

Barnard, her husband's legal adviser, introduces the girl to Lady Frances Hope and her bridge and roulette-playing set. The gambler is in poor Clodagh's blood. Though she has seen with horror the ruin entailed upon her father by this vice, she eagerly joins, after a few weak protests, in the systematic gambling of Lady Frances's set, and gets involved in a dangerous flirtation with an evil elderly peer called Deerhurst. Of this man she is warned by Sir Walter Gore, a healthy-minded Englishman, who cannot see a pretty girl go to the devil without at least an attempt to save her. Acting on impulse, Clodagh flees temptation for that time, but her husband is no sooner dead than she flies to Monte Carlo, and plunges into debt, returning to London to live in an expensive furnished flat, and continues to gamble on the ludicrously inadequate sum of two thousand a year. Disaster naturally follows; she borrows money from Deerhurst. Then she becomes engaged to Walter Gore. But, instead of making a clean breast of her debt to her betrothed she keeps her entanglement secret, allows herself to be compromised, and Gore, very naturally, breaks the engagement. Things are put right by Nance, Clodagh's little sister. There are some excellently written scenes, such as Clodagh's first introduction to Lady Frances Hope; the pony race between Larry and Clodagh in their early days; and the scene in which Milbanke refuses to gamble with Asshlin, and is insulted by him. But as a whole the book is unreal and disappointing. Larry and Milbanke both seem to have been originally intended by the author to fill more prominent rôles than they actually do. G.M.R.

Coming Events.

March 9th.—Meeting Matrons' Council, 431, Oxford Street, W. 4 p.m. Tea.

March 13th.—Bromley Women's League, Bromley. The State Registration of Nurses. Speaker, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick. 4.15 p.m.

March 14th.—League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses. Lecture on Bacteriology by Dr. F. W. Andrewes, at the Hospital. 5.45 p.m.

March 14th.—Sir Albert de Rutzen presides over the annual meeting of Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, at R.S.P.C.A., 105, Jermyn Street, St. James'.

March 15th.—Annual Meeting of the Chelsea and Pimlico District Nursing Association, Chelsea Town Hall. 3.30 p.m.

March 17th.—Church Missionary Society. Dr. T. Jay's Address on the Medical Mission Work of the Society in Yoruba at 58, Green Street, W. 4.15 p.m.

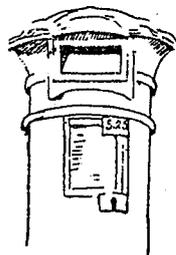
A Word for the Week.

"A Labour man stands for labour, and not for loafing, for honest work for the honest worker, and work for the shirker as well."

WILL CROOKS, M.P.

Letters to the Editor.

NOTES, QUERIES, &c.



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.

RE TESTIMONIALS.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—As the question of testimonials was brought up at the R.B.N.A. meeting, and as time was precious and we could not all talk at once, and some of us were too shy to talk at all, might I ask you to allow a discussion in your valuable paper, and receive your professional advice and opinion? I was talking the matter over after the meeting with a Matron of a large public institution, who has the engaging of many nurses, and she told me that instead of asking for testimonials she always asked for the names of referees and wrote to them herself, as she had found testimonials were of so little value.

Only a few days ago I wrote to a doctor and asked him for a testimonial. I chose him from amongst others because he was sincere and downright, and I felt that I preferred a short, curt testimonial to the flowery ones which the other ones had given to my predecessor, who by-the-bye had been sent away.

His answer to me was this: "Testimonials are such difficult things in which to express one's feelings, and all those I have ever read were so much in the superlative, and after a line or two read so hollow, that I prefer in your case writing to you a letter which you can use."

"I then went to my Vicar for one. "I don't believe in testimonials," he said, "show me the advertisement and I will write straight to the Chairman myself." In a few days the Vicar came to me with a note in his hand, looking very vexed. He had received an answer from the Chairman (by special request) saying he was very sorry, but that the Committee had given the post to one of their own staff.

Now, I drew two inferences from my experience—1. The futility of testimonials. 2. The great wrong Committees commit when they advertise and put nurses and others to great inconvenience, when they have some one in view, or mean to promote one of their own staff.

Another thing:—I went to call on a cousin lately, a new parlourmaid opened the door and greeted me all in one breath with: "Do you want testimonials, because he's engaged." My cousin then told me he was worn out writing testimonials for nurses—nurses he hardly knew—and so he had made it a rule to refuse everyone.

Can something not be done on this question?

1. To protect nurses from advertisements which are useless and misleading.

2. To protect the public from flowery and hollow testimonials.

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