

"Papa," he burst out, "Do not go to 'Norway over the foam.' You know how it says the feather beds floated about in the waves and the sea came in and they were all drowned fifty fathoms deep."

Little Anne learned more at that conclave than it was prudent he should know in those troublous times.

Following almost immediately after this he is kidnapped and taken by a ruse to the house of two charming (?) old ladies, who posed as his father's old friends.

The conception of these two treacherous old pieces of Dresden china is one of the cleverest things in the book.

Mme. de Chaulnes first dealt effectively with old Elspeth, who had also been inveigled away with her charge.

"Elspeth having arranged about the baggage, they went upstairs into a spotless little bedroom smelling of lavender. She informs the old Scotch woman that she will have to sleep out of the house.

Elspeth looked mutinous, and her mouth took on a line that Anne well knew.

"A'mt thinkin' Mem," she replied, "it wad be best for me tae hae a wee bit bed in here."

Mme. de Chaulnes shook her head. "I am afraid," she said, "that that arrangement would not suit us at all."

Elspeth was very glum as she put the little boy to bed.

"At any rate" she said, "A'll no leave till A please."

"They are very kind ladies," said little Anne, who was excited. "I think Mme. de Chaulnes is a beautiful old lady like a fé Marraine."

Little Anne's tongue did a great deal of mischief to his father that night, and the adventure ended with his being smuggled out to France, from which country, so perilous at that time to the aristocrats, he was rescued after exciting adventures by M. de la Vireville.

But Anne's are not the only adventures in this exciting story. Far from it. The whole book teems with exciting episodes, and lovers of historical romance will find much to delight them in its pages.

H. H.

IN GOOD CHILDREN STREET.

There's a dear little home in Good Children Street,
Where my heart turneth fondly to-day;
Where tinkle of tongues and patter of feet
Make sweetest of music at play;
Where the sunshine of love illumines each face
And warms every heart in the old-fashioned place.

For dear little children go romping about,
With dollies and tin tops and drums.
And my! how they frolic and scamper and shout,
Oh, the days they are golden and days they are fleet
With the dear little folks in Good Children Street.

EUGENE FIELD.

COMING EVENTS.

July 4th.—Royal British Nurses' Association. General Council Meeting. 10, Orchard Street, Portman Square, W. 2.45 p.m.

July 6th.—Central Committee for the State Registration of Nurses. Council Chamber, British Medical Association, 429; Strand, London, W.C. 2.30 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.

THE COST OF PROPAGANDA.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—Every member of the Society for State Registration of Nurses and also all trained nurses who have any sense of professional responsibility, owe THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING a great debt for the most comprehensive official Report of the work of the Society, and the manner in which our professional interests have been safeguarded, which filled fourteen columns of space in last week's issue. I wonder how many of your readers realized the cost of the production of such a Report—the year's voluntary labour, the compiling, reporting, transcribing, editing, printing, paper and publication. In these days of costly labour, such results could not have been attained by the expenditure of £20—if at that. I know few of my colleagues are women of business, but many of them appreciate the labour and financial expenditure upon their behalf; and I venture to suggest that those who are able to do so should send a subscription to the Hon. Secretary of the Society for State Registration, at 431, Oxford Street, towards the expense of producing this invaluable Report.

I am, Madam,

Yours gratefully,

HENRIETTA HAWKINS.

ONE AND INDIVISIBLE.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING confirms my understanding on the subject of the affiliated societies for State Registration. I am so very glad that we have again joined up with the R.B.N.A., and enclose to you what I deem a thankoffering on "St. John's Day," towards our aims for State Registration, as you described it, "all one and indivisible making the perfect circle."

Sincerely trusting our "sweet reasonableness" will continue.

Believe me, yours as ever, also

A LIFE MEMBER OF R.B.N.A.

1st South African General Hospital,
B.E.F., France.

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