

I got to bed, gave one last look at Bearwood, in its glorious surroundings. I saw the moon shining on the hills and lake, where fairy princesses and princes played hide-and-seek amongst the water-lilies, the Sisters hovering about like angels amongst their heroic patients. The chauffeur was flying, flying, flying with a white-haired lady in a balloon and I slept and dreamt of justice and honour, of victory and peace.

E. R. WORTABET.

### OUTSIDE THE GATES.

The women munition workers have proved their patriotism time and time again, and giving up their Easter holidays is one more proof of it.

In reply to the threat issued by the unofficial conference of Engineers held in Manchester, the following resolutions were carried on the Clyde:—

"That this meeting of women munition workers at Edith Cavell projectile factory protests against the A.S.E. threat to strike at a time when all man power is required, and pledges itself to carry on the production of war material in order to back up the soldiers at all costs and to win the war."

There speaks the right stuff, and well do the soldiers know it. "Some" wives!

The Government has sent out an S.O.S. call for 30,000 women to go on the land at once. A certain number of soldiers who were available for that purpose have been withdrawn. Patriotic women must replace them.

Let the grannies make swabs and bandages and carry the begging box in the street. The young and vigorous are required to ensure our food supply.

The "land lassies" of to-day have none of the difficulties the pioneer women farmers encountered. They are welcomed everywhere, treated with consideration and comfortably housed, and they can feel they are saving the country from starvation.

They can enrol at the nearest Labour Bureau or send their names to the Food Production Department, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

The Housing Association for officers' families is doing real good work, with Mrs. Brinton as Chairman. About the beginning of the year twelve families, the widows of officers fallen in this war, moved into the first completed block of flats at St. Mark's Court, St. John's Wood. In a few days' time twelve more flats will be ready, and twelve more families will take up their residence in delightful homes at modest rentals, with no fear of being turned out for richer (and often alien) people. These tenants pay from 9s. to 12s. 6d. a week. When the Queen visited these flats recently, she noticed and praised the scheme of the beautifully-kept little homes and the devices to lessen the work of the tenants. This terrible war is going to leave many hostages to fortune. The nation must see to it that the fatherless and the widows are a sacred charge.

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### "THOSE DASH AMATEURS."

Most people will agree that in "Those Dash Amateurs" (published by Mr. John Long, Ltd., Norris Street, Haymarket, price 2s. 6d. net) Mrs. St. John Swift Joly has given us a picture of amateur nursing in connection with the war which is not in the least overdrawn.

Lady Margot Montserrat, returning from a visit to the latest war charity, announces to her daughter: "I didn't like the place, or the look of the women who ran it. If they think they'll serve the Empire by dressing up like Druids, they'd better think again, and think differently. I have no doubt the bulk of them were doing good work, and I daresay they all *thought* they were, but their silly tosh disgusted me, and put me off the place, so I gave them a cheque and came away."

"Ever since the War had awakened Society these war schemes had come and gone like meteors, and Dorrie (Lady Margot's daughter), with the cynicism of sweet seventeen, had marked their phenomenal passing.

"First there was the Sister Susie Shirt Sewing business, when they toiled over gussets, bands and seams till the shattering news leaked out through the wife of a General that 'the War Office *wallowed* in lingerie.'"

Clothing for shiftless Belgians (for whom fear-some garments were fashioned), sandbags for the trenches, padding of splints (which mercifully never reached the wounded) and hemming of bandages with microscopic stitches, needles, size 100, cotton 80, were the next undertakings.

Dorrie had heard her mother designate such sewing as "a wilful waste of eyesight and temper," so she was prepared for a new scheme.

"Blurt it out, Mater; I'm all agog to hear. Nothing would startle me nowadays."

The new scheme proved to be the opening of a convalescent hospital in France. "Its really quite simple," Lady Margot went on, "so long as you have leisure and money, and for my part I'd sooner spend a lump sum outright than dribble it out as I'm doing."

"Mater, you're immense! You're absolutely It! I can see you sailing round as Commandant. Won't Viola be in clover as a real pukka nurse, and what does the Countess think . . .? Can I come to your room while you're dressing? You'll not look impressive with your clothes undone; besides, I've got to coach you as Commandant."

Twenty minutes later Lady Margot was "coached" and clothed to her daughter's satisfaction, and was greeting her friend the Countess of Kew, and the rest of the War Committee.

When she propounded her scheme Lady Viola Verity sprang to her feet with a little scream of rapture. "Oh, Lady Margot, what a heavenly scheme! Of course, we will love to help you. Have you chosen a doctor, or can we have Frank? and do say we're going to Salonika."

Lady Margot then unfolded her plans. "I'll

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