

nurserymaid's eyes. I am an ugly devil, not even with the ugliness which pleads a charm to many a woman's heart. I am an ugly devil, and that is all about it. The only creatures who have ever gazed at me as though I were the image of God were my mother and my dog."

The dog Dandy is one of the greatest personalities in this story.

"A large rat crept out of the bushes, and Dandy was after him. I made no objection. He never catches them. For a few minutes he rushes wildly in every direction, digs up innumerable things that have nothing to do with it, and behaves generally as if life were a whirlwind of which he is the centre and all important force. After that he comes back quietly once more to me, and sitting down says: 'I might have caught him. I got very near. I don't often miss them like that! I was really too clever for him; that's how he got away.' Then a scarlet tongue comes out and he licks his lips. It proves conclusively how near he did get. He always does; that's why I raise no objections. It puts him in an excellent mood."

Nothing could be better than the dialogues between Bellairs and his valet. Their hobby at present is planting bulbs in window boxes.

"It is now more than a week since they were planted, and almost every day I see a fresh little green nose thrusting its way out of the mould. At first the joy of these discoveries was spoilt in a great measure by Moxon, who, when he came up with my tea in the morning, would announce the arrival of another snowdrop or crocus.

"All right, all right, Moxon," I said testily one morning. "I only want you to valet me; you needn't look after my garden."

The next morning when he came in with the tray I asked him whether there had been a frost.

"Just slightly, sir," said he.

"Have they suffered at all," I asked quickly.

"Have what suffered, sir?"

"The crocuses."

"Not that I know of, sir. I didn't look."

Of the love story itself, and the delightful visit to Ballysheen, we have no space to write. Pathetic as it is, it escapes morbidity by its saving humour.

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

June 14th.—Central Midwives' Board. Examination, London, Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Manchester, and Newcastle-on-Tyne.

June 17th.—Great Procession in support of Women's Suffrage from Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges to the Albert Hall. Form up 4.30 p.m. Start 5.30 p.m. Meeting Albert Hall, 8.30 p.m. Mrs. Pankhurst will preside.

June 18th.—Hospital Sunday.

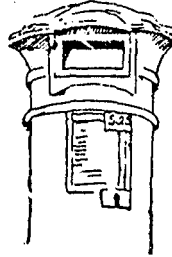
June 20th.—Society of Women Journalists. Coronation Dinner, The Criterion Restaurant. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, President, in the chair. 7.30 p.m.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

He who doeth well the little things,
Some day will mount with eagle's wings.

GOETHE.

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.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

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

DEAR MADAM,—Received with many thanks cheque for 5s., the result of the Prize Competition.

Yours very truly,

GLADYS TATHAM.

Cambridge Street, S.W.

THE CELTIC TEMPERAMENT.

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

DEAR MADAM,—The letter signed "Irish to the Backbone," in your issue of May 27th, needs correction. The writer says: "I hear that a paper recently read by one of the English matrons in Dublin has given offence to our countrywomen, and is considered in the worst of taste, but the truth is that temperamentally very few English people are in sympathy with us Celts, and being notoriously lacking in tact they no doubt tread on our toes quite unintentionally, from the very superior elevation from which they look down on us."

I wish, therefore, Madam, to point out that it was not an English matron who erred in this clumsy fashion by reading the paper referred to, but one who claims to be proud of her Irish nationality.

This shows that all Celts are not temperamentally in sympathy with Celts, and that there must be others besides the English who are notoriously lacking in tact.

I am, yours faithfully,

Dublin.

ENGLISH TO THE BACKBONE.

[Other letters are unavoidably held over for lack of space.—Ed.]

Notices.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

June 10th.—Mention some forms of respiration that indicate serious conditions, and describe them.

June 17th.—Describe a curriculum which would qualify a Sister to become an efficient teacher of practical nursing in the wards.

June 24th.—What are the usual causes of hypodermic abscesses?

THE SOCIETY FOR THE STATE REGISTRATION OF TRAINED NURSES.

Those desirous of helping on the important movement of this Society to obtain an Act providing for the Legal Registration of Trained Nurses can obtain all information concerning the Society and its work from the Hon. Secretary, 431, Oxford Street, London, W.

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