

The Sinner had an aunt, though she was "the kind that doesn't tip you;" the Problem had no one. His way of answering for the Sinner, and gravely interpreting his moods and vagaries for the benefit of the enquirer, is delightful. It is difficult to say which is the funnier, the episode of the burial ground or of the prize garden. Then there is the pathetic incident of the Sinner's illness and delirium. He is, when in health, a regular devil-may-care, and is often whipped. The artist sits by his sick bed when he is delirious, and listens to his babble.

"Each time he reverted to something quite outside my relations with him—Latin sentences, always Latin sentences, subject and object and predicate, and all the unmannerly jargon of school-book grammar. And twice at least there were words indicative of the more serious interviews with the head master, a sort of comment unspoken till now, and yet I knew the Sinner thought lightly of such matters; but they were part of his daily life, and so I think found their utterance then. I am sure I should have laughed at the word *don't* at any other time; just then, in that connection, I wondered what it had cost him before to suppress it; not much, I daresay, but in that little bed he did not look worth whipping."

But, after all, there is one figure in the book who is far more pathetic than even the little schoolboy, and that is the poor Chief Butler. Alas, alas! how many educated men eat their hearts out so in England; and are as misguided and as ignorant of the true proportions of things as that poor fellow.

G. M. R.

Verse.

UNDER THE SNOW.

Violets under the snow,
Waiting their time of birth
Sheltered in buds close curled;
Warmth at the heart of the world;
Roots only waiting to grow,
Under the frozen earth.

Faith lying buried deep,
Under a weight of ill;
Waiting its hour to appear
When the soul's spring-tide is near;
Faith lying folded in sleep,
Hidden, but living still.

THEODORA MILLS in the *Inquirer*.

What to Read.

"Women and Men of the French Renaissance." By Edith Sichel.

"In an Unknown Prison Land. By George Griffith."

"Cecil Rhodes: a Study of a Career." By H. Hensman.

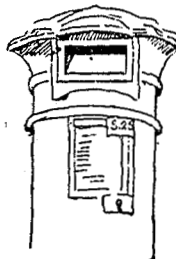
"The Marriage of Laurentia." By Marie Haultmont.

"The Velvet Glove." By Henry Seton Merriman.

"A Doctor in Khaki." Impressions of War and of Hospital Work in South Africa. By Francis Fremantle, M.A., M.B., M.R.C.P., late Civil Surgeon with the South African Field Force and Assistant Secretary to the War Office Committee on Army Medical Reorganisation.

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.

THE PAUPERISATION OF THE NURSING PROFESSION.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR EDITOR,—An inspired paragraph has during the past week greatly annoyed me in every paper I have opened, and presumably called forth your remarks in last week's issue *re* Nurses and the Poor House. The paragraph to which I allude which refers to the R. B. N. A. Nurses Settlement Bazaar concludes as follows:—

"The object is worthy of hearty support, as it aims at securing a comfortable old age for a class of workers who often run exceptional risks, whose period of lucrative work is shorter than in almost any calling, and to whom the public are largely indebted."

Now a scheme for a Nurses' Settlement has my entire sympathy, but I strongly object to it being represented to the public that as "a class" trained nurses will in old age necessarily be paupers and require a Poor House. In every profession there are unfortunate members, those who have delicate health, those who have no relations well enough off to help them, those who through generosity in helping others, or lack of thought in helping themselves, are likely to become a burden on the rates or the charitable, and for such—a very limited number, let it be known—a Nurses' Settlement should be provided. But in the name of thousands of hard-working and self-respecting women, working as trained nurses in the various branches of the profession, I strongly object to be held up to the public *in formâ pauperis*. I for one, and I know hundreds of other nurses will certainly never need, or indeed wish to make use of an Alms House. I am a private nurse; I am in constant work, usually taking from two to three guineas a week, I have been careful and saved money, and owe no man anything—wherefore then should I be subjected to being considered by my patients an object of charity? It is most injurious to one's self-respect, and to the opinion formed by one's patients, of nurses and nursing in general. The truth is all this tone of charity with which the R.B.N.A. reeks is most injurious to us private nurses, and is merely the result of an attitude of patronage upon the part of the medical managers, which is detestable and demoralizing. Many of us have not yet forgiven these gentlemen for paying the debts they incurred in mismanaging the Association by the terpsichorean antics of women of notorious character at the Hotel Cecil. I took my name off the list then. It was time.

Yours truly,

PRIVATE NURSE.

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