

## NURSING AND THE WAR.

We think it is high time trained nurses who have given four years' devoted service to the sick and wounded and their country began to wake up to the necessity of looking their economic prospects in the face. We hear of no effective organisation to provide them with well-paid work, excepting through the office of the National Union of Trained Nurses, which has throughout the war carried on a most successful "Professional Nurses' Bureau" at 46, Marsham Street, S.W. The Red Cross and V.A.D. Committees are looking well ahead and are determined to protect the interests of their V.A.D. nurses. For instance, as we have reported, Army Council Instruction No. 678 of 1918 has ear-marked all posts in Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service for V.A.D.s who complete three years' training in a general hospital, thus excluding for many years to come regular probationers who are compelled to give four years' service for the same certificate, and now we learn from Lady Quill in the *Weekly Dispatch*, that the training of V.A.D.s who wish to qualify in various other branches of Health work is to be paid for. Lady Quill (a well-known woman journalist) says on this important matter.

"Now with peace and reconstruction no one fears for the great army of women. Hundreds of doors tightly closed before are wide open for the ambitious, enterprising woman. Her four years' training have taught her what she can do best or they have taught her how to find out what she can do best, and she is going to be more needed than ever before, for the peace world is to be a world of hard work for men and women alike.

"FOR V.A.D.s.

"Devonshire House, the headquarters for V.A.D. workers, is as busy a place as ever. 'We shall want V.A.D.s for at least a year,' Lady Oliver told me yesterday. 'Some of the girls, those who interrupted university careers to work for us, will come straight home and take up their own work. For other V.A.D.s we have a great scheme in progress and £50,000 to start it working. We intend to give all V.A.D.s who show the inclination and aptitude a chance to train for the Public Health Service.

"Any V.A.D. may write to us, and we will see that her application is attended to. We feel that these girls who have their years of war service as groundwork will be of the greatest service to the State. We shall see that they are trained as sanitary inspectors, health visitors, nurses, midwives, &c., and with the co-operation of other organisations plenty of work will be found for them along these lines."

## EVERYONE SHOULD READ IT.

A report has been issued by Mr. Justice Younger's Committee on the treatment of British prisoners of war in coal and salt mines in Germany. It leaves no doubt of the unrestrained brutality which Germany has habitually practised towards defenceless men.

## OUR CHRISTIAN DUTY AND NATIONAL OBLIGATION.

Susan Sinclair was left a widow in her youth with one baby boy and no pennies.

But she had genius, and for twenty years she worked early and late, a perfect and devoted mother. Johnny grew and thrived, and did her credit. They were more like brother and sister than mother and son.

Then came War.

Johnny, as became a son of Susan, was in khaki in the first flight of valour.

Later he went "over the top," was crashed down, and weeks later notified a prisoner in a German camp.

Then the heart of Susan Sinclair became as water.

In spite of the Government policy, which cast a veil for years over the deadliest infamies of the Hun—the systematic "breaking of brave English hearts" by humiliation, starvation, and base and bestial ill-treatment of the nation's sons in captivity—this mother realised its fullest horror. All day long and half the night she spent herself for the prisoners; she pinched and screwed in food and fuel and clothing, and dwindled into grey middle age.

One day we met. Could this pale flitting figure be bonny Susan?

"Whither—whither?" I cried, catching her sleeve. "How is Johnny?"

She stood vibrant.

"Burned alive," she whispered hoarsely; "just a rat in a trap. A hell hole—a locked door—a barred window. Mercifully the sentry cracked his skull with a carbine—I'm hoping, hoping all the time the flames did not reach him in time, but I can never be sure."

Then she turned away her withered face, and clutched my arm.

"Come and dine," she said; "no starvation these days. Do you realise we have been informed that it is our Christian Duty, our National Obligation, to feed these murderers?"

As we linked arms, no doubt she noticed my startled heart and the scalding tears that dripped and dripped.

"Happy women who can weep," she sighed.

We stumbled towards her charming home, always before the war gay and beautiful; a bower of flowers, so snug and bright and warm, with a dog and cat, the best of friends; and Johnny—(oh! brave boy Johnny!)—thumping discords on a fine piano to improvised songs out of tune!

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