

President of the Municipal Council and the Prefect of the Seine receiving the guests. There was a crowded attendance, and M. René Fiquet, the President of the Council, welcomed the guests in a most sympathetic speech.

Mlle. Chaptal responded in the following terms:—

Monsieur le Président,—Le Conseil International des Infirmières dont j'ai l'honneur de vous présenter aujourd'hui les déléguées, se réunit en congrès tous les quatre ans. La Grande-Bretagne, les pays scandinaves, l'Amérique du Nord ont déjà reçu cette visite: pour la première fois, la France est le rendez-vous de ces assises, et Paris peut accueillir les représentantes des Nations affiliées au Conseil. C'est un honneur pour nous que cet accueil. La Ville de Paris est une très-grande dame et nous sommes heureuses, à la veille de l'ouverture des travaux du Congrès International des Infirmières, de lui apporter notre salut.

La corporation des infirmières qui compose le Conseil International groupe actuellement 200,000 membres dans les cinq parties du monde. Peu d'organisations internationales présentent une force de cette nature dont l'action ne se peut exercer que pour le bien social. Non-seulement le soin des malades, sous une direction médicale, est confiée à ses membres, mais encore et de plus en plus leur revient la mission de prévenir les maux évitables.

C'est précisément la recherche du mieux dans ces deux directions qui fait l'objet essentiel des études du nos Congrès. Ces occasions sont à la fois une rencontre professionnelle et une démarche vers le progrès. Elles offrent à chaque pays le moyen de s'instruire des améliorations réalisées par d'autres, en même temps qu'elles resserrent les liens qui unissent entre elles des femmes dont la vie prétend n'avoir qu'un but, et le plus haut. Ce n'est pas à la Ville de Paris, si attachée aux traditions profondes d'une bienfaisance remontant au siècle de Saint-Louis que j'aurais à le démontrer. Paris va nous apporter, avec ses traditions anciennes, le fruit des travaux de ses Maîtres, en chirurgie comme en médecine. Sous l'égide de Pasteur et de ses disciples, le Congrès préparera ses conclusions. Et si, comme à Montréal, en une année de rare prospérité économique, nous ne pouvons ici compter six mille participantes, encore devons-nous être fiers d'avoir réuni, par ces temps difficiles, les infirmières professionnelles de quarante-deux pays!

Monsieur le Président, nous offrons à la Ville de Paris notre remerciement et notre dévouement.

At the conclusion of the speeches, the President of the Municipal Council invited Mme. la Maréchale Lyautey, Présidente d'honneur du Comité d'Organisation du Congrès International, Mlle. Chaptal and Mrs. Bedford Fenwick to sign the Golden Book, which they did, the latter having received this honour in 1907, when the I.C.N. was entertained with the greatest hospitality at the Interim Congress.

The beautiful salons were then visited and a buffet offered 500 delegates and other guests the hospitality of the City of Paris. The Hotel de Ville is the headquarters of the municipal government of Paris. At its head is the Prefect of the Seine, a position of very great honour and responsibility. It is a magnificent structure in the French Renaissance style, and contains fine galleries and Salles des Fêtes.

The Hotel de Ville has played a conspicuous part in

the different revolutions—pictures flit across one's mental vision. From a window Louis XVI showed himself to the mob wearing the tri-coloured cockade which Lafayette is said to have designed, the blue and red standing for the City of Paris and the white for the Bourbons.

The old building was burned down in 1871, and with it the old régime was apparently swept away.

But not so.

We are pleased to note that fine manners, wit and chic are still characteristics of the French nation—in which they set an example to less cultured peoples.

DÉJEUNER WITH MADAME ACHILLE FOULD.

In Paris there exists a *coterie* of Great Ladies of Good Works. Their lives appear to be governed by solicitude for others, not so fortunate in the world's gifts as themselves.

Of this charming group Madame Achille Fould is a leading personality—very wealthy—very generous, a delightful hostess—radiating gaiety. All those of us who were invited to déjeuner in the Avenue d'Iéna, before placing the Wreath of Homage at the Arc de Triomphe on July 9th, realised how privileged we were to be her guests. Here again we were received quite *en famille*, and were shown the lovely works of art which make a French home so entrancing. More than this, Madame Fould with her warm heart is evidently the centre of deep family affection. Admitted to her private apartments, we were shown the portraits of those beloved ones who have passed away—charming studies of children and a lovely bevy of grandchildren, who still fill her life with joy. It is not improbable that we may forget some of the abstruse arguments advanced in the Congress Hall, but gracious personal kindness retains its sweetness for ever.

RECEPTION BY THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE FRENCH RED CROSS SOCIETY.

A Glimpse of Real French Life.

All who had the good fortune to be a guest of Le Marquis de Lillers, President, and the members of the Comité Central de la Croix-Rouge Française at the Cercle Intérialié, on the evening of July 9th, will ever remember the charm of this unique function.

Some hundreds of guests passed under the beautiful portico of 33, Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, out to the terrace, which brought this gay chattering throng to a beautiful garden.

In this picturesque setting, among shrubberies and mysterious paths leading hither and thither, a stage was observed erected under the spreading trees, between pillars of rambler roses, its construction and colour harmonising with this sylvan scene.

The murmur of pleasant converse floated in the air as the guests assembled on the lawn and chatted beneath the stars in a cloudless night in a veritable fairyland. Our charming hostesses explained the *al fresco* entertainment to be presented entirely by amateurs—from the life of the people from the Auvergne. The folk songs, dances, music, to be shown from real life.

The arrival of Mme. Albert Lebrun, the wife of the President of the Republic, gave the signal for commencing the unique festivities.

The stage, suddenly flood-lighted, blazed with colour, and a large concourse of many people, in quaint and beautiful national costumes, streamed on to the stage, took their allotted places, and gave the audience a magnificent display of native folk dancing of entrancing grace and charm—*esprit* personified!

The dancing was interspaced with song and music from a dozen quaint instruments. For two hours we were spellbound by the charm and art of these sprightly dancers of an indescribable gaiety, accompanied by the melody of

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