

smuggled him ashore and sent him away and told Spearman (his partner in crime) that he had died.

He had secretly sought and followed the fate of the kin of those people who had been murdered to benefit him.

Not fundamentally a bad man, he had ever been haunted on stormy nights by the screams of the drowning crew, and his remorse culminated in his disappearance and renouncing everything he possessed in favour of Alan, the son of the murdered ship-owner.

Alan himself again came near to perishing on the lake under dramatic circumstances, but the Drum once more proclaimed the survival of one person.

Constance Sherril, who, by this time, loved Alan, keeps watch on the beach for news of him.

"The sound of the Drum was continuing, the beats a few seconds apart. The opening of the door outside had seemed to Constance to make the beats come louder and more distinct. Twenty—twenty-one—twenty-two. Constance caught her breath and waited for the next beat; the time of the interval between the measures of the rhythm passed, and still only the whistle of the wind, and the undertone of water sounded. The Drum had beaten its roll and for the moment was done. 'Now it begins again,' the Indian woman whispered. 'Always it waits and then it begins over.'"

Constance let go her breath; the next beat then would not another death. Always the Drum-beats counted one short of the men who had been on the boat, and Constance's sensitive instinct truly guessed that the survivor was the man she loved.

Thus twice in his life-time the Drum proclaimed Alan's almost miraculous escape from drowning.

It is pleasant after the stress and strain of the exciting happenings recorded in this book to read of the union of Alan and Constance. Together they visit the humble home where his young mother had given him birth, and of whom, now that the stigma that had hung over him was removed he could think with pride. They were very quiet as they stood looking about.

"I wish we could have known her," Constance said. Alan choked. "It is good to be able to think of her as I can now."

This is a really remarkable book and its interest is well sustained from beginning to end. H. H.

COMING EVENT.

March 6th.—Irish Nurses' Association. Annual Business Meeting. 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. 8 p.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Holiness is an infinite compassion for others.

Greatness is to take the common things of life, and walk truly among them.

Happiness is a great love and much serving.—*Olive Schreiner.*

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.

PROFESSIONAL UNION OF TRAINED NURSES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING

DEAR MADAM,—With regard to a letter in your issue of the 28th ult. by Miss Klaassen, I should like to state that the Professional Union of Trained Nurses has no Strike Clause whatever in its constitution. We rely upon the fact that, as the College of Nursing "Bulletin" points out, "Trade Unionism for nurses . . . gives them a weapon—with the force of the law behind it."

Miss Klaassen seems to imply that the strike in Carrickmacross was caused by a trade union. It would be interesting to know if the nurses concerned *are* members of the Irish Trade Union, or whether they have acted in an independent manner. I think this is probably the case, as, if they had been members of a trade union, they would perhaps have found it unnecessary to resort to so drastic a method of righting their grievances.

Yours faithfully,

MAUDE MACCALLUM,

17, Evelyn House,

62, Oxford Street, W. 1.

Hon. Sec.

NURSES ON STRIKE.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—In reply to the letter from Miss Klaassen in the current issue, I venture, as a nurse and trade unionist, to submit the following extracts from the preface to the rule book of "The Friendly Society of Iron Founders," which, established in 1809, is the oldest trade union in the British Isles:—

"Trade unionism, when rightly understood, teaches us the virtues and values of self-denial and mutual forbearance; the sinking of minor differences in order that we may be the better able to concentrate our forces."

"Trade disturbances and strikes we all deplore, and as much as possible avoid. It becomes us to study carefully the causes of disquiet—to trace them to their foundation, and try by every means in our power to settle them amicably."

"If there is a class of men who could and should work amicably to the interests of themselves (and indeed to the interests of their employers also) trade unionists are certainly that class."

I fully endorse the view expressed in the above extracts, but must at the same time emphasize the fact that there are always two parties to a strike; one distracted from the ordinary course of their duties by the pressure of an intolerable situation; the other responsible for that intolerable situation and whose duty it should have been to prevent it. Anyone having the slightest experience in trying to obtain a petition or a decision

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