

father had practically ordered her to accept his suit, but with true affection, finding he could not win her love, he drew her on to talk of Lance.

"'Tis him you love," he could not help saying, with some pity for himself and fear for her. "Heth, you can talk of him and I will listen—if you think it will help you a bit."

She appeared bemused by the moon as it hung low in the sky, and bathed her with a beauty that set Ben's heart knocking against his ribs. Her supple figure seemed to belong to a world more spiritual than mundane; her hair was like a piece of night; her eyes were weird, and to Ben wonderful. He had a quaint fancy that if he tried to kiss her she would vanish like a vapour.

The tragedy of Heth's life with Lance in the cottage on the moor, the terrifying anger of her father, the awful scene with Con just before her child was born, which ended in Lance killing him before her eyes, are all told with strange power.

Lance meets his end by a fall from his horse, and lies a helpless burden, tended with devotion by Heth and Ben.

The death of the old woman who had attended the numerous births and deaths of her neighbours in her long life is a specimen of the author's weird attraction.

She meditated a while and began to talk to herself of the number of new born babies she had washed—dead folk, too—hundreds. You will see a mark for every one back of my prayer book. Fetch it and count 'em, Ben." "Ay," she said, "and I've told Suke Nancekeville how to set about it with me, and don't let her use carbolic, Ben. I never could abide the smell, nor your father couldn't, and he wouldn't like it. I will be better in my grave. I was always for fussocking about, and I'm no use to anyone now."

This cannot be said to be an agreeable book, but its force and power cannot be denied.

H. H.

VERSE.

Am I wrong to be always so happy? This world
is so full of grief;
Yet there is laughter of sunshine to see the crisp
green in the leaf.
Daylight is ringing with song-birds, and brooklets
are crooning by night,
And why should I make a shadow, when God
makes all so bright?

W. Smith.

COMING EVENTS.

October 18th.—"Our Day" Annual Collection at home on behalf of the British Red Cross and the Order of St. John.

October 31st.—Nurses' Missionary League. The Autumn Reunion. University Hall, Gordon Square, W.C. 10.15, 2.30 and 7 p.m.

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.

BANDAGING WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—During the first two winters of the war our troops suffered seriously from trench foot, caused largely by tight puttees fastened by means of inelastic tapes liable to shrink under the influence of damp.

The *Lancet* and *British Medical Journal* invited their medical readers to devise a better fastening, and, in response, I produced a hook-pin, respecting which the *British Medical Journal* wrote: "It appears not only completely to answer the purpose in respect of puttees, but is likely also to replace the safety-pin for fixing bandages." The second half of this opinion led me to modify the pin, especially for bandages, and the result is a bandage fastener which combines security with extreme rapidity in application. The Ministry of Munitions have granted me a priority order for steel wire to produce 150,000 pins for trial purposes, and I am now in a position to offer small supplies of these pins to Red Cross hospitals, surgeons, nurses, and all who have wounded soldiers under their care. The ordinary safety-pin has serious disadvantages, the chief being the danger to the nurses of contracting septic fingers, and the loss of tightness due to the necessity for inserting the finger under the bandage when applying it.

I am enclosing a specimen for your personal inspection, and if you are willing I shall be glad if you will publish this letter as an invitation to those interested to apply for trial supplies.

Yours obediently,

C. R. RUTLAND, M.D.

2, Weymouth Court, Weymouth Street, W. 1.

[We publish an illustrated note on p. 258.—ED.]

OFFICERS' RANK FOR MILITARY NURSES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I have been interested in the many letters, appearing in your very interesting journal, in which English Sisters have expressed their views with regard to "commissioned rank" for English Army Sisters.

May I, as a Colonial serving in the English Army Nursing Reserve, add my opinion on this subject?

One of the things that struck me very forcibly, on my first introduction to Army nursing, was the utter want of respect shown by orderlies and wardmasters to the Sisters-in-Charge. I very much wondered at this, and thought what a very bad example for patients. I was not long in finding out what, to my mind, was the real reason of this. I had occasion to report an orderly for failing to obey an order, and when putting the report before the Matron was told she didn't

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