

Nurses, £92 to £97; Sisters, £85 to £90; Staff Nurses, £70 to £75. With board, lodging, laundry, uniform and medical attendance. Such salaries compare very favourably with the remuneration of clerical workers.

A ball has been arranged for February 8th, in the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, the proceeds of the occasion to be devoted towards the fund for the new Nurses' Home in connection with the Royal Infirmary. The scheme for such a home was launched in the early part of 1914, but the great war caused it to be laid aside. Since the Armistice an effort has been made to revive it, and already some handsome donations have been given, but the amount received, especially in view of the cost of building nowadays, is totally inadequate to the requirements. That the new Nurses' Home is urgently needed admits of no doubt; the present arrangements are quite inadequate, and hamper efficient administration. The ball is the prelude to a much more extensive appeal for support of the Nurses' Home project which will be made when times are more propitious.

Those members of the Nursing Profession who attended the Conference convened by the International Council of Nurses in Paris in 1907 and remember the great kindness and interest shown by M. Mesureur, the director of the *Assistance Publique* at that time, will wish him long enjoyment of the leisure which will result on his recent retirement from this important and honourable position. He is succeeded by M. Mourier, one of whose duties will be to consider how the enormous wastage of life caused by the war can be best counteracted.

At his first appearance at the General Council of the Seine, M. Mourier (states the *Times* correspondent) earnestly defended the need for expenditure on children who are the wards of the Department. The population of the country has diminished by 4,000,000 during the war, and M. Mourier considers that outlay on the children preserves indispensable vital forces. The Council has voted premiums to the mothers of all children born in wedlock, or recognised legally, who have lived for three years in the Department, and who have at least two children living at the time that the third is born. The premiums consist of 300 francs for the third child and 50 francs for each subsequent child.

For her services, Major Julia Stimson has received the Distinguished Service Medal, U.S.A., and the British R.R.C.; and has, since her return to the United States of America, been made Superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps.

LONDON'S FILLEUL IN FRANCE.

Those whose privilege it has been to visit the fortress of Verdun, ever glorious, will learn with pleasure and pride that the City and County of London Executive Committee of the League of Help, 346, Strand, W.C.2, decided at its first meeting at the Mansion House that the City of London should concentrate on raising a minimum sum of £100,000 for Verdun, and that London has adopted Verdun as its godchild.

It was on a perfect September day—one of those unforgettable days which abide in one's memory—that a little party of three left Reims at 6 a.m. for Verdun. The early start proved part of the pleasure of the expedition, as the country through which we passed was gradually flooded with golden sunshine. It was rather surprising after the absolute ruin of Reims that the country nearer Verdun seemed comparatively immune from devastation.

The town, which is most picturesque, is on the banks of the beautiful Meuse, it dates back to A.D. 140, and has six gates, one of which still has its drawbridge. The town itself, though it suffered from the German bombardment, is by no means irretrievably ruined, the devastating firing having been concentrated on the forts of Vaux and Douamont, several miles distant, and the surrounding villages. Thus we passed through all that is left of the village of Fleury, now represented by the post of a house, and a few stones. No, not quite all, for on the other side of the road is a large graveyard, mute evidence of the fury of the struggle at that point. Silence falls on the occupants of the motor char-a-banc, and the men raise their hats as we pass.

It was on the forts that the whole fury of the German onslaught was expended, and it was here that the heroism of the French rose to levels transcending human understanding. Here, too, over 30,000 Americans received their baptism of fire and laid down their lives in the titanic struggle for the freedom of the world.

At the Fort of Douamont one can descend into the subterranean galleries, and realise the monotony of the life of the defenders of Verdun, to show themselves outside—to take a breath of the sweet life-giving air and to feast the eyes for a moment on the glorious rolling landscape—meant certain death.

ON NE PASSE PAS.

Close by is the Trench of the Bayonets, where 170 Frenchmen, waiting for the order to attack with rifles raised and bayonets fixed, were first stupefied with gas and then subjected to such fierce shelling that the trench fell in, and they were buried alive as they stood there. But still above the ground are to be seen the rifles gripped by the dead hands just beneath the soil, raised ready for the attack. In death, as in life, faithful to the slogan of Verdun, renowned throughout the world, "On ne passe pas." There is a tempor-

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