

Mountains was to acquaint herself at first hand with the work of the Kentucky Nursing Service, but, as she remarks "we were by no means the average observer as we debarked from the train one misty morning in May, the average observer was only one. We were five.

"We were Jane and Johnnie, aged thirteen and twelve, Cliffe and Lucile, aged seven and four, and myself (age depending on how I feel). On this particular morning I was aged about twenty-five. The night before I had been old enough to be my own grandmother."

After a nerve-racking drive of hair-pin curves, and high above the river with only a narrow margin between the travellers and eternity they were on the newly plowed portion of the road. Henry (the driver) by a combination of desperate cunning, brute strength, and a most acute sense of balance kept the big truck in the middle of the road, like a liner in a wave at sea. Then, at the Head of Hurricane, Henry came to a stand still. "This is far as we go. There will be mules for your stuff and horses to take the rest of you."

"We looked around for our horses. They were coming up the creek in charge of two girls. I did not know either of them but I recognised the species. They were couriers." Thus the family came through magnificent scenery to Wendover in the fastnesses of the Kentucky Mountains. "I do not think," says Mrs. Gardner "there is a lovelier spot in America than Wendover." Mrs. Breckinridge was absent on the day they arrived. Much of her life is necessarily spent in the mountains. She keeps in daily touch, however, with her base of operations and her grasp of details is enormous, her memory prodigious. She can do a week's work in a day. She regularly keeps three secretaries on the run.

"Dude" was put at the disposal of the party for the summer. Said Sallie (the courier) "he doesn't mind how many ride him. He will carry just as many as can be put between his mane and his tail."

So Mrs. Gardner settled into her cabin, and providing for the care of the children started out to fulfil her purpose to gain first hand knowledge of the work of the various centres, sometimes accompanying the nurses, sometimes riding alone from one centre to another.

One point she noted must be mentioned, for the rest we refer our readers to the book itself. The babies are beautiful without exception. They "look so different from the average city children."

"I don't know how to account for it," the nurse replied, "I know this much. We have very little of what the mountaineer calls 'the disease you get at the railroad.' That may have something to do with it. The mountain stock is sound, the blood clean." M. B.

"VICTORIANS ALL."*

"Victorians All," by Flora Masson, is a most charmingly written little book, and gives delightful sketches of many notable persons, such as Dickens, Thackeray, the Carlyles, Louis Stevenson, the Brownings and many others. You feel a real Rip Van Winkle as you read the descriptions of places and entertainments which have long since passed out of sight and memory.

It is the last chapter of this entertaining book which will appeal most strongly to Nurses.

"Florence Nightingale and later Friendships." The author gives an inspiring account of her visits to the "Chief" and a vivid picture of Miss Nightingale at 10, South Street, in the eventide of her long life. All the passion which had been subdued during her working life, she now poured forth in a motherly feeling for her children as she called "her nurses."

* W. & R. Chambers, Ltd., 38, Soho Square, London, W.1, and Edinburgh. Price 3s. 6d.

During one of these visits, "suddenly Miss Nightingale stopped speaking, and held up her hand: 'Listen!' she said. A weird faint cry sounded over Hyde Park. I looked at Miss Nightingale questioning. 'The Hourly Cry to Prayer,' she whispered, 'from the Mosque.' She explained that a Mohammedan Potentate was a guest of that London Season. . . . The sound died away. . . . To me it was strange and startling. But 'the Lady with the Lamp' knew well. It was to her a reminder of the scenes of her youth's splendid achievement. . . .

"'Good-bye.' Miss Nightingale put out her hands—'Not—not good-bye'—but it was." A. M. B.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

THE KING'S NEW YEAR MESSAGE.

The King sent the following telegram to the Lord Mayor of London in reply to a message sent to His Majesty on behalf of the citizens of London.

"The New Year's message sent by you on behalf of the Citizens of London has given me much pleasure, and I thank you for your good wishes, which I most heartily reciprocate.

"I am greatly touched, my Lord Mayor, by your kindly allusions to the Queen and my Family.

"We live in times fraught with difficulties, but during the anxious days through which we have been passing the courage, determination, and sacrifice of all classes to restore the fortunes of our beloved country have filled me with admiration.

"It is in a spirit of confidence that I send my greetings to the Citizens of London, praying that under Divine guidance the coming year may bring the light of hope and the strength of united purpose to our lives, and renewed prosperity to our land.

"GEORGE R.I."

Let us all take this inspiring New Year's Message to heart, and each determine to do our duty to King and Country with selfless devotion.

(31) TO THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW ('32)

When you arrived to find a stormy world,
Clouds hovered low, Dame Fortune hid her face.
But Hope was there, and Right her flag unfurled
Till John Bull's realm regained her pride of place!

You brought the wisdom lacking when you came,
You found the courage that disaster brings;
You'll be remembered when much doubtful fame
Is numbered with all best forgotten things.

May your successor, loyally inclined
To serve the safer land that sees his birth,
Tread in the footprints you have left behind
And hold our England foremost on God's earth.

C. B. M.

Many of us who knew her in happier days have learned of the serious illness of Sophie, Queen Dowager of Greece, with genuine sorrow. This Royal lady, so sweet and courteous to all the English Nurses who worked with her in Greece from time to time before the Great War greatly endeared herself to them all, and we offer her in their name sincerest sympathy and hope for recovery.

The Nobel Peace Prize for 1931 has been divided between two Americans, Miss Jane Addams and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. The value of the prize is 173,206 kroner (about £9,500).

Miss Addams, who founded the Social Settlement of Hull House, Chicago, is president of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

Dr. Butler is President of Columbia University.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)