

understand us. It was beyond them that a man could be ill-treated, half-starved, and constantly told that his side was losing, and yet keep a good heart and laugh in their faces."

"I never" says Miss Macleod Moore, "hear certain sentiments usually prefaced by the words 'After all, the war is over, and we won, so why . . . ' without thinking of things told to me by repatriated men. "I never hear of a 'converted' Germany without recalling the indignant face of a Sister who told of a badly-wounded man, just back from Germany, who woke in the night crying 'Don't! don't' with his arm across his face. And the story of another Canadian who, wasted and worn with pain and privations, asked a German orderly for a drink of water. The man brought it and bent as if to hold it to the lips of the helpless Canadian. Then, laughing, he sipped from the glass himself, and spat the water into the face of the wounded man.

"I never hear anyone speak of the decent German people, led astray by rulers, without remembering the man from Toronto, a bad amputation case, who said he shivered when his nurse drew near, for she used to pinch him when she dressed the wound, and twist the bandages."

"One visitor cheered up her repatriated friends greatly, though quite innocent of any intent to be humorous.

"Two men from the same hospital were showing souvenirs, among them a photograph of a group of patients and nurses in a German hospital.

"'This is very interesting,' she remarked, 'as one can pick out so easily the British prisoners from the German patients. Now, this one, who looks like an escaped convict, could only be a Hun.'

"'That's me in want of a shave,' remarked her Canadian host, to the riotous joy of the rest of the party."

Many more things are worthy of quotation did space permit, but we can only refer to a charming word picture of the help given by the Canadian Red Cross to the people of the devastated districts. "Already, after all the misery and the privation and the pain, hope and even happiness were putting out timid little new shoots. The very fact that the women were to receive free gifts for themselves and their children made the hard world they had grown accustomed to a little less sad and cruel."

"Canada will not be forgotten in France and Belgium. In those grey towns, through which the Red Cross lorries pounded in their haste to bring succour, the name will become a household word. In all the battered villages upon which war had fixed a cruel grip, children will grow up in new cottages, built on the wreck of the old, who have heard among the tales of the Great War of the Canadians who rescued and fed and clothed them."

The book is a splendid record of work well done, and the story is well told.

NURSING ECHOES.

There was an historic episode on the 17th inst. when, in connection with the Army Council's tour of inspection of the British Army of the Rhine, there was a parade at Cologne of the women workers in the Rhine Army. The Military Nursing Services were represented by a detachment of Matrons and Nurses under Miss Reid, Principal Matron. The Secretary of State for War, who addressed those present, referred to the parade as an unique event in the annals of the British Army, and congratulated all the women workers.

The nine thousand nurses who passed through Queen Mary's Hostel for War Nurses, first in Tavistock Place and then in Bedford Place, are indebted to its Lady Superintendent, Mrs. Kerr-Lawson, not only for dispensing its hospitality so charmingly, but for much which can never be expressed in pen and ink. They will learn with pleasure that she last week received a letter from General Gerrard, Director-General of the Medical Services with the British troops in France and Flanders, in which, on behalf of the Matron-in-Chief, and the Nurses in France, he thanked Mrs. Kerr-Lawson in their name and his own for her work at the Hostel, which had been brought to his notice, and of which so many nurses had spoken so appreciatively.

Do not let us forget either that the thanks of nurses are due to Major Kerr-Lawson, whose unselfish patriotism made it possible for Mrs. Kerr-Lawson to undertake the post for which she was so well qualified and which she filled with such conspicuous success.

Under the heading of "Queries for Nurses," *John Bull* last week published the following comment:—"It is no doubt desirable that young ladies training for the nursing profession should have a fair measure of general knowledge, but we hardly know why they should be expected to know the whereabouts of the Acropolis, the Rubicon, or the Taj Mahal, to explain the meaning of "Disestablishment" and "Disendowment," or to "give a short account of any well-known religious controversy." These were among the questions actually set at a recent examination for Nursing Studentships at King's College for Women. Personally, we can imagine ourselves quite happy in the hands of a nurse who had the haziest notions of Transubstantiation, let us say, or—to note a further query on the

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