

The Festival and Bazaar Committee, which, in addition to arranging the necessary festive meetings, is, together with the governing committee, responsible for the holding of the great annual bazaar, which procures means for N.C.T.N.'s Help Fund, the objects of which are: Improvement of our economic position, help to sick and aged sick nurses, the establishment of a home for nurses, as well as the allotment of scholarships. The fund at present amounts to kr. 129,001.67, of which kr. 80,000 forms the original fund, the interest of which shall be used for providing scholarships for nurses who wish to study a special subject or to prepare themselves for a certain position in sick nursing or social work.

Sykepleien ("Sick Nursing") is the organ of N.C.T.N. and of the nursing profession. It began at the same time as N.C.T.N. was founded, in 1912. Every ordinary member is bound to subscribe for it, and there are also many other interested subscribers. It has been an important factor in the fight for better training and conditions of living, while at the same time it has had an enlightening and stimulating influence on the nursing profession.

N.C.T.N.'s Information Bureau has become a central point in the nursing profession. Young girls or their relatives seek written or oral advice and information about the best way of training, and consult the bureau regarding the appointment of nurses, the best way to arrange the work, improvements, duties, salaries, &c. The local authorities, boards of health, &c., apply to the bureau regarding matters of interest for sick nursing and its development. Ordinary members seek advice as regards further training both at home and abroad.

N.C.T.N.'s passport for nurses who are members of N.C.T.N. and wish to work in other countries is a guarantee certificate written in Norwegian, English, French and German. These passports are signed both by the President and Secretary and provided with the necessary stamps.

N.C.T.N. tries to exercise influence on the building and equipment, &c., of hospitals. When the building of a new hospital is announced, an application is sent to the proper quarter requesting that nurses shall be appointed on the building committee. This year resolutions will be sent to every local authority in the country, requesting that in case of building or repairing of hospitals, homes for children, and for the aged, &c., nurses shall not only be consulted, but shall be responsible members of the different building committees.

The Norwegian Council of Trained Nurses is a member of the Norwegian Council of Women.

What has been said respecting development, work and fighting efforts, clearly shows the nature of the demands made by the Norwegian nursing profession as regards the further development of sick nursing in their country, and it is our hope that the International Council of Nurses will see that we are working for the same high ideals as our sisters in other lands, and will find us worthy to be enrolled among the members of the Council.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.*

In this very interesting book Mr. Philip Gibbs deals with the situation in Ireland, our relations with France, the industrial questions of our own country, and the famine area in Russia, and it is all very convincing.

The outstanding figure of his novel is Bertram Pollard, ex-Major, D.S.O., M.C., who, of course, fought through the war, and was promptly forgotten by a grateful country at its conclusion. He belonged to the upper middle classes, his father being Michael Pollard, K.C., M.P., an Irish Protestant, and at one time a violent antagonist of women's rights. On account of his Socialistic sympathies he treated his son Bertram as a traitor to the British Empire—he who had been three times wounded and loved England with a kind of passion. His daughter Dorothy had, before the war, married a Prussian officer, and his younger daughter, Susan, married a Sinn Feiner, while the youngest son, Digby, had joined the "Black and Tans," from which facts it is not difficult to imagine the family situation as tragic.

To return to Bertram, he had married, under war conditions, the beautiful young daughter of Lord Ottery, Colonial Secretary before the war—"a reactionary old swine."

Further complications might be expected from such a union, and they occurred in abundance.

Joyce, an apparently heartless girl, soon wearied of her young husband, who was "not in our set," and she made it quite evident that the little house in Holland Street, Kensington, belonged to her. She filled it with an amazing collection of people, whose presence he resented, sometimes with an almost poisonous hatred. They had come in and out of the house at all hours of the day, even to late breakfasts, when Joyce joined them in one of her many dressing-gowns of Japanese silk and futurist colours, with bare feet in bedroom slippers, looking like a sleepy boy after dancing in some overheated room until late night or early morning. He had quarrelled with her for that: "It doesn't seem decent," he said.

He was very "nervy"; he knew that. The war had left him all on edge. He was irritable with small things—the loss of a collar stud, the slackness of a servant, the continual tinkling of the telephone bell (Joyce's friends suggesting some new stunt). If he had some work to do it would have been easier.

Joyce's baby was still-born. He was distressed beyond words at the little corpse, although he had walked with death so long. He insisted on having a proper funeral for it, with his name on the coffin, which he attended with the nurse.

She was a nice, human soul, who had been through the war and had learnt pity for men.

"I'm not wanted now," he said to her on their way back.

* By Philip Gibbs. (Hutchinson.)

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