

belle again, with the sons and grandsons of my old friends proposing to me?"

Naturally her revelations were a great blow to Clavering. "Her real age! Could he ever forget it? Should he not always see the old face under the new mask as the X-rays reveal man's hideous interior under the merciful covering of flesh?"

"He was thirty-four. She herself was an abyss of wisdom. How could he ever cross it? Her body might be young again, but never her mind—never her mind. And then he had a flash of insight. Perhaps he alone could rejuvenate that mind. Could he make her forget? Men and women would be old at thirty but for the beneficent gift of forgetting. . . . He could make the present vivid enough."

Did he love her? Comprehensively and utterly!

There came a revulsion of feeling towards Mary Zathany from New York society, and it decided to cut her, and this treatment strengthened Clavering's devotion.

The visit of Hohenhauer, the Austrian statesman and Mary's former lover, brought matters to a head. He tells her bluntly that she had better abandon her engagement and marry him instead. He points out to her that her cherished project of succouring Austria must be abandoned if she marries Clavering, who will be an alien in that country.

He bent forward and said harshly: "Marie, glance inward. Do you see nothing that causes you to feel ashamed and foolish? Can you love with unsullied memory? You have no more illusion in your soul than when you were a withered old woman in Vienna.

"If I have been brutal there was no other way to fling you out of your fool's paradise. You, your ego, your mind, your *self* are no younger than your fifty-eight hard-lived years."

Mary Zathany breaks the truth to Clavering while driving in her car. "I have not the courage to marry you."

Clavering picked up the tube and told the driver to stop.

He closed the door and lifted his hat.

"Good-bye, Madame Zathany," he said, and as the driver was listening he added, "a pleasant journey."

H. H.

SESTET.

Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before.
I cannot say what loves have come and gone;
I only know what summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more.

Signor Mussolini, in receiving a deputation from the International Women's Congress now being held in Rome, said he would put before the next Cabinet Council a scheme for the granting of the administrative vote to women.

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.

KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

DEFECTIVE HEARING DANGEROUS.

An Old-Fashioned Matron.—"Years ago, when I applied to train at Barts. you put me through my paces:—

"'Please stand up. Five feet five?'

"'Yes.'

"'Perfect height for a nurse.'

"Then questions as to the various senses:—

"'Good hearing?'

"'Keen,' I replied.

"'Good. Nothing is more necessary excepting perfect sight. Every tone and breath of a sick person is instructive. Nothing more annoying to them than an attendant whose hearing is defective, and indeed it may be dangerous.'"

"Lately I have had reason to remember these words. The present habit of Probationers covering their ears with tufts of hair, and half over the cheek, and then plastering the cap end over these wads to keep them in place, most certainly obstructs the sense of hearing. The rule has now been made in this hospital that the hair must be worn above and not over the ears; but so strong is female vanity that objections have been made to this rule as 'interfering with personal liberty.' But when 'personal liberty' interferes with the comfort and safety of the patients (several directions have been misunderstood, and wrong reports made) surely the good of the many must be considered before the silly whims of fashion."

[We quite agree.—ED.]

THE EFFECT OF BUREAUCRACY.

From Several Correspondents.—"It is now six months since I sent in my application for registration. I hold a three years' certificate from one of the largest provincial hospitals. So far, no intimation that my application has been considered. Writing to the office is no good."—"I have been waiting to join a company of registered nurses ever since the autumn. Months after I applied and had made several enquiries, I was told one of my referees had not replied. Why was I not told this at once, so that another might be given? Our letters of remonstrance cannot be placed before the Registration Committee, or surely we should not be treated with the lack of courtesy which is apparently permitted."

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

May 26th.—What do you know of Psoriasis, the different types, and their local and constitutional treatment?

June 2nd.—What do you understand by a diphtheria carrier? What are the possible causes, and how are they to be guarded against?

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)