

## ARMISTICE DAY.

Armistice Day dawned clear and fine, and early in the morning crowds made their way to Whitehall to see what they could of the ceremony at the Cenotaph, but there were others also who for the first time were able to take their part in this most moving event, for the invalids and the aged and those in the outposts of Empire, were able plainly to hear the proceedings by means of the wireless, at the marvels of which one never ceases to wonder.

Punctually, Ministers of State and Representatives of the Dominions arrived at the Cenotaph, and then the King in khaki, who was accompanied by the Duke of York, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and three Indian princes, placed his wreath of Flanders poppies, made by the disabled men of the British Legion Poppy factory, before it. At the hour the two minutes' Silence, then the Last Post, a short service conducted by the Bishop of London, and God Save the King. The morning ceremony was over.

But in the evening, as was fitting, the British Legion Remembrance Festival was held in the Albert Hall, and the King, accompanied by the Queen, once again met his subjects, this time 10,000 ex-Service men and women, and together they joined in the singing of war songs and hymns and remembrance of the dead.

The King has presented to the Ypres Memorial Church a Bible bearing the inscription "Mortem Oppetentes Vitam Meruerunt."

The Royal Mint announce that they have struck, for public issue, a medal from designs by Mr. C. L. Doman, in commemoration of the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice.

The obverse of the medal typifies "Deliverance," and shows the figure of Great Britain supporting a young warrior with a sheathed sword and the broken shackles of war offering a wreath of laurels to the memory of the fallen, and on the reverse the Cenotaph in Whitehall surrounded by the inscription, "Their name Liveth for Evermore," and the date "November 11, MCMXVIII."

The prices respectively are:

Large size (3 in. in diameter).—Single medals—silver £1 10s., and bronze, 10s. per medal; in quantities—silver, £15, and bronze, £4 per dozen medals.

Small size (1½ in. in diameter).—Single medals—bronze, 9d. per medal; in quantities—bronze, £6 5s. per 100 medals, and the medals may be obtained from the Chief Clerk, Royal Mint, E.C., if accompanied by the appropriate remittance.

## THE CAUSE.

Mrs. Ray Strachey in "The Cause," a short history of the Women's Movement in Great Britain, just published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., Portugal Street, London, W.C.2, has done good service not only to the Nursing Profession, but to the community in general, by publishing as an Appendix a hitherto unpublished fragment written by Miss Florence Nightingale in 1852 under the title of "Cassandra."

Only now is time beginning to show Miss Nightingale to the world as the forceful woman who agonised over the world's problems, and who won with difficulty the place amongst the world's workers to which her commanding genius entitled her; instead of picturing her as the placid and somewhat colourless saint, which was the accepted portrait of her in the Victorian era. Yet it was then she wrote at

thirty-two years of age, some five years before the Crimea claimed her, the following sentences:

"The voice of one crying in the 'crowd' 'prepare ye the way of the Lord.'

"One often comes to be thus wandering alone in the bitterness of life without. It might be that such an one might be tempted to seek an escape in the hope of a more congenial sphere. Yet, perhaps, if prematurely we dismiss ourselves from this world, all may even have to be suffered through again—the premature birth may not continue to the production of another being, which must be begun again from the beginning . . .

"Why have women passion, intellect, moral activity—these three—and a place in society where no one of the three can be exercised? Men say that God punishes for complaining. No, but men are angry with misery. They are irritated with women for not being happy. They take it as a personal offence. To God alone may women complain without insulting Him! . . .

"Suffering, sad 'female humanity!' What are these feelings which they are taught to consider as disgraceful, to deny to themselves? What form do the Chinese feet assume when denied their proper development? If the young girls of the 'higher classes,' who never commit a false step, whose justly earned reputations were never sullied even by the stain which the fruit of mere 'knowledge of good and evil' leaves behind, were to speak, and say what are their thoughts employed upon, their *thoughts*, which alone are free, what would they say? . . .

"Death from starvation! But suppose one were to put a paragraph in *The Times*, Death of Thought from Starvation, or Death of Moral Activity from Starvation, how people would stare, how they would laugh and wonder! One would think we had no heads nor hearts, by the total indifference of the public towards them. Our bodies are the only things of any consequence."

Bitter words from the cherished daughter of well-born and wealthy parents who would fain have made life easy and pleasant for her. But ease had no attraction for Florence Nightingale.

The book is dedicated "to Millicent Garrett Fawcett, who took up the task when the movement began, who walked steadfastly in times of discouragement, and wisely in times of hope, and who led the Movement to Victory."

Mrs. Strachey guides us with skill from the emergence of women from "the prison house of home" to full political equality for women, and if she gives less acknowledgment than is due to the impetus given by the militant movement in the final victory, perhaps it was difficult for a constitutional suffragist to be entirely dispassionate. But there is one omission in the book which should be rectified in a second edition; while prominence is given to the uprising and organisation of almost every profession and trade, from the medical women to the chain makers at the pit head, the struggle of trained nurses in Great Britain and Ireland for their professional enfranchisement is ignored.

Either her ignorance on this subject is colossal, which we can scarcely believe—and ignorance is inexcusable in a historian—or she shows strange lack of sympathy with trained nurses in their monumental struggle of over thirty years' standing, opposed by hospital authorities and members of the medical profession in high places, but which terminated triumphantly in 1919 by the passing of the Nurses' Registration Acts for the three Kingdoms, giving them legal status.

The nurses of other countries followed their lead, and the whole world has to thank the nurses of Great Britain for their example. Any history of the Women's Movement in Great Britain, therefore, which leaves this unrecorded is a very incomplete record.

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