

dream of her, she wore a plain black dress, and a black kerchief tied over the white frilled cap. Nurses in grey or brown holland and white caps gathered about her . . . Sisters of Mercy conspicuous among the rest . . . diligent as little black-and-white humble-bees obeying the orders of their Queen. It is upon record that all through the day, all through the night of fog-beared moonlight, and far into the morning that followed, Ada Merling stood while the sick and wounded were carried into the hospital."

In these pages it seems so eminently suitable to dwell at length on this inspiring and attractive personality, that space forbids so much as even a reference to what is of more general interest.

But this is, undoubtedly, a great book; and one that should commend the closest attention of all lovers of true literary genius.

H. H.

### VERSES.

The camel, at the close of day,  
Kneels down upon the sandy plain  
To have his burden lifted off,  
And rest to gain.

My soul, thou, too, shouldst to thy knees  
When daylight draweth to a close,  
And let thy Master lift the load  
And grant repose.

The camel kneels at break of day  
To have his guide replace his load,  
Then rises up anew to take  
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn  
That God may give thee daily care  
Assured that He no load too great  
Will make thee bear.]

Unknown.

### READ.

"Between Two Thieves," by Richard Dehan.

"Mightier than the Sword," by Alphonse Courlander.

"Out of the Wreck I Rise," by Beatrice Harraden.

### COMING EVENTS.

August 3rd.—Opening of Nursing and Health Exhibition, Marzellen Gymnasium, Cologne. 11.30 a.m.

August 4th.—Reception, Banquet Hall, Gurzenich, Cologne. Organ Recital, Addresses, Concert, Men's Choral Society. Pageant, "The Triumph of Hygeia." 7 p.m.

August 5th.—Meeting Grand Council International Council of Nurses, Gurzenich, Cologne. 9.30 a.m. and 2 p.m.

August 6th to 9th.—International Congress of Nurses, Cologne.

### WORD FOR THE WEEK.

That undisturbed satisfaction with what is, is more fatal than a dozen misplaced enthusiasms.

## 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.*

### HOW WE STRIKE THE PUBLIC.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM.—I read the letter in the *Church Times* referred to in THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING for this week with some indignation, and I was very pleased to see the editorial criticism on it.

Although it is to be hoped that the writer's view of the callousness and frivolity of nurses is exaggerated, I think it is sometimes good to see how we strike the public.

It is, unfortunately, not uncommon to hear two nurses in a ward discussing some new piece at a theatre, or how they have spent, or intend to spend, their next off-duty time, and the patient or patient's friends puts them down as "hard hearted." One cannot, of course, expect nurses to live on "domes of silence," still, they should realise that a quiet, professional manner is above all things desirable on duty.

The private nurse who discusses her last case, and shows any present she may have received from a former patient to her present one, is a type of nurse greatly to be deplored.

The nurse also one sees in the streets laughing and talking loudly, and with her bonnet strings tied under her ear, is not an uncommon sight.

The scraps of conversation I have heard between nurses on 'buses, &c., have been of such a nature that I personally should be sorry to wear outdoor uniform unless obliged to do so. It is without doubt these types of nurses who drag down the nursing profession and bring discredit to the whole.

The nurses a quarter of a century ago, to whom the Editor refers, probably did not behave in this manner, and if State Registration is going to mend all this by raising our professional status, let us hope we get it before we sink into the lowest depths.

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### PROGRESS IN HOLLAND.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR EDITOR.—Imagine my distress on reaching Amsterdam to find Miss Van Lanschot Hubrecht ill in a private hospital, entirely unable to go to the Congress, and with the prospect, I fear, of a somewhat tedious, even if not dangerous, illness, as she has been overworking badly for a long time, and her digestion has given out for the time being. I was greatly grieved over this, not only because of the Congress, but for the sake of all she was doing. She is one of the workers who are in every

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