

[July 28, 1906.]

There is no doubt that, in order to convince, to strike fire from the flint, to give the straight touch, the touch that all can acknowledge as the master-stroke, a man must have been well acquainted with other women than the estimable and capable ones who form human nature's daily food in the English upper classes in the provinces.

Téphany does not strike one as being in the least real; Mary Machin is a lay figure; of Yvonne we only know that the author of the book liked her very much. Yannik is a baby.

The Breton colour is well laid on, and the book will doubtless send many thither, holiday-making this summer.

G. M. R.

### "Memory and Desire are One."

Do you remember when we were young  
How we woke with the dawn of day,  
And rose with the swallows on wings of hope  
And wandered like them away?  
Away on the breeze of the morning blown  
To the fairyland of the Great Unknown.  
  
Do you remember how years ago  
We dreamed of the years to be,  
How we planned that the chords of our life should  
blend  
In a wonderful symphony,  
When on wings of our hopes we'd have fairly flown  
To the wonderland of the Great Unknown?  
Do you remember? The time seemed long  
And the future so far away!  
Now that future is present and past, and yet  
The byegone seems but a day,  
Was it yesterday, sister, with youth our own  
We started exploring the Great Unknown?  
The sunrise has faded. The morning tints  
Are lost in the midday glare,  
And the breath of the dawning that fanned our wings  
Has passed from the leaden air,  
Yet distant ever and fainter grown  
Are the shores of the land of the Great Unknown.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the greatest wisdom is but to know  
That the perfect is ever far  
That the Great Unknown of our life below  
Is our beacon and guiding star  
That the race for an ever receding goal  
Is the pulse of our being, the life of our soul.

LINA MOLLETT.

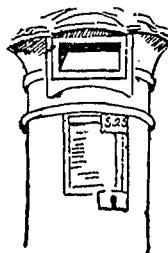
### Coming Events.

*July 28th.*—Guild of the Brave Poor Things, Craft School, Chailey—Speech Day, Sir William Treloar presiding. 3.

*August 7th to 11th.*—Meeting International Women's Suffrage Alliance, Copenhagen. Appreciation of the late Miss Susan B. Anthony.

### A Word for the Week.

"Do you endeavour like a man, and leave the rest to fortune who assists the bold!"—*Turf and Towers*, Robert Browning.



### Letters to the Editor.

NOTES, QUERIES, &amp;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.

### WHO WAS WRONG?

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

DEAR MADAM,—You ask for your readers' opinion on the summary dismissal of a nurse (just completing her third year of work in a Hospital or Infirmary) for refusing a drink to a patient, because she was in a hurry. The nurse, when reported and questioned, explained that it was for the moment only.

I cannot help thinking that to dismiss the nurse for a momentary act of unkindness and discourtesy was a very drastic punishment, not to say an unjust one.

The nurse undoubtedly joined the Staff of the Institution as a probationer, with the understanding that she should receive her board and lodging, a small annual salary, and a certificate of training should she work satisfactorily for three years. The certificate may be rightly looked upon as part payment for the strenuous work of these three years, and yet for one act of impatience, the right to compete for this certificate is denied to the unfortunate nurse.

Was the Matron anxiously waiting for some excuse to deprive her of her certificate, knowing that her work had been uniformly unsatisfactory, though no such definite proof had ever been possible before? No mention is made of the fact that the Sisters, under whom the nurse had worked, had found her habitually brusque or unkind, yet unless the nurse had been previously reported to the matron for unkind behaviour, surely it would have been more just on the part of the authorities, had they rebuked her for her present offence, and given her another chance of proving that she knew how to treat the patients under her care.

Think what it means to the nurse! No reputable superintendents of nursing associations or co-operations would dare to accept a nurse without a certificate. Few Hospital or Infirmary Matrons would care to accept even as a probationer, a nurse who had trained elsewhere for nearly three years and then been dismissed.

It may be argued, that if a nurse could even once be guilty of such an action, she is no longer fit to be a nurse at all, and must be removed from the ranks. All would agree that to allow a cruel woman to remain in charge of helpless patients would be impossible, but, cannot we all remember moments in our own busy training days, when extra work, and a weariness due to overstrain, such as nurses in busy wards know only too well, made even sweet-tempered women rather apt to reply hastily—answers regretted at

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