

LEGAL MATTERS.

UNAUTHORISED STREET COLLECTION.

At Canterbury Police Court, on September 26th before the Mayor and other magistrates.

Rosina Keep, 18, Taybridge Road, Clapham Common, London, as reported in the *Canterbury Press*, was summoned for making a street collection on September 1st contrary to an Order made by the City Council on December 21st, 1916.

Councillor J. G. B. Stone said he saw the woman, who was in uniform, in the High Street with a collecting box and was informed that she was collecting on behalf of some children's home. Later she stopped him and asked him for something for the children's home. Witness asked her for her authority and she said "This is my authority," showing him a card. Witness told her that that was not sufficient authority and that she was committing an offence. She said that she had permission, but he told her he knew that was not true, as he happened to be one of the persons who had to give permission in such cases.

P.C. Stapleton, whose attention was called to the woman by Councillor Stone, said he saw defendant coming out of Iron Bar Lane holding a money box in one hand and some leaflets in the other. She said she was collecting for the League of St. David's Rest and Help Home, Ramsgate. Witness asked her for her authority and she showed him a small card bearing several names and her own as collector. Defendant said she had not got any other authority and she was not making a street collection. When told she would be reported defendant replied, "I can't help it; it's a great shame." She also told witness that she was paid one-third of the money she collected.

Defendant did not appear, but in a letter apologised for her absence as she was engaged in nursing. She had no idea that she was not allowed to collect in shops and would not collect in Canterbury again. She asked for leniency as her earning powers were very limited.

A fine of 10s. was imposed.

We regret to say that the name of Rosina Keep (No. 29593), residing at the above address, appears in the General Part of the State Register for England and Wales.

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE INSTITUTE OF HONORABLES.

Just upon going to press a letter has been received from Miss Georgia Bryton, the Founder Director of the Florence Nightingale Institute of Honorables from Los Angeles in which she writes to Miss Breay:—

"I have learned with the greatest pleasure from Miss Clara Jones, R.N., of your kindness to her while she was in England as the emissary of the Florence Nightingale Institute of Honorables, to place the Institute's Wreath upon Miss Nightingale's grave. Please believe, dear Miss Breay, that the Academy of Regents deeply appreciate your courtesy and that upon my personal part, as the founder and director of the Institute and personal friend of Nurse Jones, I entertain a sentiment of gratitude to you."

TRUE TALE WITH A MORAL.

Fellow to Secretary, after inspecting the British College of Nurses.

Nurse: "In the past anything was good enough for Nurses—apparently in this College nothing is too good for them."

Nurse to President: "For the future I shall know where to find the Soul of the Nursing Profession."

BOOK OF THE MONTH.

"THE GREAT MEADOW."*

"The Great Meadow" by Elizabeth Madox Roberts is a book of beauty—beauty of composition, of narrative, of word pictures, to be read and then re-read and savoured afresh.

The story has as its background the homely life of a group of Virginian pioneers. We are introduced to the family on a blustering evening in the spring of 1774 as they sat together by the fire in the new room of their log house: "Thomas Hall, Polly his wife, and Reuben, Sam, Diony and Betty their children. Sam teased the fiddle to make it yield a song, but Reuben sat in idleness, resting from a hard day in the field where he had driven the plough among stumpy furrows. Diony and Betty knitted stockings of woollen yarn and Thomas would settle himself to his book when he had trimmed the candle flame, and over his face would flow a weariness that he must endure this slight interruption."

This picture of life on the plantation is changed by the arrival of visitors. "'Nate Jones' a voice called outside 'It's Nate Jones . . .'"

"Cries of welcome were given from the house and there was laughter within. . . . Three weeks had passed since any from the outside had come to the plantation. Nathan Jones was well known to Diony, for he lived six miles up the stream with his family. Presently she saw that the man in the fine clothes signified nothing. Beyond his finery he was of no consequence. But these strangers at the hearthside, wearing strange clothes, made the people of the house shrink and flatten to homely everyday objects of which she was scarcely aware, all their looks and ways foretold. The stranger stood now in swift vividness, changing each instant to richer life, until her breath quickened and her body seemed renewed.

"Nathan had a power over spoken words . . . Now he told of a surveyor he had met on the further trail, one who had been far into the continent beyond the mountains and down into the valleys. There was talk of the Quaker provinces to the north, of the fish in the river, of the mansion Mr. Jefferson was building on a mountain higher up in Albemarle, bricks being burned there. Reuben wanted to hear more of the surveyor who had measured land beyond the mountains.

"'What did he say, the surveyor you named a while ago?'"

'He told about a promised land. I never before in all my time heard tell of a land so smooth and good, a well-nigh sort of Eden!'

'Kentuck, I mought lay a pretty piece of money' Sam said with pleasure. 'Ever since I was borned I never hear e'er another country so bepraised as Caintuck.'

'He said a buffalo road goes north and south through the land, where the beasts go to salt themselves at the great licks. Then war roads, ways for the Indians, go up and down through the whole place.'

'Canelands. What did he say about the cane?'

Sam asked. 'Is hit true, what they tell about the cane?'

'He surveyed, he said, twenty thousand acres in a fine cane country, and ne'er a tree in the whole boundary, but now and then one beside a water course or maybe in the uplands. Cane from eight feet high and upwards to twelve feet. The soil rich like cream. Fat bears, the fattest ever he did see, he said. A prime place to fatten hogs. The cane a wild growth, and you wouldn't have to raise a hand to cultivate.

'Oh why wouldn't we go there, Pap' Reuben turned toward his father, but he turned quickly back to let the speaker continue.

* Jonathan Cape, 30, Bedford Square, London. 7s. 6d. net

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