EDITORIAL.

TO THE NURSES OF AMERICA.

FROM THE PRESIDENT, FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

"Professional Nursing," published by the American Nurses' Association, the League of Nursing Education, and the National Organisation for Public Health Nursing—records remarkable solidarity and advancement in every department in War Nursing, and under the title "To the Nurses of America," a copy of a letter addressed to Major Julia Stimson, by the President of the United States, as President of the American Nurses' Association, and read at the recent Biennial Convention at Buffalo, New York, on June 5th, will no doubt be warmly appreciated by American Nurses serving their country and the world at seats of war.

TO THE NURSES OF AMERICA.

May I take this opportunity to extend my sincere greetings to the nurses of America.

One of the most necessary things to keep up the morale of our fighting men is the knowledge that competent nursing care is always at hand for those injured in battle. The record made by the sixty thousand nurses who are serving with the Army and the Navy is one in which every American citizen can take pride. We will need more nurses in the Army and the Navy, and I know you will not fail in providing them.

We also have an obligation to the civil population in providing nurses for the post-war period when we will have millions of men returning home from the wars and the added problem of relocation of industrial workers. The student nurses' program is a constructive step in helping to solve the latter one. Let me congratulate the members of your Association on the grand spirit they are showing in this difficult war period. They are earning the thanks of the nation.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

We welcome our coloured colleagues.

WE WELCOME OUR COLOURED COLLEAGUES.

To quote the Evening Standard:—

"Led by Miss Mary Pettey, of Arizona, a striking figure dressed in captain's uniform, the girls trooped ashore to be greeted by 67-year-old Brigadier-General Benjamin Davis, the only negro General in the U.S. army. All the nurses are fully trained and some of them have already seen service in North Africa. The party numbered 63 and they are all volunteers. Some of them are married, with husbands fighting abroad. They come from all parts of the U.S.—from California to Florida.

In his address of welcome General Davis told the nurses that the people of America expected great things from them. "This is a very happy occasion for me," he said.

Referring to the good work of coloured litter bearers and ambulance drivers, who worked under the supervision of coloured officers, General Davis said:—

"I know you are going to live up to all the traditions of your noble profession and bring more honour to the service."

Captain Pettey replied, and assured the General that all the nurses were keen to take up their duties and to fulfil all the tasks expected of them.

We welcome our coloured colleagues.

We offer those who are in Europe to lessen the suffering of sick and wounded and thus help to win the war—a warm and sympathetic welcome—"As He died to make men holy, let us die to make them free."

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

In February, 1862, Julia Ward Howe roused the emotions of the people of the United States. She, with her sister, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, ardently advocated the liberation of the slaves in the Civil War in the United States, and as we read the announcement of the arrival of the first contingent of coloured nurses, ever to set foot in this country, when they arrived recently at a West of Scotland port, and were given a rousing welcome—the words of Julia Ward Howe's immortal Hymn flashed to memory:—

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.
He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before the judgment seat:
Oh, be swift my soul, to answer Him:
Be jubilant my feet:...
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make them free."

The effect of the Battle Hymn's splendid sounding lines springing from an ardent and ingenuous soul grew as the war advanced.