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EDITORIAL.

JOAN SAUNDERS, CŒUR DE LIONNE.

The story told in the Police Court of little Joan Saunders, Cœur de Lionne, has moved many tender mother hearts to tears and others to warm indignation. Her courage and heroism has aroused the whole community to admiration. With the Magistrate who sentenced her unnatural father and stepmother to two months' imprisonment in the second division for "wilful neglect," we all acclaim little Joan (well named after her prototype the Glorious Maid of Orleans) as "a splendid little girl—a very precious possession, as every child is."

What a story! Here we have a little child of eight left alone in a Jermyn Street flat, with a latchkey and a dog, and a meagre supply of inferior food, whilst her legal guardians go off junketting up the River for 48 hours. Imagine the risks run by such a little girl! In the parks, in the streets, from fire, and fear! And yet we have this intelligent and courageous child assuring the Court—her smiling face just peeping over the top of the Box—that she was not at all nervous; for her, loneliness, nor man, nor beast, had any terrors! And the latchkey! Had not this little bachelor woman lost her key and been unable to gain admittance to the flat, where she was found, ill-clad and shivering, on the doorstep at 11 p.m. by the police, we should never have heard of the horrible treatment of this little heroine at all.

We old-fashioned people look askance at the half-clad young women of the day, the women whose only aim in life appears to be to have "a good time." We suspect their selfishness

in every walk of life, and know many to be without heart or sense of duty; but parental love and kindness to children so far have not failed. Alas! for the future generation if this animal instinct is to be found wanting.

The silver lining to this sordid story is the part played by the amazing Joan, and one wonders how such a father ever begat such a child.

The public are relieved to learn that the N.S.P.C.C. has now charge of this neglected child; that she has been placed in humane care in the country, in surroundings where we wish every happiness may be hers. Had it not been for this most useful Society God knows what little Joan's future might have been. Some kind fathers and mothers may not know that the Central Office of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is at 40, Leicester Square, W.C.2, where subscriptions are most urgently required to carry on its splendid work.

FIRE AND SCIMITAR.

The reports of eye-witnesses of the Last Days of Smyrna, given over to systematic massacre, rape, loot, and fire, is a repetition of the horrible methods of the Turk, and makes one's heart burn within. Always there is a ray of hope, usually supplied by the heroism of British nurses. The correspondent of the *Times* reports a typical instance. "We had some dreadful moments," he writes, "when we wondered if we could save the inmates of the Maternity Home, whose gallant head, Miss Wilkinson, when we arrived with stretchers, simply said, 'Thank God, you came in time. I could not have left my post.'" Rather not.

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