

Miss Barton was trained at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and was Principal Matron of No. 3 London General Hospital, Wandsworth, during the war, and received the R.R.C. First Class for her services.

She hopes to live in London, and to widen the scope of her active interests when her arduous work as a Matron comes to an end in June.

With State organisation of the Nursing Profession before us—the principle of which has always received enthusiastic support from Miss Barton—she will doubtless find plenty to do.

THE HOSPITAL WORLD.

There is no doubt that Voluntary Hospital Secretaries are having a very anxious time—owing to the growing deficit in these institutions. Mr. Philip A. Inman proposes united effort, organized in the united name of the three London hospital funds, the Saturday Fund (of which he is secretary), the King's Fund, and the Sunday Fund. He advocates a hospital week—collections to be taken in places of worship, in offices, workshops, factories, sports grounds, and other centres.

The suggestion that patients should pay 10s. a week will not meet the need, and has many disadvantages. The Saturday Fund has risen from £40,600 in 1914 to £74,600 in 1919, which proves there is no increasing apathy towards the support of hospitals.

Legacies amounting to about £130,000 were left to Leeds Hospitals and to the Church by Mr. William Bartholomew, Ridgeway House, Headingley, Leeds, a civil engineer.

The Leeds Women's and Children's Hospital, and the Leeds General Infirmary benefit by these bequests, and are greatly in need of such aid, as schemes for improvement are under consideration, especially in connection with the nursing departments.

We are informed in reference to a paragraph which appeared in our issue of March 6th, that children with tuberculous disease of the bones and joints are now eligible for admission to the Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease, this course having been adopted some two and a half years ago.

An appeal is being made for £50,000 for the reconstruction of the Mildmay Memorial Hospital in North London, in order that it may be adapted for the "new poor." It is proposed to charge two and a half guineas per week, and to accommodate 110 patients, giving each separate accommodation.

The hospital, planned as a cottage hospital, was erected in 1884, and endowments were subscribed as a memorial to the late Rev. William Pennefather.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE TAMING OF NAN."*

It was reiterated by many reviewers of a former book, "Helen of the Four Gates," by this author that its dominant characteristic was power. In this latest work of Miss Ethel Holdsworth the same dominating power is evident, and holds the reader under its sway. But in addition to its power must be added originality and graceful imaginative description.

Nan, the untamable hooligan, the Stone Age hidden under the veneer of civilisation, who had neither humour, imagination, nor protectiveness, who should have been an Apache's mate, had married instead a porter who gave her a pound a week and bought his own clothes. With that look upon her, it seemed miraculous that the cramped drab kitchen could hold her.

Outwardly she was a comely woman with a pleasant exterior.

The "Big Porter," as he was known to Lancashire and Cheshire passengers, was almost a giant of a man, fair haired, with a mouth that did not need covering up, and blue eyes of a sleepy order, which had been defined by his mother as being able "to see without looking."

"The glance he shot at the woman in the chair was one of affectionate tolerance, mingled with that of a man who has lost all his illusions, but knows that he has his feet if the worst comes to the worst."

Their daughter, Polly, is a charming creation, and though by no means ordinary, her naturalness is very convincing. A mill-hand, a charming, wilful, babyish, provocative creature, the star of the village choir, with the voice of a thrush. A termagant mother, a delightful father, and a sordid home form the centre from which all the other characters evolve, and around which they circle. For the book is full of character studies, each of which arrests the attention. To understand and digest Nan, it is essential that the book should be read; no few words could convey an adequate idea of this astounding woman. Cherry was too big hearted and generous, and withal too affectionate to give the shrew the only treatment which, apparently, she would have appreciated. His home and charming Polly's was made a veritable hell by Nan's insane tongue. We have Nan in the first chapter, after one of her all too common outbursts of fury, sweeping her husband out with salt, sweeping him, according to the black wish, out of her life, while the Lord's Prayer, chanted backwards, made the spell efficient. The moment of her turning to go within synchronised with that whereon Cherry remarked to his pal, "Thank God for feet, Billy!"

That same day splendid, powerful Cherry had both his feet cut off on the line. Not that that incident tamed Nan—not at all. It was only the beginning of things, and the giant had yet to suffer much humiliation at her hands.

* By Ethel Holdsworth. (London: Herbert Jenkins.)

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