

garden; come and play in it." We went; it was a lovely place, full of peace.

The Glamorgan County Education Committee, on the assumption that Red Cross nurses are greatly needed, have given two of their teachers leave of absence for this purpose. If after a month's probation they are allowed by the military authorities to continue their service, their salaries will be made up to them by the Committee, but if not they will lose it. In our opinion, these teachers would be better employed earning their salaries in the calling for which they have been trained. There is no appreciable shortage of nurses at present.

An interesting award has been recently made in New Zealand, where a lady has been elected to membership of the King's Empire Veterans. This is Nurse Ball, of Auckland, who served in South Africa with the Black Watch, 42nd Highlanders, and gained the Queen's Medal with three bars and also the Royal Red Cross, the last being one of the four decorations which can be worn by British women, the Victoria Cross of the nursing profession. Nurse Ball received the Cross for carrying a wounded soldier fifty yards under fire during the war in South Africa and attending him afterwards.

Our advice in our last issue to our readers to "Kill that Fly" has brought us a poster, issued by the National Union of Trained Nurses, 39, Great Smith Street, London, S.W., showing "The Great Disease Carrier" many times magnified. Numbers of flies are hovering over a manure heap, from which they make a bee line on the one side to a basin of milk, and on the other to a joint of meat (from filth to food). As it is demonstrated that from June to August one pair of flies produces 12,500,000 descendants, we think we need say no more to emphasize how supremely important it is to "Kill that Fly." The price of the poster (37 in. by 31 in.) is 1s. 3d., postage 4d., and it should find a place in out-patient departments, dispensaries, schools for mothers, barracks, &c.

An exhibition is being arranged in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, N.W., illustrating the different species of flies, their favourite breeding places, and the most practical means of destroying them. The exhibits will also include a window trap for catching the mature fly before it enters the house, and traps for kitchens and other places where flies congregate.

A "BELGIAN AFTERNOON."

First there came an unknown lady, who told a tale of mystery. It seemed the lady in charge of the Belgian Relief Fund here had sent me a note, asking me to meet her at 10. The note had vanished. In consequence I naturally had been awaited in vain! Then came the kernel of the matter. I had offered to do "spadework" and nurse the refugees when necessary, would I bath two detachments that afternoon! Well, to be brief, the note never turned up, but the refugees did, and so did I, and 4 p.m. saw us beginning operations in some local baths, kindly lent.

Imagine the usual waiting room with seats on the two long sides, four bath rooms opening off one side. The waiting room seemed crowded and noisy as I went in, three women, two girls of about 12-15, two small boys, and two babies; all were talking or crying. The bath attendant told me all four baths were ready, and that two boxes of clothes had arrived. Presently one of the Committee ladies came, and she kindly took over the clothing department, and I started on the two bigger girls. After explaining that I was removing all their own clothes to be washed (or stoved), that they should have them again, that I was not going to annex anything, I managed to get the two women to sit down and manage the babies, who yelled lustily all the time.

I fixed all the doors so that I could go in and out quickly, and began bathing in earnest. Alas, I hadn't noticed one small boy! He had been interested in the safety handles and locks, and when I came out of one bath room for a pair of scissors he took the opportunity to loose the latch, thus locking in the girl! She only understood Walloon, and so we then had a perfect babel of explanations, expostulations, and the caretaker of the establishment had at last to be fetched, and he managed to clamber over the partition and put things right. I went on with my work, having told the women to keep an eye on the boys. They were filled with dismay at the sight of the scissors. Was I going to cut off their hair? No, only nails. Oh là là; but I was *washing* their hair. Apparently nearly as great a calamity to them! The young imp took the opportunity of my talking to the mother to lock another door. Repetition of same scene with musical honours this time, the small boy getting well spanked by his mother. Then came the outfitting part, and when it was really grasped that we were giving them an entire set of clothes, they all began to explain, clearly and precisely, exactly what they wanted! It was most comical to see the attempts to clothe these folk quickly and suitably. At length it was done, and the two girls were sent to the waiting room, where they had tea and cakes. Then came the babies, still exercising their lungs, then the boys, who really did enjoy the novelty of the bath, and who also took a great

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