

"Felix Winscombe, her husband, was a sere figure, yet he was extraordinarily full of a polished virility, rapier like.

Howath went down before her.

"He had nothing to do with it, his will was powerless. In an instant he had been invaded, his being levelled, his peculiar pride overthrown. In the absence of her old husband she yields to him, but his unexpected death brings a revulsion of her feeling towards Howath, and the history of that Black Penny terminates at that point. In later years, however, they apparently marry, as the next episode deals with one of their descendants in whom the dark strain has reappeared.

Jasper, the great grandson of Howath, was also destined to a tragic love. At forty years of age he met Susan Brunton. "The right woman," Jasper said to himself. We must give here an example of the author's delicately descriptive powers. "Standing at the far side of the room, delicately outlined against a low, deeply embrasured window, was Susan Brunton.

"A slow tide of colour rose to her ordinarily pale cheeks, corresponding with a formless gladness permeating her own being.

"She wore ruffled lavender with a clear lace pelerine caught at her breast by a knot of straw-coloured ribbon and a sprig of rose geranium."

"Mr. Penny," she said with a little gasp of surprise, but her gaze was unwavering, candid. If Jasper had met her years before, she had been the right woman indeed, but there had been episodes in his life that her essential uprightness recoiled from. "You are too pure for this world," said the unhappy Jasper brutally.

The last of this series of Black Pennys tells of another Howath, but it is mainly concerned with the headstrong love of his niece, Marriana. This Howath was an old man, and Marriana without doubt a most fascinating personality. But we have no space to do more than refer to the third Black Penny.

This book undoubtedly stands in the foremost ranks of novels.

It is unique in its conception, and it has a distinction of style that will be hard to rival. The setting of Pennsylvania prevails throughout, and the accompaniment of the furnace runs like an insistent note linking together the successive generations.

From cover to cover it is a rare treat, the only fault of which is that it tends to spoil the palate for less virile work.

H. H.

"No man may choose what coming hours will bring

To him of pain, of joy, of suffering;  
But what his soul shall bring unto each hour  
To meet its challenge, that is in his power."

#### COMING EVENT.

May 15th.—First portion of the Funeral Service for the late Miss Edith Cavell, Westminster Abbey. Admission to all parts of the Abbey by ticket only.

## 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.*

### A SANATORIUM FOR NURSES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—Permit me to say a few words on the subject of a Sanatorium for nurses.

I have devoted many years to tuberculosis nursing, having worked at several of the best-known Sanatoria in this country and in Switzerland, and at each one I have found that a very high percentage of the lady patients were nurses. Therefore, I can confidently say that a Sanatorium for nurses is a pressing need.

After having spent all these years at Sanatorium work, I once more find myself in a Sanatorium, but this time in a different capacity—that of a patient.

As you are, no doubt, aware, nurses are very hard-worked, and very poorly paid; from their small salaries it is impossible to save for a rainy day, and when they have used up all their resistance, and given their all, don't you think in common fairness they should be given rest and comfort in a place where they are not made to feel like paupers, as, alas! is too often the case in public Sanatoria?

The nurses who break down are very often the conscientious workers who have not spared themselves in their devotion to the sick, but having the good gift of understanding (without which a nurse is a very poor one), they give out freely their personality as well as their labour.

I should like to organise a Sanatorium for nurses. It would be a haven of rest where they could find peace for their weary bodies and jaded nerves and where they would still feel that they were human beings. I would pick out the best ideas from the places I have worked in, but I would also add many new ones. Most tired nurses are susceptible to environment, and I would make their Sanatorium as beautiful as possible, not necessarily luxurious, but I would aim at a brightness and harmony of colour in the paint and furniture, &c., and flowers should never be forbidden.

I wonder how many people realise that in the treatment of tuberculosis temperament should be taken into account, and it is half the battle.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

ANOTHER VICTIM.

### NO BLANK CHEQUES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—A letter published in the last issue of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING from "A Lifelong Registrationist" merits a comment, if only for its sweeping and unfair statements.

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