

a very unpleasant one. She has a certain influence over the doctor of which he was aware, but did not dislike. He humorously described himself as having two personalities when with her—a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; but his love for his little daughter delayed the making of Hilda's position the permanent one that she desired. She was a good housekeeper, and saw the doctor's needs were satisfied.

Jean's remark that "food on such a night as this seems superfluous," was met by her father's smiling remark: "Hilda knows better, don't you, Hilda?"

"She was bringing in the tray. There was a copper chafing dish and a percolator. She wore her nurse's outfit of white linen. She looked well in it, and she was apt to put it on after dinner when she was in charge of the office."

Hilda smiled at him. "You see, I have lived longer than Jean. She'll learn."

But Hilda shortly after found bigger game than Dr. McKenzie. At his request she went to nurse General Drake, the multi-millionaire, whose son Derrick gave rise to the title of the book.

The old General was addicted to drink, and it was to save him from himself that Derrick, obeying the entreaty of his dead mother, hung back from joining up, and earned the unmerited title of coward.

The introduction of a trained nurse to look after his old master was not in itself displeasing to the old servant, Bronson, but he ventured the remark to Derry,

"I am not sure I like the nurse, sir."

"Why not?"

"She's not exactly a lady, and she's not exactly a nurse."

"I see. But she's rather pretty, Bronson."

"Pretty is as pretty does," sententiously.

It was certainly not pretty of Hilda to satisfy the old man's craving for spirits, and to try on his dead wife's jewels at night, when she had been entrusted with the key of the safe.

"As she passed through the hall she stopped for a moment at the head of the stairs. The painted lady smiled at her, the pictured lady who was loved by the old man in the shadowed room. Hilda was not a thief, but she had it in her mind as she stood there in the cold dawn of that Thanksgiving morning to steal from the painted lady things more precious than a pearl collar or an ermine cloak or the diamonds in a crown."

Her greed, however, defeated its ends, and the old General was saved by what he saw through the crack in the door, she standing before his wife's mirror, wearing his wife's jewels, wrapped in the cloak his wife had worn—triumphant—beautiful!

It is a sorry picture of a trained nurse. "He wanted someone with him who—cared."

Handsome Derry and pretty Jean's love idyll reaches a happy conclusion, and Derry, in spite of his new and dear tie, realises that he must justify his manhood and join his comrades at the front.

Their wedding day was one of great domestic events. Hilda's downfall—the old man's fatal

seizure—the postponement of their honeymoon. It was all so different from what one might expect. They dined in the great room, where Derry's ancestors gazed down on them.

"I can't believe that the lovely, lovely lady at the other end of the table is my wife," Derry told Emily.

Jean smiled at him over a perfect thicket of orchids.

"Shall I always have to sit so far away from you, Derry?" she asked in a very small voice.

"My dearest, no," and he came and shamelessly drank out of the little coffee cup that her lips had touched before the eyes of romantic and sympathetic Miss Emily.

H. H.

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.

THE DIGNIFIED WAY.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—The Nation's Fund would do well to imitate the dignified way which the "Trained Nurses' Annuity Fund" manages its benevolent appeals.

It never hurts the nurses' feelings by street appeals or by running shops for them, and its annuitants are treated with the greatest courtesy in every detail.

Believe me,

A GRATEFUL ANNUITANT.

KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

Scottish Red Cross Nurse: "I note that typhus fever is raging throughout a great part of Poland and Western Russia, and that there is plague in Moscow. What is being done by the Nursing Section of the International Red Cross Society? If nothing, why? Where is the splendid humanitarian spirit which animated the world in 1914, when the National Nursing organisations were to be found helping the helpless on every front? We want another Elsie Inglis—but such fine spirits are rare."

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

QUESTIONS.

January 31st.—Describe the Psychic Temperament and its place in Progressive Evolution.

February 7th.—What should a Nurse know about Venereal Diseases?

February 14th.—What conclusions might be drawn from a patient's posture in bed?

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