

way possible. At the present time a beginning has been made by selecting two Indian ladies to proceed to Europe for a first-class training in nursing. It is hoped they will form the nucleus of a first-class staff of Indian Nursing Sisters. A Hostel for private nursing has been established in Delhi, and it is hoped a series of such hostels may be established in other towns. In addition it is desired to give assistance to suitable hospitals in different parts of the country for the training of Indian nurses, the ideal being that every women's hospital with a sufficient number of beds should be a centre for training. The training of male nurses in men's hospitals is also very necessary; but this is outside the province of the Lady Reading Fund.

The programme sketched above might be enlarged in many ways, but even to carry it out as indicated will require more funds than are available at present, and it is earnestly hoped that the thinking public who realise the great importance of this question will come forward and assist the Lady Reading Women of India Fund by subscriptions large or small.

This appeal is not directed to Indians only for Europeans and Anglo-Indians also suffer, especially in the mofussil from the poor and scanty supply of nurses in illness. Donations will be gladly received by the Honorary Secretary, or Treasurer, Lady Reading Women of India Fund, Viceregal Lodge, Simla.

THE GAS INDUSTRY IN CONFERENCE.

The Twelfth Annual Conference of the British Commercial Gas Association is to be held in Birmingham under the Presidency of Alderman J. H. Lloyd, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 1st, 2nd and 3rd—the three concluding days of the National Gas Exhibition, which opens at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, on September 17th.

The Right Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P., will attend the Conference and deliver an address on "Goodwill in Industry" at the Tuesday morning session; while in the afternoon Sir Frederick Mott, K.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S., will take the chair at a session devoted to the subject of "Gas Service and Domestic Economy." At this and at two other sessions dealing with "Gas in Industry" and "Gas in Catering," papers will be read followed by discussions in which the public is invited to take part.

COMING EVENTS.

September 21st.—Meeting General Nursing Council. Ministry of Health, Whitehall. 2.30 p.m.

October 1st to 3rd.—British Commercial Gas Association: Twelfth Annual Conference, Birmingham.

October 16th to 22nd.—National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland. Annual Meeting and Conference, Music Hall, 54, George Street, Edinburgh. Reduced fare tickets from October 15th to 24th.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SEVEN FOR A SECRET.

This vivid story is quite above the average, both in imagination and descriptive ability.

The *mise en scène* is farm life in Wales, which the writer's pen portrays so charmingly.

Not yet tea time in cold winter, when the linnets kept up their sad little lament of *twite, twite, twite*, in the bare hawthorn hedges, and when the blackbirds began to think of fluffing up their feathers, settling cosily, and drawing up their eyelids, and when from the stubble fields that lay like a small pale coin on the outspread moor a flock of starlings came past with a rip of the air like the tearing of strong silk.

Inside the farm by the kitchen table stood Gillian Loveken. She was stoning raisins. Every sixth raisin she put into her mouth rapturously and defiantly, remembering that she and not Mrs. Makepeace was mistress of the farm.

When her mother had died Gillian had been only sixteen. Her first thought, she remembered with compunction, had been that now she would be mistress. She was just eighteen on this evening. The reader is told that her appearance was neither tall nor short, neither stout nor very slender, neither dark nor fair, not pretty or ugly, although she had ugly things about her—a scar on her forehead and a nose too high in the bridge, which gave her in her softest moods a domineering air.

When we read further on in the story we are convinced that her assets must have far outweighed her defects, and that her eyes, as asserted, *charmed* and led you in a spell, and would not let you think her plain or dull, otherwise the story would never have been written, for it is *par excellence* Gillian's love story.

Robert Rideout, the cowman-shepherd, was son of Mrs. Makepeace, who herself was general factotum and manager.

By no means a common shepherd, but one who was a bit of a poet, a bit of a musician, and who was devoted to his master's young daughter. But up to the present he was simple and unselfconscious as a child.

He had always taken Gillian for granted. He had never before to-day thought of himself in relation to her. He saw her slender waist without his arm around it, her mouth un-kissed. To-night in the meadow among the sheep he saw her thus for the first time. Gillian was not sufficiently interested in Robert even to laugh at him. She wanted to go on being herself, even when she was dissolved in nothingness. She wanted to make men and women hear her, love her, rue her. In the dove gray cooing silence of the farm any mental absorption gained double force, and she built up this dream, in which she was always in the foreground bathed in light.

Out there in the darkening meadow, while she thought of the future as she had planned it, she

* By Mary Webb. (Hutchinson, London.)

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