

ence in consequence of the Commission's report, she would suggest the employment of educated women as superintendents. Even the most ignorant and degraded persons were impressed by the concentration of mind, moral force, and broad human sympathies which were rightly associated with the word "educated." The mere segregation of degenerates should not be the sole purpose served by these institutions. An influence should be at work to lift them, so far as was possible, to a higher plane. It was desirable also that in such institutions ladies should have a place on the Committee of Management.

We wonder how long Mrs. Dora Montefiore, the talented writer, will stand alone in her protest against paying income tax, as she has no vote, with the result that her goods must be sold to pay the tax. Last week after the auctioneer (secretly in sympathy with the spirited lady, to judge from his manners) had disposed of some silver, Mrs. Montefiore said a word in season to which all present listened with attention, and claimed that the voting rights of women should be placed on an equality with those of men. Taxation without representation is tyranny—and no one can deny it.

Supposing You Had None?

A Christmas Tree,
With presents bright,
And pretty candles
All alight—
Supposing you had none?

A candy dog
And turkey wing,
With pumpkin pie,
And everything—
Supposing you had none?

A dolly dear
With bluest eyes,
And truly shoes
For a surprise—
Supposing you had none?

And then
A cosy bed,
And mother, too,
To tuck you in
And pray for you—
Supposing you had none?

JEANNETTE A. MARKS
In "The Lyceum Annual."

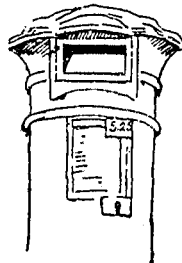
A Word for the Week.

My Symphony.—Channing.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, refinement rather than fashion; to do all cheerfully, bear all bravely; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages with open heart; to study hard, think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never. In a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

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.

OUR GUINEA PRIZE.

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

DEAR MADAM,—Very many thanks for the cheque for one guinea, which I received this morning. I was very surprised, when I saw in the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING that I was the winner of the prize. The guinea will be most useful for Christmas.

I am, Yours faithfully,

Victoria Hospital,
Keighley.

MARGARET STOREY.

A CONFERENCE IN PARIS.

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

DEAR MADAM,—The International Council of Nurses would be glad to have you mention at your convenience in the Journal that an informal Conference is being planned to be held in Paris, in June, 1907. As this is not a regular quinquennial period, the Executive Committee will meet, but no business will be transacted by the Council. It is proposed to follow the precedent of the Buffalo meeting, papers will be read and discussions held, and mutual acquaintance between the nurses of the different countries will be furthered.

All nurses who are in sympathy with the purposes of the International Council will be welcomed, and it is hoped that many will be present as members of the Conference.

Believe me to be,

Very cordially yours,

LAVINIA L. DOCK,

Hon. Secretary International Council of Nurses.
New York City, December, 1905.

THE NOVELIST'S NURSE.

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

DEAR MADAM,—Why do novelists invariably "guy" nurses? The last offender in this respect is Miss Rhoda Broughton in her new book "A Waif's Progress." Alluding to the modern governess she writes: "Miss Barnacre was of the new type of instructress, that type which sometimes makes its employer privily regret its once down-trodden predecessor, victim to melancholy and indigestion; the new type which, fortified by all the rites of Girton, condescends to the parents of its pupils, chaffs and lectures their brothers, and inspires adoring awed friendships in their elder sisters; that type which differs as much from the early Victorian one as does the pert *houris* in 'bang,' and streamers who com-

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)