

BOSH.

Miss Sherriff MacGregor, the Organizing Secretary of the College of Nursing, Ltd., has been speaking on State Registration to the staff of the Royal Infirmary, Liverpool, and is reported as making the following statement which is pure bosh:—

"The law divided nurses into three classes—nurses, who were trained before the law was passed; intermediate nurses, who were being trained at the time it was passed; and future nurses, who started their training after the law came into existence. To prevent any unfairness to anyone the standard of registration for the first class was lower than that for the second, and the second lower than that for the third."

The law, that is the Act, does no such thing. There is a term of grace for "Existing Nurses," from July 14th, 1921, to July 14th, 1923, during which time nurses with and without a certificate of three years' training can register, after which nurses with three years' certificates only can register. But Mary Jones, who got her certificate on the 15th (and after) July, 1923, is not in a higher "class" than Mary Brown who was awarded her certificate on the previous day. *Three years' certificated nurses are on exactly the same footing from July 14th, 1921, until the State Examination comes into force.*

There is little doubt that the State Certificate after Examination will place a nurse on a higher professional grade, and that is the reason why it is of paramount importance to Certificated Nurses that their evidence of proficiency (their hospital certificate after examination) should be recorded on the published State Register.

The term "intermediate" is of no professional significance, and was only adopted in the Rules to mark the interval between the term of grace and the compulsory State Examination.

Such silly statements as that made by the representative of the College of Nursing, Ltd., at Liverpool, reflect no credit on its comprehension of the Law, and is calculated to bring it into contempt.

"LITTLE CUCKOO FLOWER."

For what the judge described as one of the most brutal murders in the annals of crime, Simon McGeown (38), labourer, was sentenced to death at Belfast Assizes last week. The victim was a seven-year-old child, Maggie Fullerton. Death was due to a fractured skull, and there was a gaping wound in the lower part of the body. The child had been outraged before being murdered. Let us hope the wretch who perpetrated the crime will swing for it.

At Manchester Assizes, Walter Francis Rawlinson (28), boiler maker, of Barrow-in-Furness, was found guilty of outraging a girl of fourteen in a wood. Rawlinson was given three years' penal servitude. Criminals of this type should be sterilised before they are let loose to repeat their crimes—which they so often do.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF COOMBE."*

* We venture to predict that this book will score an immense success with the general public. It is just the volume to take on holiday for those who abandon strenuous reading during that period.

It is written with Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's sympathetic insight into the life of a lonely child who "for the first six years of her life sat on certain days staring out of a window in a small, dingy room on the top floor of a slice of a house in a narrow but highly fashionable London street."

The house was inhabited by the very pretty Mrs. Garette-Lawless, its inordinate rent being reluctantly paid by her.

So light and airy was the fair, slim physical presentation of her being, so almost impalpably diaphanous the texture and form of mind and character to be observed by human perception, that among friends and enemies she was prettily known as "Feather." She had married Robert Garette-Lawless, who was a beautiful and irresponsible rather than a deliberately bad young man.

When Robin was born she was regarded as a calamity. Feather cried for a week when she first announced the probability of her advent.

That Feather should become a parent gave rise to much wit of light weight.

It was the Head of the House of Coombe who asked the first question about her.

"What will you *do* with her?" he asked detachedly.

The peerage recorded him as a Marquis and added several lesser attendant titles. He was old enough, rich enough, important enough for marriage to be almost imperative. But he remained unmarried.

He was reported to have a history, but he treated such rumours with an outward cynical indifference.

He had the reputation of being the most perfectly dressed man in London.

When Robin was about a year old Robert Garrette-Lawless died after a brief illness, leaving Feather a lovely penniless widow with a child.

It came with a sudden and rude shock when the situation broke upon her.

"Would they turn her into the street. Would the servants go away. Would she be left without even a carriage. She began to run up and down the room like a frightened little cat seeing no escape from the trap it has been caught in."

She was not long left in doubt; the servants deserted at the first intimation that wages were improbable. A melancholy picture is drawn of the first night in the empty house and the wailing child on the top floor, while its selfish little mother smothered herself in the pillows below so that she might not hear its cries. With morning came a ray of hope. She sent to Lord Coombe. Quite frankly she asks his protection; she would do

* Heinemann. London.

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