

boozing of mulled claret and whiskey toddy. Certain it is that on the first night of his return to the home of his fathers Marmaduke Muir was hopelessly drunk."

And beautiful Marrion, the piper's granddaughter, in her little room realising with a sudden sob what had come to her, murmured, "I canna think what gars me to love him so, but I do. And there's an end on it."

But the early dawn found them both swimming in the river, Duke with no trace of last night's carouse.

"Let's swim out to sea a bit," he laughed. "Look—isn't it worth it?"

Far out in the east over that restless horizon the first ray of the sun had tipped, sending a ray of pure gold to meet them. It shone on her red-brown hair, turning it to bronze; it shone in their blue eyes, turning them to sapphires. They were freed souls swimming in the vasty ether, all around them the dawn of a new day.

"I shall tire you out," he said softly, and his freed hands as he disentangled her hair from his neck, lifted the shiny strands to his lips for a second. "You've got such jolly hair, Marmie! I wonder you don't wear it down your back. None of the fellows could resist you then."

The affectionate, easy friendship of charming Marmaduke in no way deceived Marrion, whose own passionate love for Duke made her acutely sensitive of the lack of any deeper feeling on his part.

Marrion goes through troublous times, and is reduced to the selling of her glorious hair, which Duke quaintly purchases for her as a wedding present, after he had persuaded her to marry him. But it needed a war and the sacrifice of Duke's life before he discovered that he had anything more than friendly affection to give her in return for her devotion.

The book is far above the average, and is well worth reading.

H. H.

#### COMING EVENTS.

*April 12th.*—Lyceum Club. In aid of the Belgian Circle's Soldiers' Fund. Lecture by Maître Gaston de Leval (who tried to save Nurse Cavell), on the "Belgian Tragedy." 4.30 p.m. Tickets for non-members, 1s. 6d.

*April 17th.*—East End Mothers' Lying-in Home. Annual Meeting, Dr. Owen Lankester presiding. Speakers: the Hon. Lady Norman, C.B.E.; Dr. H. Batty Shaw; and others. 396, Commercial Road, Stepney, E. 4 to 6 p.m.

*April 18th.*—Central Midwives Board. Monthly Meeting. 1, Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, S.W. 3.30 p.m.

*April 29th.*—Central Midwives' Board for Scotland. Examination qualifying for admission to the Roll of Members. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen.

*May 1st.*—Central Midwives' Board for England. Examination. London, Manchester, and Newcastle-on-Tyne.

#### 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.*

#### IMITATION THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—Your criticism on the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley's speeches at Exeter and Plymouth, and on the remarks of *The Kingston Infirmary Nurses' League Journal*, ought to encourage nurses to think out for themselves certain points of vital importance to them. Clearly and concisely you indicated how they may put their own heads and those of their fellow workers into a noose if they permit themselves to be rounded into Sir Arthur's economic compound. In winning accents and with untiring perseverance, for the last two years and a quarter, has he, on many platforms, "sketched the halcyon results" which will arise from "his" scheme, but, alas, the millennium is no nearer. The nurses' hours of work are no shorter, their salaries no larger, the "serf clause" still exists, and the future of their Bill for State Registration is embarrassed by the existence of the autocratic parody upon it which has been drafted by the College of Nursing, Ltd. The guineas of the nurses have flowed into the coffers of this limited company, and what is the "halcyon result" of this for the nurses? Can you tell us? According to the speeches of Sir Arthur Stanley we had reason to expect that State Registration would be an accomplished fact before Christmas of 1916, and that all who had placed their names on the College Register would be then on the State Register "automatically and without further fee." Let those trusting souls who joined the College congratulate themselves, if they can, upon the net result—a list of names in the office of this limited company and the appearance of a Bill dangerous to their liberty and with little prospect of success if the self-supporting nurses' organisations stand by their principles. That is the sum total of the work of the College for nurses, except that it has taken upon itself to collect what, to avoid wounding the feelings of sensitive members of its Council, they describe as a debt from the nation to the nurses. Let the nation pay its debt to those to whom it is due, and in a way that will make them independent, and not dependent. This new limited liability company has not the faintest claim to collect this debt and convert it to its own purposes, especially as its Council is composed largely of people who have never come into any of our own self-supporting organisations in order to help, or at least to show sympathy with us, in our efforts to promote higher standards and State Registration.

However edifying rehearsals of Sir Arthur's dreams and aspirations may be to the lay mind,

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