

" ' Might I ask for a repetition of his words ? Last words are valuable.'

" ' He said—to be absolutely accurate'—replied Fitz, ' Doctor, the little girl in the house opposite is to be married on Thursday ; don't let my funeral spoil her show ! ' so that is why we are waiting till Friday."

The George Vaughans' visit was not a success. Kind-hearted and conventional, " they thought the young people heartless and flippant. They could not understand Patricia's dry and tearless eyes all the day of the funeral when she ought to have been sobbing into a black-bordered pocket handkerchief," while the atmosphere of the house in Princes Gate stifled them.

We leave our readers to acquaint themselves with Patricia's adventures when she went to live with the George Vaughans and their two daughters. Instinctively she crossed swords with Lady Muirfield, the great lady of the village, to whom the Rectory did obeisance, and she nearly wrecked her chance of happiness by her unjustifiable use, in her brilliant life of her father, of material never intended for publication. But all's well that ends well, and the book ends to the tune of marriage bells, though the wedding was not between Patricia and the heir of the house of Muirfield.

P. G. Y.

TO THE LITTLE BLUE MOTHERS.

A TRIBUTE.

O ! Little Blue Mothers, so tender and true,
Who toil all the day and watch the night thro',
Allaying our ills and assuaging our pain,
We tender our homage, we cannot refrain.

O ! Little Blue Mothers, forsaking the world,
In your hearts you've the flag of compassion
unfurled,

You've discovered the secret that cometh from God,
You follow the footprints the angels have trod.

O ! Little Blue Mothers, like the Bluetts in
spring,

That carpet our mountains when thrushes
first sing,

Like the message of springtime, you give us fresh
hope,

And courage, new courage with illness to cope,

O ! Little Blue Mothers, tho' none may discern
How soon we go hence and may never return,
When we waken from terror of needle and knife,
To your vigilant keeping we look for our life.

O ! Little Blue Mothers, so tender and true,
Who toil all the day and watch the night thro',
Like the lilies of Easter, as pure as the snow,
Our souls will remember, tho' our bodies may go.

O ! Little Blue Mothers, we cannot refrain,
We tender our homage again and again.

A STRIKEN MOUNTAINEER.

Written by a patient of Miss Llewellys F. Barker, a graduate of the Johns Hopkins' Training School, Baltimore, U.S.A., and sent by her to its *Alumnae Magazine*.

LETTER 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 SPIRIT OF RESPONSIBILITY.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—Unfortunately, I was too busy to reply sooner to " Conscience's " strictures on my letter.

Let me say at once that I think her answer to my question is no answer at all. I asked, " Is the spirit of responsibility deteriorating in the trained nurse of to-day, and if so, why ? " and I pointed out my reasons for thinking that it is, chiefly owing to nurses' lack of conscientiousness and lack of interest in their proper work. " Conscience " seems to think that a nurse's lack of interest in her work is compensated by her abundant interest in her surroundings. I fancy few thinking persons will agree with her. And it is surely no answer to my question, whether the spirit of responsibility is deteriorating, to say that " the doctrine of non-responsibility may be carried too far." That is exactly my contention—that it is carried much too far.

The instances which she gives have really nothing to do with the question. There are ways of bringing such exceptional cases to book and having the abuses put an end to. So I must still wait for a serious answer to my letter.

Yours faithfully,

A TRAINED NURSE.

NOTICE.

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick will interview candidates for the French Flag Nursing Corps at 431, Oxford Street, early in September. The date and time will be announced in these columns.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

We would remind our readers that they can help THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING by dealing as far as possible with advertisers in the paper, and getting their friends to do likewise. Only the most reliable firms are accepted by the management.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

September 4th.—How would you combat the danger of fly infection, (1) in relation to milk, (2) in relation to the spread of disease ?

September 11th.—What precautions would you take to prevent the spread of enteric fever in a house where a case has occurred ? In what various ways may the patient have contracted the disease ?

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