

of his park to be converted into plots, to sell some timber to the Government, and finally to allow Pamela to take up some V.A.D. work for which her own pleading had been unsuccessful.

Young Desmond had, to his father's anger and sorrow, for he sincerely loved the boy, taken the law into his own hands. When his fatal wounds left no hope of recovery, the military authorities permitted him to be brought to his own home for his few remaining days.

"The journey home had been one long and bitter endurance, and now Desmond was here, his son Desmond, lying for a few days in that white bed under the old roof, and afterwards, a fresh grave in Fullerton churchyard—a sheaf of letters which would be burnt unread—and a world without Desmond.

It was during the vigil Elizabeth shared with the Squire that something more than pity woke in her heart for the broken man.

Desmond's last look was for his father. His eyes kept their marvellous brightness no one knew how long, then gently, as though an unseen hand put out the light, the brilliance faded away."

Pamela's love affair is not very appealing, and belongs to a decade or so ago, but she and Arthur Chicksands will be probably quite happy.

We leave Elizabeth, Secretary and agent, consenting to continue her work with a half consent to accept a more permanent position in the near future.

This is not really a convincing story, as we feel sure that very few families would have tolerated the fair Elizabeth long enough for her to have carried out her reforms.

H. H.

A GOLDEN, GUIDING STAR.

A God-appointed, God-kissed knight,
Thou standest now before us,
In death triumphant.
We crown thee with the garlands,
The never-fading garlands,
Of victory,
Of lasting gratitude,
Of deep affection!
Farewell, dear friend!
In death thou livest,
A golden, guiding star!

The Pacific Coast Journal of Nursing.

COMING EVENTS.

February 18th.—National Council of Women Conference on "The Reduction of Working Hours of Nurses." 39, Victoria Street, S.W. 3 p.m.

February 21st.—Society for the State Registration of Nurses. Meeting Executive Committee, 43 I, Oxford Street, London, W. 4 p.m.

February 29th.—Scottish Nurses' Club: Post-Graduate Lecture, "The Eye," by Dr. Marion Gilchrist. 205, Bath Street, Glasgow. 7.30 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.

A SORRY SPECTACLE.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I attended the College of Nursing meeting on the 23rd ult, as this body has been busy for upwards of three years, making rules and regulations for me, amongst thousands of other nurses, without consulting us in any particular; a quite unjustifiable proceeding upon the part of the persons concerned, in my humble opinion, and showing an attitude towards the rank-and-file of the Nursing Profession which proves them entirely out of touch with the spirit of the age.

I listened attentively to the explanations for the proposed legislation from Sir Cooper Perry, which provides for placing us entirely at the mercy of the training schools, governors, chairmen, hon. medical officers, matrons and secretaries, simply strangling professional liberty at the source.

From Miss Musson's speech it was clear that the death struggle had already begun. Here we have a lady, who, for years past, has been a convinced State Registrationist (we expect no repentance or understanding from the antis), a member of several societies composed of nurses, actually asking permission on the platform from the chairman, Sir Arthur Stanley, to confess to the audience that she had in Council voted against Supplementary Registers, which, presumably, she realises will nullify any benefit calculated to accrue to the thoroughly trained nurse from State Registration, and, incidentally, confessing that the promise of the College to its members of the one portal entry into the profession, was merely "a scrap of paper." I wanted to ask Miss Musson why, if she realised the wrong Supplementary Registers would effect, she was on that platform, supporting the men who are responsible for this grave breach of faith with the nurses who have paid their guineas on the written promise of the one portal system.

Alas! all the ladies on the platform were dumb and presumably docile; they either do not understand the fundamental principles upon which our demands for registration are firmly based, or they have not the courage to oppose the powerful male executive, which is well-known to govern the College policy. Anyway, it was a sorry spectacle. Our rights and independence are simply being sold to those who employ us, and it is well, Madam, that we have our astute Central Committee looking after our true interests, and that we have an organ in the Press through which to plead our own cause. Pluck and determination, clear thinking, and high

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)