

the dust-eclipsed station, a retriever howled each time he managed to wind his chain round the pillar to which he was attached. Then a luggage train ran down a dulcimer scale of jolts until it finally rumbled away into silence like the inside of a hungry giant before he falls asleep. The luggage was put on a truck, and the porter, cheered by the noise he was making as he pushed it before him, broke out into vivacious narrative, of which Jasmine did not understand a single word until he stopped before the door of the cloak-room, and was able to enunciate this last sentence without the accompaniment of uncoiled wheels . . . . . "which, of course, makes it very uncomfortable for her, through her being related to them."

Thus Jasmine made an unpropitious arrival in England, and her experiences with her relations were scarcely more re-assuring.

The family of Sir Hector Grant, Bart., of Harley Street, was her first experience. He preferred the short abbreviation of his title as some wag had once added an S. to Bart, in allusion to the hospital that produced him. He had no heir and the result was that he had to make the most of his title in his own lifetime—and he used to carry it about with him everywhere. He managed to suggest that a glorious morning was his own little treat, and a treat that no one but himself would have thought of providing.

Jasmine's sojourn with Uncle Hector was short, owing to an imprudent though harmless escapade with young Harry Vibart.

Her experiences with Aunt Cuckoo and Uncle Eneas were more fortunate until Aunt Cuckoo went over to Rome and adopted a baby after which she had no further use for Jasmine.

On the whole her visit to her uncle the Dean of Silchester and his wild family of sons was the one most acceptable to her tastes, but this also ended unfortunately.

Her uncle's apartments were at the end of a very long corridor at the head of which was a large placard marked "Silence." His apartments lacked the battered appearance of the rest of the house.

"The boys are not allowed along here," said their mother with a sigh, as if by that they were deprived of the main pleasure of their existence.

Seated at a large table at the end of the room was her uncle, or rather what she supposed was her uncle, for her first impression was that someone had left a large ostrich egg on the table!

This is just the book for readers who have a taste for light literature, but though it is very light it is full of amusing and even witty reading, and would dispel a fit of vapours.

H. H.

#### FREEDOM FROM STATE CONTROL.

Medical practitioners, at a meeting in London, decided to resist the proposed reduction in panel capitation fees by the Ministry of Health. Mass meetings of doctors are to be held all over the country to consider the proposal, and the whole question of the connection of the medical profession with the State will arise.

## OUTSIDE THE GATES.

The Nursing Profession, irrespective of Party politics, will rejoice in the return as Member of Parliament for the Louth Division of Lincolnshire of Mrs. Wintringham, and will unite in wishing her a patriotic political career. Mrs. Wintringham is the first woman of British birth and upbringing to sit in the House of Commons, the renowned Mother of Parliaments, and from her past record of public service we shall look forward to finding her name in the voting lists for all legislation for the safety and honour of our King and Country—and the welfare of our People.

#### ON THE HEIGHTS OF BUFFELS KOP.

We wonder if the present generation of nurses have read "The Story of an African Farm," by Olive Schreiner? Perhaps, if they have done so, they do not quite realise the marvel of it, as we did, years ago, in pre-historic African days, long before the Boer War. One of its chief marvels is that it will remain for all time one of the most exquisite flashes of truth in the realms of literature—on a level with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Jane Eyre," stories written in hearts' blood.

#### REINTERMENT OF OLIVE SCHREINER.

Writing from Paris last Saturday, "S. H." contributes to the *Observer* the following interesting report:—

"There has just reached me from South Africa an account of the reinterment of Olive Schreiner on the heights of Buffels Kop. Up the mountain side was borne the body of the author of "The Story of an African Farm," with her dead baby and her dog Nita; and there, on the summit of the highest peak in the range which forms the amphitheatre of Buffels Hock, was placed in an ironstone tomb. No fence encloses the morgen of land on which the sarcophagus stands. The wild life she loved is all around: the sun-washed spaces and the lower hills.

"Below is Krantz Plaats, the African farm of which she wrote. When in February, 1894, she and Mr. S. C. Cronwright of Krantz Plaats were married at Middleburg, she went to live on the farm. Three months later, for the first time, she ascended Buffels Kop with her husband. It was the first time—and the last, save for this final journey. The climb is difficult. The same year Olive Schreiner left the farm for reasons of health. So impressed was she with the magnificent panoramic vision, that she ordained that there above the world should she be buried.

"In December last year she passed away unexpectedly. Her husband was then in London. She was quietly buried at Maitland beside her brother, who was at one time Prime Minister of the Cape Colony.

"When Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner (who had added the name of his wife to his own) returned to South Africa, he caused to be constructed on the mountain top, five thousand feet above the sea level, and two thousand feet of sheer ascent above the plain, a sarcophagus for Olive Schreiner, her baby, her dog, and some day for himself. It was on the anniversary of her leave-taking of her husband at Waterloo Station, London (August 13, 1920), that the reinterment took place. Then carriers, coloured and native, conveyed

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