

famous and able to marry Pauline. But their love is rather of the sentimental than robust order, and has no sure basis. The climax came one night when he had persuaded her to go canoeing with him by moonlight. To the girl brought up in the simple childlike life in the country rectory, anything like deceit was naturally distasteful. Her lover's entreaties prevailed, and her overwrought nerves paid the price.

"Still Guy took her farther up the stream.

"'O take me back,' she cried."

A fit of hysteria caused her to throw herself into the river, from whence Guy rescued her.

Guy's failure as a poet, and, incidentally, his failure to pay his way, for the present puts all prospect of marriage out of the question, and Pauline wisely determines to put an end to their engagement.

He tells her that he no longer believes in his poems as they have outlived their date.

"'Guy, could I outlive my date?'"

"'Dearest Pauline, I beg you not to start problems this afternoon; of course not.'"

"'Are you sure? Are you sure that when you are in London, you won't find other girls more interesting than I am?'"

"'I must be free, if I'm going to be an artist.'"

"'Free!' she echoed, slowly."

The whole book is somewhat fantastic, and seems to arrive nowhere, but there is an undeniable fascination in its atmosphere. H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

December 4th.—Irish Nurses' Association Executive Committee: Report from Delegates to National Council of Women Conference, 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

December 7th.—Royal Society of Medicine. Lecture on "Infant Care," arranged by the National Association for the Prevention of Infant Mortality. "Milk and Artificial Foods," by Dr. W. G. Savage, County M.O.H., Somersetshire. 3 p.m.

December 15th.—Central Midwives Board Examination, London and Liverpool. The Oral Examination follows in a few days.

December 16th and 17th.—Central Midwives Board. Penal cases. Caxton House, Westminster, S.W. 11 a.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"This, then, is yours, to build exultingly,
High and more high, . . .
That no man's mind, not conquer'd by his day,
May sit above his fate,
Inhabiting the purpose of the stars,
And trade with his eternity."

—*Lascelles Abercrombie.*

Go to the ships where the salt winds whistle,
Men of my land and sea;
Bearers of rose, and shamrock, and thistle,
Greet each other for me.

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 GIST OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—This correspondence is an exceedingly painful one, and, to my thinking, should never have been opened, far less associated with the name of Miss Edith Cavell.

It is difficult to follow the workings of the minds of those who advocate that nurses should take the laws of humanity into their own hands and mould them into the spirit of revenge which is in its turn the gospel of hate.

When the proper time comes it will be for the British Government along with the Allies, to inflict full and severe punishment for crime.

If British nurses were to refuse to nurse German officers, lives would almost certainly be lost. To the end of her days the nurse who deliberately refuses to help to save the life of a fellow mortal will hear the old question ringing in her ears, "What hast thou done?"

"Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." That is the gist of the whole matter.

I am, yours faithfully,

Bay View, E. A. STEVENSON.
Johnshaven.

DEAR MADAM,—May I say how entirely I agree with Miss Mollett and "E. C. Evans." A nurse's duty is to nurse the sick, and in war no sick man can be a nurse's enemy. Of course, as far as possible, each nation and allied nations should care for their own sick and wounded. I nursed German prisoners in France, and found the majority grateful; the fact that they were prisoners and helpless commended them the more to one's chivalry—and one had the satisfaction of knowing that when well they would not be free to injure our own men. Several Sisters felt strongly the other way.

Yours truly,

AN ORDINARY NURSE.

DEAR MADAM,—If a German was really ill and suffering I could care for him with a free conscience; but all I had to do for Germans in Brussels was to wash and tend their feet. That is not British women's work, and I should refuse to help to put these enemies on their legs again, if asked to do so, under the same circumstances. We can carry altruism too far.

Yours faithfully,

A BRITISH NURSE.

DEAR MADAM,—I can quite imagine that my statement would be both painful and repugnant to Miss Mollet.

As she has misconstrued my meaning may I

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