

is carried in, dying. Cyrano has not told Roxane anything; but, when he sees the anguish in Christian's dying face, he kneels down beside him, and whispers—"I have told her all, but it is you, you, that she loves, still!" Christian dies happily.

Roxane retires into a convent, where, every Saturday, for fourteen years, Cyrano pays her a visit. Through all those years he keeps his secret; but at last it escapes him, only when he is dying. Some base wretch who dare not face the hero in fight, drops on his head from a window, a huge block of wood. He is carried home, but rises from his bed to keep his rendezvous with Roxane,

The pathos of this end, the beauty of the convent garden, the white-robed nuns, the falling leaves of autumn, the soft tolling of the chapel bell, and the chant of the organ, seem a fitting elegy for love so pure, so selfless, for a spirit so untamed, so free, so fearless.

"Et, pendant quatorze années, il a joué ce rôle
D'être le vieil ami qui vient pour être drôle!"

cries Roxane, when the extent of the man's sacrifice dawns upon her.

He dies with her kiss upon his brow, "his plume," as he calls it, with his latest breath.

This is the baldest outline of the story; its intricate beauty can only be discerned in the reading.

M. Rostand has revived not only Cyrano, but also the whole of that wonderful seventeenth century, with its courage, its licence, its intrigue, its affectation of culture, its veneer of civilisation. The Mousquetaires, the Capuchins, the Bonne Sœurs, the actors, the serenaders, the "Précieuses," the Duennas, the tows-folk, the swarming life and colour of the time, live again, in the pages of this genius, as mediæval Italy lives for us in the pages of Shakspeare. The French may well be proud of this great name, which will stand out, away and above any other, at this extreme end of the nineteenth century. G. M. R.

WHAT TO READ.

- "W. G. Wills," Dramatist and Painter. By Freeman Wills.
- "The Pottle Papers." By "Saul Smiff." Illustrated by L. Raven Hill.
- "Sisters by the Sea." By Clement Scott.
- "Fame the Fiddler." By S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald.
- "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer." By Haldane McFall.
- "The Wheel of God." By George Egerton.
- "The Ape, the Idiot, and other People." By W. C. Morrow.
- "Sowing the Sand." By Florence Henniker.
- "Meg of the Scarlet Foot." By W. Edwards Tirebuck.

Coming Events.

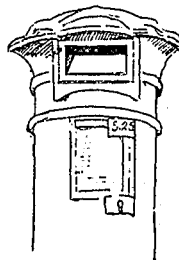
July 16th.—Garden Party at Mitcham Hall, Surrey; members of the Registered Nurses' Society invited, 3 to 7.

July 19th.—Quarterly Meeting of the Committee, Sir Julian Goldsmid's Home of Rest for Nurses, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, 5 p.m.

July 29th.—Annual Meeting of the Registered Nurses' Society, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, 5 p.m.

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.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—Many district nurses will sympathise with "Progress all round." There is no doubt that the salaries of solitary district nurses are wretched, and many nurses cannot live in anything like comfort on what they earn. But what is to be done? The competition between women workers for a mere subsistence is terrible—as everyone knows who works much amongst women. I believe the Queen's Jubilee Institute reckons that the cost of a thoroughly trained nurse is not less than £80 a year, but the Institute now affiliates so many untrained workers, cottage nurses with a few months' training, whose services are certainly not worth much, that it is inevitable that the price of district nursing labour must go down. It is a pity the Jubilee Institute does not adopt a higher and longer standard of training and so put a stamp, as it were, on district nurses—this might help us. Nothing can be worse than things are at present; we country district nurses cannot save for old age—we cannot even live decently in many instances—and real holidays are quite out of the question. But are we worse off than other women workers? I think not; many type-writers, secretaries, and daily governesses, do not know what it is to have a moment's peace of mind for terror of pauperism, and, in some instances, semi-starvation. I have suffered and I know.

Yours truly,
AN ADMIRING READER.

MALE RULE.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—There will be few nurses trained in hospitals, where good discipline is maintained, who will not agree with Miss Mollett on the question of personal control of women by men—"even good men." Yet is it not true that the Matrons of hospitals strongly object to women on Hospital Committees, and almost unanimously agree that it is preferable to work with a male Committee. Why is this? Surely one position is as demoralizing as the other, and I can honestly say I have never heard a Matron in favour of ladies being placed on hospital boards. If they do not like female control themselves, why do they expect their nurses to prefer it? The truth is men can be "managed" if a woman is not particular as to the means employed—and the same arts are useless in influencing women. Matrons must be consistent. I fear the day is far distant when women will cease to be instinctively disloyal to one another (as it is to their self-interest to be), and when they will be able to trust one another. Female jealousy has had quite as much to do with the Royal British Nurses' Association scandals as male intolerance.

Yours,
"ANOTHER OBSERVANT WOMAN."

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