

sharp knock at my door interrupts my contemplations, and my visitor is ushered in.

"You are only in England for ten days, and yet you take the trouble to call twice to see me; it is indeed kind of you," I said; and over a cup of American postum—that delicious drink which serves the purpose of coffee, but which is something much nicer—she told what she had been doing in Italy. To organise the country into a great number of sections, each presided over by a nurse of her group, in order to carry on an active Public Health Campaign in all parts of the country must have been a herculean task, but she modestly asserted that nothing very great had been accomplished.

Miss Gardner was wearing the simple but attractive uniform with which we in this country are so familiar. The symbolic winged lion of St. Mark of Venice—gold, on a field of scarlet cloth, worn as a brazard on her left arm, denoted the public health service of Italy.

"You see," she said, "the Italians are so backward, and trained nursing is practically nowhere, the people are so ignorant; moreover the Italian mind looks at things from a totally different standpoint from ourselves, it will be long before they make much progress; all we could do was to teach them and give them some guidance for helping themselves." And surely better work could not have been done in the short space of eight or nine months. It has apparently already borne fruit; for we hear that a suggestion has been made by the Italian Government to the American Red Cross Commission in Italy (we do not know whether it is there at the time of writing) that a National Association of Nurses be organised—a very encouraging sign. Being a "picker up of learning's crumbs," I asked many questions, and then Miss Gardner reversed the proceeding, and asked me to tell her about our Registration Bill and its prospects of success in the House. She was astonished and very sympathetic when I told her—as I was obliged to do in this connection—that the Council of the College of Nursing, Ltd., was working to wreck it. This advanced and liberal-minded woman was hardly able to realise such an incredible situation. Miss Gardner did not intend to be idle, even during her short holiday in this country; she went the following day to Edinburgh to see the Royal Victoria Hospital for Consumption and the excellent system of anti-tuberculosis work carried on there, with which the name of Dr. Philip will be for ever remembered. I parted with my enlightened friend at the door of her hotel, with the hope that there will soon be another International Gathering of Trained Nurses, which will bring us all together again to our mutual advantage.

BEATRICE KENT.

The members of the Ladies' Army and Navy Club have just completed the payment of £1,000 for the endowment of a bed at the Star and Garter Hospital.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"CONSEQUENCES."*

This book is a really remarkable psychological study of a child who eventually grew into a young woman.

We say it is remarkable because, though unusual, it is written dispassionately, and keeps within the bounds of probability.

Alex was one of the several children of Lady Isabel Clare, a somewhat dominant and overbearing personality. Alex was as unpopular in her nursery as she was destined to be in her later years. "She knew she was her mother's favourite because she was the eldest, and was often sent for to the drawing-room when people were there. Barbara was, of course, too ugly to go much to the drawing-room. Alex would toss her own mane of silky down curls, and draw herself up conceitedly as she thought of Barbara's pale face and attenuated ringlets."

The nursery life of these society children is realistically portrayed. Lady Isabel was a languid, sweet-tempered woman, who omitted to sound her g's, and said as little of her children as many other women of her class.

Sir Francis was a stern man, who took a serious view of Alex's many misdemeanours, which were never minimised by old Nurse. Her culminating crime was her insistence that little Barbara should "be the famous tight-rope dancer, crossing the Falls of Niagara." As this performance ended in a serious accident to the little dancer, Sir Francis decreed that it was time that Alex went to school. She was sent to a convent school at Liège.

"At this period Alex despised herself, both for her intense craving for affection and for her prodigality in bestowing it. She was like a child endeavouring to pour a great pailful of water into a very little cup."

Poor Alex was no more popular with the nuns than she had been in her own nursery. Her undisciplined affection for Queenie Torrance drew the disapprobation of these good ladies on her head, and a bad report followed her home in the holidays.

Lady Isabel voiced the disapproval of both parents.

"Well, darling, both father and I are very much disgusted with some of the tricks you've picked up at the convent, and you'll have to find some way of curin' yourself before you come out. As for the way you're holdin' yourself, I'm simply shocked at it, and so is your father."

Lady Isabel gazed with dissatisfaction at her daughter. "You mustn't be a disappointment to us, darling," she said. She gently and firmly

* By E. M. Delafield. Hodder & Stoughton, London.

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