

"Mightier than the Sword." The nurses in this Section wore blue, pink, mauve, and green dresses, and large plume pens in contrasting colours; these were tied with knots of ribbon the same colour as the dresses, and suspended from them were miniature copies of the journals which they represented.

In the fight for legal status none have played a worthier or more difficult part than the journals which have so courageously voiced the interests of the sick, and of trained nurses, and no representation of the plea for registration would be complete without them.

Arrived before the Goddess, the Procession halted, while Hygeia inquired of Science:

"And who are these?"

Science replied: "They bear the banner of a hard fought fight. But their foes waver, and Victory is in sight. Aid them, Mother."

And Hygeia judicially proclaimed: "I will hear them."

PETITION ON STATE REGISTRATION.

Thus permitted, Miss Musson presented the Petition on State Registration of Nurses, afterwards handing it to Science.

"Goddess, we bend no knee to thee, for we stand here to voice the rights of those who have fought thy battles through good and evil days, and oftentimes with poor and blunted swords, but ever with courage—with the courage that suffers and dies for others. Speak thou for us to the great ones of this Realm, and say that we demand for thy nursing servants the scant justice for which they have cried to thee, and that it be given to them by law and statute of the Realm.

"Say to them that we desire that they appoint the wisest masters of the healing art and the wisest of the women who nurse, and the best of those who know and understand the needs of the people of this Empire; that they shall meet and have power to decree, that throughout this Realm a woman shall have so much skill and knowledge as they think proper ere she be a nurse to the sick, lest she harm those she would heal.

"Let Science aid, and let them see that none who offer teaching deny or withhold it; but in those hostels for the sick where they prepare the sisters for their work they be well and truly instructed, and let them have power to enforce true and just rules.

"And let them keep a scroll and enter thereon the names of those who are fit and worthy to be thy servants, to teach thy laws, and to minister to the sick. And let this be the law of the land."

Hygeia replied: "I have heard, and my answer shall not be delayed."

Then the last of the Processions passed away, and joined those grouped behind the platform. They waited eagerly, while Hygeia rose from her throne and spoke the Epilogue.

EPILOGUE.

"What ye all desire shall be granted. For ye have not asked for gold, or for jewels, or for selfish advancement; but ye have asked for knowledge and help, that ye may grow in wisdom and strength to teach others to keep my laws. And ye pray that ignorance, prejudice, and selfishness may no longer bar your path. For there be those who still hold that the earth is governed by the will of a few, and the ignorance of many. Woe to those who seek to keep my children from the light, who say: "I know, others shall not know," who sell knowledge at a high price, and who lock the door lest others enter. Let all my children know my laws; let them be written clear, that all who run may read. For, without that knowledge, no tenderness, no sympathy, no love, no gentleness will save the sick and suffering. If science guide not pity she may well harm those she seeks to save. But I will join them."

Then Hygeia laid the hand of the Spirit of Nursing in that of Science, and continued:

"Together ye shall go forth to fight the noblest fight man ever waged, and give again to the dwellers of this fair earth the pure, clean life that is their birthright. The birthright that their fathers have squandered ye shall return to them, and man—and woman—shall stand in the light of that perfect day—not gods—the gods forbid—but perfect man and perfect woman—to give again to the earth a noble race to rule a noble world."

At the close of the Pageant the applause was long, and sincere, and one realised keenly the value of the gift made to their profession by those who with so much pains had designed the Pageant, and written the Masque. The idea was wonderful, and it was carried out with a perfection of detail which left nothing to be desired. Of the Masque itself one felt that it contained not one word too many or too few, but presented the case for Registration with force and charm, never for a moment descending from the high plane from which the demand of nurses for their legal status has ever been preferred.

Then Hygeia, stepping from her golden throne to earth once again, and followed by the Spirit of Nursing and Science hand in hand, led the re-formed Procession down and out of the Hall, amidst prolonged applause, and, indeed, all the appreciation which could be lavished on the Goddess, and on

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