

and only looks to better it materially. Of such are the ranks of diners-out who would eat with Judas so long as he held the bag, and the human parasites who breed upon the diseases of civilisation."

Miss Johns, with her gentle sentimentality and love of refinement, except when she came in jaded from the work at the Hut and serving round-faced youths with "fags," always changed her blouse for her late dinner, though that meal might consist only of a fresh herring and bread and jam, and would no more have sat down to it without a square of pale pink satin in the centre of the table than she would have tolerated dirty knives or unpolished glass. Her young maids tyrannised over her, but 'always emerged from the situation at Trevena with better manners and something gentler and finer about them when they ungraciously left their first mistress for a larger establishment. As it was certainly not Miss Johns' training (she never trained anything except the Gloire de Dijon rose over the artificial rustic arch), it must have been the unconscious influence and example that emanated from her insignificant existence."

Well, if Miss Johns was a snob, and she confessed with painful self-abasement that she was before the end of the story, she was at heart as "sweet as a nut," and the world could do with more of her kind.

There are other characters in the book very well drawn, especially old Charley, the water-cress seller, and Gilbert Wise, so friendly and unconventional that Miss Johns admitted to him, with a catch in her breath, her longing for a big son, "or even a nephew would be something."

But read the book, and you will put it down with a feeling of friendship and intimacy for many charming people.

P. G. Y.

#### "QUEEN HONEYSUCKLE."

Don't bring the honeysuckle home!  
She doesn't want to come.  
Knee-deep in water in a jar,  
She cannot see her favourite star  
When Night reveals how many eyes  
Are counting comets in the skies.

Would you, if you were born to grow  
With leafy hedgeside neighbours? No!  
She's hot and weary when she stands,  
A faded prisoner in your hands,  
And keeps on wishing you would cease  
To think the nursery mantelpiece  
A proper place for one who's been  
A scented and delicious Queen,  
Accepting in a thousand vales  
The compliments of nightingales.

NORMAN GALE.

From "A Merry-go-Round of Song."

#### COMING EVENT.

April 25th.—Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland: Quarterly Meeting, The President, Miss M. Heather-Bigg, R.R.C., presiding. 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 1. 3.30 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.*

### A SANATORIUM FOR NURSES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have seen a paragraph in your BRITISH JOURNAL, referring to a scheme for providing a sanatorium for nurses, and I should like to say that I heartily agree.

I myself was sent to a place which was the epitome of roughness and noise, and the treatment was not, in my opinion, suitable, as I was very run down, through overwork.

After spending nearly five months, more or less fruitlessly, in the place, I decided to return home. A Sanatorium where Nurses could get rest, happiness and quietness would help the cure for tuberculosis, and would be a great blessing.

Yours truly,

A NURSE.

### NURSING ECONOMICS.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—Will you kindly insert the following in your widely read columns? We are glad to see that at last Nurses are beginning to rise against the injustice which they have long endured.

We, of the Nursing profession have long waited for a leader, and now that Nurses of one well-known hospital have made a start, we hope that further developments will be forthcoming. Nursing Agencies and Nursing Homes have too long been allowed to "exploit" trained nurses. The majority of the public are quite ignorant of how poorly the private nurse herself is paid. The public are willing to, and do pay from three to five guineas per week for a trained nurse, but they are in absolute ignorance of the fact that the poor nurse is in receipt of £35 to £40 per annum with a commission of from ten to twenty per cent. on her earnings. At this rate the nurse earns her salary in about three months, and the rest of her earnings for the year go to the agency or nursing home for having been so good as to provide her with a case.

We trained nurses possessing in addition the certificate of the C.M.B., ask for a lead to have these conditions altered, and hope that the trained nurses will combine and form, if possible, a union, fixing a minimum salary for all.

JUSTICE.

### HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A GHOST?

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—In reference to Miss McGrath's views on "Ghosts." She does not appear to be aware that there is a vast literature on the subject, written by those who have devoted their lifetime

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