

The young girl's light-hearted enjoyment has a poignant effect on Trix Trevalla, who has known what it is to suffer, the first time she dines with the chosen few.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Airey?" called Peggy Ryle. He nodded to her cordially.

"What a comfort!" sighed Peggy. She looked round the table, laughed, and cried "Hurrah!" for no obvious reason.

Trix whispered to Airey, "She nearly makes me cry when she does that."

"You can feel it?" he asked in a quick, low question, looking at her curiously.

"Oh, yes, I don't know why," she answered, glancing again at the girl whose mirth and exultation stirred her to so strange a mood."

With Peggy's story is interwoven the story of Trix Trevalla and Airey Newton; and Airey Newton is a creation. He is the lonely man, beginning life poor, making money year by year, fascinated by the idea of letting it accumulate—seeing it grow larger by judicious "turning over." In the story, Airey is saved by Peggy, who insists upon his disbursing money to get Trix out of the hands of a blackmailer. We take leave to doubt the sequel. That a man with much good in him, like Airey, might make a sacrifice for the woman he loved is possible. That he would afterwards have made a pleasant husband is hard to believe. Anyone who knows the hold of avarice—the frightful strength of the habit, the agony at each small expenditure of the man who has once accustomed himself to look upon all income as capital to be re-invested—will not envy Trix her future. Such a man is really more capable of parting, once in a way, with a large sum, than of meeting the never-ending small out-goings of a household. He never has any money to spend; he wants it all to invest, and re-invest. All outlay seems waste, is grudged, chafed at. The mind works everlastingly from the standpoint of £ s. d. What costs money is rejected for that reason and no other. Such a man, grown to middle age in such a habit, would be hard to cure and quite impossible to reason with.

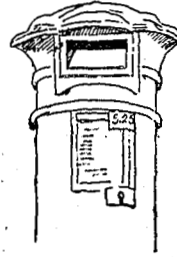
G. M. R.

The Reward of Work.

Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavours,
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best,
Thy handmaids clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee, in glorious theme,
Before the Judge, who henceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

What to Read.

- "For Better, for Worse?" Notes on Social Changes.
By G. W. E. Russell.
"Donna Diana." By Richard Bagot.
"Flower o' the Corn." By S. R. Crockett.
"The Lady of the Barge." By W. W. Jacobs.
"The Four Feathers." By A. E. W. Mason.
"The Little White Bird." By J. M. Barrie.



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.

SHOULD SISTERS DIET THEIR PATIENTS?

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

DEAR MADAM,—“Matron's” answer to my inquiry is quite beside the mark. If she will take the trouble to read my first letter she will see that my question was: “Is it customary nowadays for Sisters to order *extras* in the way of diet on their own responsibility?”

To suppose that any Sister would be expected to give ordinary diet to a patient who had just been through a severe operation, because the House Surgeon had given no special instruction on the point, is too absurd to need discussion. But if Sisters daily write for Benger's Food, meat juice, custards, extra milk, &c., &c., in addition to the diets ordered by the House Surgeon, it is evident that there must be an appreciable increase in housekeeping expenses, and for this, in small hospitals, the Matron is held responsible by the Committee, who compare each quarter's and each year's expenses with those of the preceding quarter and year, and if they “go up” without a corresponding increase in the number of patients, want to know the reason why.

Yours faithfully,

BEHIND THE TIMES.

DEATHS FROM DRAUGHTS.

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

DEAR MADAM,—“Fresh air at any cost.” Just so. That is exactly what I complain of in many hospital wards where the system of ventilation has not been modernised. Fresh air when it is admitted through open windows placed low in the wall between two beds, when a ventilator is open over the door and a great open chimney gapes in an opposite wall, means draughts, draughts and counter draughts, and woe betide the poor patient, used to a cosy, if stuffy little room, who has to lie hour after hour—the vitality of his body being at a low ebb—with currents of cold air whisking about him. Since my letter appeared in your valuable paper on October 25th two more deaths have been reported in the daily papers, which took place in two of our leading hospitals, both set down to “secondary causes” as deaths from pneumonia. Now you write editorially on the 18th of October: “We do not wish to dogmatise . . . but speaking on broad general grounds, founded on our experience as a Ward Sister, we have no hesitation in saying that we consider it a reproach to the nursing of a ward if a patient suffering from one disease develops another during his stay in it, in the same way that good nurses take themselves to task if a patient has a bed-sore, with which he was not admitted.” Fresh air and draughts are not synonymous, and I maintain that it is the duty of hospital managers and intelligent nurses to provide one without the other.

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