

exception of Cai Tambllyn, his old, ill-tempered servant.

Looking back upon his pompous prosperity he loathes himself. He decides never to divulge the secret of who he is.

In his garden he had in former days buried a secret hoard of gold. He goes at night digs this up and leaves Troy, disappearing for ever, dead to them, as dead they believe him to be.

The pathos is lightly touched, as behoves so light a book. But one can hardly overpraise the style, from start to finish the thing is adroitly held in just the right key.

G. M. R.

Madchens Frage.

What do the roses do, Mother,
Now that the summer's done?
—They lie in the bed
That is hung with red
And dream about the sun.
What do the lilies do, Mother,
Now that there's no more June?
—Each one lies down
In her white night-gown
And dreams about the moon.
What can I dream of, Mother,
With the sun and the moon away?
—Of a rose unborn,
Of an untried thorn,
And a lily that lives a day!

"E.N.," *Westminster Gazette*.

What to Read.

"Two Years Among New Guinea Cannibals." By A. E. Pratt, with illustrations.
"Under the Arch of Life." By Lady Henry Somerset.

Coming Events.

March 22nd.—Sir Benjamin L. Cohen presides at annual meeting of the Mount Vernon Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of Chest.

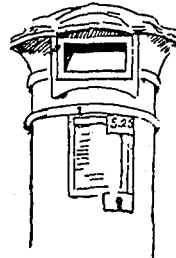
April 3rd.—Lord Roberts presides at dinner in aid of the Royal National Hospital for Consumption.

A Word for the Week.

In the capacity of man lies the attainment of conditions which every one of us, this very now, can help to prepare and ensure for a possession and birth-right to our near successors: conditions of equal service, equal bliss, in which each human existence is of conscious useful avail to itself and to its kind, and each soul may learn and know and enhance the marvel of fellow man, fellow animal, fellow plant—of all life and force and being, active or (to our present duller senses) quiescent—the beauty of form and colour and landscape; the glory of earth and sea and sky and starry heavens; conditions of psychic advancement and attribute, wherein to man, their ever fuller agent and participant, even the temporal human life—this portal to untold wider flights—shall be as a sublime blending, a threefold symphony, of music, of light, of Love.—From "*Phases of Love*."

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.

PRIVATE NURSING.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I read your paper with much interest, and I must own I felt much surprise at reading the Editorial in your issue, of March 3rd, respecting private nurses attached to hospitals.

You compare the large sum that the unattached or "Co-op." nurse clears with the smaller amount paid to the hospital nurse.

This larger sum implies, of course, her being always in good health and full work. But, alas! there is a reverse side to this. What about sickness or the "slack time" which come alike to all?

On the one hand you have the hospital nurse in a good home, salary still going on, careful nursing and medical skill with medicines, appliances, and requisite food free, no need to worry as to convalescence being long or short; while, on the other hand, her less fortunate sister has to "pay, pay, pay," no money coming in, and the being out of work for some time looming in front of her.

As regards pay, no nurse joins a hospital private staff blindfold, we consider it a privilege to be asked to join. We receive a smaller sum, it is true, but it is clear profit, we have no worry over getting (or not getting) the fees paid, we have perfect control over our own money, and no nurse worthy of the name would desire anything better than to help on the "charity" which has had the trouble and expense of training her.

I certainly prefer it to paying the enormous percentages some of the "Co-ops." charge.

I trust I have not trespassed too much on your valuable space, but felt it incumbent on me to write a few words on behalf of our hospital private nurses.

Yours truly, R. T.

[We refer only to one sentence in this letter, "no nurse worthy of the name would desire anything better than to help on the 'charity' which has had the trouble and expense of training her." Let her do so by all means. Many nurses are, we know, pleased to help their training school, but let the offering be a freewill gift, not a sum subtracted from her earnings. The principle of charitable institutions utilising women's work as a means of profit does not commend itself to us.—Ed.]

AUSTRALIAN NURSES IN SOUTH AFRICA.
To the Editor of the "*British Journal of Nursing*."

DEAR MADAM,—I was exceedingly sorry to see the depreciatory remarks in an article by Miss Henrietta Kenaley in the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING re the Australian Nurses in South Africa. I do not wish to

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