

problem, and would give the Minister of Health power to link existing institutions with the local health services, and to make further and better general provisions especially for women and children.

Dr. Addison had come to a great decision in deciding to deal with tuberculosis as a whole instead of tinkering with it under National Insurance. A bigger fight would also have to be put up against venereal disease, which was the cause of half the lunacy and blindness of the country, and a vast number of infant deaths. The mistaken policy of secrecy had largely broken down.

The Minister of Health intended to introduce legislation—it was hoped this Session—unifying and conferring proper health powers on suitable local authorities, and reforming the Poor Law.

The next speaker, Mr. Smith, of the Manchester Co-operative Society, prefaced his remarks by recording his pleasure and satisfaction at the passing of the Nurses' Registration Acts. He advocated the establishment of a Nursing Service for the Insured Sick which, he said, could be arranged by a payment of 1d. per member. Manchester was making a start in this direction by arranging co-ordination of the various voluntary agencies.

Lieut.-Colonel Raw, C.M.G., M.D., M.P., speaking on "Tuberculosis, a National Problem," laid stress on the fact that this disease was preventable and curable, and never hereditary. He urged early diagnosis, the establishment of additional sanatoria, of village settlements, of improved housing conditions, and a great propaganda movement throughout the country.

Captain W. E. Elliot, M.P., M.C., dealing with "The Tragedy of Human Dumps" (Medical Research in relation to waste lives), claimed in support of medical research that scientists had added five years to the life of man since the Franco-Prussian war, and this was worth £8,000,000,000.

Sir Kingsley Wood, in summing up, commenting on a remark made that the Ministry of Health had already done great things *except* on the housing question, said that in connection with that also it had done much, in spite of the difficulties encountered, and expected to have 100,000 new houses in a year's time. He advised that little notice should be taken of the daily Press, which was often inspired by interested motives.

In regard to the future of Voluntary Hospitals, the Minister of Health wanted them, he said, to continue for the present, and to be incorporated in the Ministry's scheme. Also, for the present, a State Medical Service was not suggested; in fact, no change was contemplated which would lead to controversy.

In regard to the nurses Sir Kingsley Wood said it was hoped to improve their standard and pay. They had been most inadequately paid in the past, and when the salary of a nurse was less than that of a skilled cook, you could not expect to attract the best type of woman to the profession.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE SOUL OF ANN RUTLEDGE: ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S ROMANCE.*

The charm of this romance cannot be gainsaid, nor can the grace and distinction of its literary worth. It is full of strong and tender passages, which permeate it with fragrance.

Abraham Lincoln and the beautiful character of Ann Rutledge are, of course, the central theme.

The reader is caught in the atmosphere of nearly a century back—in the environment of the States in that period—in the early spring, and in the fanatical religious fervour of the time.

Ann herself is associated with springtime, of which she herself is part and parcel, with a natural faith and trustfulness, and with pure love.

What an alluring picture is drawn of her as she stands with her arms full of white plum blossom, with a background of open garden, of meadow, a glimpse of forest further back, and over it all the white-flecked, spring-blue sky.

"In the foreground stood a slender girl in a pink-sprigged calico dress. Her violet eyes were shaded with dark lashes. Her shapely head was crowned with a wealth of golden hair in which a glint of red seemed hiding. A white kerchief was pinned low about her neck, and across her breast were tied the white strings of a ruffled bonnet which dropped on her shoulders behind."

A merry, laughing girl, in spite of, or rather because of, her imaginative faculties and her simple piety.

She asks her more everyday friend—

"Say, Nance, do sounds make you think of smells?"

"I never thought of such a thing."

"Don't cow bells make you think of hay and dandelions and grass and the smell of the cow lot in the evening?" And don't bees and honey-locust and robins and apple blossoms go together? I could name a hundred sounds that have smells for partners."

It was that she first saw Abraham Lincoln amid the flowering plum blossom, that its association seems interwoven with their subsequent love.

It was Abraham's first glimpse of her as he sailed down the river in the boat that he had released from the mud amid the cheers of the villagers. Ann shook her branches of wild plum.

"The boat sailed on. To those on board who looked back a few moments later the mill and the dam were resolving themselves into an indistinct patch of gray and brown, against which a bit of pink waving something white stood out.

"It was a few days later, after Abraham Lincoln had entered service to split rails for a new pair of breeches, he came to town late one afternoon to get an axe.

While yet rounding the bluff he heard the barking of a dog and then the tinkle of a cow-bell. Then a human voice was heard, a woman's voice,

* By Bernie Bacock. J. B. Lippincott Co., London.

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