

case in the House of Lords in referring to the right of every person to a fair trial, and when the Government refused to grant a judicial enquiry the House of Lords, by a majority of 27, determined to appoint a Select Committee to examine the circumstances of Miss Douglas Pennant's dismissal. But how about the War Office and the "Serf Clause" every nurse had to sign before being granted a paltry extra £20 of salary? Not much Magna Charta where nurses are concerned! But we fear they have themselves to blame for accepting such terms of service.

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### "THE YOUNG VISITERS; OR, MR. SALTEENA'S PLAN."\*

This delightful book is the unique production of a child of nine years. Published in May of this year, it has already reached its eighth impression. Its introduction, written by Mr. J. M. Barrie, throws the necessary light on its origin, and adds not a little to the charm and enjoyment of the book.

To quote from him, referring to the portrait of the young authoress which forms the frontispiece, "It has an air of careless complacency that by the severe might perhaps be called smugness. It needed no effort for that face to knock off a masterpiece. The manuscript is in pencil, in a stout little notebook, and there it has lain for years, for the authoress is now a grown woman.

It seems to me to be a remarkable work for a child, remarkable even in its length and completeness. The pencilled MS. has been accurately reproduced, not a word added or cut out." (This includes an absence of stops and of inverted commas.)

We add, for the benefit of our readers, that the portrait itself is priceless; the only other illustration is the facsimile of the MS.

How Mr. Salteena was to become a gentleman, to quote again from Mr. Barrie, was the "triumphant adventure with which the book is largely concerned."

The book begins thus:

"Mr. Salteena was an elderly man of forty-two and was fond of asking people to stay with him. He had quite a young girl staying with him of seventeen, named Ethel Monticue." He straightway receives an invitation from Mr. Bernard Clark to pay him a visit, "and bring one of your young ladies, whichever is the prettiest in the face."

Mr. Salteena accepts the invitation for himself and Ethel by letter.

"I am partial to ladies if they are nice. I suppose it is my nature. I am not quite a gentleman, but you would hardly notice it but it can't be helped anyhow.

\*By Daisy Ashford. (London: Chatto & Windus.)

What rot, muttered Bernard Clark, as he read Mr. Salteena's letter. He was rather a presumptuous man.

When the great morning came Mr. Salteena did not have an egg for his breakfast in case he should be sick on the journey. I shall put some red rouge on my face said Ethel because I am very pale owing to the drains in the house.

They arrive at their destination with some perturbation as to the etiquette of tipping the servants.

Bernard has "somber" taste, and the bathroom is 'decerated' dark red. Indeed, his house was on a quite 'sumshious' style, and its display casued Mr. Salteena to be secretly 'jellus.'

Well said Mr. Salteena lapping up his turtle soup you have a very sumphious house Bernard.

His friend gave a weary smile and swallowed a few drops of sherry wine.

Ethel rose to the occasion when she was shown the family portraits, and pronounced one a 'thourough ancestor.'

Bernard always had a few prayers in the hall and some whiskey afterwards, as he was rather pious; but Mr. Salteena was not very addicted to prayers, so he marched up to bed.

In pursuit of gentlemanly behaviour, he obtains an introduction to Bernard's "old pal, the Earl of Clincham—by mixing with him you would probably grow more seemly."

About nine o'clock the next morning Mr. Salteena stood bag in hand in the ancestle hall waiting for the viacle to convay him to the station.

Bernard Clark and Ethel were seated side by side on a costly sofa gazing abstractedly at the parting guest."

The young authoress gets somewhat mixed up with the Crystal Palace and Hampton Court. For on entering the former 'wondrous edifice' and much admiring the stalls, he beheld a wooden door on which was nailed a notice saying To the Privite Compartments.

Here he finds the Earl of Clincham, who has in his veins a small portion of Royal Blood; "but it dose not worry me at all he added piously at the Day of Judgement what will be the odds.

Mr. Salteena heaved a sigh. I was thinking of this world he said.

O I see said the Earl but my own idear is that these things are as piffle before the wind.

We cannot attempt any description of Mr. Salteena's preparation for attendance at the 'levie' held by the Prince of Wales, who was attired in a lovely ermine cloak and a small but costly crown.

One grows weary of Court life he remarked.

Ah yes agreed the Earl.

It upsets me said the prince lapping up his strawberry ice all I want is peace and quiet and a little fun, and here I am tied down to this life he said taking off his crown being royal has many painfull drawbacks.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)