

remembered that Moordius was no ordinary man—one of Mr. Locke's creations—and she became completely under his spell.

"Timothy's first impression of him was that of a man of immaculate cleanliness. He glowed like a polished faint pink conch shell from the top of his perfectly bald head to the perfect nails on his somewhat podgy hands. His shaven face scarcely ruffled by the lines of his fifty years, had the same shell-like pinkness, in which blue candid eyes were set like deep, laughing pools. In spite of his thick, set figure, he gave value to the impeccable correctitude of his attire; he and his clothes were one and indissoluble."

He pursued a career of unexampled villainy, with calm audacity, and Timothy was too honest himself to suspect his motives.

One of the conditions of old Joseph's will had been that Suzanne should reside six months alternately with her two guardians, and her sumptuous entertainment in Paris by Moordius was, of course, very flattering. Her faith in him was not even shaken by the attitude towards him of Valerie, his supposed daughter. "My father's a devil," she told her.

Suzanne in her generous wrath canonized the man. She had come into contact in her young life with three good, true, pure-natured men—her father, poor dear, funny, old Timothy, and Moordius. Timothy didn't count, Moordius counted enormously. She could kill Valerie."

Of course, Timothy was bound to find out Moordius in the end, but at the risk of ruin he preserves his honour. Quite a dear person.

A brief outline such as this cannot attempt to deal adequately with such an able novel, but we hope that our readers' appetites will be whetted to obtain and judge for themselves of its fascination.

H. H.

SONNET.

Roses are beauty, but I never see
 Those blood drops from the burning heart of
 June
 Glowing like thought upon the living tree,
 Without a pity that they die so soon,
 Die into petals, like those roses old,
 Those women who were summer in men's hearts
 Before the smile upon the Sphinx was cold
 Or sand had hid the Syrian and his arts.
 O myriad dust of beauty that lies thick
 Under our feet that not a single grain
 But stirred and moved in beauty and was quick
 For one brief moon and died nor lived again;
 But when the moon rose lay upon the grass,
 Pasture to living beauty, life that was!

—From *Collected Poems*, by John Masefield.

COMING EVENTS.

December 18th.—Meeting of the General Nursing Council for England and Wales. Ministry of Health, S.W.1. 2.30 p.m.

December 19th.—Mental Hospital Matrons' Association Third Quarterly Meeting. Pioneer Club, 12, Cavendish Place, W. 2 p.m.

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.

"GRATITUDE A SPECIES OF JUSTICE."

DEAR EDITOR AND ASSISTANT EDITOR,—If it had not been for the General Election, and work entailed therewith, you would have received this letter earlier. All of us who have been regular subscribers to the B.J.N. for many years will, of course, regret the coming change in its publication from a weekly to a monthly journal.

Nevertheless, as in most things that look like troubles, compensations are to be found. I find consolation in the fact that what is our loss on the intellectual and educational and professional side is your gain on the physical side. I am convinced that all of your many friends will rejoice to know that the burden of your untiring and selfless labours in the interests of the nursing profession is about to be lightened.

I agree with the writer who says, "Gratitude is a species of justice," and as such I offer it to you both with all my heart. However, nothing one can say or do is sufficient to express adequately what one feels about your loyalty and devotion to the one great cause to which you have devoted your lives, often "in the teeth of clenched antagonisms."

BEATRICE KENT.

KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

"A TERRIBLE LOSS TO THE NURSING PROFESSION."

Susan Martin.—"What a terrible and irreparable loss to the Nursing Profession. No professional weekly journal in the future. Never was time when we needed it more."

Elinor Pell-Smith, S.R.N.—"It is unthinkable to imagine life without THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING. One has got to depend on it week by week, with its faithful record of events and prophetic utterances. It must be splendid for the Editor and sub-editor to realise the magnificent work they have done, the full fruits of which will take years to mature. I can't aspire to red leather bindings, but when my leisure comes hope to provide a more homely covering. I am proud to possess the journals from the first number, when under the title of the *Nursing Record*."

C. Brady.—"I do indeed regret to see that our journal is only to be issued monthly in future. I, for one, shall miss it *dreadfully*. I can't tell you what a great help it has been to me since leaving London nineteen years ago to take up district nursing in Ireland. I am on the Dudley staff of Jubilee nurses, and our districts are all situated in such backward lonely spots that I always look forward to my dear London journal each week as though to an old friend coming from 'home.'"

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