

about the rules of active service—so I had no idea I was letting these hungry men break all the regulations of the army." Their guns were lying about, their belts unbuckled; the men were sitting anywhere, smoking her best Egyptian cigarettes. She was running around as happy as a queen to see them so happy and contented.

It was a rude awakening when the captain rode up the street.

This charming description of the beautiful Marne country and its tragic awakening from "un paysage riant" to a grim battle field, and of the brave woman who remained in her homestead during that terrible experience is something to be read.

She closes with what she describes as a clear statement of facts as follows:—

"It was two o'clock when the regiment began to move. No bands played, no drum beat. They just marched, marched, marched along the road to Meaux, and silence fell again upon the hillside."

H. H.

A RAINY DAY.

"The child was crying with his pain,
I said, 'You made the whole world cry.'
He glanced out at the falling rain,
'World's got a hurt,' was his reply."

"Songs of a Nurse,"

by Margaret Helen Florine, R.N.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

My soul, there is a country, far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry, all skilful in the Wars;

There, above noise and danger, sweet Peace sits
crowned with smiles,
And One, born in a manger, commands the beautiful files.

Vaughan.

Earth's crammed with Heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes,
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries.

E. B. Browning.

COMING EVENTS.

December 12th.—Royal British Nurses' Association. Special General Meeting, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W. 2.30 p.m.

December 13th.—Central Midwives Board, Monthly Meeting, Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, Westminster, S.W.

December 15th.—Meeting of the Grand Council of the National Council of Trained Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 4 p.m.

December 15th.—First London General Hospital, Camberwell, S.E. 5. Exhibition and Sale of Patients' Work. 2.30 p.m.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

A CHRISTMAS OFFERING TO THE TROOPS.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

MADAM,—Very large additional quantities of knitted articles must be forthcoming during the next few weeks if the pressing demands for comforts from the Armies at the various battle fronts are to be fully met, in order that they may reach the soldiers before the cold winter months which are upon us.

I feel that I have only to bring to the notice of the public at home the urgent need to ensure an immediate response to this appeal. I require not less than one million knitted comforts of all kinds for general distribution to the troops as a "Christmas Offering" from the women of the United Kingdom. The quantity is small in comparison with the number of patriotic women who can, and I know will, help us.

The gifts may be sent to any of the Voluntary Organisations' depots throughout the country, or direct to the Comforts Depot, 45, Horseferry Road, Westminster.

E. W. D. WARD,

Director-General of Voluntary Organisations.
New Scotland Yard, S.W. 1.

[Please respond to this appeal and bring it to the notice of all your friends.—ED.]

DOING OUR BIT.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—May I suggest to my fellow nurses that if they club together and go without something not necessary they can buy a Tank Bond? Five of us in this institution have each subscribed £1. We are going to have our Bond framed and placed in the sitting-room, just to encourage others. "Many a mickle makes muckle."

Yours sincerely,
"SCOTTIE."

TRUCULENT AND ILLOGICAL.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I have just been reading the correspondence between the Royal British Nurses' Association and the College of Nursing, Ltd. One thing that has struck me in connection with it is, that had the names and addresses not been given, it would still have been easy to say which letter came from the Royal Association of Nurses and which from the Joint Stock Company of Nurses.

The one is so considered, reserved, dignified and quite trenchant; the other is truculent, illogical, and even spiteful.

I do not happen to be a member of either body, but, from the onlooker's point of view, I should say the R.B.N.A. is to be congratulated on its "showing."

I am, yours truly,

A. H.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)