

"These fields are human to my father. And they have come to speak to me a language I don't yet understand. What you see are the things round which my life has centred, and when I go away from them I am not content."

Leonore said goodbye to him, and her eyes seemed very dark, and sweet and thoughtful.

There was a tragic choice in front of Kurt, he was sincerely attached to his father, he loved his wheat farm, and now had come into his life this sweet-eyed girl. But the war called him and would not let him rest. To kiss that blue-eyed girl's sweet lips would be a sum of earthly joy, all satisfying, precious. The wheat fields rolling before him every clod of which had been pressed by his bare feet, the father whose changeless blood had sickened at the son of his loins, the life of hope, freedom, of action, of achievement of wonderful possibility, these seemed lost to Kurt Dorn. But no loss, no sting of bullet or bayonet, no torturing victory of approaching death could balance in the scale against the thought of a picture of one American girl, blue-eyed, red lipped, golden haired, as she stepped somewhere in the future, down a summer lane, or a blossoming orchard, on soil that was free.

Dorn went through much before he joined up; the firing of his wheat as it stood by German revolutionaries; the saving of it by the assistance of neighbouring farmers; its harvesting, and the final crushing disappointment of its destruction by fire in the barns; the violent death of his traitor father; Leonore's passionate appeal to him to stay at home to grow the wheat that would be so sorely needed; and her final wringing from him an avowal of his love for her.

The war breaks him, mentally and physically; his reckless fighting was born of a lust for blood—German blood, and a ghastly picture is painted of a German lad dying on his bayonet. But the look on the boy's face was the resurrection of Dorn's soul. He saw in those eyes, instead of hate, love of life, surprised at death.

It was his last act as a soldier, for a shell sent Dorn into roaring blackness.

Leonore takes him back to his wheat-farm to nurse him back to sanity and health, where the Huns he had accounted for gradually ceased to visit him.

H. H.

### A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY WISDOM FOR 1922.

"Home is everywhere to thee  
Who canst thine own dwelling be;  
Yea, tho' ruthless Death assail thee,  
Still thy lodging will not fail thee;  
Still thy Soul's thine own; and she  
To an House removed shall be;  
An Eternal House above,  
Walled, and roofed, and paved with Love.  
There shall these mud-walls of thine,  
Gallantly repaired, out-shine  
Mortal stars;—no stars shall be  
In that Heaven but such as Thee."

—Joseph Beaumont.

## 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.*

### THE TWO BLACK SPOTS.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I read with pleasure in the *B.J.N.*, in the Report of the Meeting of the General Nursing Council on May 19th, the logical Resolution which you moved at that meeting, and with amazement and indignation the personal attack upon you which followed.

May I ask what the functions of the Registration Committee are? If they do not consider applications and scrutinize testimonials of applicants for Registration, why should we Registered Nurses pay highly for these ladies and gentlemen to be brought up from all parts of the kingdom to do the work of that Committee?

Every nurse of experience knows that until the "loose period" is at an end, the most expert knowledge and the greatest care are necessary to decide who is eligible for registration, which applications should be placed before the Registration Committee for its consideration as (1) eligible; (2) doubtful; and (3) ineligible; and that such preparation needs checking to prevent errors.

In one part of the Report we read of members of the Council complaining of the overwork of the office staff, and of the necessity for additional clerks. Yet, on the other hand, the invaluable work of distinguished members of the Council, notably you yourself—who have to my personal knowledge most selflessly and devotedly given time, thought and expert knowledge to the drudgery of examining these applications—has been rejected with insult. Presumably the inexperienced additional clerks are required to replace you. What confidence can nurses possibly have in a Council which has so little regard for their professional and financial interests? What respect for the quality of the brains of those who cannot or will not understand that you are contending for a great principle, that you are pleading that the Council shall be master in its own house, that it shall instruct the Registration Committee to do its manifest duty, and that in your argument the Registrar took an unimportant and incidental place, because the Council had, most unwisely, from what ever point of view we regard this business, granted to the Registrar responsibilities which are the responsibilities of the Council, and which the Registrar was unwise enough to demand. Her friends on the Council tried to make out that your efforts to get the work of the Council properly done were a personal attack upon the Registrar. She must be singularly thin-skinned and obsessed with herself if she read the Resolution in that light. Moreover, we "Barts" nurses detest despotism, and I know many who will refuse to register so long as it is in force in our office.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)