

called the 'picture' style. That is to say, she wore a Romney hat, an Egyptian scarf, a gown of old Japanese embroidery, and an amazing display of paste emerald and ruby ornaments. Her auburn hair seemed on the point of escaping the hairpins; from time to time she clutched at her flimsy skirts as though they were in danger of falling off.

"Lady Kinnerleigh could not resist pointing to the astonished Italian and other guests.

"Don't you hate these foreigners, darling?" she observed rather loudly to the duchess; "they are so infernally dull, and no earthly use to us. We shall never see them again."

"That is better," said her grace. "I don't want to be tiresome, don't you know, but one must, don't you know, now and again, a little protest. One mustn't be too free and easy—the example, don't you know. One must remember the lower orders are always on the lookout for a loop hole."

"The foreigners were members of the oldest aristocracy in Europe; one of them, a French duchess, was under the impression that the ladies who had elbowed and pushed in front of her were the ladies'-maids of Lord Feldershay's relatives. An Italian princess mistook some of the peeresses for *gens* who were not *comme il faut*."

This recalls the creator of the drawing-room scene in "The Ambassador."

But the love interest seems very forced throughout, and the whole staging is artificial. G. M. R.

Hic Jacet Rahere.

Seven centuries ago, at least,
Foremost at tournament, and feast,
A courtier (afterwards a priest)
He made good cheer.
So gallant, gay, and *débonnaire*,
The common folk would gape and stare,
Point as he passed, and mutter, "There
Goeth Rahere!"

Seven centuries ago, at least,
For Rome, he left the Royal feast,
Returning—most unlike a priest—
He gives his gear
(By faith upheld, with zeal or fire)
To build a fair great church and choir,
And there, "Canonicus et Prior,"
Prayeth Rahere!

Seven centuries ago, at least,
He quitted court and camp and feast,
Put off the noble, on the priest—
His tomb is near.
(The lamp of Life's so short a wick)
Beside the altar, covered thick
With dust of ages, read we, "Hic
Jacet Rahere."

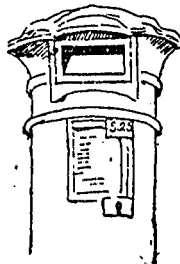
—A. L. HARRIS, in *English Illustrated Magazine*,
April, 1905.

Coming Events.

July 11th.—Metropolitan Hospital; Festival Banquet (Claude Hay, Esq., M.P., presiding), Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole.

July 13th.—Annual Meeting Registered Nurses' Society, 431, Oxford Street, London, W., 5 p.m.

July 17th.—Opening of the Marie-Celeste Maternity Wards at the London Hospital.



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 INTELLIGENT FEW.

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

DEAR MADAM,—As one who knows a great many nurses may I be allowed to say that I think that there are a great many of the "intelligent few!" My experience of district and private nurses is that they are generally very keen and anxious to acquire information. The people who discourage one in the attempt to help nurses in this matter are very often, oddly enough, the superintendents. They will often tell you "Oh, it is no good trying to do anything for the nurses, they do not care for it." I am sure the superintendents say this in all honesty, but I am equally sure that if they would be more enterprising, nurses would be more enthusiastic. "Faint heart never won fair lady."

Let us risk failure sooner than not give every nurse the opportunity of knowing what is highest and best, and aiming at it.

Yours faithfully,

E. L. C. EDEN.

Merchliggen, Rubigen, Berne.

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

DEAR MADAM,—There is no doubt that the self-interested attitude of many Matrons on the Registration question in signing with the committees against legal status for nurses has been deeply resented by many Sisters and nurses in the hospitals over which they preside, especially in instances where these Matrons formerly professed an interest in their professional affairs as members of the R.B.N.A. and other nursing societies. As "A Member of the Bart's League" writes, "Nurses are very sensible of moral courage in a Matron," and they are also very sensible of what they rightly consider professional expediency. Such expediency was at the root of all the R.B.N.A. rows, and left it high and dry, and in these days when all intelligent persons, male and female, are demanding a standard of nursing, the Matrons who are opposing organisation cannot hope to enjoy unqualified admiration upon the part of their subordinates, whose best professional interests they are obstructing. We cannot but compare the quality of the American Matron with the home product very much to the discredit of the latter.

A LATE LONDON HOSPITAL SISTER.

RURAL DISTRICT NURSING.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I am glad "Another District Nurse" agrees with me that only fully-trained nurses should be employed by County Associations for the sick poor. It is a shame that ignorant people, because they happen to be rich or have social in-

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