

The man's burning personality wins its way with her, strive though she does against it, and causes her to make reparation to Jack, too late though it be, for the poor lad had shot himself before the news came.

Charming, spoiled Carlisle has to face a good deal at the instigation of V. V. not the least being the desertion of her lover, Hugh Canning, the exclusive, who was not proof against gossip about the girl he had chosen. And mamma, so aptly described and pictured—the little general—who understood the fluctuations so well of the matrimonial market; mamma, who had the cup of success in this matter dashed from her lips, was indeed a person to be reckoned with.

Carlisle, a humbled, sad Carlisle, replies in answer to her bitter inquiries:

"I suppose I shall marry. . . . That seems to be all I'm fit for. But since you ask me, mamma, I *would* like, in the meantime, not to be so plainly labelled *waiting*. I'd like," she said hesitatingly, "to have *one* man I meet—see me in some other light than as a candidate for matrimony."

"That," said Mrs. Heth firmly, "will never be so long as you retain your youth and beauty and men retain their nature. I, myself," said mamma, with a considerable stretching of the truth, "went through the same stages in my youth."

On the day that Carlisle discovers she loves V. V. he is killed by the collapse of the factory.

Drawn by an irresistible impulse to the stum which held him, to the Dabney House, which was the abomination of desolation, "Where is he?" she asked, her voice so little and calm. The clergyman told her, and then they stood looking down the corridor to the door at the end of it, a shut door marked in white letters "Dr. Vivian." "There's no one with him, but the little girl Corinne, that he was kind to. . . ."

Surely there was never loneliness like this loneliness.

Outside the shabby street was black with people.

She turned her veiled face and spoke indistinctly. "Are these . . . are they all . . . his friends?"

"They're his mother," said the Director, "and his brothers and sisters."

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

July 18th.—Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses. Annual Meeting. Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W. 4 p.m. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick will preside. Address by Sir Victor Horsley, F.R.S., F.R.C.S. Tea, 2, Portland Place, W., by kind invitation of Mrs. Walter Spencer.

July 23rd.—Central Midwives Board. Penal Cases. Caxton House, S.W. 2 p.m.

July 24th.—Meeting Central Midwives Board, Caxton House, S.W.

July 25th.—Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland. Quarterly Meeting. Bournemouth.

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,—It is with much pleasure that I acknowledge the cheque for 5s. for the Competition Prize. It is encouraging to be successful in your paper, and I am so delighted to have been so this week.

I am, yours sincerely,

JOSEPHINE G. GILCHRIST.

Gilmore Place, Edinburgh.

THE OVERSTRAIN OF HOSPITAL MATRONS.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I am rejoiced to see a column in your valued paper thrown open to discussion on the above subject.

As one of those "on the shelf from overstrain" I have *now*, for the first time in twenty years, leisure for "looking on" and "looking back." And what do I see?

At the Committees and on the Councils that I attend in connection with the nursing profession, I meet Matrons whom I knew when in active work; women whose ripe experience, sound judgment, and able administrative abilities, should be of priceless value to the Hospitals and Institutions from which they have retired, owing to "overstrain."

"In striving for the ideal" they have broken down; in striving to inculcate and impress these "ideals" on those entrusted to their care, they have sacrificed themselves.

Do the Committees for whom they have so faithfully worked, do the general public who indirectly reap the benefit of their labours, ever trouble to get at the root of this matter?

No; they present the retiring Superintendent with an illuminated address, and possibly a cheque, and say to one another,

"We will get a younger woman."

The younger woman takes up the reins, and contents herself with fulfilling to the letter the duties attached to the post, viz, to feed, teach, and train a given number of nurses, keep them in health, and lastly *satisfy* doctors and Committees!

If these latter duties clash with the former, let the *latter* come first.

The Doctors and Committee *are fully* satisfied with the new conditions, for "women with ideals" are most uncomfortable beings to get on with, or to fall out with, and "to get on comfortably and let things slide" is the "present-day ideal" of the majority.

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