

full consciousness through every stage of their terrible death. We bent over them as they crouched in their efforts to breathe, only to hear the long whistling gasps of tortured lungs that we had no means of relieving. . .

"Near dawn word came from Dolyn that ten grammes of camphor oil must be injected every four hours. As we did it our nerves trembled with eagerness, and within a few minutes the stiffened limbs relaxed and the blue colour—which made the whites of their eyes so strangely glaring—lessened in their faces. The difficult breathing was eased, and some dropped off to a quiet sleep."

We have indicated the scope of the book. Read it. It is published by Peter Davies, 30, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.

The London Clinic and Nursing Home, Ltd., Harley Street, Marylebone Road, of which the Chairman is the Duke of Atholl, and which has now been occupied, is shortly to be officially opened by the Duchess of York. It is intended to meet the needs of paying patients, and the charges will be from £7 for a single room and from £18 for a suite. The Matron is Miss M. E. M. Hebdon, trained at the General Infirmary, Leeds, until recently Matron of Lord Moynihan's Surgical Home at Leeds, and Sir E. W. Morris, who for many years held the position of House Governor at the London Hospital is in charge of the institution. We notice that on the application form for admission to the Nursing Staff the question appears "Are you a member of the College of Nursing?" Such inquisitorial methods are quite unjustifiable. Applicants should be required to supply evidence as to their professional credentials and efficiency, sound health, and character, but to which professional or political associations Registered Nurses may choose to belong is entirely their own business, and coercion on these matters, both for men and women, is inexcusable interference with the liberty of the subject.

THE HISTORY OF THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF NURSES, 1899-1925.

We hope those who wish to secure copies of The History of the International Council of Nurses, 1899-1925 (illustrated), will place their orders with Miss M. Breay, 39, Portland Place, London, W.1, as soon as possible. A very satisfactory sale has taken place during the past month. Price 5s., post free.

NURSES FAITHFUL TO DUTY.

British nurses in the Isolation Hospital, Shanghai, have won widespread praise for remaining at their posts in imminent danger from misdirected bombs. England expects every man to do his duty, and the British Nurse may be relied upon to do hers. She proved it over and over again in the Great War.

TERRITORIAL ARMY NURSING SERVICE.

The Matron-in-Chief, Territorial Army Nursing Service, requests that all members of the Service, who have not already done so, will now send their enrolment parchments to their Principal Matrons, in accordance with paragraph 4 of the Instructions on the parchment.

MEMORIES OF QUEENS.

SOPHIE, QUEEN DOWAGER OF GREECE.

Another Royal Martyr has passed into the Light.

There died at Frankfort-on-Main, on the 13th of January last, after severe suffering, Sophia Dorothea Ulrica Alice, known of recent years as Sophie, Queen Dowager of Greece. Born a Royal German Princess, the daughter of the late Emperor Frederick, and a Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, she entered upon life in the age of Blood and Iron.

In a letter to Queen Victoria on the occasion of baby Sophie's christening in 1870, her mother, then Crown Princess of Prussia, wrote:—

"Poor little Sophie's first step in this world is not ushered in with any bright omens, and her mother's heart was heavy and worried, in spite of the beauty of the day." A premonition of tragedy too terribly fulfilled!

A memorial service was held for Queen Sophie at Schloss Friedrichshof, near Cronberg, at which members of the German Royal Family and of the Hessian nobility were present. The service was conducted in accordance with the Greek Orthodox rite, and at the conclusion an Evangelical Pastor gave the benediction. Her body was conveyed to Florence, where of late years she lived in retirement, and interred by the side of her husband, King Constantine, in the twelve-domed Russian "Sobor" Cathedral of the Orthodox Rites.

In pre-war days, my association with the then Crown Princess of Greece, Duchess of Sparta, in her efforts to modernise nursing in Greece, in her care of the wounded in the Græco-Turkish war, and later in the Asia Minor Campaign, reports of which are recorded in issues of this Journal for 1897 and 1921, brought me into close touch with a very lovable woman. Full of *esprit* and high endeavour she bestowed warm and enduring affection upon me, and evinced sincere gratitude—a rare virtue—for services rendered to Greece, the land of her adoption, which she deeply revered and loved, exile from which, together with the deaths of her husband and of her very dear son Alexander—from whom she was cruelly separated during his fatal illness, by political enemies—literally broke her heart.

Who, looking upon the tragic face of this Royal lady, can doubt that her cup of sorrow has been drained to the dregs, and that in passing from this world, sweetness and light will be her portion?

The appreciation of Sir Rennell Rodd, which he contributed to the *Times* after the death of the Queen Mother of Greece, was a just tribute.

Referring to past controversies during the Great War, he writes:

"I feel it would be inconsistent with the obligations of chivalry, with which I am old-fashioned enough to hold, not to supplement bare biographical outlines with some more appreciative testimony to the memory of one whom I knew well in a happy girlhood and of whom I saw a good deal more recently in later unhappy days.

"Queen Sophie might seem to have inherited from the Empress Frederick, the tragedy of whose closing years has not yet passed out of living memory, an unmerited share of fortune's buffets. She was a true daughter of a remarkable mother, less brilliantly gifted

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)