

who already enjoy the privilege in 15 States, while in 12 others they have the franchise with varying limitations.

We nurses couple this triumph with the name of Lavinia L. Dock, the great Nurse Liberator and historian, who has suffered many things in and out of jail for her valiant fight on both sides of the Atlantic for the enfranchisement of her sex. The B.J.N. salutes this dear, brave little woman as gentle and distinguished as she is courageous.

Mr. Bonar Law announced in the Commons last week that a Bill was in preparation to enable women to be appointed Justices of the Peace.

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

COMRADES IN THE GREAT WAR.

It was in the hottest time of the year, "Somewhere in Greece," and we were all feeling the heat intensely, and feeling very sorry for those of our patients who could not have the relief of moving from one part of the camp to another to seek rest and shade. One particularly hot day, a convoy arrived; Serbs, Frenchmen and Albanians. A motley collection, very weary and travel stained. Among them was a very young Albanian, with an acute mastoid abscess.

Our Serb and French patients always settled down at once and were soon able to understand and make themselves understood, but the Albanians were never so easily reached, and remained more or less a parliament unto themselves as long as they were in hospital. There was something intensely pathetic about this lad. He had a great deal of pain, but was very patient, and though everything possible was done for him hardship and exposure had told their tale, and we knew it was only a question of time with him. We did all we could to make him happy and tried to anticipate his few wants.

By dint of signs he made us understand that he liked water melon, so we kept him supplied with large slices of the cool luscious fruit and that was practically all he wished for. The heat and the flies were very trying, and one's heart ached for those who were weak and helpless.

The British naval repair ship lay off the slipway near to our camp and the bluejackets were among our very frequent visitors. One day a big burly seaman came up to the ward with an English newspaper for "Sister," and noticing the Albanian asked if he might "stay a bit." Of course Sister gave permission, and taking a fan and a fly-flapper he seated himself at the bedside. Jack fanned the Albanian, brushed the flies away, and shook up his pillows, pausing occasionally to salute and say "Dobera." The Albanian raised his wasted bony hand, returned he salute and also said "Dobera." ("Dobera" means good, all right, and was the only word they mutually understood.)

Regularly every day when the sailor was off duty he came to the ward and did all he could to cheer this dying boy, sitting by him hour after hour, giving him drinks, fanning him, smiling and saluting, their conversation being limited to the one word "Dobera." The Albanian became weaker and a slight movement of the hand took the place of the salute. He couldn't raise it, it felt too heavy, but he said "Dobera" more frequently. Daily the boy got weaker and more exhausted, and daily the sailor's voice grew more gentle, and he took to removing his cap when sitting by the Albanian, evidently feeling that they were very near to the unseen.

At last there came a day when Jack came up as usual and found the bed empty, and the mattress away to be stoved. The boy's rough journey was over and he was taking his much needed rest. The Britisher was very much grieved that he had not been with the boy at the last. I asked him why he spent his time with this foreigner, with whom he had so little in common, and to whom he could not even talk. His reply was "You see, miss, my missus died, and I used to sit beside her, and that poor chap looked lonesome." I think the Albanian understood. His eyes told us what our limited knowledge of each other's language could not. Who knows what gratitude that lonely laddie felt. We read of the splendid bravery of our Navy at Zeebrugge and Ostend, of the dauntless courage of our men on the mine sweepers and submarine rammers, but I like to think of that big burly sailor, spending the little leisure he had in trying to make the last days of a lonely foreigner happy. It was not much he could do or give. Literally only a "cup of cold water," but such actions (and there have been many such, during those four years of horror and bloodshed) must bind us more closely with those of other lands who were our "Comrades in the great wa."

L. PARK.

GOD MAKE US BETTER MEN.

There's but one gift that all our dead desire,

One gift that men can give, and that's a dream

Unless we, too, can burn with that same fire

Of sacrifice; die to the things that seem;

Die to the little hatreds; die to greed;

Die to the old ignoble selves we knew;

Die to the base contempts of sect and creed,

And rise again, like these, with souls as true.

Nay (since these died before their task was finished)

Attempt new heights, bring even their dreams to birth:

Build us that better world, Oh, not diminished

By one true splendour that they planned on earth.

And that's not done by sword, or tongue, or pen.

There's but one way. God make us better men.

From "The Avenue of the Allies and Victory," by Alfred Noyes.

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