

Harry could respect him with self-respect. He was a celibate not from conviction, "if one had one's duty and a dream, one had enough for life." The dream was Pollie. When she sang "I'd be a Butterfly" in the drawing-room, he used to take up a most awkward position on a chair just behind her, with his large red hand on his knees, and his eyes looking into space. In Peter Grant's code of duty it was written large that the seldomness of his services should be compensated by their length. So all that can be put into the Order for Morning Prayer he put there."

Dear old Dr. Benet, and his wife, are quite the most charming of all these delightful characters.

He was of an age which made quite sure that to be charitable is inevitably to do good, and asked no fees from the poor on principle. At half-past nine the Doctor locked up the surgery door, and went into the kitchen to tell his wife of some invalid who would like one of her puddings. Mrs. Benet herself buttoned her husband's short round figure into his driving coat, and put his great neckcloth the proper amount of times round his neck, gave him a sound smack on the shoulder instead of a kiss, and came down the flagged path to see him start off in the gig.

Very pathetic is the description of a rival setting up in the little village.

"Jeanie poured out a tornado of angry words against the deserters, and the character and conduct of Dr. Mark. Her old man looked ill and sunken, and her heart was hot within her."

We have no space to talk of Miss Pilkington in her genteel cottage, who was really glad her sister would not live with her, but sorry she was glad.

But these extracts are only small samples out of a fund of delightful reading.

H. H.

### Coming Events.

*August 20th.*—Memorial Service for Miss Florence Nightingale, O.M., St. Paul's Cathedral, 12 noon. Funeral Service at West Wellow, Hants.

*August 25th.*—A Requiem will be sung at St. Alban's Holborn, on behalf of Miss Florence Nightingale. The Service is under the auspices of the Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses.

*August 20th.*—Inauguration of the first Caravan of the Women's Imperial Health Association of Great Britain, Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, N.W. 12.30 p.m.

*September 1st.*—Garden Party in the Grounds of the Infirmary, Kingston-on-Thames, by invitation of the Matron.

*September 5th-10th.*—Congress of the Royal Sanitary Institute, Brighton.

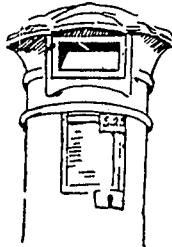
*September 10th-14th.*—Second International Congress on Occupational Diseases.

### WORD FOR THE WEEK.

The more you spend on architects, the less you will want to spend on governors of gaols. The more you spend on road and drainage surveyors, the less you will spend on policemen.

Mr. JOHN BURNS.

### Letters to the Editor.



*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 ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL APPOINTMENT.

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

DEAR MADAM,—So the quarterly meeting of the St. Bartholomew's Hospital Governors, which has been agitating the minds of all inside, and keenly and anxiously waited for by many hundreds in the nursing world inside, is over, and, we are told, without much ado.

Well is it for those nurses who have learnt the lesson of self-reliance, for, contrary to all reason, those have failed them who, by reason of their position, should stand shoulder to shoulder, recognising the splendid work done by the women of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and giving them a just recognition to continue on the same lines.

Miss Isla Stewart for between 20 and 30 years devoted her life to the training of women to become nurses. By the great influence of her personal character she was able to instil into the minds of hundreds the absolute self-sacrifice and fearless courage in face of all dangers inseparable from a nurse who conscientiously fulfils her duty.

Necessarily the training under Miss Stewart was a severe one, for, so to speak, she made no soft bed for nurses—work and duty first, whatever the cost might be, and honour to one's hospital and training school were her maxims.

The personal influence of the Matron of any big London hospital is a first consideration, but if the present selected candidate takes up her duties, rms, one of the chief factors in the training of her nurses, must for some years to come remain in abeyance. It is not possible for her to exercise moral influence when all around her will feel that she has accepted a position under criticism and disapproval, and one that should have been given to another. If she has a feeling of loyalty to her own hospital she will understand what we Bart's nurses are feeling now, and Lord Sandhurst's statement that there the matter ends will prove a very incorrect summing up.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, being one of the first training schools of the world, its work spreads far and wide, and into all countries. It is therefore urgent in the interests of the public, the nursing and medical professions, that its standard should be maintained and carried forward always in the first rank, and this could best have been done by one who has learnt her work directly under Miss Isla Stewart, and had the advantage of her justly famous example to guide her.

Apparently, however, a woman's life work, however good, counts for nothing under the present

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)