

Diana, the young wife of his friend Toby Northcote, whom he had hoped to marry, had not Toby unconsciously supplanted him.

It speaks well for Ronald that neither the husband nor wife were aware of his feeling.

On the other hand, Patricia Heron, the sister of his friend Rupert, a near neighbour and close friend, cherished the hope that Ronald would some day declare himself something closer than a friend.

The advent of Melisande into the friendly circle caused the calm waters of everyday life to become troubled, and before Ronald knew where he was, he was tricked into proposing marriage to Melisande.

Unhappy, but honourable, he confides his unhappy position to Patricia, who then for the first time learns of his love for Diana, and realises that whatever may occur, Ronald will never regard her as anything but a good pal. Happily, his sister Muriel, by a bold stroke, unmasks Melisande and leaves her stripped bare of her deception and so delivers her brother from her toils.

Following closely on the heels of this comes the discovery of the "Luck" by Ronald and Patricia. In a secret chamber they come upon the embalmed body of the woman who had died some hundred years back, taking her secret with her.

"Lying stiff and straight in her narrow bed was a lady in a rich grey satin dress that seemed to crumble as he looked at it. Her body showed no signs of decay; her white hands with long, tapering fingers, were crossed on her breast over a piece of parchment sealed with the great seal of the Bourgoynes."

The parchment contained directions for the recovery of the treasure, which had been buried in the family vault instead of the supposed body of Lady Anne.

To avoid trouble with the Home Secretary, a selected party raided the tomb at night and found undreamed of hordes of plate and jewels, to say nothing of "the Luck of the Bourgoynes."

"My heavens!" said Ronald; "Sunday after Sunday have we stood and looked at the tomb of Lady Anne and never guessed for a minute that we were looking at the family safe."

"Patricia giggled hysterically."

Matters having come to this point, we quite hoped that Ronald would quit his passion for Diana and reward Patricia's devotion—for she is a very nice girl.

But no. Toby dies—quite unnecessarily, we think—as the result of an accident, and the studio where he and Diana had been perfectly happy together is closed.

The closing chapter is already anticipating the time when Ronald Bourgoyne shall win his heart's desire, while poor Patricia is realising that life will in future hold nothing more thrilling for her than the care of an invalid brother.

Quite the book for the Whitsuntide holidays; be sure to obtain it.

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.

WORTHY HEADQUARTERS OF THE NURSES' CHARTERED ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—It seems really too good to be true that we members of the Royal British Nurses' Association are to have such a splendid Club, fully furnished and equipped—rather as if a good fairy had suddenly remembered us and waved her magic wand. Only we know that such things do not come that way, but are the result of foresight and hard work on the part of someone.

First, then, we know that the acquisition of the Club is the result of the personal interest of Her Royal Highness, the President, and I am glad that the General Council lost no time in expressing to her the sincere thanks which every member of the Association must feel. Then there are the Hon. Officers, and last, but not least, I happen to know how hard our dear Secretary, Miss Isabel Macdonald, has worked for many months to find, and secure, a suitable home for the Association, and we cannot be too grateful to her for her work, not only in this instance, but every day and all day, often far into the night, for the furthering and conservation of our interests.

There remains now the duty of each individual member to support her Association and its Club to the utmost of her power. I know something of Clubs, and realise quite well that it will take many subscriptions, and much personal interest, to maintain a house such as that so charmingly illustrated in THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING last week. Let us all, therefore, do our best to get new members for the Association at once, and members for the Club as soon as we know what the terms of admission to it are, which, I hope, will be soon, for I am all impatience to join it.

Yours faithfully,

LIFE MEMBER, R.B.N.A.

THE LONDON NURSERY SCHOOL.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

MADAM,—The work of the London Nursery School counteracts the evil influences of slum life by placing children in an environment suited to the development of their better selves, by giving them the atmosphere which characterises a good home. By attention to physical needs at an age when the foundations of a good or bad physique are laid, it seeks to prevent disease and raise the standard of physique. Every child thus brought up with a sound constitution and high ideals means one more good citizen for the future of our Empire. In the nursery school habits of helpfulness and industry are formed, and the love

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