

"The past year is memorable, and brought abundant cause of congratulation. Twenty-seven nurses passed their Final Examination; twenty-seven obtained the Invalid Cookery Certificate, and four the Central Midwives' Board Certificate.

"We were all deeply grieved to hear of the sad death of Nurse Spindler. . . . We shall all miss her greatly; as she was one of the most enthusiastic members of our League."

Nurse Spindler was killed "in action" at Abbeville, in France, by a German shell, on 21st August, 1917, and died a soldier's glorious death for her country.

The Leeds Township Infirmary has a long Roll of Honour of nurses working in the military Nursing Services, and six members have been awarded the R.R.C.

Sister Marie Fletcher contributes a most interesting paper on Nursing on Three Continents—Lemnos, Alexandria, and Sinai. Of course, Cupid has been busy in the ranks, seven Sisters and nurses having fallen victims to his arrows.

Excellent articles, stories, and poems make this issue of the Journal thoroughly representative; and no doubt the members realise their debt of gratitude to the busy editor, Dr. Faith.

Lord Knutsford spoke from the pulpit at St. Philip's Church, Whitechapel, on Sunday evening, on the lessons that could be drawn from the life of Edith Cavell. The death of Edith Cavell, he said, was not the end, but merely the kindling of the light. Her death had made a light so shine that men and women everywhere had been led to glorify God. No doubt in Germany some people still spoke of her as an offender, but they could not, nevertheless, hide from themselves the nobility of her character or the greatness of her sacrifice.

The new Nurses' Home in memory of Edith Cavell at the London Hospital was occupied on Monday.

Each nurse and maid has a separate bedroom, and the general appointments are designed for their comfort. £20,000 is still required to pay off the debt on the Home, the total cost of which was £37,000.

The Camberwell Guardians have decided to increase the salary of Probationer Nurses from £18 the first year, £21 the second year, and £24 the third year, to £20, £23, and £26 during the several years; also to add the allowance of £4 per annum in lieu of beer to the salary.

HIGH COST OF ENAMEL STEEL.

We are asked by the Hospitals and General Contracts Co., Ltd., 19-35, Mortimer Street, London, W.1, to state that on account of the great shortage of labour, surgical appliances made of enamel steel have become very scarce and such supplies as are now obtainable can only be purchased at greatly increased prices. In view of the delays which are apt to take place in meeting requirements, they ask us to suggest to our numerous readers the advisability of more frequently using articles made in earthenware. Although the prices of this class of goods have also advanced, they cost at the present moment about 100 per cent. less than the enamel steel variety. A remembrance of this point will prevent inconvenience through delay and will at the same time effect a very considerable saving of expense.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE GUEST."*

"And a right good story, too," is the verdict, as we regretfully turn the last page. We really recommend as many of our readers as are able to procure the book and read it for themselves; and to those who are so privileged we apologise that in some measure we must forestall their pleasure for the sake of the many who, perhaps, will not be able to obtain it. For we must explain that this story keeps one's curiosity stimulated throughout, and it is difficult to resist the temptation to peep at the last page. And so we purpose to give up its secrets, as we think it would be too unkind otherwise to whet the curiosity of those who will not be able to satisfy it for themselves.

Two women sat in a hotel near the Belgian coast and talked. Suddenly came the sound of cannon booming out at sea. Back from the inland plain the answer came, filling the dusk with thunder. It was the first note of the storm that was to spend itself round Ypres.

"That decides it," said Pauline Caillaux, "we must go."

"I have no money."

"I have still a little. Leave it to me."

Harriet Marchand had barely kneeled beside her trunk before Pauline returned.

"You must leave all that. There are no trains; the service is stopped—the line is blocked. You must walk. You can. You *must*."

Walk they did over the sand-dunes to Ostend, facing great fatigue and exhaustion, sleeping under the stars. But at last England, and home—Harriet's very comfortable, prosperous country home.

Pauline's hostess urges her to stay as long as she wishes—"till the war is over."

* By G. Colmore. London: Edwin Arnold.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)