

It was when Dysart was convalescent, and the rightful owner of the practice came back to take up his work again, that Euretta realised that she was married—that her old free unrestrained life was gone.

His kisses caused her to weep, and naturally John was wounded.

"I'm not creating a precedent," he said. "Men do kiss their wives occasionally. I believe some women like it. It's a silly practice, anyhow. Since you don't appreciate it, I'll refrain in future." Not a happy beginning!

Euretta was a social success. Her unusual beauty and her cool unconventional manner made her very desirable.

From her ignorance of the world, and her direct outlook, she was somewhat unequally matched with the men with whom she was brought in contact. Young Cardieu, who had the reputation of being irresistible with women, at once sets out with extreme bad taste and impertinence to practice his wiles upon her, and we rather fear that Euretta will fall a victim to them. But it is not from that source that the danger really comes. Dysart, her former patient, reappears on the scene, and perceiving, as he does at once, the estrangement between husband and wife, soon conveys to Euretta the feeling of sympathy and affection for which she is secretly pining.

Eventually the unhappy relations with her husband become unbearable, and she leaves him to return to her brother-in-law's roof. Dysart meets her again while she is here lonely and miserable, and persuades her to accept his friendship and seek a shelter under his roof. It speaks much for the man that for a while he accepts her conditions that their relationship shall be one of friendship only. Here John's child is born, a sickly creature with spinal curvature. Euretta slowly realises the danger of her position, and that, combined with faith in her husband's skill for the child, leads to a reconciliation and revelation of their mutual love, which their unhappy misunderstandings had concealed.

This book's real merit lies not in the plot, which is ordinary, but in the skill of portraying environment, and the sketching in of some of the characters.

H. H.

NIGHT-LILIES.

I love to watch in the early gloom,
Over the roofs as night draws nigh,
The twinkling gardens of lights abloom.

Lilies of night in a shrouded sky,
Gleams of silver, glimmering gold,
Airy blossoms awake on high.

Bursting in bowers, suspended, shoaled,
The mystic soul of the night aglow,
Light and beauty, things to hold
The heart in tune as it throbs below.

—Emma Playter Seaburg.

COMING EVENTS.

April 11th.—Queen Amelie of Portugal opens Children's Welfare Exhibition, Olympia, at 2.30 p.m., Nursing Section 82, in the Gallery, as part of Woman's Kingdom.

April 24th.—National Union of Trained Nurses, Leeds Branch Meeting. Discussions: "Are Nurses Underpaid?" and "State Registration of Nurses." District Nurses' Home, Lovell Street, Leeds, 7.30 p.m.

April 25th.—Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland. Meeting, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Rochester, 3 p.m. Tea and visit to Hospital, 4 p.m. Address by Mr. Paul Matthews on "Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot Contrasted," 4.45.

April 27th to May 1st.—Nursing and Midwifery Exhibition, Royal Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster.

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.

WHY MATRONS RETIRE.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

MADAM,—I do not quite understand Miss Tindall and Miss Hulme's letters on my article "Retired." The time at which one's powers begin to flag, one's interests to wane, varies with individuals. As far as I, personally, was concerned I consider my resignation was quite as much in the interests of what Miss Hulme calls "my children"—i.e., the nursing staff and patients of my hospital, as in my own. Miss Hulme does not surely mean that there is anything peculiarly meritorious in clinging to office from sentimental motives, when one's work is no longer as good as it was. Apart from any other consideration it "blocks promotion" and hinders the advancement of the younger generation.

The idea that because it personally gratifies yourself, and perhaps your self-esteem, you should continue to toil on when you have exhausted your best powers does not attract me.

I have given my best, such as it was, to nursing and the nursing profession. I will not insult it by offering my second best.

There is an anecdote in "Gil Blas" which perhaps you will allow me to quote—though it is well known. I have not the work by me, so must trust to my memory.

In the course of his various adventures, Gil Blas came to a town where lived a certain bishop who was a magnificent and far-famed preacher. This bishop was much afraid of continuing to preach after his gifts of eloquence had failed, so he engaged Gil Blas to listen to his sermons and to report to him when they began to be poor.

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