

time to lose. So the doctor, awfully put about, had to rise and dress in the middle of the night, get out his horse and car, and it teeming rain av course, he could do no less than offer Micky a seat, and Micky got druv home the same as any gentleman! But when they got there, and herself opens the door, as well as I am, oh, but the doctor was wild—it was just dancing mad he was."

Or the tale of how this same Doctor Moore fell out with Mrs. Kane:—

"When me mother was living, I had him out, and he treated me badly. She was awful failed, in herself, and says he—

"The woman can't be properly nursed here, in this smoky cabin—she must go into the Infirmary at wance—do you understand?"

"Well, av coorse, that was easy talkin', but me mother had her own notions, and so had I! There was the bed she was born in under her, and Daffy Chute giving her bog-apple tay—and that, with a sup of vinegar, was regarded as a sure cure for the bronchitis. Howsomever, she got raal bad, and I had him out again, and when he came he was leppin' out of his skin.

"Why didn't you send the woman into town as I bid you?" he bawls. 'She's too far gone now!'

"Well, maybe your honour would lend out the Infirmary carriage."

"No," says he, 'I'll have nothing to say to it now. If ye move her at all, it must be on yer own responsibility.'

"And what sort of a machine is that?" says I. 'Sure, we have nothing but an old asses' cart!'

"Yer a fool!" says he, and with that he bounced out of the house. Me mother died two days after—she was best in her own place—and when all was said and done it was handier for the wake—and the buryin'."

G. M. R.

Dead Hands.

Roughened and worn with ceaseless toil and care,
No perfumed grace, no dainty skill, had these;
They earned for whiter hands a jewelled ease,
And kept their scars unlovely for their share.
Patient and slow, they had the will to bear
The whole world's burdens, but no power to seize
The flying joys of life, the gifts that please,
The gold and gems that others find so fair.
Dear hands, where bridal jewel never shone,
Whereon no lover's kiss was ever pressed,
Crossed in unwonted quiet on the breast,
I see, through tears, your glory newly won,
The golden circlet of life's work well done,
Set with the shining pearl of perfect rest.

—*Woman's Journal.*

What to Read.

"Victoria, Queen and Ruler." By Mrs. Emily Crawford.

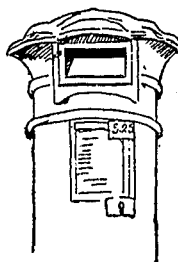
"With the Army Corps in South Africa." By Sir Wodehouse Richardson.

"Gordon Keith." By Thomas Nelson Page.

"The Mettle of the Pasture." By James Lane Allen.

"His Master Purpose." By Harold Bindloss.

"A Metamorphosis." By Richard Marsh.



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.

HOP-PICKING MISSION COMMITTEE.

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

MADAM,—In about three weeks' time Mid and West Kent will be invaded by some 40,000 or more hop-pickers, for the most part from London, and chiefly of the class that live from hand to mouth. There is generally a considerable amount of sickness amongst them, and this we try to combat by sending trained nurses to work from different centres, opening small hospitals for the children, and dispensaries for first aid. In addition, we provide and work coffee-stalls and barrows, and open reading and writing rooms in the evenings and on Sundays. Illustrated papers, magazines, &c., are distributed in the tents and huts where the pickers are housed. We are asked to supply over forty experienced lady workers and nurses this year, and, as our work is wholly dependent upon the generosity of the public, may I again appeal to your readers on behalf of the Committee, as you have been good enough to allow in past years, for money, nursing requisites, and literature.

I may say that we have no paid officers or workers, out-of-pocket expenses only are refunded, and £5 pays all expenses of a nurse or worker.

Subscriptions can be paid into Messrs. Child's Bank, 1, Fleet Street, E.C., or may be sent to me at Teston Rectory, Maidstone, where parcels of literature may also be addressed.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

FRANCIS G. OLIPHANT,

Hon. Sec. Hop-picking Mission Committee
and Rector of Teston.

Teston Rectory,
Maidstone.

PRINCIPLES VERSUS PERSONS.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I noticed recently a very sensible remark in your correspondence columns with which I cordially agree, that "there is a great amount of nonsense written about 'leaders.' What sensible persons should do is to follow principles, not persons."

Why certainly. The truth is obvious; we should probably all subscribe to it if asked to do so, and the large majority of us would go straight away and support or oppose some principle for no better reason than that some person we approved or disliked did the same. Partly because the majority of people are so constituted that hero-worship comes natural to them, and partly from sheer laziness. We are too idle to think things out for ourselves, and only too eager to salve our consciences with the plea of loyalty to leaders.

But at least it is some consolation to know that it

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