

plants, and paths where the mosses creep up about the paving stones.

In one short day we can have but a glimpse of the library, of Mason's Croft, and the hotel where Washington Irving lived during his memorable visit to Stratford-on-Avon. We pass along the waterside for a glance at the fine Memorial Theatre, so beautifully situated on the banks of the river. Then we pass the monument with the exceedingly graceful figure of the poet surmounting it, and reach the Church of the Holy Trinity, to spend a large portion of a hot summer afternoon admiring its proportions, its perfection of detail. No simple parish church this, but one rather collegiate in type, incorporating portions of an early Norman building which dates back to the 12th century. The lovely chancel was built some centuries before the days of Shakespeare; a row of flat stones behind the rail marks the tombs of the Shakespeares. William Shakespeare bought a lease of part of the great tithes of Stratford, and thereby could claim burial in the chancel as part owner of the church. Most admirers of Shakespeare prefer to think that he did *not* write the lines on his tomb:—

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear,
To digg the dust enclosed here;
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

The reason for the inscription is explained by the fact that the small door beneath the poet's monument in the church led to the charnel house where it was customary to place the bones from graves required for other occupants. Now the dismal bone house lies concealed under the bright green of the churchyard, and the latest row of flat stones behind the rail are safe from risk of desecration, almost holy ground, indeed, have they become to many a sojourner in Stratford. We linger long in the lovely Clopton Chapel, which is part of the church, reluctantly we leave the old chained Bible, the font in which Shakespeare was baptised, the records of his baptism and burial in the old Register. For the shadows are creeping over the churchyard, and the gleaming of sunlight on the river grows dim.

"Some day we must come again some time a week-end perhaps We'll do it properly then see everything try to understand more about these folios." Yes, perhaps, but will it ever hold again the charm of the day when, like vagabonds, we wandered through it without plan or preparation, without preconceived ideas of what we ought to see or to do, no compact with ourselves of how we should present to our minds the things we were to see? Shall we ever again, just in the same way, slip back into one of the chinks of time, rest in the shadows of the years, and then come back to our own little chink again, and, good comrades all, set off on our journey homeward—a journey that in which every difficulty seemed but matter for laughter, and London just a joke, because away now, in the crannies of the mind there is

"A bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows
Quite over-canopied with luscious wood-bine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine,"

and that, for us, is—Stratford town.

PROFESSIONAL LEAGUE OF PRIVATE NURSES.

We hear complaints from private nurses as to the various systems of "undercutting" by the half qualified, or by those who run Private Staffs, on other than co-operative lines. Also there is a very strong feeling that the fees for night duty ought to be in excess of those for day duty, and that there should be a more uniform recognition of the number of hours during which nurses should be on duty. It is certainly correct that these matters deserve attention, but when they are considered and conclusions reached, how

are such conclusions to be enforced? It appears to us that the first steps towards improving the position of affairs would be through the formation of a League of Private Nurses, and we would be glad to have the views of the nurses in private practice on the suggestion. If a sufficient number are prepared to support the idea, we are quite willing to undertake the preliminary organisation, and to arrange a meeting of those interested, in order to discuss the matter. That there is room for such an organisation, and that, indeed, it is very badly wanted, is a fact that cannot be questioned, but its ability to help the nurses must depend wholly and entirely upon whether they themselves take an interest in it, and work up a really strong organisation; without this nothing can be done to advance the position and interests of the private nurses, but each one who approves of the scheme must be prepared to take a real part in its upbuilding.

INCREASE OF ARMY PENSIONS.

A Royal Warrant just issued provides for a further increase of retired pay or pensions not exceeding £100, and awarded prior to August 4th, 1914, to officers, nurses, schoolmistresses, widows, recipients of the Victoria Cross, and to service or disability, gallant conduct, and special campaign pensioners. This addition to the increase given in 1920 will raise the total percentage of increase on pre-war rates to 70 per cent. where the existing retired pay or pensions does not exceed £25 a year; to 65 per cent. where it exceeds £25, but does not exceed £50; and to 50 per cent. where it exceeds £50 but does not exceed £100. No pension, however, will be increased by an amount greater than is sufficient to bring the total means of the pensioner up to £150 a year if unmarried, or to £200 a year if married.

A FINE INSTITUTION.

St. George's Hospital, Bombay (of which Miss E. M. Macfarlane, S.R.N., M.R.B.N.A., is Matron) situated in a spacious compound, appears to be a very fine institution, to judge from the picture presented in the *Nursing Journal of India*. It contains 242 beds and has a flourishing Training School for Nurses attached. Probationers are admitted as young as 18, up to 35 years of age. Great improvements have been made for the comfort of the nurses. They have a charming club room for dancing and a tennis court in the grounds. Overhead fans have now been installed in every bedroom and a new kitchen and mess room made comfortable and dainty.

CONCERT.

Miss Winifred Carnegie's Concert on August 4th was quite a success, and resulted in the sum of one pound for the Trained Nurses' Annuity Fund—quite good help from a child of only 13 years. Unfortunately, owing to its being held on Bank Holiday, very few of the Members not in residence were able to be present, but those who were had a thoroughly enjoyable evening. The programme was very varied—songs, dances, recitations, and pianoforte solos; also we had some beautiful duets on the piano and violin by the Misses Perkins.

HELP FOR THE LEPERS.

In these days, when knitting has become fashionable again, there are many nurses who have pieces of wool left over; we shall be most grateful for any odds and ends of this for a lady who is knitting blankets for the lepers. It does not matter if the pieces are quite small, as she knits them up into small diamond-shaped pieces, and then the whole collection of these pieces are sewn together. We shall be very glad if we can help her in her work of benevolence and mercy by sending a good parcel of wool from the office soon.

ISABEL MACDONALD,
Secretary to the Corporation.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)