

HOW HANKOW KEPT THE KING'S SILVER JUBILEE.

As there are usually two or more British ships at anchor in the Yangtse river at Hankow and the British community number some hundreds of people, preparations were made to share in the Jubilee celebrations. A tentative programme was drawn up and a subscription list sent round, to which all gladly responded.

The day proved to be one of brilliant sunshine and the grounds of the British Consulate presented a very gay scene by 10 a.m. on May 6th. Marines from the ships in white uniforms were lined up on one side of the Cenotaph which stands in the grounds. Another side was occupied by the various consular officers, the Chinese Mayor, Chief of Police and other members of the Hankow authorities. The Japanese Consul was particularly gorgeous in his gold braided uniform and cocked hat with plumes. The members of the British community in summer attire completed the congregation which had gathered to share in the service of thanksgiving. This service was led by the Rev. Withers Green, B.D., one of the missionaries of the city, whose preaching was greatly appreciated. After the service, the British Consul-General gave an excellent little talk to the children present, who were then each presented with a medal.

At noon, the gunboats held a reception. All British people were invited in parties to board the vessels and drink the King's health. To many this was the very first view of the interior of a warship. At 6 p.m. a reception was held in the Consulate and then at 10 p.m. arrangements were made to listen-in to a broadcast of the procession to St. Paul's. As China time is eight hours ahead of London time, the broadcast describing the procession could be heard here at 10 p.m. Although local radio stations have become a commonplace, long distance wireless is still a novelty and not often clearly heard. A loud speaker was installed in a large recreation ground and the British community and friends gathered around it expectantly. It proved to be disappointing however, spluttering atmospherics mostly being heard, with here and there a sentence coming through indistinctly. One sentence we heard caused a laugh, "The excitement is intense the British for once are really letting themselves go," we heard the speaker say. We caught sounds of bells and of an organ playing just in snatches, yet even that made us feel linked on to London in this happy hour.

There were gorgeous Chinese fireworks, some singing and a buffet supper, all to help beguile the hours spent in the open air. Hankow went home quite late that night, having greatly enjoyed the Jubilee celebration and really feeling that England had indeed much to thank God for in His loving kindness to the nation. Every heart sent its meed of affection and goodwill to our beloved King and Queen. We ourselves had about four miles to go by rickshaw up to the native city, where our hospital is situated, to get home.

A letter later from a nurse in a far away up country station told us how the half a dozen Britishers there had met together in their house to celebrate. They sang "God save the King" and read the newspaper accounts of Jubilee preparations and then drank the King's health in cups of coffee.

That week was also graduation week. Our school held its graduation on Saturday eve, May 11th, in the beautiful Church built in memory of Dr. Griffith John, pioneer missionary to Central China. The Commissioner of Education for this central province gave a speech on the life of Florence Nightingale and said how earnestly he hoped

the graduating class would prove to be Florence Nightingales for their own needy land.

On Wednesday the following week, we attended a nurses' graduation in the neighbouring city of Wuchang across the river Yangtse. The wife of the Governor of the Province, Madame Chang Chun gave a speech there, also referring to the example of Florence Nightingale. One of the third year student nurses, too, gave a résumé of the life and work of the founder of modern nursing, as part of the programme.

Certainly China greatly admires and loves Florence Nightingale, and claims her as one of the women of the world who has been of universal benefit to mankind.

Longfellow's poem of "The Lady with the Lamp" translated into Chinese has been set to music and this year was sung at quite a number of nurses graduation ceremonies.

G. E. STEPHENSON.

THE PASSING BELL.

Early members of the International Council of Nurses will learn with sincere regret of the death of Miss Lina Mollett, with whom they came in contact during its Meeting in Berlin in 1904, when she travelled from England with the party of British Nurses which included her sister Miss Wilhelmina (Mina) Mollett, one of the Foundation Members of the Council and an outstanding member of the nursing profession.

In a recent issue of *The Times*, the following notice appeared:

MOLLETT.—On April 11, 1935, at Caldera, Chili, CAROLINE MOLLETT, dearly beloved sister of Godfrey and Elsa Mollett.

"Thou will keep him in perfect Peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

One of the most brilliant members of a brilliant and versatile family Miss Lina Mollett adopted educational work in Chili as her life's work, and, in 1904 was deputed by the Chilian Government to study and report upon the educational methods in force in various European countries, a mission for which she was exceptionally well qualified.

She arranged that her visit to Germany with this object should coincide with that of the British Nurses so that she might have the happiness of her sister's companionship, and it was in this way that she became known to the members of the party who were greatly impressed by her erudition, literary talents and personal charm. She was greatly interested in the International Council of Nurses, and the nursing profession is indeed her debtor, for she it was who discovered pamphlets in German which proved that the inspiration to organise the Kaiserswerth Order of Deaconesses originated with Friederike Fliedner, the first wife of the Pastor of Kaiserswerth, not with the Pastor himself, though he encouraged and developed the idea.

Miss Lina Mollett was a regular subscriber, and frequent contributor, to this Journal. The first volume (when it was "The Nursing Record") for 1888, contains an article from her pen on the establishment of a hospital in Hanover, and her tribute to her dearly loved sister Mina—the last years of whose life were spent in Chili—in a series of articles concluded in 1932, will be within the memory of our readers.

They are distinguished both by the deep affection which prevades them and by their literary charm.

"Content thee howso'er, whose days are done;
There lies not any troublous thing before,
Nor sight, nor sound to war against thee more,
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
All waters as the shore."

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