

impudent eyes and gone twirling off laughing, gibbering, foolish, as he had come.

Pretty Letty gave naughty Bam something else than a coin on that first meeting, and though it is true that Bam's affections went elsewhere before he regarded her seriously, yet the book ends with a pretty picture of a trio—Bam, Letty and a little daughter.

But a great deal happens before that came to pass. Crystal, the gypsy girl, breaks her heart over Bam's indifference to her love; Julia, for whose sake he was prepared to turn his back on his roving life, proves faithless.

His return as a prodigal son revealed the fact that both his father and mother had died sorrowing at his desertion, and his elder brother met him with bitter words.

As, for the second time in his life, Bam Carew turned his back upon his home, he was conscious of a hardening of his nature, a grim resolve to go his own way in defiance of every natural law. The crimson gold of a cherry leaf fell swirling at his feet.

Lack-a-day! It was the burying time of the year. Buried love, buried hopes, buried vows—the past was all dead, the future all his own. Henceforth the gypsies' camp should be the only home he knew.

As the title of the book suggests, Bam, in due course, was elected King over the Tribe.

What a scene! What a triumph! Bam Carew, the son of a Devonshire parson, the king of little Egypt.

Though inclination had made him a lawless mendicant, he had no wish to wed one of the wandering race, or be father of an alien clan. He heaved a sigh, and bethought him of travelling westward towards sunny Devon.

Nuts would be ripe, he opined. And nut-brown was Mistress Letty's hair.

H. H.

AUTUMN IN THE COUNTRY.

Flutter of leaves—a coldness in the air.

A touch of heartache in the robin's song.

Faded blue husks and caddis lying where

The river saw them flashing all along.

Berries that blacken, ripe with purple blood,

And hips all red for luring of a bird.

Odour of ferns which breathes across the wood

To hearts that by its memories are stirred.

From "Crimson Stains: Poems of Love and War," by A. Newberry Choyce.

COMING EVENTS.

October 11th.—Music in War Time (Concerts) Committee in aid of Edith Cavell Home of Rest for Nurses. Mansion House, E.C.

October 12th.—Lecture by Maître Gaston de Leval in support of Nurse Cavell Homes of Rest. Æolian Hall, New Bond Street, London, W. 3.30 p.m.

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.

THE CARE OF MOTHERS-TO-BE.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—May I make a suggestion for district and other nurses to carry to their patients, especially their poor neighbours the women with child. The majority of British-born Londoners are full of marvellous courage, but many poor ill-nourished mothers-to-be are in a highly nervous state, and in this East End parish the week's aerial battle has tried them sorely.

We all know "what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve for." So likewise what the ear does not hear the nerves do not suffer for.

May I advise that as soon as the mothers are in cover that they simply press their fingers or put cotton wool in their ears and keep out all sound of the guns. It is our own protecting guns which make the appalling noise, and an enemy bomb only here and there. *Hear nothing*, the nerves are saved vibration and injury, and when the raid is over, mothers-to-be will not, through their own nervous system, disturb the babe unborn. Get people to try this plan; it is really efficacious.

Yours truly,

EAST END SISTER.

[Hear nothing if possible is very sound advice.—
Ed.]

OFFICER'S RANK FOR MILITARY NURSES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—May I be permitted to call attention to a slight error in "Pukka Canadian's" letter on Officer's Rank for Military Nurses?

The New Zealand Army Nursing Service has not been given the military rank; at the same time all members are gazetted as officers of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force and therefore receive the respect, courtesy, and professional status due to them.

The question of pay is not therefore on the same basis as that of the Canadian Service, but compares favourably with that of the Australian Service.

On appointment to the N.Z.A.N.S. as a Staff Nurse, the member receives a salary at the rate of £100 per annum with the following allowances:—3s. 6d. for messing; 8d. per day for laundry.

On promotion, Sisters receive an increase in salary of £20, making £120 per annum with the same allowances.

Matrons receive £150 per annum and the same

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