hair was more like silver than gold, and her complexion was more like a lily than a rose, but her eyes were a deep brown. Her dress was of rose-coloured velvet, cut low in the front with a fall of silver lace on the bosom, and showing a silver petticoat in front. Her pale hair was worn in cunningly disposed ringlets, through which was passed a little braid of pearls, and fastened with a fair tortoiseshell comb adorned with squares of dark amber."

In these days of rigid economy it is refreshing to read of such sumptuous attire.

She wins her way with the king by other methods than those which the king's counsellor had planned.

"She tells him, 'I am not the woman your counsellor takes me to be. He thinks I would be

\* By Marjorie Bowen. Methuen & Co., London.

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