

have Lisette, dear, could we?' It was the lightest, oddest little suggestion tacked on to the other well-elaborated proposal.

"No!" thundered Charles.

"Very well; be calm. I said we couldn't."

Lady Ashwin, Violet's mother, the wife of a fashionable Harley Street consultant, also a beautiful, selfish woman, says:

"I should have thought you could have seen that for yourself, Violet. I haven't the time. I can't waste it, anyhow, looking after a girl like that."

Violet pleaded: "She craves for the comfort and flattery she used to have. She worships the soft life. It is just natural to a little pussy cat like Lisette. She would jump on to any cushion offered her, you know. You will invite her to our cushions, won't you, mother dear?"

But Lady Ashwin, being much of the same temperament as Lisette, evaded the responsibility, with the result that Lisette went to Paris and jumped on the most undesirable cushions imaginable.

Duke Jones came in useful here.

Violet's distress at her cousin's disappearance was sufficient to make him devote a long period to tracking her down in the French Capital, and finally to marry her when she was brought back to London with an infant.

The art of the sketch of Duke Jones is that it is never overdrawn; what he was on our first introduction so he remains when we take our adieu of him—quiet, commonplace, uninteresting and faithful in his devotion.

The book teems with notable people, distinguished either for their charm or individuality. They are all worth knowing, and we can only suggest that all who can do so should read this brilliant novel.

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

December 17th.—Monthly Meeting. Central Midwives Board, Caxton House, S.W. 3.30 p.m.

December 17th.—Ulster Branch Irish Nurses' Association. A lecture will be given by Mr. R. J. Johnston on "Special Diseases of Women," Royal Victoria Hospital, 8 p.m.

December 25th.—Christmas Day.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Is the work weary, and endless the grind?
And petty the pay?

Then brace up your mind and say,
"Something better is coming my way,"
And keep doing.

—E. Wheeler Wilcox.

You have two ears and but one mouth;
Let this, friend, be a token;
Much should be heard, but not so much
Be spoken.

—Geo. Macdonald.

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 DANGER OF UNTRAINED NURSES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—It gave me a thrill of pleasure to read in the latest issue of the JOURNAL that a resolution had been passed at the Annual Meeting of the National Council of Trained Nurses, protesting against "the danger of untrained nurses for the sick and wounded"; and that a copy had been sent to Lord Kitchener whom it concerns, and who will, I trust, deal with the matter with the same firmness that characterises his military policy. The dissatisfaction among trained nurses is increasingly great on this point; and I, for one, hope they will continue to voice their disapproval until this great wrong which is being done to our brave defenders is definitely redressed.

Lord Knutsford, poor man, seems to disapprove of everything in the way of standardization and progress in the nursing world! He is at us again in the *Times* to-day. In his somewhat lengthy letter, which seems to me strangely illogical, he denies that untrained women have been sent out to the Front, and yet admits that some "have got out abroad." This is a quibble. Whether they are *sent out* or whether they *got out*, the disastrous effect on our wounded men is the same. If we had State Registration, with a controlling legal authority to manage these matters we all know that this chaos could not be; and the sooner it comes the better will it be for the sick, as well as for the honour of our profession. It is immensely gratifying to learn that the French War Minister, in making his request for English Nurses, should definitely state that he wished them to be thoroughly trained, and that the three years' term of training is being enforced for service in this Corps.

Yours,

BEATRICE KENT.

TRAINED NURSING A FLIMSY FREAK.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—Every nurse is naturally deeply interested in studying the somewhat astounding lack of status of nursing at the moment, and I for one have followed the comments and correspondence in our JOURNAL on the question with some sadness, and also not a little amusement. It seems so incredible that after all the grinding and training, presumably trained nursing is a mere flimsy freak of the imagination, and that anyone who chooses to don a nurse's uniform, however ignorant, is accorded professional rank. Indeed, one may add supremacy, as social status, not knowledge, is in reality the criterion for

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)