

gone to convalesce after an illness lasting for a few weeks. She was Superintendent of the Queen's Nurses' Home at Salford for many years, and was greatly loved and respected by all those with whom she came in contact. Her sympathy and understanding, her readiness to help, and her influence for good will not soon be forgotten.

MEDALS FOR NURSES.

Alderman Hunter, J.P., before the monthly meeting of Hartlepool's Hospital Governors, presented to Miss Smith, Matron of the hospital, a handsomely designed gold medal in recognition of the work done at the hospital on the day of the bombardment. Others to receive similar medals in memory of that occasion are Miss Stephenson (who was Matron at the time), Sisters M. Rae, D. Seaman, and E. Jennings, Nurses A. Nixon, A. McGovern, M. A. Bell, A. McGerry, G. A. Mitchell, D. A. Miller, M. Sinton, L. Sergeant, F. Simpson, P. Forster, E. M. Lowry, and L. Pryke.

We are pleased to note this recognition of courage and devotion to duty by the Nursing Staff during a very terrible experience. It is a good example for other hospital governors to follow.

OUR DISABLED MEN.

It is good to know that the Ministry of Pensions is earnestly considering how to provide employment for ex-Service men, and recognises that the employment of the seriously disabled is of great urgency. To see fine young men minus a limb, earning their living with a street organ—and we meet them everywhere—is a sight which hurts those of us who are taxed to the utmost limit to maintain the Ministries which deal with our shattered men. We welcome a statement made on behalf of the Ministry of Pensions, that 2,809 beds have been provided for neurasthenic cases and that of 700 beds to be provided another 120 are ready; that further proposals to increase bed accommodation are being considered; and that out-patient treatment is provided at 29 clinics. The chief difficulty is still the shortage of suitable medical officers.

The time is here when we spend what we can spare on Christmas and New Year's gifts. May we plead as far as possible that toys and other articles made by our wounded men may have preference, and let each nurse refuse to spend one penny on toys "made in Germany" without a mark, as our markets are being swamped by these inferior gimcrack tainted toys, to the disgrace of the grasping tradesmen who make money on them.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

"He seeks no treasure of earth outspread,
Gold, gaud, or gem,
The King who lies in the stable-shed,
The Babe of Bethlehem.
Angels are thronging that holy place,
Shepherds are kneeling by;
Come, we will watch at their side a space,
You and I."

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"POTTERISM."*

Potterism is described by Gideon at the close of this remarkable book, in the following words: "We are all out for a good time, those who can afford it will get it, and nothing more, and those of us who can't will get nothing at all. As long as we go on not thinking, not finding out, but greedily wanting good things, well, we shall be as we are, that's all—Potterish."

"You mean I'm Potterish," observed Jane, without rancour.

"We all are," said Gideon in disgust, "Every profiteer, every sentimentalist, every muddler. Every artist directly he thinks of his art as something marketable, something to bring him fame, every scientist who fakes a fact in the interest of his theory; every second-hand ignoramus who takes over a view or a prejudice wholesale without investigating the facts it is based on for himself. You find it everywhere the taint. You can't get away from it, except by keeping quiet, and learning and wanting truth more than anything else."

Johnny and Jane Potter being twins, went through Oxford together. Johnny was at Balliol and Jane at Somerville. They were ordinary enough young people; clever, without being brilliant, nice looking without being handsome, active without being athletic, keen without being earnest; as revolutionary, as selfish, and as intellectually snobbish as was proper to their years, and inclined to be jealous one of the other, but linked together by common tastes, and by a deep and bitter distaste for their father's newspapers, which were many, and for their mother's novels, which were more.

In June 1914, Jane and Johnny went down. Johnny had done respectably in the schools, Jane rather better.

Anyhow, here they were, just returned to Potters Bar, Herts., where Mr. Percy Potter, liking the name of the village, had built a lordly mansion.

Excellent friends they were, but as jealous as two little dogs, for ever on the look out to see that the other got no undue advantage.

But Jane knew that, though she might be one up on Johnny as regards Oxford, owing to slightly superior brain power, he was one up on her as regards life, owing to that awful business sex. Women's jobs were as a rule, so dowdy and unimportant. Jane was bored to death with this sex business; it wasn't fair. But Jane was determined to live it down. She wouldn't be put off with second rate jobs; she wouldn't be dowdy and unimportant, like her mother and the other fools, she would have the best that was going.

Johnny and Jane were definitely up against

* By Rose Macaulay. Collins: London.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)