

ously offers to arrange for their permanent residence there, and she rises in response by refusing to accept his sacrifice. Robin by this time is four years old, a dear little chap, with freckles on the bridge of his nose. We can almost see the dear little body that his mother worshipped. It was a gala day for both Robin and Dion on which he took his little son out shooting with him—the boy on a pony. Very touching is the description of the mother's purchase of the little gaiters for him to wear on this proud occasion. She herself lifted him on to the pony and kissed the freckles on his dear nose at parting. Alas! Dion fatally shot the child and returned a stricken man to tell the woman he loved that he had killed her child.

"You've killed Robin," she said, quietly and coldly.

"Rosamond"—

She uttered a fearful cry and fled from the man who had slain Robin.

The subsequent history makes terrible reading.

The inflexible cruelty of a good woman—the despair of Dion, who sought to overthrow all his old ideals—the devilish toils of Cynthia Clarke—are all cleverly, realistically and it must be confessed, unpleasantly told.

We have no space to indicate the end. Our readers must discover it for themselves. H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

March 13th and 14th.—Central Midwives Board. Penal Cases, Special Meetings. Board's Offices, Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, Dartmouth Street, S.W. 11 a.m.

March 15th.—Central Midwives Board. Monthly Meeting. Queen Anne's Gate Buildings. 3.30 p.m.

March 17th.—Irish Nurses' Association. Annual Meeting. 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

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.

"MENTION" FOR NURSES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I note the *Times* published nearly five columns of fine type, on Monday, of names under heading "Nurses Mentioned for Services in Home Hospitals," and no doubt many have well deserved it, but as an evidence of the snobbery of the halfpenny press the only names singled out for mention as "Nurses" were those of five ladies of title, one of them with a foreign very German spelt name. Of course none of these ladies are "nurses," and have no

right to be mentioned as such. We don't take their titles, why should they assume ours?

Yours truly,

CERTIFICATED MATRON.

"MANIPULATIVE SURGERY."

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I could not help being extremely amused in reading an article in to-day's (March 6th) *Daily Telegraph* on the above subject, by Viscount Knutsford. It would take too much of your valuable space to comment on it fully in a letter, much as one would like to do so, but there is one sentence which I cannot refrain from quoting. "Parliament, wisely or unwisely, decided that in matters of health the public needed protection, and while it was not prepared to be logical and forbid unqualified practice, it decided that the public should at least be able to discover whether a practitioner had taken the trouble to study the elements of anatomy, physiology and pathology, without a knowledge of which all attempts at treatment must be ignorant guesswork at best, and may result through ignorance in doing grave or even fatal injury to the patient." How can Viscount Knutsford uphold this principle for the medical profession and be against it for the nursing profession? One wishes all "London Hospital" nurses would read the article. I hope you may be commenting on it in full elsewhere in the JOURNAL. One could use so many of the arguments in it for the cause of "State Registration for Trained Nurses."

Yours faithfully,

H. FOSTER.

18, Amptill Square, N.W.

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to a recent correspondent we are unable to learn of any residential Homes or Hostels for nurses in Edinburgh.

There has been established a Home for Retired Nurses, who furnish their own rooms, as the King Edward VII Memorial at 7-9, Chamberlain Road, Edinburgh.

The recently-formed Club in Hope Street is for rest and recreation during the day, and meets a great need.

In Glasgow, as we announce this week, the Scottish Nurses' Association have opened a Club at 103, Bath Street, Glasgow, which it is hoped to extend after the war.

Our reply to "Dame Trot" is held over for want of space.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

March 17th.—What precautions would you take in saving for microscopic examination a specimen of urine, a specimen of sputum, a specimen of faeces?

March 24th.—Describe how you would care for and feed a premature infant.

March 31st.—What is a civic nurse? Give an idea of her true relationship to the municipality and public health service.

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