

it's rude to begin with, and you know you're always sorry when you've been rude to me. Oh! the times you've had to call with a taxi full of flowers. I will say this for myself. I am very forgiving; and in the second place, you're missing the real pathos of the story, what the Americans call the 'sob stuff.'

"I left home at seven-thirty, as I think I must have told you before, but you will interrupt. I walked to the Houses of Parliament—no taxi. I persevered down Whitehall—no taxi. Fainting from fatigue and weeping from sheer mortification, I dragged one foot after the other—for the honour of England, you know." . . . Thus Sonia, who never thought of turning up at an appointment till it suited her. Such an unbalanced creature must needs come to grief and the crisis came when David persisted in taking a temporary appointment away from home in order to repay what he considered a debt of honour.

Sonia, possessed by what might well be termed devilry, gives the unscrupulous Colonel Grayle an advantage over her and takes the extreme step of leaving her husband's house under his protection. She is discovered and finally brought back, after Grayle cast her off, although he was the father of her unborn child.

It was characteristic of David that he showed his own wife the pity that he extended to all who were trodden under.

Apparently, when the story closes, he is about to take Sonia to his heart again. His friend, Lady Loring, advises him to face facts and end this business.

"You never seem to appreciate that I loved Sonia."

"Indeed I did. But I thought we agreed that there are some tests that the greatest love in the world could not survive."

He took up his stand by the fireplace, smiling to himself and rocking gently from heel to toe, with his hands in his pockets.

"I thought so, too. But wouldn't it be a fair weather love? I treated Sonia badly and she treated me worse. Until I married I always thought that marriage was an easy, straight-forward business. You fell in love and that was the end of it. I always said that I loved her more than a man ever loved a woman before. If I can't prove it . . . ! H. H.

NIGHT AND THE CURTAINS DRAWN.

Night, and the curtains drawn,
The household still,
Fate, with appointed strength,
Has worked its will.

Close to the dying blaze
We sit alone;
Nought but the old days lost,
All else—our own.

Dearest—the whole world ends—
Ends well—in this;
Night, and the firelit dark,
Your touch, your kiss.

By Helen Granville Barker.

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.

SELF-GOVERNMENT ALONE CAN EFFECT UNITY.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR EDITOR,—I feel very flattered that you should have taken notice of my remarks at the recent very successful meeting of the Nottingham Branch of the College of Nursing.

With all due submission I bow to the rod with which you have scourged me, but I am still unrepentant, as you have evidently been misled by the very garbled report of the proceedings which found its way into the local press.

The point I tried to make was this: that now that the Health Minister was about himself to introduce a Bill for the State Registration of Nurses, there was every hope that when it is passed into law the chief bone of contention between the rival organisations of nurses would disappear, and the way paved for the formation of one strong united body to look after the interests of the noblest of all the professions.

If such an amalgamation is impossible under the present leadership of the different societies, it must wait till the old pilots are dropped and new ones step upon the bridge.

But in the meantime the Royal British Nurses' Association and the College of Nursing will be able to go on each with its own schemes for the improvement of the education and of the conditions of service of the trained nurses of this country.

If in my humble sphere I can be of assistance to any Nurses' Guild formed for these objects it has only to command my services and they shall be at its disposal. But I should prefer to see one strong united body with local autonomous branches and a central executive elected on a geographical basis so that the most remote units could make their voice effective as well as the metropolitan.

I am, Dear Editor,
Yours faithfully,

N. FULTON.

Armoy,
Old Basford,
Nottingham.

[We thank Dr. Fulton for his letter, and commend to his attention the report of the meeting held in London on Saturday last to form a Nurses' Trade Union. There can be no hope of a united body of Nurses until they are permitted to organise and manage their own affairs without lay interference and patronage, as the Medical Profession does.—ED.]

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