

Some of the men at first sleep very badly at night. There is so little to distinguish night from day for them, and after a bad night they are apt to make up for it by sleeping soundly in the daytime.

All the men are learning to read and write Braille, and are also taught typewriting, and arrangements are made for lectures on interesting subjects.

In connection with the Hostel is a seaside home at Brighton, placed at the disposal of the Committee by the National Institute for the Blind. Here men can be sent from hospital, and it will also be used as a holiday and week-end resort.

Mr. Pearson states that it has never been his good fortune to meet a cheerier set of men, which is excellent testimony to the wholesome and happy atmosphere of the hostel. Miss Davidson, who is full of sympathy for her charges, says that the difficulty is to avoid showing it too much, and to offer assistance to them constantly, but the truest kindness is to help them to be self-reliant, and there is no doubt that they are acquiring the habit.

One more point. It is to be hoped that the number of men blinded in this terrible war will be limited; at present no sailors have suffered in this way, and all the soldiers are known to the authorities. The Hostel meets their requirements so thoroughly that it seems desirable that the support given by the public should be concentrated on this institution, specially organized for their benefit, and that the multiplication of appeals with this object should be discouraged.

On Monday the King and Queen visited the Hostel and inspected the workshops and other departments. They spoke to each man, and listened to several readings in Braille, and watched others typing from dictation.

THE DRAFT.

The following charming verses are written by a well-known Dublin physician:—

Invading silence, down the narrow street
In curving march the chanting soldiers came—
Tall fellows, with the dull boots on their feet,
For battle bound—and every heart took flame.

Girls from the windows, leaving desk or hem,
Called out with voices like a Roman breath,
Hailing a viewless god who rode with them,
Whose name is Glory and whose yoke is Death.

I went not with them, but I fain would go
From this stilled city to that roaring sky,
Where Life is but the striking of a blow
And Time holds nothing better than to die.

"Z."

BRITISH NURSES TREATED WITH CONTEMPT.

Macmillan & Co. have now had ample time in which to inform the Nursing Profession whether or not the Miss Swanhilde Bulan, who edits their publication, the *Nursing Times*, is Miss Swanhilde Bulau of German parentage, who has been living in England under an assumed name, and who has been naturalised since war was declared.

As we have received no reply to this straight question, we presume a discreet silence is to be maintained by the firm and the lady in question. Presuming the editor of the *Nursing Times* is not of German parentage and has a right to the name of Bulan, we consider Macmillan & Co. should have taken the earliest opportunity of stating the fact, in the most public manner possible, so as to relieve the lady in question from unmerited suspicion. But if an alien enemy has been, and still is employed (for naturalisation after the declaration of War is merely an unpatriotic expedient), in conducting their paper for nurses, it is high time the profession took a very decided stand on the question, and that for very sufficient reasons.

We will mention a few:—

The journal in question is now practically a War sheet—its representatives are in and out of every military hospital in the Kingdom.

The Matron-in-Chief of the Territorial Force Nursing Service, whose office is at the War Office, has for years been in close collaboration with its untrained foreign editor.

In reply to an appeal its readers have supplied the funds to pay the salaries of a certain number of nurses, who have been planted out, not only in one of our own hospital trains, but in the countries of our various Allies, at war with Germany.

We presume if these nurses were aware that their Chief was a German, they as patriotic British women would hardly appreciate being selected and patronised by her!

Neither do we suppose the Governments of our Allies would tolerate any such arrangement, if they realized that these nurses were in close communication with a naturalised German who is not denaturalised in Germany, and is therefore still a subject of the Kaiser.

It is reported that the British Red Cross Society provided means of transport for a representative of the journal in question to approach the trenches in France—a highly inadvisable proceeding if sent by an alien enemy, or even by a naturalised enemy purporting since the war to be of British nationality.

We still consider the Proprietors of the *Nursing Times* owe a frank explanation to British nurses on this question, which, if persistently withheld, can be very effectively resented. British nurses are not compelled to pay for, nor patriotic firms to advertise in a journal which may be controlled by a German lady working in England under an assumed name.

With the agony of Belgium and France ringing in our ears, with the martyrdom of our own

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