

Caroline put this lovely creature on a pedestal, and it was some little time before she was taken down.

It was Mrs. Blackburne's rôle to be the suffering and ill-used wife, and it was the firm belief of her circle that such was the case.

David, her husband, far from being the Blue-beard he was supposed to be, was a man of strong character and deep tenderness.

Too proud to justify himself, he allowed his beautiful wife to put him in the wrong with impunity.

The appeal she made was of an innocent and beautiful creature, who is unhappy. Against the background of an unfortunate marriage she moved with the resigned and exalted step of a Christian martyr.

It took Caroline some time to readjust her ideas of their relationship; it was a gradual process and very thorough.

David was a patriot before all things, and his wife would interrupt his idealism with the dead-weight of her disapproval, shown in public by a dainty plaintiveness that effectually quenched his fire. "It was a blight as blight had fallen over the dinner party, and in this blight Angelica made charming futile efforts to keep up the conversation. She tried so hard, her eyes, very gentle and pensive seemed to say, and all her efforts were wasted."

Caroline's devotion to her fragile little charge, Letty, won the father's gratitude and admiration, and little by little Caroline's unwilling eyes were disillusioned with the beautiful artificial woman, and her heart, which she had vowed should never be hurt again, was unrealised by herself given over to the lonely man who bore his trials so bravely.

Angelica, while she recoiled from anything coarse, or unconventional, was not above stealing Mary's rich young lover, and she made her husband's visits to his delicate child a pretext for unworthy and knowingly false accusations of Caroline in order to pave the way for freedom from her marriage bond.

It was only after a hurried and indignant departure that Caroline came up against the knowledge that once more she was in the toils, and that she loved David.

"Love is the greatest good in the world, but it is not the only good," said Caroline.

His love, if it ever came to her, would be the flower not of transient passion but of profound intellectual sympathy. Both had learned that the only permanent love is rooted deeply in thought as desire."

But David was not a man to lower his personal ideals any more than those of his patriotism.

On his return from the war he tells Caroline—"I have seen death, faced it with gladness for a great cause, and though I am not always strong enough to keep the vision, I have learned that life may be faced, if not with gladness, with courage and patience."

This is a noteworthy and most interesting book. It stands for clean standards and high ideals.

H. H.

## 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 VICTORY WORTH WAITING FOR.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—There is no need for me to wish you a Happy Christmas this year; it is assured. After all your years of striving, victory at last, and a Victory worth waiting for. Those of us who remember the early days of the Registration fight know how you always stood firm for certain fundamental principles—chief among them an independent governing body for the Nursing Profession, with adequate representation upon it of registered nurses directly elected by themselves. Both of these have been granted to us in the Government Bill, and we cannot be sufficiently grateful to the Minister of Health and his advisers for placing in our hands so effective an instrument for the management of our own profession.

The responsibility for its use now rests with us.

No one knows better than myself how, over and over again, had you not stood in the breach and held the fort against overwhelming odds, we should have had legislation for nurses strangling our liberties, and placing us under lay control.

We owe it to your leadership that the Nursing Profession has not been submerged, but is about to become a vital force in helping to build up the national health, and, therefore, the national happiness.

Little do the Nursing Profession know what they owe to THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING, with which I shall ever hold it an honour to have been associated during the Registration battle.

Yours gratefully,

MARGARET BREAY.

[Neither does the Profession know what it owes to the untiring labours of Margaret Breay for the past thirty years. Only those who have worked with her can estimate her devotion and self-sacrifice on its behalf.—Ed.]

### A LIVING WAGE FOR DISTRICT NURSES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—The appeal made some time ago in the press by a rural district nurse asking for support in her assertion that an annual salary of £70 is not a living wage, raises the question, not only of salaries in the nursing profession, but of the employment of partially-trained women, for those in receipt of the salary quoted are doubtless partially trained nurse midwives working in County Associations.

The whole subject of the nursing of rural areas requires consideration. Leaving on one side the economic fact that the employment of the unskilled drags down the remuneration of the skilled, I maintain that the working classes of the

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