

a hundred years hence." Perhaps, but a dire irksomeness might lie between then and now.

Having shown them a possible best of both worlds, he would conclude with a "God bless you all."

Mr. Begg, President of the Directors, moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Clow and the meeting finished with tea in the main corridor of the Infirmary.

NURSES' MISSIONARY LEAGUE.

A Perfect Holiday.

The annual camp of the N.M.L. was held this year at Woolacombe, N. Devon. It was attended by over 50 members—representing 31 Hospitals.

For the whole fortnight a wonderfully happy and friendly atmosphere prevailed. We were housed and catered for at a very comfortable, small hotel. The food was excellent, hot and cold baths available at any time, early morning tea was served, and the moderate fees were inclusive.

The weather was perfect, and the bathing a great attraction. Excursions were arranged to many of the beauty spots of N. Devon—Lynton, Watersmeet, the Doone Valley, Clovelly, etc. These were taken advantage of by nearly the whole camp and were most enjoyable. We were fortunate this year in having with us six missionaries, home on furlough from various parts, China, India and Africa, some of them having been abroad for many years.

At the meetings, held each evening, they told us wonderful stories of their thrilling experiences. One wonders how many of us nurses at home would be prepared to go out to a district case—put on forceps, and even, if necessary, do a craniotomy, with no doctor within miles! Not only this, they also have to teach the young native nurses to do the same. The responsibility must be appalling.

One great feature of the camp was the informal nature of these meetings and talks, and also the attendance was purely optional, so that those who wished felt perfectly free to spend the time as they liked.

Congratulations and thanks are due to all those who made such thoughtful arrangements for our comfort and were so helpful in every way; and also to our kind hostess. We all return to our various posts, at home and overseas, refreshed in body and spirit, with a feeling of having been brought nearer to our Master, the Divine Healer. We hope that many of our readers will attend the camp next year, particulars of which will be obtainable from the Secretary of the Nurses' Missionary League, 135, Ebury Street, London, S.W.1.

NARROW LOYALTIES THREATEN SUCCESS OF GRADUATE STAFF.

If you get a job as general staff nurse, remember to be loyal first to your profession. Graduate service is on trial in many hospitals, and on the conduct and type of service of the general staff nurse depends the success of the national programme for replacement of students by R.N.s in many hospitals.

Every general staff nurse should read the unsigned article by a superintendent of nurses in the *America Journal of Nursing* for May, which says, in part: "It is very disappointing to find graduate nurses so wedded to methods and equipment used in their own hospitals that they actually suffer in trying to make such adjustments as are called for in adopting different methods. Frank recognition of the desirability of changing habits, even good ones, of trying new methods . . . would do much to make it easier for graduate nurses to work with one another in hospitals other than their own. Somehow, some way will have to be found to substitute inclusive professional loyalties for the petty, competing loyalties that make adjustments between the graduates of different schools so very difficult."

ROYAL NURSES.

QUEEN MARGUERITE: ROSE OF PROVENCE.

(Concluded from page 166.)

Perhaps we have dwelt too long on these happy days of 1234. One tries to pursue the even course of recorded history, but the roses will have it their way. With the strange individuality that one sometimes finds among flowers of one species, and especially perhaps in daffodils, those roses seem to present many a phase of the story of Marguerite. Here is one, half closed, with the air of guarding a secret—a very fine secret too—for *she* knows one reason why it was that, of all their royal residences, the King and the Queen loved best their Abbey of Poissy. After much patience I extracted for you the story from that half-blown, secretive rose; and if you are wroth that I did so—well, see to it, I warn you, that never again do your roses of France wander to London or they may keep company with some Celt and neither she nor they have any business there. And now for the tale which that intimate, secretive rose had to tell of why the beautiful "Monk King" loved best his Abbey of Poissy. In it his suite and Marguerite's were divided only by a winding staircase and the ushers—well the ushers *revered* the great Queen Blanche of Castile, but they *loved* their golden-haired king. And so the young saint, that was to be, made a compact with those ushers that they would knock to give warning when the Queen Mother was seen to be coming. With the ushers set on guard, Louis would fly up the steps until his eyes met two bright ones above him and Marguerite would hold up a warning finger and bid him come no farther. Quite well they could hold conversation, she would say, from where they stood, much safer, no he must climb no higher, but why, oh inexplicable, elusive Marguerite, did *your* little feet, even as you warn him, carry you stealthily down one step and then another and still another. And Louis watches her circling the windings of the staircase, while she laughs and talks softly to him, until at last they sit, those two, some halfway down a spiral stair laughing over their great adventure. And what happened next you ask? But that secretive rose was silent, perhaps indeed the others nudged her for a gossip and a tell-tale. "But did she, the Queen Mother, find them ever? That we must really know." "Why, of course not. The ushers of the Court of King Louis the Ninth were far too vigilant for that, and when the Queen Mother arrived at last she would find a beautiful dark-eyed maiden busy over an embroidery frame, in a room far up the winding staircase and, in one below, a golden-haired boy engrossed quite surely in some old book on chivalry or perhaps a tale of the earlier crusades." The rose grows garrulous once more. When Louis has dutifully conducted his mother to her apartments he returns meditating on her wise words on government, for no statesman surely was ever so wise as this mother of his. She is right, a wife must not be an encumbrance to good government. He will go to his apartment and attend to the affairs of state that all may go well with the land of France. But as he comes within reach of his suite there rings down that winding staircase a peal of rippling laughter, and he must needs look up to see a lovely face with a cloud of dark hair falling about it, eyes most mischievous and sparkling, and lips that, when they curl in laughter, are so like a petal from some rose of Provence. And Louis goes to his apartment, but not to ponder on that matter so important to the State. That blind old Flagéac! Marguerite was beautiful and good, was she? That was all. Well, perhaps it was well that he had not known the witchery of her, but then, how could he, worthy fellow? *He* had not seen her—on an old winding stairway there in the Abbey of Poissy. As to the Queen Mother—great as she was, the green-eyed monster had found a point vulnerable in the armour of

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