

consolation to the dying." This decision of hers was eminently right and she found much more suitable and efficacious means of ministering to the army in her own little house on the hill-crest.

Here is a moving picture of a burying-ground at Chambry:—"First the graves are scattered, for the boys lie buried just where they fell, cradled in the bosom of the mother country that had nourished them and for whose safety they had laid down their lives. As we advanced they became more numerous, until we reached a point where as far as we could see in every direction floated little tricolour flags, like fine flowers in the landscape.

Here and there was a haystack with one grave beside it and again there would be one almost encircled with tiny flags which said: 'Here sleep the heroes.' It was a disturbing and a thrilling sight. I give you my word, as I stood there I envied them. It seemed to me a fine thing to lie out there in the open in the soil of the field their death has made holy, the duty well done, the dread over. You may know a finer way to go. I do not. Surely, since Death is, it is better than dying of age between clean sheets."

Further on in the book she says: "The only other thing I have done this month which could interest you was to have a little tea-party on the lawn for the convalescent boys of our ambulance, who were 'personally conducted' by one of their nurses.

"When I got them grouped round the table in the shade of the big clump of lilac bushes, I was impressed, as I always am when I see numbers of common soldiers together, with the fact that no other race has such intelligent, such really well-modelled faces as the French. It is so rare to see a fat face among them. When the nurse looked at her watch and said it was time to return to the hospital, as they must not be late for dinner, they all rose. The law student came, cap in hand, and thanked me for a pleasant afternoon, and every man imitated his manners with varying degrees of success and made his little bow, turning back to wave their caps as they went round the corner."

She has some charming young officers billeted on her from time to time, and she describes the manner in which she is requested to offer her hospitality.

"It was just after lunch on Sunday—a grey, cold day, which had dawned on a world covered with frost—that there came a knock at the salon door. I opened it and there stood a soldier with his hand at salute, who said: 'Bon jour, madame, avez vous un lit pour un soldat?'

"When you are to lodge a soldier in a house so intimately arranged as this one is, I defy anyone not to be curious as to what the lodger is to be like.

"There stood a tall, straight lad, booted and spurred, with a crop in one gloved hand, and the other raised to his fatigue cap in salute, and a smile on his bonny face. Of course, in twenty-four hours he became the child of the house. I feel like a grandmother to him. As for Amelie,

she falls over herself trying to spoil him and before the second day he became 'Monsieur André' to her. Catch her giving a boy like that his military title, though he takes his duties most seriously."

This is really a charming volume and we hope that Miss Aldrich will be inspired to give her experiences of the fourth year of the war and that there may never be a fifth for her to experience.

H. H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

WE NIGHTINGALES KNOW BETTER.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR EDITOR,—We nurses desire to thank you for your speedy publicity concerning the Nightingale badge, and on reaching the proper authorities, viz., Mr. Bonham Carter.

Personally, I was roused to jealousy and indignation (having been trained as a Nightingale probationer) when first I noticed it worn by a midwife with a few months' training and passing as a qualified nurse here. We Nightingales know better, nothing of the kind having ever been issued from the training school to its probationers.

I can give a further instance of a village nurse half a mile from my district boundary, who was discharged by her committee for misconduct. The same always paraded the badge. All qualified nurses here, and, universally, I venture to add, will be indebted to you for your exposure of the degrading use to which our Lady of the Lamp's symbol has been subjected.

Again, I thank you in the name of all the profession around this district for sending that shaft home.

I am, yours faithfully,

ISABEL NICOLL,
Queen's Nurse, Member Society for
State Registration of Nurses, National
Union of Nurses, &c.

Hensingham,
Nr. Whitehaven.

WANT OF CONSIDERATION.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I was much interested in the letter which appeared in your last number on the subject of the pay of Army Nurses and signed "An Army Sister," and I can endorse every word she says.

I should like particularly to draw attention to the salaries which the War Office pays the Matrons employed in the larger Territorial Hospitals at home, and which constitute a genuine hardship. Many of these ladies gave up good civil posts in

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