

AN IMPORTANT CASE,

The claim made by a member of the Trained Women Nurses' Friendly Society for the payment of sick benefit after the termination of an illness extending over more than six months, and when she had been back on duty for a period of some weeks is of interest to all societies under the National Insurance Act.

The Committee, after considering the claim of the member, came to the conclusion that it was one it had no right to pay.

The member had given no notice to the Society of her illness, and while they did not question the fact of the illness, they held that they were not authorized under the Act to pay a claim when the claimant had not conformed to the rules under which she was entitled to sick benefit, and when moreover, the need for such benefit had ceased.

The member appealed against this decision to the National Insurance Commissioners—a course in which she was obviously very badly advised, and the case after having been considered by them was dismissed.

The general interest and importance of the case lie in the proof afforded that the Committee was correct when it held that its powers were limited to administering Sick Benefit in conformity with the Act, and secondly, because no Society can have any financial security if claims covering a period of six months can be sprung upon it by any member, at any time, without previous notice.

OUR NATIONAL COUNCIL DELEGATES.

From Skagway, Alaska, comes a copy of the *Daily Alaskan*, containing a notice of "two prominent Englishwomen"—Miss Hulme and Miss Kent, Delegates of the National Council of Trained Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland to the San Francisco Convention. Our contemporary says: "They are both very charming ladies to meet. They greatly regret their inability to make a long stay in Skagway, which meets their enthusiastic approval in every particular—its beautiful location, the magnificence of the scenery in its vicinity, and the ideal weather they have encountered all along their journey up the coast by the Inland Passage."

Miss Kent, in a further letter, speaks of this passage, as "never to be forgotten for beauty and loveliness. The steamer, which was very comfortable, took us through all the islands on the coast of British Columbia on the one side, and the Island of Vancouver (which is about the size of Great Britain), and countless islands beyond it on the other—mountainous, wooded and snow-capped. We went right up to Skagway—the threshold of the Yukon and gold country—a country full of romance, beauty and wonder."

NATIONAL UNION OF TRAINED NURSES.

The "N.U.T.N. Kalendar" for 1916 will be ready shortly. Price, 1s.; post, 1d. The Secretary will be glad to receive orders as soon as possible, so as to make arrangements with printer.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"PATRICIA."

"Patricia," by the Hon. Mrs. Robert Hamilton (Edith Henrietta Fowler), is an interesting and amusing study of life in a country village.

"Fitzpatrick Vaughan and his sister Patricia were the children of a brilliant and distinguished man of letters"; we are introduced to them within an hour of their father's death.

"Possessing all the charm and sparkle of Irish descent, and some other qualities also for which that race is proverbial, Edward Vaughan won for himself not only a place in the journalistic and literary inner circle, and in the appreciation of the most carping of critics, but also in the affections of his public. His touch was so human, his wit so understanding, his humour so delightful and reviving, that his readers felt for him that bond of brotherhood which springs from sympathy; and it was with a sense of personal loss that most reading men laid down the paper which announced the death that thirteenth day of March of Edward Vaughan.

"He married early in life the typical wild Irish girl of fiction—the daughter of a penniless Irish peer—and for a very few, brief years they honeymooned in Ireland, and played at life in London, and adored the quaint reality of a baby son, and built their castles in the air, and dwelt in them, with all the glad exuberance of youth, and Irish youth at that. And then a little daughter came, and with a tragic suddenness the light went out. The baby must be Irish born, and the spot was romantic, and the artistic setting perfect, and such disturbing worries as good sanitation, analysed water, and competent doctors had never crossed their minds. But all the same they had to be reckoned with, and the young wife's life was the price."

To his children Edward Vaughan was a pleasant friend.

"He was glad that his boy was sea-struck—the boy with the Irish eyes, and the name of his mother's race of men. Of his daughter Patricia he was immensely proud. Her rather weird, delicate beauty pleased his taste, and her ready tongue and quick wits were daily delights to him. She was artistic to her finger-tips, and with her pen possessed the power of portraiture and discriminating criticism which heredity had bequeathed her."

Edward Vaughan and his half brother (the Rector of Lynfield), sons of a country squire, who each resembled his respective mother, rarely met. "The clergyman thought Edward of the world worldly, and Edward thought George of the Church churchy."

The George Vaughans, two large, ungainly, good-natured people, arrived for the funeral.

"Did my brother say anything that indicated he was aware of his impending decease?" asked Uncle George in the early watches of that never-ending afternoon.

"Yes," replied Fitz briefly, 'he knew right enough.'

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