

"But, Deryk, I haven't been invited."

Deryk, however, made it clear to his father that if Dina were not at the ball, Deryk would not himself appear.

Between these two self-willed personalities an early rupture was bound to take place, and the crisis came when Deryk's demand to be made independent of his father was met with refusal.

"I never had a penny without having to go and ask for it," he said doggedly.

"But was it ever refused?" his father asked, with a mild display of reason.

"I want to be the judge," said Deryk, referring to the way in which he could spend his money. "You are simply treating me like a child."

The young man determines to be independent of his father at all costs, and leaves the roof where its luxury suffocates him, to make his own way in the world—pledged to marry Dina.

A great deal happens in this intensely interesting novel, but we cannot do more than refer to Dina's marriage under stress of circumstances to Sydney Dawson; or to the discreditable episode in Deryk's life with Lucille. His father's death, two years later, left him in possession of his enormous wealth, and by this time Dina was once more free for him to claim her.

But all obstacles being removed, Deryk's restless, roving spirit rebelled at the thought of being tied and bound to Dina's loving and somewhat unstimulating personality, and to the conventional life of an idle rich man.

He contemplates the mansion he has prepared to receive Dina from the outside. Now that the stimulus of furnishing it is over, he dubs it "a damned mausoleum."

But far worse was the thought of his approaching marriage. "When their life ceased to be a honeymoon in Paradise and became a habit in England, when the monotony of habit was appreciated in its full horror, then he could not end it at will. He was fond of her, he hated to see her mouth droop at the corners, but his nerves were restless and disordered—everything she did seemed to irritate him.

"My God, I can't, I simply can't," he cried, as if someone were pleading.

The last two chapters are a remarkable study of a disordered mind, when Deryk wrestles with himself on the roof of his empty "mausoleum," furnished and prepared for his bride and waiting for the servants to come in that very night.

The decision to end his life by diving from the roof of his "mausoleum" is carried out.

"Closing his eyes he took a single step forward. A stifled cry broke from his lips when he tried, too late, to recover his balance,"

A fine and deeply interesting work. H. H.

SONGS FROM THE CHINESE POETS.

The Lady Moon is my lover,
My friends are the oceans four,
The heavens have roofed me over,
And the dawn is my golden door,

L. Cranmer-Byng.

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.

WE PROPOSE DEPUTATION TO SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

MADAM,—You perhaps know that you have been called the "Nurses' Friend" for a long time, and yesterday, when I heard the Sisters talking about writing to different people I thought it would be a wise thing perhaps to write to you and ask you why nurses are allowed to be "thrown out" of the Army at 48 hours' notice, with just their pay up to that date—no warning, simply told in the morning between 9 and 10 a.m. that they are demobilised, and then they have to make arrangements to go either home or to friends, then look for fresh work. Some have neither home nor friends to go to, and it is on behalf of these one feels the injustice of it all.

I am personally quite all right, but there are so many who are not so fortunate.

If you could in any way bring this before the public and let us have some satisfaction in knowing the reason of this method of treating us, we should all be extremely grateful to you.

Hoping you will forgive my troubling you,

Yours faithfully,

Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.

MADAM,—As a staff nurse in the Q.A.I.M.N.S.R. I would make one suggestion which appeals to me as just treatment.

The majority of Sisters and Staff Nurses in the Reserve Service have been accorded much less leave than the 28 days per year due to them.

I know of one who has had four weeks' official leave since September, 1916. Would it not be a right and just thing for the War Office to allow those nurses—who are all very weary and in need of long holidays—full pay and allowances for the leave of which they have been deprived? This amount to be paid direct upon demobilisation.

The gratuity should be a thing quite separate and it would be helpful for those demobilised to have some idea how soon this would be forwarded.

Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.

[We have received numbers of letters on this burning question. We advise representatives of the Sisters and Nurses to ask the Secretary of State for War to receive a Deputation so that they may lay their case before him.—ED.]

INGRATITUDE OF THE WAR OFFICE TO NURSING SISTERS.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I have read with sympathetic indignation the letter of "A Sister" of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service Reserve in respect of their demobilisation at forty-eight hours' notice. I am not surprised, because this

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