

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

The Deputy Registration Officer at Enfield, when asked, on August 30th, whether nurses in hospitals or institutions who had separate sleeping apartments or shared rooms in common with other nurses were entitled to the vote, said that unless it could be proved that, as part of her contract or engagement, a nurse was definitely entitled to the use of a specific room and could not be removed without due notice, she could not be accepted as occupying the room for the purposes of the Act.

In view of this decision it is extremely interesting to consider the usage at Charing Cross Hospital in regard to the nurses' quarters.

1. All the nurses have latchkeys to the Nurses' Home.

2. Every nurse has a bedroom allotted to her when she enters the hospital for training, and keeps it throughout the period of four years, whether on day or night duty, except in a very few instances when a nurse asks to be allowed to change her room.

3. The locks on the bedroom doors are similar to those on hotel doors. If a nurse takes her key out of her bedroom door it can only be opened by the matron with her pass key, and by the servant of the landing who has a pass key for cleaning purposes, so the nurse's room is really her own.

The Town Clerk and registration officer of Oxford City, Mr. Richard Bacon, had an important point to decide in the revision court on August 21st.

A number of the wives of Oxford Dons, according to the *Times*, claimed to be on the lists, but the Town Clerk pointed out that Section 257 of the Municipal Corporations Act provided that nothing in that Act should entitle any person to be enrolled as a citizen of the city of Oxford by reason of his occupation of any rooms, chambers, or premises in any college or hall of the University. Persons so occupying were, prior to the Act of 1918, placed on the Parliamentary but not on the municipal list. Unfortunately, in the new Act the lady's vote depended on her possessing the municipal vote, either in her own right or that of her husband. In the case under consideration, if the Warden of Wadham admitted, as he now did, that he was not entitled to what was called the Local Government vote, which was, of course, here the Burgess vote, his wife lost in consequence not only her Local Government vote but also her Parliamentary vote. That, he thought, was regrettable. It could never have been intended by Parliament, and he thought the officers of the Crown in drawing the Act, or the Parliamentary draftsmen, must have overlooked this provision in the Municipal Corporations Act.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THAT WHICH HATH WINGS."*

A book by Richard Dehan, author of "The Dop Doctor," is certain to be interesting and arresting, and "That which hath Wings" is true to type. It is a picture of Society just before and during the war, and the "Dop Doctor," now established in a fashionable practice in Harley Street, his wife Lynette, and their boy Bawne—the brave Boy Scout—play a prominent part in its pages, though the central figures are Francis Athelstan Sherbrand, Viscount Norwater, and his wife Margot, otherwise known as "Kit-tums."

"It was a genuine love-match, Franky being a comparatively poor Guardsman with only two thousand a year in addition to his pay as a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Bearskin's Plain, and Margot a mere Cinderella in comparison with heiresses of the American canned-provision and cereal kind."

It seemed to Franky that all his wooing had been done at Margot's Club, though he actually proposed to her at the Royal Naval and Military Tournament; "and Margot, hysterical with sheer ecstasy, as the horses gravely played at push-ball, had pinched his arm and gasped out 'Yes, but don't take my mind off the game just now—these dear beasts are so heavenly.'"

"The honeymoon might have been termed ideal—and four subsequent months of married life proved tolerably cloudless—until Fate sent a stinging hailstorm to strip the roses from the bridal bower, and an unexpected, appalling, inevitable discovery made in Paris, in the *Grande Semaine*, utterly ruined—for two people—the day of the Grand Prix"—for Margot made the discovery—which she deeply resented—that the crown of motherhood was to be hers.

"'I can't bear it! I won't bear it!' Margot reiterated. With her tumbled hair, swollen eyes, pink uptilted nose, and little mouth and chin that quivered with each sobbing breath intaken, she looked absurdly babyish for her twenty years, as she vowed wild horses shouldn't drag her to Longchamps, and railed against the injustice of Fate.

"'None of my married friends have had such rotten bad luck,' she asserted. She stamped upon the velvety carpet and flashed at Franky a glance of imperious appeal. 'Not Tota Stannus, or Cynthia Charterhouse, or Joan Delabrand, or anybody! Then why me! That's what I want to know! After all the mascots I've worn, or carried about with me . . . Gojo and Jollikins, and the jade tree-frog and the rest! . . . Every single one given me by a different woman who had been married for years and never had a baby! This very day I'll smash the whole lot!'

"'By the Great Brass Hat!'

"Franky exploded before he could stop himself, and laughed till the tears rolled down. So

* Wm. Heinemann, 21, Bedford St., W.C. 7/- net.

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