

E. A. Noblett, Miss W. M. Appleton, Miss P. Thompson, Miss M. James.

QUESTION FOR NEXT WEEK.

What are the duties of the nurse at the operation of Cæsarian Section? To what points would you give special attention in your subsequent care of mother and child?

ROYAL RED CROSS.

The King has been pleased to award the Royal Red Cross to the following ladies of the Nursing Services in recognition of their valuable services with the British Forces in East Africa:—

FIRST CLASS

Miss M. E. Ensor, Matron, T.F.N.S.; Miss M. Gilkes-Robinson, Matron, T.F.N.S.; Miss L. Outhwaite, Matron, Q.A.M.N.S.I.

SECOND CLASS.

Miss E. B. Beet, Staff Nurse, Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.; Mrs. N. Browne, V.A.D., late E. Afr. Nursing Service; Mrs. K. Chisholm, Matron, Northern Rhodesia Med. Co.; Miss M. Deringer, Sister, S.A.M.N.S.; Miss K. L. Flether, Sister, S.A.M.N.S.; Miss J. Lambert, Sister, S.A.M.N.S.; Miss L. Lezard, Staff Nurse, S.A.M.N.S.; Miss B. D. Lovibond, Nursing Sister, E. Afr. Mil. Nursing Service; Miss L. May, Sister, S.A.M.N.S.; Miss M. McLachlan, Sister, Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.; Miss E. M. Pratt, Sister, Uganda Med. Service; Miss E. B. Topp, Sister, S.A.M.N.S.; Miss C. Ward, Staff Nurse, S.A.M.N.S.

TRUE TALE WITH A MORAL.

HEARD IN AN OMNIBUS.

Conductor (reproaching a passenger for ringing the bell unnecessarily). An altercation is pending.

Woman Passenger: "Never mind. Don't be hard on him. Don't you see he is wearing the Mons Ribbon and a wound stripe?"

Young Man (in mufti, sitting next her): "He's not the only one. I've got the D.C.M. (producing it), and I've no legs."

(Passenger notes that his legs protrude stiffly across the 'bus.)

The 'bus here reaches Oxford Circus and fills up (over-full). Young man seeing a seat at the end makes for it, so that his artificial legs do not trip up incoming passengers.

Elderly Gentleman rises to give his seat to an able-bodied young woman who is standing.

Another Passenger: "'Ere, young man, what are you doing settin', and letting the old gent. stand?"

Young Man (goaded to desperation, gets up and flings himself out of the 'bus): "I'll get out; let me get out. I can't stand. How can I when I've got no legs?"

Moral.—Before you reproach a young man for not standing, make sure that he is not incapacitated from doing so because he gave his body to be mutilated, in order to preserve yours whole and sound.

THE DOVE OF PEACE.

They watched her head for the lurid sky
With wings spreading wide in flight;
Over a sea that was surging high
And lashing in angry light.

Heavy their hearts when she turned no more,
And ever the portents grew
Darker and darker, from shore to shore,
As the world storm closer drew.

Crash of armaments, thunder of guns,
Trampling of countless hosts:
What was a Dove to the dauntless ones
Who thronged to the danger posts?

She crooned no more in the dusky fir
Flinging its incense to noon,
Nor dreamt where velvety night-moths stir,
And bats wheel under the moon.

But some who cherished her vacant nest
In absence, remembered oft
The precept left as her last behest
Or ever she sped aloft.

"Oh! Nurses, mark how the dawn glows red,
Dear Women who watch at home
Trim ye your lamps, carry on," it said,
"And occupy till I come."

Thus they went forth, and enduring sought,
With eyes on the distant heights,
To face the horror the mornings brought,
The terror that filled the nights!

Mid fire and poison, and rain of lead,
Where fiercest the waves leapt high,
Mid broken living, and shattered dead,
The Regents of Peace stood by.

They kept the faith, but they watched for years
The river of human pain
Rush seawards, swollen with human tears,
Ere the Dove flew home again.

When Death lay sated at long, long last,
His hideous orgies o'er,
She rose again from the gracious past
And came to her own once more.

The Dove whose wings are "like silver wings,"
And burnished "feathers like gold"
Bearing a branch of the same green things
A Dove once gathered of old.

She coos no more at the close of day,
High up in the dusky firs;
But mourns the times that have passed away,
The sceptre that once was hers.

C. B. M.

An American Red Cross Relief Commission to Poland left Paris last week, headed by Dr. Walter C. Bailey, of Boston, and including a *personnel* of about thirty officers and nurses drawn from the American Red Cross *personnel* in London and Paris.

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