

had called on Sir John at the commencement of the story.

"This man is of your own flesh and blood, and his intentions to you and yours are of the kindest and most generous order. Finding himself a childless widower he is anxious to devote his immense wealth to the rehabilitation of the family."

He was drawing a card from his pocket when Sir John stopped him with an imperative gesture.

"You shall have your answer now, sir," he said. He spread the Beck pedigree upon the table. What a family it was! The line went right back to the Conquest. "See here," said Sir John, pointing to a certain name low down on the sheet which had been heavily scored across.

"Blotted out!" said Mr. Jeffries.

"Blotted out," repeated Sir John very solemnly as he rolled up the parchment. "That is your answer, sir."

Young Roger grew up with the same inflexible uprightness that had characterised his grandfather. His subsequent education cured him of the Lancashire dialect, but nothing turned him from the love of the farm and of his determination to win his way in that direction.

Fates decreed that he should fall violently in love with the granddaughter of the besmirched Beck, but when he discovered her identity he refused to touch the fortune with which she was endowed. The young American girl, although she was more or less in love with Roger and his "cute" little farm, had no mind for love in a cottage.

Roger consoled himself in due course with pretty Betty who had been his "pal" in their childish days. His stubborn pride would also have refused her fortune, but when their boy was born, he relented.

"Little John Beck shall have his rights," he said.

H. H.

THE WAYS.

To every man there openeth
 A Way, and Ways, and a Way;
 And the High Soul climbs the High Way
 And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
 And in between, on the misty flats,
 The rest drift to and fro.
 But to every man there openeth
 A High Way and a Low
 And every man decideth
 The way his soul shall go.

JOHN OXENHAM.

In *The King's Highway*.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"We hear a great deal about the Triple Alliance. The true Triple Alliance is an *entente cordiale* between Brains, Capital, and Labour."

Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P.

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 NURSING OUTLOOK IN ITALY.

DEAR MADAM,—Anyone who has followed attentively the movement of Nursing Reform in Italy must have felt surprise and even indignation that no allusion was made in an article entitled "The Nursing Outlook in Italy," appearing in the *Nursing Times* of August 14th, to the great work accomplished in this country by the late Princess Doria-Pamphili during the last nine years of her life. It is now about ten years since she began to carry out the scheme she had so much at heart, and established, under Government aegis, a school for the training of nurses at the Policlinico—the great general hospital of Rome. The "Scuola Convitto Regina Elena" under the patronage of the Queen of Italy, has during that time trained some 150 nurses of Italian and other nationalities, on precisely the same lines obtaining in British and American hospitals. In all cases the certificates bestowed upon the successful candidates are signed by the Minister of Health, and are a guarantee of professional proficiency wherever the nurses may choose thereafter to take up hospital work. At least three years' training in a general hospital of not less than 200 beds has always been regarded as the minimum education essential to the equipment of a nurse, and it was to secure this for Italian women that the Scuola Regina Elena was established. The school owes its success not only to the close personal interest of Princess Doria but to the devotion and self-sacrifice of its matron, Miss Dorothy Snell of the A.N.S.R., who left an important post at Aldershot in 1910 to take up this pioneer work abroad. As for the extraordinary statement that the movement towards a properly organised nursing service in Italy was interrupted by the war, it has no verification in fact as anyone who was, like myself, resident in Rome during those sad years can testify. The work of the School continued without any interruption despite innumerable difficulties. Regular probationers, perfectly aware of the value of training and of certificates, went through their two years' course. Numerous assistants were also given a practical insight into hospital work. Nurses already trained at the S.C.R.E. formed a most valuable nucleus of highly-educated professional women capable of imposing their modern knowledge and experience upon any hospital where they might find themselves, to the great benefit of the sick and wounded. With the approbation of the military authorities a hospital of 300 beds was established near the front under the direction of Miss Snell. The activities of the School have by no means diminished, despite the severe blow it

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