

of three, tracks her down and claims her as his own.

The girl who had shot the Rapids showed the young Romany of what stuff she was made, although something primitive in her nature against her will responded to his wooing. Jethro Fawe tells her, "Seventeen years ago you and I were sealed before our Romany folk, for three thousand pounds, which your father gave to my father."

With a swift gesture she stopped him. "I never was bought, and I never was sold," she said to Jethro Fawe at last—"not for three thousand pounds, not in three thousand years. Look well at me, and see whether you think it was so, or ever could be so. Look at me well, Jethro Fawe."

The struggle in the girl's mind between what she recognised as a natural instinct for her race, and the aversion to the wild, lawless life that years of civilisation has bred in her is powerfully put.

The man who rescued her from the Rapids becomes her Georgio lover, and though she comes near to being carried off by Jethro, she escapes this fate and marries Ingoldby.

It may be supposed that the wild Romany did not yield his bride to another without revenge, and the price that Ingoldby paid was a narrow escape from blindness.

The death and obsequies of the old Romany chief, Fleda's father, form the closing chapters of the book. He is claimed by his people. The great chief was lovingly tended by his own Romany folk; while his daughter, forbidden to share the ceremonial of her race, remained with the stranger. With a face pale and cold as the western sky, the desolation of this last parting and a tragic renunciation giving her a deathly beauty, Fleda stood beside the man who must hereafter be to her, father, people, and all else.

H. H.

#### COMING EVENTS.

*December 1st.*—The Nurses' Co-operation "At-Home" Show of the Nurses' Needlework Guild, 22, Langham Street, London, W. Tea. 3.30 to 5.30.

*December 6th to 8th.*—Annual meeting of the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland, and special meetings arranged by the Committees. Young Men's Christian Association Hall, Tottenham Court Road, W. Tickets, which must be paid for in advance, and further particulars, may be had from the Secretary, N.U.W.W., Parliament Mansions, Westminster.

#### WORD FOR THE WEEK.

In the hour of danger a man is proven: the boaster hides, the egotist trembles; only he whose care is for honour and for others forgets to be afraid.—DONALD HANKEY.

#### 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.*

#### ECONOMIC DETAILS.

*To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.*

DEAR MADAM,—I was glad to note in your last week's editorial that you reminded nurses working in hospitals and other institutions that the great increase in the cost of living really means that those nurses who live in are receiving much higher emoluments, even if their salaries have not actually been raised. Few nurses are business women, and they do not realise these economic details.

Yours truly,

A HOSPITAL HOME SISTER.

#### THE PRICE OF PRIVATE NURSES.

*To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.*

DEAR MADAM,—It is fortunate we private nurses need not now be out of work, as I find my expenses constantly increasing. I live in a little flat with a colleague, and we don't half like the price of food, coals, gas, laundry and the like when we are at home. Also our uniform costs much more than before the war. Do you think we might put on 5s. a week to our fees? Nurses in private are now quite a luxury. Everything has gone up this year excepting the price of nurses.

Yours faithfully,

T. C. P.

London.

[The price of nurses has gone up. Their board and lodging, which are part of their emoluments, cost the employer more than double, and we fear many cannot afford to pay more for private nurses. Nurses should be more economical and take better care of their uniform; keep it well brushed, it would then last longer and not look so shabby. Many nurses do not trouble to use an umbrella when in uniform, thus cloak and bonnet get spotted and untidy at once. Wear goloshes to save shoes in wet weather. Keep all underclothes carefully mended and don't waste money in flimsy apparel. We once had a uniform bonnet that looked quite fresh at the end of two years. It was always carefully brushed, wrapped in tissue paper, and placed in a box. Idleness and lack of order are very expensive.—ED.]

#### A FALSE ESTIMATE OF TRAINED NURSING.

*To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.*

DEAR MADAM,—The enclosed cutting recently appeared in the *Scotsman*, and furnishes yet another tribute to the heroism of the V.A.D.s at the trained nurses' expense. The lecturer was surely carried away by his enthusiasm when he made the following statement: "With a *little* training under the skilled Sisters, their work was as good as it might have been had they passed through a *full* nursing course." (The italics are mine.) I con-

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