

over to this country to help us, and in the various nursing services in Britain to-day were also women from Allied countries.

The Minister was proud to note that out of 32 George Medals awarded, 17 had been given to nurses, and that out of 59 awards to women of British Empire Medals, 10 had gone to nurses. The guests included Matrons and Nurses from over a hundred civilian and Service hospitals, and from shelters, first-aid posts, casualty clearing stations, and ambulance units; as well as from Dominion and Allied nursing services. Quite a number of M.P.s and other representative people were present.

The statue of Florence Nightingale from St. Thomas's Hospital stood on the table in front of the chairman,

the Press over the fact that we are losing four children a day on the roads from motor accidents; or indeed of details of the most devastating carnage in history! But so it is.

In this connection we have been re-reading "My Private Diary during the Siege of Paris," by the late Felix M. Whitehurst; an amazing page of history, during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, and we are bound to own that slow starvation, with the choice of a commissariat of rats, cats, and wild beasts is far from appetising fare. Moreover, festering wounds, typhus, typhoid and smallpox, and few, if any, trained nurses, to care for the sick, presents a picture of misery difficult to exceed—food for the sick was unprocurable, and so they died like flies . . .!



TWO BONNIE PRINCESSES IN A SUNLIT GARDEN WITH THEIR PET CHAMELEON.

*Amor gignit amorem.*

and beside it was a burning candle symbolic of the flame she lit.

Let us hope that this recognition of the honourable status of the Nursing profession is not merely a flash in the pan, and that those present will help to maintain it intact, should there be any question in the near future of degrading it for purposes of expediency.

We all know Napoleon's army marched on its stomach, but that is by no means unique. If we did not realise it before in the days of plenty, rationing has demonstrated the fact that this particular organ of our anatomy is of paramount importance. Truth to tell, we are amazed that it should exercise so powerful an influence in our human relations. Who would have thought that cheese, eggs, milk, would be given preference in

"At the Hospital du Midi there is a placade on the door to this effect: Whoever will bring a cat, a dog or three rats, will receive an invitation to dinner and breakfast. N.B.—The animals must be brought alive, and the donor can have the skins." The author vouches for the truth of these prices. Dog, 20s. sterling; cat, 6s. 8d.; porcupine, boar, bison, cassowary, kangaroo and reindeer, 8s. 4d. a pound; eggs, 6d.; a cabbage, 2s. 6d.; butter, 16s. 8d. a pound; onions, a centime the smell! Horse a luxury; donkey still more so. Turkeys, £4 each; chickens, £2 10s., and so on, and not procurable at that."

No wonder we realise we are in the lap of luxury, even if we are allowed only one rotten egg a week! And think of our sick and wounded, their plight is not perfected, but their care in so far as they are in skilled

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)