

WHAT CAN I DO, SIR ?

"Absence of occupation is not rest."

Indeed, to properly constituted individuals it is more wearying than any labour.

True, there may come a time when the saying of the aged man becomes inevitable and if inevitable may be made, somehow, profitable.—

"Sometimes I just sets and thinks and sometimes I just sets."

But for those who lead active life this prospect is not alluring.

The problem, then, as to how to spend our leisure whether it is scanty or abundant, is one that is worthy of consideration and may make a vast difference to health of body and mind.

"Days off" are spent very differently, according to disposition.

Breakfast in bed and leisurely dressing, a lazy afternoon before the fire and early to bed is a very common ideal of rest and, indeed, often needful.

Another rises with break of day to catch the first car or train to open spaces, play tennis or golf, *does* the pictures and returns at the last possible minute allowed.

"Tired? Of course, but it has been worth it."

Those, then, who find rest and refreshment from toil in varying ways, should think sometimes of that sad company of the workless, whose condition is such a blot on our nation.

The long, demoralising day, devoid of occupation and therefore devoid of interest; devoid of money and therefore devoid of recreation. Embittered, without sweetness, sleep a mere drug for misery.

All around may be shops full of appetising food, extravagant clothes, warm garments, strong boots, cheerful picture palaces where may be forgotten, for a time, deadly monotony in the glamour of romance, however crude, and exciting adventure.

None of these things are for the workless.

The narrow margin of the "dole" allows for the bare necessities of life only.

Well then, what about it!

Public feeling creates legislation.

Do we care at all that thousands of our fellow countrymen are suffering in this way? Oh, let us at least be pitiful!

Can we seek out a collecting box for the Distressed Areas and drop in a mite? Quite a small coin, maybe. It will do the donor good, if nothing more. Let us not shelter under the unworthy taunt of "undeserving."

That tender-hearted old saint Father Stanton, sent from his deathbed a sum of money to the "*undeserving* poor," so if we have doubts on that score, we can follow his lovely example. Let us ask ourselves where the suffering of fellowmen is concerned like the gallant little midshipman on the sinking ship,

"What can I do, Sir?"

H. H.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER JOINS THE ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE.

It is officially announced that Her Majesty The Queen, Commandant-in-Chief of the Nursing Corps and Divisions of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, has appointed H.R.H. The Duchess of Gloucester as her Deputy.

AN IRREPARABLE LOSS.

THE DEATH OF MADEMOISELLE L. CHAPTAL, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE TRAINED NURSES OF FRANCE.

On Sunday, March 28th (Easter Day), we, as President of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain, received a telegram from Mlle. Jeanne de Joannis, the Secretary-General of the Association des Infirmières Diplômées de l'Etat Français, notifying the death of Mademoiselle L. Chaptal—its beloved President—so recently the presiding genius of the International Council of Nurses, who won all our admiration and devotion at its Congress in Paris in 1933 by the dignity and sweetness with which she filled this supreme office in the world of nursing.

In acknowledging this grievous news we expressed to our French colleagues not only our sense of professional loss in Great Britain, but deep personal sorrow for the passing of a beloved friend for half a lifetime.

The funeral service for Mademoiselle Chaptal was held on March 31st, at 10 a.m., in the Church of Notre Dame de Saint-Rosaire, rue de Vanves, quite close to her Nursing School, to which she was so devoted. The singing was very beautiful, and the church was packed with friends and relatives and representatives of various schools of Nurses in France. Mrs. Carter (Chief of the Nursing Division of the League of Red Cross Societies), was kind enough to procure flowers, a beautiful spray of arum lilies, presented in the name of the International Council of Nurses, and a spray of deep pink carnations from the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain, with a card attached inscribed by the President, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, with the words, "with admiration and devotion."

We have received the following letter from Mlle. J. de Joannis:—

DEAR MRS. BEDFORD FENWICK,—

Thank you for your sympathy in our great loss. You knew our dear President so many years that you realise what her passing away will mean for the Nurses of France.

Mlle. Chaptal had a great prestige in our country and her advice was accepted by the Government. Some of her last words were very true: "I had still some work to do."

Thank you for the beautiful flowers from the National Council. Your letter and your card arrived the morning of the funeral.

I send you a short article written by Mademoiselle Fumey (Directrix de l'Hôpital de Reims), the first Nurse trained at the Maison Ecole d'Infirmières, of whose activity Mademoiselle Chaptal was so proud.

Thanking you again with all my heart for your sympathy,
Believe me,

Yours very truly,

JEANNE DE JOANNIS.

APPRECIATION BY MADEMOISELLE FUMEY.

Mademoiselle Chaptal, Présidente de l'Association Nationale des Infirmières Diplômées de l'Etat Français, vient de mourir à Paris. Le temps nous fait défaut pour exposer longuement l'activité féconde de cette grande figure d'Infirmière.

Sa vocation s'éveilla au contact des misères cotoyées dans un faubourg de Paris où la conduisait son amour des enfants. Avec une lucidité d'esprit qui ne fit que s'accroître, elle discerna très rapidement que la plus grande cause de la Misère était le plus souvent la Maladie. La France à cette époque 1894 à 1900, ne possédait pas d'organisme de

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