

VICTORIAN NURSES NOT ELIGIBLE FOR RECIPROCAL REGISTRATION.

We note that Dr. W. B. Vance, President of the Royal Victorian Trained Nurses' Association, accuses this journal "of misrepresentation of the actual facts and feelings of the Council of the R.V.T.N.A. towards several matters which are agitating the nursing world of Victoria at the present time," but he does not enumerate them. Our crime is, no doubt, that we have not boycotted the Trained Nurses' Guild and its policy, and that we reported the expressed invertebrate opinions of Dr. Vance on the State Registration of Nurses. In a letter which appears in *Una*, Dr. Vance writes:—

"Neither I nor my Council are opposed to the State Registration of Nurses, as has been alleged, though I have tried to make it clear to our members that, perhaps beyond enabling reciprocity with other countries to be carried out, it will be of little value to those at present nursing."

The Commonwealth of Australia is a loyal Dominion of the King, and the only self-governing Dominion the trained nurses of which are unable to avail themselves of the benefit of reciprocal registration with the Mother Country. Imagine what that would have meant had our Registration Act been in force during the Great War! Our Australasian Sisters would have been the only group of British Nurses without legal status at the front! As it is highly-trained matrons and nurses in Australia who have applied for State Registration under our Act *are not eligible, and have had to be refused this privilege*. And owing to the fact that the Nurses' organisations in Australia are officered by medical practitioners—they are away behind the Nurses of other Dominions, of the United States, and European countries. Thus they are the only Dominion Nurses who have not self-determination, and are thus not eligible for affiliation with the International Council of Nurses.

We have not the slightest doubt Dr. Vance and his medical colleagues mean well in assuming executive control of Victorian Trained Nurses, but in these days of personal responsibility the kindest thing medical men can do is to leave the sister profession of Nursing to control its own affairs on the same ethical basis as prevails in the medical profession. The nurses have proved capable of very wise self government wherever they have the chance—medical domination is entirely out of date. Consultation and mutual consideration between the independent professions of medicine and nursing should now be the order of the day, and until this is conceded nurses will remain a serf class, as evidenced on the General Nursing Council.

LEGACY TO A NURSE.

Mr. Alexander Finlay, of Cavendish Square, W., who died on June 19th last, left his nurse, Miss Mary Louisa Pollard, £100.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE TALE OF TRIONA."*

We have learned to expect the best from Mr. Locke, and once more we are satisfied that we have been given it.

When Olivia Gale married Alexis Triona she loved him for his face value, which turned out to be far below par.

Alexis was, of course, unusual—and so was Olivia—and they would have lived a delightfully unconventional life in perfect happiness if he hadn't deceived her. Whether she would have married him if he had been frank with her is a matter of surmise.

When she was Olivia Gale, her father died and left her considerable money and a charming house full of anomalies, which came about owing to the fact that her mother had been a highly bred woman of a proud old Anglo-Indian family all Generals and Colonels and Sirs and Ladies; and when she threw the Anglo-Indian family halo over the windmills and married young Stephen Gale, who used to stand in the market place at Medlow and bawl out the bidding for pigs and sheep, her family, in consequence, turned her down with Anglo-Indian thoroughness. None of the family deigned to gauge the personal value of the pig seller; but Mrs. Gale, very much in love with her pig-selling husband, snapped her fingers at them.

A love match it was and a love match it remained until he died of pneumonia "over there," an elderly man at an inglorious base. His wife, fast succumbing to an incurable malady, in spite of his years, and the loss of both her sons, had said "go, dear," the blood in her speaking that had given itself at Agra, Lucknow, Kandahar, and Chitral.

But ever Olivia's mind rebelled against the pig-selling. Her girlhood had resented her exclusion from the high-class girls' school on the hill. She hated her school ribbon, with the "L.H." embroidered on it, which indicated that she was at "Lansdowne House," where the daughters of the tradespeople received their education.

So it came to pass that on the death of her parents, when she was yet but twenty-one, she demanded from her executors a cheque for her entire fortune. She would cut herself adrift from Medlow and all its ways and associations, and raise herself from her father's social category. With Myra, her severe and devoted maid, she sketched their career—that of a female Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. "To ride abroad redressing human wrongs."

"Better redress the London young women, which I see the pictures of in the papers," said Myra.

Olivia could not, however, bring herself to part with her old home, and she let it furnished for a term of years to Major Olifant, whom it would have been far better for her to have married.

*By William J. Locke. John Lane, Bodley Head.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)