

false information, lured General Samsonoff to throw his army on a road that he had thought shorter than the one he had been prescribed to use. This road had led him into the heart of the Mazurian lakes. As soon as the army had reached a particular spot Von Hindenburg had flooded the country behind him, so that nearly the whole of the Second Army had been drowned or suffocated in the swamps, whence it could not escape. It was on this occasion that Wolynsky redeemed his ill-spent life. In the terrible experiences of that awful time, when the shrieks of his unhappy comrades, who were gradually suffocating in the mud from which they could not escape, pierced his ears, the young colonel, gay, debonair, devil-may-care man of the world, completed his transformation. A pathetic incident was the gradual disappearance in that awful grave of his horse, while he himself was only saved by holding on to the branches of a tree. The man working to save the miserable beast, saw, too, large tears fall from its eyes and down its face as it looked at its master for the last time.

As Wolynsky was slowly dragging himself along he came upon a soldier who was lying half buried. The man proved to be George Dansky, the husband of little Macha.

When daylight broke out and the two men looked at each other, they saw that streaks of grey had appeared in their hair and they scarcely knew each other, so terribly had this night of horrors aged them.

Wolynsky performed heroic feats in getting his friend in safety to the hospital. Truly a terrible picture is drawn in this chapter.

Tragedy upon tragedy falls upon the happy group which we met at the commencement of the book.

Gallant young George is killed, and the news of his death results in the premature birth of his child and the death of his young wife. Cyril, the young doctor, is killed, and Wera is left to tend her husband, whose legs have both to be amputated, and the infant child of George and Macha.

And we must remember that this is not a romance, but a record of real people, typifying, no doubt, countless others.

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

January 11th.—Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses: Meeting of the Executive Committee, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 4 p.m.

January 18th.—Royal British Nurses' Association. Special General Meeting, Lecture Hall, Royal Society of Medicine, 1, Wimpole Street, London, W. 2.30 p.m.

January 18th.—Central Midwives Board. Monthly Meeting, Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, S.W. 3.30.

January 20th.—League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses: The Winter General Meeting, Clinical Theatre, 3.0 p.m.; Social Gathering, Nurses' Sitting Room.

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.

LORD KNUTSFORD AND REGISTRATION.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—In reading Lord Knutsford's Notice to the London Hospital Nursing Staff I almost felt I was living in the dark ages! The same hoary arguments, which are no arguments at all, but prejudiced opposition. The mind of this gentleman appears to have shrunk to the narrow limits of *the one and only hospital* in the whole wide world! He once told me through the press that we need not go to America to learn what is best for nurses in this country. Now that is precisely where I would respectfully recommend him to go, where he could talk with women in the nursing world who never stand still, but march courageously "breast forward"; those who have worked for, and won, State Registration in *forty-two States*; women with broad and open minds and generous spirits stretching far beyond the confines of any individual hospital. These women, with many of whom it has been my pleasure and privilege to talk, would, I am sure, be glad to give the mind of Lord Knutsford a wholesome stretch. They would tell him how many and great had been the benefits wrought through State Registration of Nurses, how deeply the nurses appreciated the reform, and what a high ethical and educational standard it had set up. While there, he should cross the border, and go into Canada. I could give him letters of introduction to friends of mine in Toronto and Montreal. They could present to him visions of progress there, and high aspirations that would make it impossible ever to say again that we need not go to the American Continent to learn what is best for British nurses. I wonder if Lord Knutsford has ever read Mackay's poem on the three preachers, in which he depicts three types of mind, namely: 1. The Retrograde, 2. The Stagnant, 3. The Progressive. In the mouth of the Stagnant he puts these words: "*Change is rash, and ever was so; we are happy as we are.*" He makes the Progressive say: "*Standing still is childish folly, going backward is a crime. Onward, ye deluded nations, onward, keep the march of time.*"

BEATRICE KENT.

DISTINCTIVE UNIFORM FOR M.A.B. NURSING STAFF.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—With reference to the recent decision of the Metropolitan Asylums Board regarding the supply of uniform dresses to the staffs of the various fever hospitals and asylums under their control, I note with surprise that in future all grades are to wear the same Oxford

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