

things about an adventure like this is that I must do things for myself. I've always had people to do things for me. Maids and nice teachers and you, old darling. I suppose it's made me soft. I would like a soft davenport and a novel and a pound of almond-brittle and get all sick, and not feel so beastly virile as I do just now." All her virility, however, did not suffice to move the Gomez out of the mud.

The farmer with the heart of gold that she pictured to herself pulling them out turned out to be an old German fraud, who made a small fortune in pulling cars out of the ruts he had engineered. It was at this juncture that Milt Daggett appeared on the scenes, and free air began to blow through Claire's rather exotic existence.

He drove up to the rescue in a tin beetle of a car, the model known as a "bug." His eyes were twenty-seven or eight, but his pink cheeks were twenty, and when he smiled—shyly radiantly—he was no age at all, but eternal boy.

He offered to extricate them from their embarrassing position, and explained the procedure. A furry little face peered from the seat of the "bug."

"A cat," she exclaimed. "What's her name?"

He raised his head, glanced at her, and blushed.

"Her name is Vere de Vere," he confessed.

The struggling "bug" pulled the wire taut. Her car seemed to draw sullenly back. Then it came out—out, really out.

Which is worse, not to tip when a tip has been expected, or to tip when the tip is an insult.

Claire rose to the occasion. "Good little Claire will climb out and be diplomatic."

"We're terribly grateful. May I pay you for that labour?"

"Oh, it wasn't anything. Tickled to death if I could help you."

Then the romance started between the pretty Brooklyn young lady and the rough-mannered young mechanic. She was his bright particular star, right from the start, though he was far too humble to dream of more than worshipping from a distance. But he took care the distance was not too great to prevent him from extricating her on several occasions from perilous positions on her adventurous journey.

Suddenly one day the immaculate Geoffrey located the Boltwoods on the telephone—Jeff who was so efficient, so full of aplomb.

Claire was muttering to herself, "Dear Jeff, so thoughtful! Clever of him to find me. It's distinctly understood that I am not engaged to him, and I am not going to be surprised into kissing him. He'd be horrified if he knew about that rotten brake. Milt didn't mind. Milt likes his womenfolk to be daring. Jeff wants his harem admiring and very reliable."

Geoffrey arrived at the hotel, having brought with him things that make life desirable, "Divine eats" and other things, and Claire was far from being insensible to their attractions.

"I didn't know I cared so much for these foolish luxuries. To-night I'd like a bath just a tiny bit scented and a real dressing-table and come down in a dinner gown. Oh, I have enjoyed the trip, Jeff. But I'm not a pioneer woman after all, and Henry B. is not a caveman. See him act idolastrously toward his soup."

Claire was torn between two impulses. "Jeff was too old for her. Yes and too paternal. But still—life with Jeff would be protected, kindly, honourable."

Yet all the while she wanted, and stormily knew she wanted, to be fleeing to the boy Milt, her mate; to run away with him hand in hand, discovering all the coloured world, laughing at life, not afraid of losing dignity.

In the end Milt wins, runs away with her in the "bug." Claire says to him, "Don't think I'm going to lose the one real playmate I've ever had."

This is the beginning of the story of Milt and Claire.

They start their drama with the distinction of being able to laugh together with the advantage of having discovered that neither Schölnstrom nor Brooklyn Heights is quite all of life with the cosmic importance to the tedious world of believing in the romance that makes youth unquenchable.

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

September 19th.—Meeting of the General Nursing Council for England and Wales. Ministry of Health, S.W. 2.30 p.m.

September 29th.—Royal Sanitary Institute Course of Lectures for Health Visitors and School Nurses commences. 90, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1. 6 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.

DEAR MADAM,—I shall esteem it a favour if you will allow me space in your valuable paper for a few words.

During the last ten years the conditions for women workers have altered in many ways, trained nurses included. In fact, we can scarcely recognise the nurse of to-day in the woman of 20 and 30 years ago. Some people think nurses are less devoted to duty, and think too much of pleasure. They are certainly different, but they need not necessarily be less capable. My opinion is that they have every opportunity of being better nurses if they make the most of their opportunities. They now have a professional position when registered under the Nurses' Registration Acts. They have shorter hours, and less domestic work to do while in training, therefore their opportunities for study and attending lectures are vastly better. Many do not think of the future, either for their own self-preservation or that of their profession. In these respects, Matrons and Sister Tutors could assist by giving their nurses practical common sense business lectures, and helping them in making up their minds during training as to the special line of work to take up. Then the nurses could make up their minds what positions they hope to be in in a few years' time, and to work steadily to attain their object.

I am an old fogey, but I keep in touch with the young nurses and enjoy chats with them, exchanging my experiences for their fresh ideas. I think I may have helped them occasionally in advising them to be more business-like, especially in money matters, and reasons for keeping rules made for their advantage. I always advise them, when off duty, to leave their work behind them, forget it for a few hours and get change of thought, keeping up with passing events, enabling their brains to get a rest from the monotony of the sick room, thereby laying in a store of fresh energy, which is helpful to the patient. No patient cares for a dud for a companion, they like bright, well-educated, capable women whom they can look upon as a friend in need. This type of nurse is always in demand.

Another point nurses do not sufficiently understand, and in which they require further instruction, is the meaning of co-operation. I hope some kind reader will give suggestions for improvement in nurses organising to help one another more effectually.

Yours faithfully,

STATE REGISTERED NURSE.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION FOR SEPTEMBER.

Describe the principal symptoms of smallpox, the course of the disease, and the nursing care. How may it be prevented or modified?

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