

both economic and educational changes of a radical kind," and "that in the vast field of work before us the trained nurse must certainly have a very important part to play," and she paints a hopeful picture of the life of a modern nurse.

By all means let the "College girl" consider if she is good enough to enter our profession—"the limit" will welcome her if she is—but as she will reap where she has not sown, she must not come empty handed. She must bring those qualities of heart and brain which "the limit" has poured out to found and build up the Profession of Nursing; and she must seek admittance as a privilege—and in no spirit of patronage.

Mr. John J. Bell draws attention to the excessively long hours worked by nurses in the Swansea Hospital, and compares them with the eight-hour day of the working man. His letter ends with the following wise expression of opinion: "I trust that hospital committees will take this matter up. Those who are opposed to shorter hours for medical and nursing staffs may contend that to have shorter hours means more expense. My answer to that would be, let the working man appreciate our doctors and nurses and give more liberally to these noble institutions."

The grand total of £6,344 8s. 6d. was the result of the bazaar in aid of the Burnley District Nursing Association, increased to £6,400 by the receipt of a cheque from a friend.

The sum aimed at was £5,000, and the organising committee is therefore in the happy position of having obtained £1,400 more than it asked for. The Association deserves all the support it can receive, and we heartily congratulate Burnley on its spirited response to the call for financial support.

Why should not the wealthy city of Birmingham do likewise, instead of permitting its district nursing centres to close down?

HIS MAJESTY CHIEF MOURNER.

The King is to represent the nation as chief mourner at the re-burial of an unknown British soldier in Westminster Abbey, which is to follow the unveiling of the Cenotaph by His Majesty on Armistice Day. The procedure will be arranged so that the unveiling shall take place exactly at 11. At that hour there will be a two minutes' silence. The pause will be followed by the sounding of the "Last Post" by massed buglers, assembled at the foot of the memorial.

LES DAMES ANGLAISES.

WITH THE REIMS UNIT OF THE COMITÉ BRITANNIQUE, C.R.F.

There must always have been the desire in the heart of every British nurse during the Great War to take her share in caring for the sick and wounded of her own country, or its Allies, or, if not, to help the civilians in the regions devastated by the war. Nevertheless it was the duty of some of us to remain at home, and those who were needed for active service were the young, the strong, the best qualified whom the country could produce. Yet always the longing remained, to see with one's own eyes, to know, to understand, something of what our kith and kin had endured in the struggle for the Freedom of the World, for which so many young and gallant and precious lives had been offered up on the altar of sacrifice.

Then on a radiant September morning, in response to an invitation from Miss du Sautoy and Lady Hermione Blackwood to stay with them at Reims, and see something of the work going on there under the British Committee of the French Red Cross, I found myself at Dover, and soon, in comfort, we were speeding across to Calais, secure from peril from submarines or death-dealing aeroplanes, and with a grateful memory of the men who had, so short a time ago, crossed that same way, and braved death to keep our Empire inviolate. Sturdy, well-knit English boys ran about the deck, or watched with bright alert eyes the receding cliffs of Dover and the outline of the French coast, and one hoped from one's heart, that never would their fortitude be put to the supreme test which those a few years their seniors had to endure when they left the playing fields of our public schools for the battle fields of France and Belgium. A fellow traveller seemed to divine my thoughts, for a voice said at my elbow—was it the mother of one of those boys?—"I'm glad the war is over, but everybody isn't. Not those who were making big money." Big money! What money could compensate those whose hearts are not of stone for the cruelty, the horror, the desolation of war?

We travelled along the coast through Boulogne and past the great French cemetery at Etaples, through Abbeville to Amiens. A night in Paris and then on to Reims where Miss du Sautoy met me at the station and soon we were at the headquarters of the Comité Britannique, 16, Rue des Moissons. Miss du Sautoy had warned me that I should be coming to stay in a ruined house. Like all houses in Reims it had suffered severely (its mistress, alas, was killed there during the bombardment). I doubt whether it will survive the disintegrating forces of the coming winter, but it must have been a charming home before the war. Everything in France seems to come under one of two categories, "Avant la guerre," and "Après la guerre." The house is built round three sides of a courtyard, closed in on the front by a high wall and gates, and originally the main rooms opened on to sunny verandahs.

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