

The *Pacific Coast Journal of Nursing* published the following ten commandments, given by Dr. Anna Shaw, of the Council of National Defence, to the women of America, as the editor considers they "apply to our nurses":

"Do not chatter. Keep to yourself the news you hear.

"Do not listen to alarmists or slackers.

"Be moderate in your spending, neither lavish in gifts nor sordid in your economies.

"Encourage National Industries, avoiding imported ones.

"Do not look upon the departure for the front of those dear to you as an abandonment. Be with them constantly in thought, as they are with you, particularly in the hour of danger.

"Do not complain of the difficulties, annoyances, and privations caused by the war.

"Multiply your activities in your home as well as outside.

"Exhibit day by day and hour by hour the same courage a man shows upon the field of battle.

"No matter how long the struggle may last, await victory with strength and patience.

"If you are stricken in your dearest affection, bear your sorrow nobly, that your tears may be worthy of the hero whose death you mourn."

HELP THE BILL.

We beg to thank all those kind friends who have during the past week sent us such sweet little letters of appreciation for our forty years' work. We can truthfully say that not for one day throughout the years has the honour of the Nursing Profession, and the welfare of its members, been out of mind. We ask in return for loyal support in the future for the great measure of reform, the Nurses' Registration Bill.

"CAMP FOLLOWERS."

A few of the abuses which have been rampant in connection with military nursing organization, since the beginning of the war, are at last getting some degree of publicity in the *Times*. We presume public feeling has become too strong to be entirely suppressed. "A Disabled Member of Q.A.I.M.N.S." writes:—"It is to be feared that absence of legitimate grumbling has smoothed many a path to the cemetery." It is quite clear that members of the Army Nursing Services are what Mr. Macpherson, the astute Under Secretary of State for War, euphoniously terms "camp followers." As such they have no right of appeal.

BEARWOOD.

CANADIAN CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL.

Of my manifold adventures as a Y.M.C.A. lecturer, one of my most amusing, interesting, and, I may add, charming experiences was when I was sent down to lecture at the Bearwood Convalescent Home for Canadians, seven miles out of Reading.

I was told I would be met at the station by Captain —, but when I got there no one seemed to expect me. I walked up and down the dark entrance of the station looking out for a maple-leaved officer; my search seemed only to attract the attention of the taxi- and cab-drivers, when suddenly a chauffeur came forward and surprisedly asked: "Are *you* the lecturer?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well I have driven *hundreds* of lecturers, but never a woman lecturer before; and I attend all the lectures myself, too!"

"Make the best of me," I laughingly said, and got into the seat next to him.

He was a mere youth. Now and then during those seven miles he peered into my face, and would ejaculate, "Well, I never!"

At last I said: "Have you really never, out of hundreds of lecturers, *never* had a lady before?"

"Yes, once; but she was very old."

"What did she lecture on?"

"Balloons."

"Dear me," I said, "she must have been old!"

"Very; quite forty—perhaps even forty-five."

He watched me sideways to see whether I would believe the latter figure.

I drew my toque and veil well over my face and hoped for the best. Would he, if he saw my white hair, throw me overboard?

The car stopped, and so did my heart. Two fellows jumped in and sat at the back. I haven't a chance, I thought, between the three of them.

"My mates like lectures, so I always give them a lift."

"Been to Bearwood before?" said one of the voices at the back in quite friendly tones.

"No. What is it?"

"A *castle* I lent by the Walters as a convalescent home. Would make a beautiful place for the Prince of Wales when he marries."

It was still pitch dark when we reached the palatial entrance. There were several officers waiting for me. I was lifted out of the car and dropped on the steps with an air of "What do you think of *this* new game?" And to me, "I will see you later."

I was taken through many stately corridors to the Y.M.C.A. Hut. It was a special night, as the English Leader was on that night, handing the Hut over into Canadian hands. It happened to be to the Chaplain in this case; but the Canadian leaders or secretaries are all commissioned officers now, receiving Army pay. The soldiers do all the rough work, while lady canteen workers are released from all unnecessary hard and menial work.

Everything was perfect—the lamp, the operator,

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