

lected to go straight into tea. He presumed it was a regular week-end party. None of them were effusive, but probably this was their usual manner. He was introduced to the various degrees of relations, and took stock of his two cousins. He was beginning to wonder if he were not in for an uncommonly depressing week-end.

His aunt, Mrs. Kenyon, tried to explain to him the various persons present.

"Are they staying for the week-end?" Arthur asked.

"Oh, no," she replied. "We all live here. There is no one from outside here this week-end—except yourself."

For the information of our readers we give in brief the members of this extraordinary collection of people who were living together under one roof, and they will no doubt share Arthur's bewilderment as to the reason of their so doing.

Old Mr. Kenyon, the head of the family, remains inscrutable till the last chapter.

His daughter, Miss Kenyon, aged about sixty, closely resembled him in character. A married son with his wife and son and daughter, a married daughter and her husband, and an orphan niece, Eleanor, comprised this family party, who resided in this luxurious house with apparently no object in life, with the exception of Eleanor, who was the old man's secretary, and Miss Kenyon, who managed the very efficient establishment.

Arthur's feeling of depression wore off before dinner; the material well-being enveloped him. With a sudden whoop of joy he returned to his room and began to strip himself. He would have a bath at once and another when he came to bed.

"Lovely hot water, nice soap, and splendid hot towels. Ripping house! Would he stay as long as he could? Wouldn't he, rather! He would stay altogether if he had the chance."

He gets the chance. The extraordinary old man, Mr. Kenyon, annexes him as he had done by degrees the other members of the family. He is hypnotised as they are by his uncanny personality and by the enervating luxury of the house. He is in danger of becoming as they, a mere parasite.

To appreciate the situation it is imperative that the book should be read as a whole. The sinister attitude of old Mr. Kenyon, the absolute lack of self-respect in those otherwise well-bred people, who had eaten the bread of charity until it had sapped their independence, cannot be conveyed in the small space at our disposal.

How Arthur asserts his manhood and escapes from a house that is veritably a prison we leave the reader to discover. Pretty, vital Eleanor, the only independent member of the household, had something to do with it.

At any rate, the conclusion of the book finds Arthur writing to his chief at Peckham making arrangements for his return to that despised neighbourhood.

The old man's sudden death left the majority of this heterogeneous family paupers, and their long imprisonment had been in vain.

An unusual and absorbing book. H. H.

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.

WE PRESUME THIS LETTER REFERS TO THE G.N.C.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

MADAM,—In last week's Nursing Press a letter appeared, signed by some Matrons of Fever Hospitals, in which this statement was made:—

"Miss Susan A. Villiers, Matron of the South-Western Hospital, Stockwell, was eliminated, a lay woman without any practical experience of professional nursing being elected in her place. . . ."

Miss Villiers may have private information for authorising such a statement to be made in her name. If not, she is hardly justified in assuming the rôle of martyr in this matter. She is not the only professional Member who has been "eliminated or ejected" from this Committee. The word I should personally prefer to use in this connection would be "not elected."

I, to my great regret, was not even nominated for the Education Committee, though I had previously served on it, and during my thirty-three years' professional service worked unceasingly for the better organisation and higher standard of the Nurses' education.

The Council as constituted under the Nurses' Registration Act, 1919, provides for representation from the Privy Council, the Board of Education, and the Ministry of Health. To deny these Members the opportunity of serving on Standing Committees, and so giving their assistance in the pioneer work of organising the Nursing Profession, would be an autocratic action for which no justification, so far as I can see, could be found.

Certainly, the divisions and party spirit which have up to the present time checked and defeated every effort to organise the Nursing Profession, could hardly, one would imagine, inspire confidence in the minds of the Public, if such pioneer work were left to the Nurses themselves to carry out. When the Profession shows itself capable of self-government as apart from this wholly impossible spirit of dissension and narrowness of vision which exists now, we may perhaps see the day when the Government and the Public alike will place their confidence in us unreservedly.

To some of us older women, who have spent the greater part of our lives in working to this end, it is a very real grief that now at last when State Registration is granted us, the whole movement should be endangered afresh by old troubles which have held back the progress of this work for so many years.

I draw attention to this matter since it is hardly fair so misleading a reference should appear in the Press.

I am, yours truly,
R. COX-DAVIES.
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