

Nurses' Aids, and lay women helpers are now being sent from the United States to France for work under the Red Cross. Upon arrival in France they may be assigned to French military hospitals, to hospital hut service, canteen service, work among the civilian population, or in any capacity where extra hands or heads are needed to carry out relief work.

These workers must have had the course in elementary hygiene and home care of the sick, and if suitable, must take the 240 hours' practical experience in a classified hospital.

Applicants are warned of the physical strain to untrained women in France, and, if possible, should be able to pay their own expenses.

The Americans have started in earnest an immense amount of social reconstruction work in France in connection with the care of infants and children, visiting, nursing, and the welfare of those who have suffered so terribly in the devastated districts, and like ourselves, the average American trained nurse knows little French. This organisation necessitates interpreters, and we learn now that she is convalescent, Miss Grace Ellison is helping forward with her intimate knowledge of France and its beautiful language the work at Lyons, where a corps of *visiteuses d'enfants* is being organized. We hear of a charming chief nurse who is drafting rules for the corps. These young French women are to have a four months' course—two theoretical and two practical—after which they are to visit mothers in their homes and help them with their children. Medical lectures are given. Miss Ellison opened the first session with "A Lay Woman's Point of View on Nursing," giving just praise to "all the nursing heroines." Then all the following lectures are to be written by the Chief Nurse—translated into French and delivered by Miss Ellison. This is a very interesting experiment. We hear the *B. J. N.* and its ethical standards and policy received due recognition—for which many thanks.

FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

"The news is glorious these days," writes a Sister. "Our poor *ga lant poilus* are wild with joy, and so proud of their chiefs. It is now their turn to rejoice and the Boche to weep; but I have no pity to waste on them—only for their victims."

Two Sisters on leave congratulate themselves on having met most of the great French Generals. "Magnificent men, who treated us like queens," they report with pride.

A Sister, following the flag on the western front, writes:—"This is a deserted village, the gardens wildernesses, but with wonderful flowers hidden amongst the weeds." There is a lesson there. The season of weeds will pass with the barbarian, and these gardens soon bloom in all their old beauty—tilled by man at peace.

RED FOR SAFETY.

A TALE FROM SUVLA BAY.

When it became known that I had orders to join a hospital ship, many were the gifts which reached me. I became stocked with necessities to meet every conceivable need, especially as it was being whispered abroad that events were about to become lively in the Dardanelles.

My old Highland nurse brought me her offering with an apologetic look on her dear old face.

"My dear, what will you be thinking when I tell you that your daft old Nannie has brought you red ribbon when she kens fine you canna abide the colour?"

"It is lovely ribbon, Nannie; I like it very much."

The old woman smiled wistfully.

"My lassie, I went by the steamer to Oban to get you blue ribbon to tie your hair at nights, and when I got to the shop my gift of second sight began to trouble me sore."

"Oh, Nannie, I am sorry."

"It was like this. I got to the shop, and just as I was going to ask for blue ribbon I found I couldna do it."

"How was that?" I queried.

"It sounds gey foolish you'll be after thinking, but as sure as death something kept hammering in my brain driving me to ask for red ribbon. I tried that hard to ask for blue ribbon, but my tongue went back on me, so after making queer-like faces, and kenning fine that the young woman was taking me for a gowk, I heard myself asking for twelve yards of good red ribbon one inch wide."

"That was very strange, Nannie."

"Aye, it was that. The second sight was on me right enough: for why, the dear knows. I thought at the latter end I'd no' give you the red ribbon, but something just drove me to do it, and now"—with a sigh of relief—"you have got it."

My protestations that I loved red ribbon did not deceive the old lady in the very least, and when we parted she whispered: "You'll forgive your old Nannie, my bairn; I had to go by the sign."

The Army Sister does not usually care for the colour red. It borders her uniform cape, and she often gets as tired of it as of being hedged round and round by red tape.

The whispers concerning our destination were justified. We went straight to Gallipoli, of tragic fame, and did our part in the transport of sick and wounded to Egypt, Malta, and sometimes Blighty.

On one precious week of leave I saw my old nurse. She was concerned over my bleached appearance, and wept when I told her of the bravely borne sufferings of our men. At our farewell she whispered: "Do you wear the ribbon?"

I fear my reply was inaccurate. The roll of ribbon lay at the bottom of my cabin trunk. I disliked the colour intensely. It reminded me too vividly of blood which dripped and dripped when our brave men were shot in the boats, and thus

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