

did go out?" Claudia, is it true," she whispered with a terrible fierce eagerness, "that for some things they bury us alive?"

"Yes."

"In the ground? I would rather be buried alone and be dead in a week than be buried alive for four score years."

Years after Fabian found the way to meet her and talk with her. For this offence he is to be flogged at a gladiatorial combat, which the vestals had to witness, "seated beside the Emperor's throne of gold and ivory." It was during the sickening display that Faustula publicly declares herself a Christian, and being found guilty of meeting her lover, although no guilt was theirs, she is condemned to be buried alive. We read with relief of her deliverance by Fabian, who himself has miraculously escaped death.

"It was in the little chapel under Domnio's house that Christ blest her union with the only friend of her desolate orphaned childhood."

Admirers of Mr. Ayscough's former works will not be disappointed by his latest.

H. H.

READ

"The Daffodil Fields," Masfield's great new poem, in the February number of the *English Review*.

COMING EVENTS.

February 8th.—The Cleveland Street Branch of the Central London Sick Asylum Nurses' League. At-Home, 4 to 8 p.m.

February 10th.—Central Midwives' Board Examinations. London, Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Manchester, and Newcastle-on-Tyne.

February 11th and 12th.—The Central Poor Law Conference, Guildhall, London, E.C.

February 12th, 19th and 26th.—Trained Women Nurses' Friendly Society. Meeting of Committee of Management, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 5 p.m.

February 18th.—The Nurses' Choral and Social League, Annual Concert, the Town Hall, Kensington. 8 p.m.

February 20th.—The League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses. Course of Lectures. "The Industrial Position of Women," by Miss Constance Smith. Clinical Lecture Theatre, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C. 5.30 p.m.

February 26th.—Irish Nurses' Association, 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. Lecture by Dr. William Taylor on "The Signs and Symptoms." 7.30 p.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

It isn't the work we intend to do,
Or the labor we've just begun,
That puts us right on the ledger sheet
It's the work we've really done.

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.

TRAINING IN HOSPITAL HOUSEKEEPING.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR EDITOR,—Thank you very much for your extremely kind notice in THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING. I have already had many enquiries, and the two first vacancies are practically settled.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

JANET P. ROBERTSON,
Matron.

Lord Mayor Treloar Cripples'
Hospital and College, Alton.

A NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF NURSES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING

DEAR MADAM,—Kind as are the intentions of Mr. Pollitt, how little he can realise the chaotic condition of nurses in England. No doubt the mere suggestion to discuss such a scheme as he proposes would come within the prohibited "controversial" questions, feared by the new régime at Bart's, and I'm sure nurses in many London hospitals would get the straight tip that they "had better not mix themselves up with politics" (everything is politics which might result in benefit to the rank and file) in the opinion of some hospital managers and their "senior officials." Co-operation, self-expression, self-government, any sort of demand for better teaching in hospitals, or less work, or more salary, is met with that subtle depreciation of the venture-some individual who advances such ideas, which soon convinces her that silence is her only chance of peace and preferment.

We must have legal status before we can combine effectually, because at present a "trained nurse" means nothing, and social influence can "place" the most ignorant women in power. Never was there a time in nursing when merit commanded less recognition than at present. No wonder many well educated girls hesitate to compete in it.

What we urgently need is State Registration. With it as a lever, we could live truthfully and rise high. Without it we can be ignored and depreciated for daring to think or aspire. We see the result of this abominable suppression in the poor little downtrodden dowdies we meet daily in cloak and bonnet, dusty and unbrushed, in every street in the West End, and we shall soon meet this pitiable type in our glorious old City, unless that demoralising resolution is rescinded at Bart's.

Yours truly,

MEMBER BART'S LEAGUE.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)