

agree that "it seemed frankly absurd that such a man, so handsome, so generous, so good-natured, so appreciative of beauty and culture, good-living, and electric light, should have to put up with the hideousness of fourth-rate lodgings, or be forced for one mad moment to consider the price of bacon, the cost of washing, or the fare up to town. "I am a poor, damned idealist," he would say to his friends. "I don't regret it—far from it—but an idealist dog, well, he has to pay up, worse luck!" He never gives a thought to the cramped life of his poverty-stricken wife, or the deprivations of their daughter, and when his wife dies Cicely is offered a home by her rough, but honest, old grandfather on his farm in Westmoreland, Harry Holden is conscious of infinite relief. But Robert Sandal places a condition upon the adoption of Cicely. Warned by his daughter's fate, he declares he will give Cicely to no man who will not work for her by the sweat of his brow. For which reason Dare Musgrave, late of King's, Cambridge, takes up his incognito, and follows Cicely to Westmoreland. He has signally failed to distinguish himself in his college career, much to the disgust of his parents, who practically cast him off, and his delightful Irish aunt, Miss Desmond, who taunts him without stint, and stands by him throughout. Dare, the muscular athlete, clean-living, and no fool in anything but his studies, is a charming fellow; the contrast between him and the rough navvies amongst whom he is thrown is well preserved. That he is not the only aspirant for Cicely's hand scarcely obscures the ultimate intention, but it adds to the current interest considerably. The work may be slight, but it is effective, the writing is never heavy, and the style is decidedly humorous.

E.L.H.

Coming Events.

August 10.—The Annual Pound Day, Home for Mothers and Babies, Wood Street, Woolwich.

August 21.—Princess Henry of Battenberg attends the Annual Meeting of the Gosport Victoria Nursing Society, and afterwards presents certificates to the Members of the Gosport, Alverstoke, and Fareham Centre of the St. John Ambulance Association.

A Word for the Week.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;

Where gaols are empty, and where barns are full;
Where field-paths are with frequent feet outworn,
Law-court yards weedy, silent and forlorn;

Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;

Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;

Where poisonous drinks are chased from every place;

Where opium's curse no longer leaves a trace;

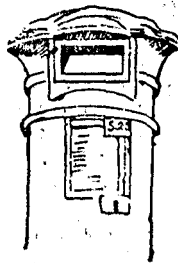
Where these signs are they clearly indicate

A happy people and a well-ruled State.

—From the Chinese.

Letters to the Editor.

NOTES, QUÉRIES, &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.

SANITARIUM REQUIRED.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I wonder if I can, through your valuable Journal, get some information regarding the best Sanitarium in the South of England where a young lady could go for a couple of months and take a "rest cure," having no special disease the matter with her; also some idea of the price. She is just mentally and physically run down with very hard work, and has been advised to take a complete rest with plenty of fresh air and good food, and some hydrotherapeutic treatment. The sanitarium would have to be very clean, well situated, with pretty grounds around, and open until December at least. I should feel very much obliged if any of your kind readers could give me this information.

I should like to tell you the very great pleasure my American friends and I have had in reading your Journal for the past year. The last few numbers containing reports of the International Paris Conference have been especially interesting. I am longing to hear that the Bill for the State Registration of Trained Nurses has been passed over here.

I remain, yours faithfully,

REGISTERED NURSE

(of the State of New York).

[Letters will be forwarded to our correspondent, who is now in Scotland, if addressed to the Office of this Journal, 11, Adam Street, Strand.—Ed.]

PRIVATE NURSES SUFFER MOST.

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

DEAR MADAM,—There are two things I have wished to write to you about. The first is, "State Registration."

At the Paris Conference Miss Burr said she hoped that all nurses would be more determined than ever to work for it.

It seems to me that "Private Nurses" must—most of all nurses—see the necessity for it. It is they who can also do so much for the cause.

I always find my patients most interested in the subject, and our draft Bill has its place in my writing case.

It is very little that each nurse can do, but if all did it, what a great help it would be.

The second thing is Miss L. L. Dock's "Materia Medica," a book written by a Nurse for Nurses, therefore just what we need.

If nurses only knew how helpful it was, they

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