

the ancient limitations with which the wisdom of society long ago hedged about the development of character . . . Mrs. Asquith seems to me from the evidence of these pages to have sought notoriety by shock tactics. She has arrived at the wall by trampling down the flowers." We think our readers will endorse this judgment when they study the author's brilliant summary of this Autobiography, and the deductions therefrom.

The author points out that it is one of the many deplorable consequences of these two books that "while perfectly true of the sets in which their writers move they quite cruelly misrepresent English Society as a whole."

"Never before in the history of England did so deep and earnest a desire to minister to the soul of humanity move upon the waters of our national life. Never before were all classes of the community in closer touch. And this great labour, so far as aristocracy is concerned, was done, not by fashionable people who hurried to the photographer in their nurse's dress or their Red Cross uniform, not by people who discovered in the war an opportunity to display their talents as actors and actresses, but by people who were doing solid work before the war, and who are still quietly toiling for the higher life of the human race."

We are grateful that the author should have set out in some detail the story of women who did not play at war work but threw themselves into it with a sincere devotion, and who are still doing work of national importance—"figures almost unknown in plutocratic circles but Englishwomen of the first class, all of them with an intimate knowledge of the British Empire."

There is a reference to the "life of the jazz, the life of the Victory Dance," which will appeal to nurses, for with most of them the iron entered into their souls at this hideous and callous offence against good taste, this "social rout" for which they were made the excuse. There is a reference also to the scornful indictment of Sir Ian Hamilton, heart-broken by the Peace of Versailles. "He speaks of the angel who led our boyhood to the sacrifice of their lives, an angel of spiritual exaltation, and then of Versailles, where 'the diplomats danced with their typists.' His soul rebels against this anti-climax. The banners of self-sacrifice have been dragged through the dirt. The names of the valiant dead are writ in water."

It is in the quiet, unostentatious, self-sacrificing lives of many good and true men and women of all classes that the hope of the future lies.

E. G. F.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"There is only one antidote to industrial unrest and only one road to commercial success—that is work. The people in this country have not sufficient understanding of the meaning of work, and there rests all the trouble."—*Mr. Gordon Selfridge.*

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.

A REAL HOME FROM HOME.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I have just returned from a short visit to town, and having made "Our Club" my headquarters, I feel I would like to let other nurses (especially country nurses) know what a delightful place it is to stay in—a real "home from home."

On arrival a very smiling maid attended to my luggage, and at once our ever courteous and kindly Secretary appeared with her hearty Scotch welcome. From then until I left (when that same Secretary was on the step to "speed the parting guest") everyone seemed to vie with each other in making one comfortable and happy.

The food is excellent and tariff most moderate. Any nurse wanting a real restful holiday in town could not do better than spend it at 194, Queen's Gate.

Those staying at the Club fully realise how ably Miss Macdonald is seconded in her endeavours to make her guests comfortable by Miss Cutler, who is kindly acting as "second in command," *pro tem.*

Hoping you will find space in your journal for this small mark of my appreciation.

Yours faithfully,

C. M. COLLETT, M.R.B.N.A.

The Homestead, Morte Hoe,
N. Devon.

KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

Sister, T.F.N.S.—"True tale, July 2nd, hits the nail on the head. We Territorials who did home service during the war unless with plenty of influence at our backs have nothing to show for years of national service. Is it too late to 'put a bit of punch into' a demand for recognition, and if so how can we take the 'initiative?' That Club lady knows her way about."

[We believe if their Majesties the King and Queen could be approached, and the truth made known to them, the neglect of the War Office in this particular would be remedied. Mr. Winston Churchill, the Minister responsible for the unjust treatment of home service military nurses, is no longer Secretary of State for War—the new Minister should be directly approached. Joint action by the Trained Nurses' Organisations should be taken. Thirty thousand such nurses at least are enrolled. Why do they not *act*?—ED.]

PRIZE COMPETITION QUESTION.

July 30th.—What are the principal dangers to health in hot and dry weather? What precautions should be taken to avert them?

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