

anguish, he learns that she had married his son some days previously.

In an agony of despair, Melton burst out:

"Yours the sin, then—and ours the shame!"

"Shame!" His father caught him up. "What shame to you? You are not married?"

Melton's haggard eyes answered that.

The terrible situation is solved by Melton being on the same day thrown from his horse and killed outright.

Ella, at the same time, is stunned by the revelation that the Duke is her father, and that she has married his son.

The book closes with a picture of this stricken father and daughter being drawn close together.

The chapters which deal with the lace-making industry, on which the authoress apparently is no mean authority, are a charming feature of the book.

At her first exhibition royalty was present, and Ella explains to her the beauties and intricacies of her art.

She commands Ella to sell her a rare piece.

"You made that!" she exclaimed; "I veel haff it."

"It is the property, your Royal Highness, of Her Grace the Duchess," said Ella.

The Princess turned to the Duchess. "Dear Duchess," she pleaded, earnestly, "you veel let me haff it; yes?"

The Duchess fluttered her plumes in great perturbation, but she was monkey quick to see her way out of the difficulty.

"Ah!" she sighed, "if it only rested with me! But there is the entail."

She then orders a replica; but "the Duchess gave the work-girl an appealing glance; she did not want this unique treasure copied for royalty or anyone else."

Ella, with nimble wit, explains that the cost would be her eyesight, as it would be impossible for them twice to bear the strain of this intricate pattern.

There is a charming tale on page 78 of the origin of lace-making, which was the outcome of the love and longing of a fisherman's lass, who wove a pattern after the petrified wrack grass that he had brought up from the deep in his net.

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

October 21st.—Meeting of the Central Committee for the State Registration of Nurses, Council Chamber, British Medical Association, 429, Strand, 2.30 p.m.

November 8th and 9th.—National Union of Trained Nurses. Autumn Council Meetings. 46, Marsham Street, Westminster, S.W.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

I'm proof against the word "failure." I've seen behind it, The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.—George Eliot.

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.

A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I write with a "sense of personal responsibility," and not influenced by my Training School, to protest against certain comments headed, "A Flock of Sheep" in the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING of October 7th.

The whole history of women's work, manual and intellectual, shows lack of combination which can only be effectual under wise leadership, and until *this* is remedied it can never stand upon a sound, humanitarian and financial basis.

Teachers have their colleges, and working women their trade centres as rallying points towards improved organisation. Nurses are more widely scattered than any other body of workers, and all unions and societies formed by and for nurses are welcome as leading to a better understanding and future for the profession.

Societies are, however, impersonal things, and it surely is to her hospital that a nurse will turn for advice and guidance. It should be in a very real sense her Alma Mater.

There has been a persistent attempt since the foundation of the College of Nursing to insinuate that its promoters do not understand or even represent the interests of the nurse. If not, it is difficult to ask with patience the question, why in this time of stress and anxiety and at great personal effort should it have been undertaken?

There can be no scheme without its initiators, and is the Society for the State Registration of Nurses entirely innocent of leadership? Granted that the nursing profession needs reformation, it must also be granted that tremendous improvements have taken place during the last ten or twenty years, and for this we must thank the Matrons and "lay committees" of to-day. The preliminary training schools, longer holidays, definite times off duty, the nurses' homes, and the higher status of the trained nurse are all the outcome of the practical nursing experience of the Matron, and the social, financial and administrative knowledge and advice of men who make the modern hospital possible.

If a Matron is convinced of the value of the College, she would be failing in her duty if she did not introduce it to the notice of her past and present staff.

In the letter you print, the Matron takes it for granted that the nurse has been intelligent enough to read about the College, and she is "advised" to apply for membership—she could not be ordered.

I also venture to think that most nurses would feel honoured by the use of the possessive pronoun when addressed by their old hospital.

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