

"This then was the end of hope and pride, the reward of years of self-denial, the insult to all this poverty.
 "For the time, even the awful nature of his avowal made no impression.
 "After a long silence the Father asked feebly:—
 'Why have you come back here?'
 "Suddenly he rose, and striding across to his son, struck him one blow with his mind:—
 "Oh, I always knew there was nothing in you!"
 "It was a kick of the foot."

G. M. R.

Summer Beat.

Is it death or is it life the word the flowers are saying
 One to another as their silken leaves they strew?
 Chalk-white butterflies are weary of their playing,
 Roses have grown listless on their sun-scorched tree.
 Peaches on the orchard wall match them on their
 glowing,
 White syringa strews the grass in a storm of snowing,
 Half the world is weary of the summer at its height,
 Weary of the sunny roads and panting for the night.
 Columbines are heavy with a load of yellow honey,
 Lavender is lovely for all her faded blue,
 Haunted by the bees all day. The roads are over
 sunny,
 Now for lingering footsteps and lingering words of
 lovers.
 And as we sighed for sunshine so we sigh for the sea.
 We are sick of summer, for the rose her heart
 discovers—
 And, ah! we loved her better half-blown upon her
 tree.
 The world is scorched with sunshine. Summer, let us
 be!
 —From *Westminster Review*.
 NORAH HOOPER.

WHAT TO READ.

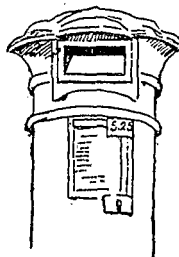
- "China: The Long-Lived Empire." By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.
- "The 'Overland' to China." By Archibald R. Colquhoun.
- "The Soliloquy of a Shadow-Shape on a Holiday from Hades." By Arthur H. Scaife.
- "Robert Browning." By Arthur Waugh.
- "Seven Gardens and a Palace." By E. V. B.
- "Conversations with Prince Bismarck." By Sydney Whitman.
- "When a Man's Single." By J. M. Barrie.
- "The Increasing Purpose; a Tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields." By James Lane Allen.

Coming Events.

July 28th.—Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, unveils the statue of Sir Sydney Waterlow, late Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in Waterlow Park, Highgate.
July 30th and 31st.—Conference on the Housing of the Working Classes, at the Sanitary Institute, Parke's Museum, Margaret Street, W., 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. Chairmen, Mr. R. Melville-Beachcroft, L.C.C., and Sir Sydney Waterlow, Bart.

Letters to the Editor.

NOTES, QUERIES. &c.



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.

STATE REGISTRATION FOR NURSES.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

MADAM,—I am sure many nurses can endorse Miss Breay's statements about nursing affairs. Things have become much worse of late years, since we have lost confidence in the sincerity of the R.B.N.A. As you say, the Association was founded by nurses to help themselves, and now those who have the desire to make things better for us, have nearly all been removed from the Committees by those who nominate members on to these bodies, and it is evident from the sort of doctors and nurses lately put back on the Executive Committee, that no one who dare speak up for us will ever get a chance. But, as you say, this leaves a clear field for the honest minority, and I do so agree with Miss Breay, that we ought to have an Association formed to deal with this most important question, and nothing else. Many doctors are in favour of registration and I know were disgusted with the behaviour of Mr. Fardon in betraying the nurses on this question, while taking our money for registration and then denying the *principle*, and Members of Parliament have shown themselves capable of forming their own ideas on nursing questions, when going into the Midwives Bill. I am sure if an Association was begun to get us State Registration, many nurses would flock to its support. I for one.

Yours sincerely,
 G. S. ALLEN.

Glasgow.

NURSING THE SICK AT SEA.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

Dear Madam,—I was much struck with a few words you wrote in Echoes last week about the treatment of phthisis in city hospitals. You say: "Some day we shall have our fleet of magnificent floating hospitals, following the sun on the bounding ocean wave, for all these suffering creatures, panting in city hospitals for ozone."

Do you really think such an immense boon for poor phthisical patients will ever be inaugurated? Surely the medical profession might take up such a splendid suggestion. I visit the sick in a consumption hospital in a big smokey city, and it has often struck me how entirely unscientific such an arrangement must be from the patients' point of view; and to see these sufferers panting for air in a close ward when all round this lovely land the glorious ocean is dancing with health-giving breezes seems sheer waste of a remedial agent of the best quality. I hope you will write again and more fully on this important question.

Yours truly,
 EMILY LEE-JOHNSTONE.

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