

laboratory and "stand there radiantly saying things that sounded like paraphrases of the Scripture, and almost the first German she really learned, and used, was the German so familiar in every household for being of Good Hope, for being in Blessed Circumstance."

When her first child arrived Ingeborg only slowly crept up the curve of life again, and five others came in quick succession. Of the six, Roberlet flourished, and Ditti, the sister who came after him; the next two died; and then two children were born dead. It was after this that Ingeborg astounded the pastor by suggesting that their happy life would be in ruins if she went on in this "wild career of unbridled motherhood," and asked "don't you think this persistent parenthood might end now?"

Herr Dremmel was deeply offended, deeply hurt. While she stood blinking at him with appealing eyes he opened the door for her and said dreadfully, "Evidently you do not and never have loved me."

Just as Ingeborg was beginning to ask herself rather shy questions about the value of education the State stepped in, and swept Roberlet and Ditti away from her into its competent keeping.

Ingeborg, left to herself, got into mischief. Mischief wholly innocent so far as she was concerned, but in the highest degree indiscreet.

When she woke up to the real situation she went straight home, and to her husband in his laboratory. Braced up to bear his anger, she found him entirely absorbed in his work. The letter she had left him over a week before was where she had put it, and unopened.

"Herr Dremmel wore a slight air of apology. 'One omits, occasionally, to notice,' he said.

" 'Yes,' breathed Ingeborg.

" 'Perhaps now, Ingeborg,' he said, 'you will be so good as to see about tea. I am driving to my fields.'

" 'Yes,' breathed Ingeborg."

She offered him the letter. Then "her principles failed, and she put it in her pocket."

" 'It's stale,' she whispered, explaining.

"But Herr Dremmel went on writing. He had forgotten the letter.

"She turned away and went slowly to the door.

"In the middle of the room she hesitated, and looked back. 'I—I'd like to kiss you,' she faltered.

"But Herr Dremmel went on writing. He had forgotten Ingeborg."

P. G. Y.

COMING EVENTS.

November 12th.—C.M.B. Penal Cases. Caxton House, S.W. 11.30 a.m.

November 26th.—Address by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick to Catholic Women's League Nurses' Guild on the State Registration of Nurses. 116, Victoria Street, S.W. 4 p.m.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"Let us be content to work, to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it's little."

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 NURSING OF SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

We have received from Miss Beatrice Kent for publication the following letter addressed by her to the Secretary of State for War and the reply she received from the Army Council:—

MISS BEATRICE KENT.

To the Right Hon. Lord Viscount
Kitchener of Khartoum.

MY LORD,—In addressing you upon a subject of supreme importance, I voice the opinions and convictions of the whole of the Nursing Profession; that is to say, all those fully qualified persons who have had a complete training (the three years' standard) in the theory and practice of nursing. Since the war broke out we have been made aware that "all sorts and conditions" of women, full of zeal and kindness but without training (or inadequate training) have offered themselves as nurses to the Red Cross Society. It is known that some of these ladies have been sent to the Continent to work as nurses. We protest against this for two main reasons:—

1. The indiscriminate selection of persons to nurse the sick tends to confuse the public mind, and will inevitably lower the prestige of our great profession.

2. We consider as patriotic women, that nothing but considerable experience with the highest skill is good enough for men who are risking their lives for their country; more especially as the nervous and physical condition of the wounded is bound to be, in many cases, very serious.

The existing state of things in the Nursing Profession points to the urgent need, so long felt, of a Central Authority, appointed by the State, to control nursing affairs—in other words, *State Registration for Nurses*. This reform, for which there has been an agitation in England for more than twenty-five years, is in operation in many countries, with excellent results. England was the first to ask for it. We understand that the supervision of nursing by untrained persons at the Front has been forbidden by your Lordship; for this we are duly grateful, but there seems to be no doubt that untrained women are still nursing the wounded.

I remain, my Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,

BEATRICE KENT,

(Formerly Night Sister, Guest Hospital,
Dudley).

THE ARMY COUNCIL.

War Office,

London, S.W.

MADAM,—In reply to your letter of the 6th instant, I am commanded by the Army Council

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