

lowed it with the same startled and fascinated attention.

Stephen's cousin, Corinna Page, is a rarely attractive character. A beautiful woman of forty-eight, recently widowed and thus set free from a distasteful marriage, rich, cultivated and original, she herself looking as if she had stepped out of a Romney portrait, had opened a ridiculous old print-shop—a shop that never sold an engraving—in a quaint place in Franklin Street. "A shop is the only place where you may have calls from people who aren't introduced to you," she said.

Stephen admired her intensely. He wondered if she could have been half so lovely when she was a little girl, before the faint shadows and tender little lines lent depth and mystery to her eyes, and the single white lock swept back amid the powdered dusk of her hair.

Corinna was a sympathetic creature, to whom one could confide troubles, and she was not long before she had probed the hurt of poor little Patty's heart under the gay, over-obvious personality.

While the *convenances* of society did not in the least disturb Gideon Vetch, they were a source of great unhappiness to his little daughter, and Corinna's *savoir faire* was placed generously at her disposal.

Gideon Vetch is a fine, honest, rugged character, though he remained an enigma even to his friends.

But, like the prophets of old, they would have none of him, and he was shot through the heart at a political meeting.

Stephen finds that under the shallow veneer of his conventionality there are better and truer strains, and his society hide-bound mother fails in the end to keep him from the girl who had fascinated him at first sight.

Did Gideon Vetch's untimely death interrupt an episode between him and Corinna?

He stood in her life for the straight and simple things of life, and she had lost her way so often among the bewildering ramifications of human motives. He had no trivial words she knew. He was incapable of making conversation, and she who had been bred in a community of ceaseless chatter was mentally refreshed by the sincerity of his interest. It was as restful, she said to herself, as a visit to the country.

Maybe the fates knew best, and perhaps breeding and habits of thought were too far asunder for any complete happiness.

Death had come so suddenly that, lying there in the trembling light of the candles, Vetch appeared to be merely resting a moment in his energetic career. His rugged features still wore their look of exuberant vitality, of triumphant faith. There was about him, even in death, the radiance of his indestructible illusion.

To-morrow Corinna would start living again, but to-night, for a few hours, she would rest from life; she would look back as she had looked back only that morning, to where a man was standing in the bright grass with the sunrise above his head.

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 NORLAND INSTITUTE.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—We have received a copy of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING for January 6th, 1923, and are greatly delighted at the article on the "Nursery Nurses of the Norland Institute," which some kind friend has written.

We should like, however, to call your attention to one error in the article, namely, that the Norland Institute was founded in "1904" by Mrs. Walter Ward. This date should read "1892." Would it be possible to have this corrected in your next issue?

I enclose a copy of our prospectus which, I think, may be of interest to you.

Yours faithfully,

E. W. GREEN, *Secretary.*

10, Pembridge Square,  
London, W.2

### REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To Miss Mary C. Green, *Dulwich.*—The Norland Institute was founded for the training of educated girls as children's nursery nurses; and, as you write, you "are devoted to children," that is the best characteristic for a successful nursery nurse. Probationers are received for a three months' course of training through the Institute at the following hospitals:—The London, St. Thomas's, The Middlesex, Great Ormond Street, Evelina, Marylebone Babies' Home, Fulham Babies' Home, Royal Hampshire Hospital, Winchester, Children's Hospital, Bristol, and St. Monica's Home, Brondesbury.

The probationers of the Institute are trained for the care of healthy children, and the short hospital course is arranged to give a general insight into the principles of nursing sick, convalescent, or incurable children, and has proved of great value to those in charge of nurseries.

Now that State Registration of Sick Nurses is in force the short course will have no confusing effect in the future.

### KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

#### OUR DUTY TO THE COMMUNITY.

*A Member of Nurses' Co-operation, 22, Langham Street.*—"We members of this Co-operation owe Sister Cartwright, of the R.N.S., a debt of gratitude for her letters and work in support of certificated private nurses. What a struggle life has been for many of us during the past year few people realise. I also read your straight talk, 'A Question for Private Patients' with entire sympathy. It is indeed high time Homes which exploit the sick, who pay highly for skilled nursing, by subjecting patients to the attendance of

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