

danger that, in demanding too high an intellectual standard from our probationers, we shall lose those women who are by nature physically best fitted to undertake the strenuous life of the hospital nurse.

Nursing in the wards is also becoming harder and harder every day owing to the increasing demands of medical service. Investigations are becoming so complex, bismuth meals and special diets are adding so greatly to the routine-work of a ward and the number of persons who now have duties in the wards and require the attention of the nursing staff is increasing to such an extent that it is impossible to staff a hospital with the number of nurses that was adequate a few years ago. And the problem is not merely one of more nurses. More nurses require greater housing accommodation, greater nursing accommodation means an increased domestic staff, who, in their turn, require additional accommodation, and all the while the cost of maintenance in respect of food, heating and lighting increases without limit. Then, again, at the end of the period of training, the fees now charged in private by the trained nurse are becoming so high that it is becoming increasingly difficult for persons of moderate means to afford their services, and nurses realise that there is hardly a living to be made.

The supply of nurses for hospitals, their training and the fees charged for their services in after life are, therefore, all problems which require the most cool-headed consideration on the part of those who are responsible for the future of the nursing profession. Finally, the pensions to which nurses can aspire at the end of their professional life are in most cases miserably inadequate, and a nurse is usually worn out at fifty. Her professional career is very short, and unless she is of a rigidly economical frame of mind the end of her life may be a sad struggle with actual poverty. It is essential, therefore, Mr. Eason said, in order to attract nurses of the right type in sufficient numbers to train at our hospitals that every attempt should be made to make their life, while in training, attractive by the provision of comfortable bedrooms, good sitting rooms, and amusement in the way of week-end cottages, sports grounds, nurses' leagues, and all forms of co-operative interest and social enjoyment. And for the trained nurse some adequate pension scheme is the problem of the hour.

LEGAL MATTERS.

Wearing the uniform of a nurse, an elderly woman, giving the name of Eleanor Barrington, was sentenced by the magistrate at Westminster last week to twelve months' imprisonment on two charges of shoplifting.

Presumably this is the type of person who, if at large, might apply for registration under Rule 9 (1) (g). Let us be thankful she will not be out of fail in time!

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE YARD.*

Lovers of sport and horses will be the chief admirers of this refreshing novel, but all classes will appreciate the pretty love thread that runs through it.

The "Yard" refers to a horse-dealer's environment, which is charmingly illustrated in the frontispiece.

The prologue, of course, gives the key to the story, and it describes how Tom Kinsman came home one fine day to find how Em'ly, his wife, had eloped with a nagsman, leaving him with the charge of a little girl.

Tom was proud of his "kid," partly because his neighbours assured him she took after him. In his heart Tom hoped that little Margie was "the goods." She was now four years old, and had her sire's seat on a tiny rocking-horse. She cooed at best in the stables; she kissed soft muzzles.

On the night of Em'ly's desertion he sat beside the bed till his child fell asleep. Phoebe, the maid, brought in his supper. He could see she had been crying, which affected him oddly, because he had not treated her too kindly. Inefficiency irritated him.

"It's so awful!" she said. "You was so good to 'er and livin' so close to the Cathedral. But mother said to me only las' Sunday: 'There's a heap of immortality,' she says, 'in these old towns, so mind who you walks out with.'"

"And do you?"

"Yus, I do. I'm ever so sorry you hasn't a nicer supper."

"Must cut loose," he decided. "Must make the best of Margie."

And he lay awake half that miserable night wondering how he could do it.

It was afterwards that he became possessed of the Yard. It looked, and was, spick and span. Tom was a first-class horse-master, insisting on kindness of treatment.

Margie was now an attractive young woman who had proved herself "the goods" so far as horses were concerned.

The dealer had given his daughter a good education and one piece of advice:

"Tell the truth, Missy, when it doesn't hurt other people, and keep your stockings well gartered. I hate slummicky girls."

Missy believed that her mother was singing in the heavenly choir along with other angel mothers.

From time to time Tom heard from his wife. Invariably she demanded a grant in aid. Of course he might have divorced her, but he belonged to that class which fears lawyers and courts of law. Tom's experience of the holy estate of matrimony made him whisper to himself, "Never again."

If a horse-dealer possesses a charming daughter, who is in addition a first-class horsewoman, it is no detriment to her father's business, and young Roddy, the son of a prosperous stockbroker, be-

* Horace Vachell. (Chatto & Windus.)

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