

is to testify that these were done as such things should be done.

Many were turned away—despite the herculean efforts of the courteous M.Cs. to seat them. Lack of space is the only thing that handicaps the work of these people and they performed miracles; everyone who could be packed in was smilingly welcomed.

The gracious kindness of the Princess in attending, and her obvious pleasure in the "Show," much enhanced the general enjoyment.

Miss Macdonald as "Mrs. Cassilis" the mother of a young aristocrat who has become engaged to an "impossible" flapper he rescued in a bus accident has a big problem to tackle. She solves it with a masterly blend of the serpent and dove that reminds one of Mendelssohn's definition of a true woman as "half angel and half devil." Miss Macdonald played the part with a nice sense of the emotional value of gesture and expression, and her "asides" and "byplay" were decidedly clever. She has many gifts well suited to stagecraft, but there is more behind all that, and "Brains always tell in the end," as she says in the play, a sentence which aroused one loud shout of spontaneous applause. She proved her case by adroitly throwing herself ostensibly on the side of the enemy, and invited both daughter and mother to stay at her house till they "hanged themselves" with the long rope that she gave them on every possible occasion. Because playing the part of the son, Geoffrey, involved also playing the fool, all the world knows it needed a clever man for that; Mr. S. Culverwell did it very well indeed. He is a good elocutionist, and made an excellent study of the infatuated young fellow whose eyes were drastically opened to the sad embroglio into which he had landed himself. Mrs. Atherton Earp, as the blunt Countess, capably showed that more than a title goes to the making of a real lady; and Mrs. Reidy as the helpless aristocrat out of her depths in dealing with a different "class," was an admirable "Lady Marchmont." Miss G. Nicholson and Mr. Pinner as the well-meaning Rector and his punctilious and dominating wife, were thoroughly amusing; Miss McElwee, as "Dorset," was the trim little maid everyone wants, but only a Mrs. Cassilis manages to secure. Miss Gwladys Roach "got over the footlights" very well indeed with her poor little flapper, Ethel Borridge, and showed great cleverness in making her thoroughly common without ever alienating our sympathies by overdoing it—a difficult feat! What a splendid "Tilly of Bloomsbury" Miss Roach would make! The pretty voice and graceful figure of Miss Edith Dickie were very attractive, and she scored as the modern thoroughbred English girl. In the unconscious part she played as a foil to Ethel, she was of considerable importance, and by preserving that unconscious air she added much to the success of the play. As Major Warrington, Mr. Aubrey Gordon was splendid. He has a distinct Du Maurier touch at times and the art of getting the last ounce of artistic effect into his work.

Last, but not least, there is "Mrs. Borridge." What can one say of her? She "spoke for herself"—nay, she shrieked for herself; and the house shrieked with her. Nellie Wallace herself could not have presented a more tragio-comic "misfit" than Miss Sarah Hebson achieved as "Mrs. Borridge" in the calm and well-ordered home of her hostess. Take a book of Etiquette "Don'ts" and reverse every line of it, and one has a faint idea of Mrs. Borridge's dress, deportment and conversation. We rocked with laughter when she snored during Mabel's song. Our sides ached when her hostess laid restraining hands on her arm when she "conducted" her own daughter's exuberant rendering of "Yes, Sir, That's my Baby"; then, when she scolded Ethel before the guests for "not getting the engagement on pyper," we trembled for the furniture

overhead. Her green satin dress was less brilliant than her sense of humour. To praise Miss Hebson adequately is like trying to paint the flowers that nodded from the shelf above me a laughing farewell. She finally left the stage in a breathless whirlwind of despair, as Lady Macbeth hath it, "not standing upon the order of her going."

The curtain fell on a quickly righted state of things; the work of Mrs. Cassilis was done!

Bouquets were presented; there was a short speech from Mr. Phair; "three cheers for Princess Arthur"; the National Anthem; and many of the company went up to the drawing-room to dance. The new tone of the walls (a Quaker-like grey) charmed me. It harmonised with the blue curtains—blue for Faith, the artists say. I left feeling proud of our nurses, as usual; and both they and the actors can congratulate themselves on an evening worthy of their well-established record. I liked, too, those resounding "cheers"—showing the affectionate loyalty of the Association to its Royal President. While thus the Throne and the People are linked in the Noble Profession, anarchy and misrule may sharpen the sword as they will—England need not fear. By the Gates of Wrath stands the Sisterhood of Healing, like an angel with the rose of Love in her hand and the lily of Peace at her blue-robed breast—to turn the blade aside.

Pixie Baird.

#### INVITATION.

Miss Cattell will be "At Home" at 194, Queen's Gate on the 21st instant from 4—6 p.m., to Members of the Association and friends. She requests them to regard this notice as an invitation to be present. We expect a large gathering as Miss Cattell's tea-parties are invariably greatly enjoyed and members turn up from all quarters to partake of her hospitality and to meet friends both old and new. We all look forward with great pleasure to the 21st.

#### ATTAINMENT.

EMMELINE MAUDE MACCALLUM, S.R.N.

Members of the R.B.N.A. would wish to see in these pages some special expression of their appreciation of a splendid colleague just gone to rest. We learn that a notice will appear elsewhere in the JOURNAL and therefore we contribute but a few lines only for we are accustomed to count on its delicacy of sympathy, and beautiful portrayals of characters we have known.

One thing we were always impressed with was Miss MacCallum's intense love of freedom. "Freedom for the Nurses" may be said to have been her battle cry and, in her courageous struggle to defend and to advance it, her feet never once faltered, nor was her flag ever furled. To some of us her life preached a philosophy of freedom that we shall not soon forget, in that her own will was so free that it was governed by her conceptions of right and wrong, and by these only; expediency, suffering, riches or poverty, it soared above these, was fettered by none. Chatting one day of the troublous days before and after the Registration Acts were passed, she lay with her eyes raised to the great Cross over St. Pancras Church, silhouetted against a misty evening sky, and said, "Ah, yes, I felt it all, often felt cruelly what I had to do and all that it would involve for me; sometimes, ill as I was, I could hardly go on with all the hard work and difficult controversies. But I could feel the power of the Spirit, and, every time, I just opened myself to the Spirit and prayed that He might use me. Always, I just opened myself to the Spirit to use me, however hard it might be for me." Simple words, but surely an expression of the Attainment of a great Faith, and the Attainment too of a sublime freedom of Will.

ISABEL MACDONALD,

Secretary to the Corporation.

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