

THE WORLD AS GOD MADE IT.

GLORIOUS INTERLUDE.

It was a heavenly day in May. The sun rode high, the sky was azure blue, the birds made sweet music; cruel war seemed mercifully far away, when the green vistas beyond the city beckoned alluringly.

I picked up the receiver, called a friend, and in a few moments a picnic was arranged. Prince sensed the coming pleasure, leapt about like a Spring lamb, collected shoes and gloves, and with a furiously wagging tail, laid his tribute at my feet. "We must be off," he said.

We are in Ulster. I am English. The beauties of Devon and Cornwall to me are not hidden, but to many of you the glories of Ulster may be quite unknown.

A short bus ride out of the town, a mile walk from the bus, and, lo!—the alluring and captivating loveliness of the mountains came into my entranced view.

A cuckoo called invitingly; the turf beneath our feet was green, soft and springy, as up the mountain side we slowly made our way. Arrived at the top we were rewarded by scenery of wondrous beauty. Away at the feet of the hills the shimmering blue sea lay calm and lovely as a pool, whilst faded into the distant horizon stretched the mountains, basked in a summer haze. Around and below us were the glories of wooded glens carpeted with a profusion of bluebells and golden gorse and broom. It was indeed Maytime—fresh, lovely and alluring. Dear old London, with its nights of noise and battle seemed to belong to a different and far away planet, unreal and unexisting.

We had tea on the top of the mountain. Cool sea breezes played softly in the grasses; peace, quiet, and a panorama of exquisite loveliness lay all around and imparted benediction. There was no hurry, and we were loathe to leave, but the hidden beauty of the woods was still to be explored.

Slowly we sauntered from the heights into the wooded glens, and on to the bluebell carpet. Slanting rays of the setting sun amongst the trees added colour and tracery, so that one almost looked into a kaleidoscopic landscape.

Prince looked magnificent in his shiny black coat against the alluring background, and he posed again and again. We lingered; we felt the sadness of leaving so glorious and peaceful a scene, and the sheer wonder of nature; but duty called.

And so, at eventide, to the compline and vespers of the birds, we left the woods and again mingled with the city crowds. Drowsily sleepy on arrival home; into bath and bed and heavenly sleep undisturbed by sirens. A perfect end to a perfect day in beautiful, glorious Ireland.

G. M. H.

THE KING DECORATES MISS ELIZABETH BRODIE.

Miss Elizabeth Brodie, R.G.N., R.M.N., F.B.C.N., Lady Superintendent, Glasgow Royal Mental Hospital, has recently been in London, summoned to Buckingham Palace to receive from His Majesty the King the M.B.E. Medal, Civil Division, awarded with the New Year's Honours. The medal is very handsome, and the deep pink ribbon to which it is attached exceedingly attractive. As is well known, Miss E. Brodie is strongly opposed to the policy of granting legal status to unqualified nurses, and thereby depreciating our hardly won professional standing in the body politic.

APPOINTMENT.

ASSISTANT MATRON.

Middlesbrough General Hospital.—Miss Mary Jopling, S.R.N., has been appointed Assistant Matron. She was trained at the Newcastle General Hospital; at the Isolation Hospital, Consett, Co. Durham; and at the West Middlesex County Hospital. Miss Jopling has been Ward Sister at the Isolation Hospital, Winlaton, Blaydon-on-Tyne.

THE PASSING BELL.

It is with the deepest regret that the War Office announces that the following officers of the Army Nursing Services are now presumed to have been killed in action at sea:—

Territorial Army Nursing Service.

Sister Annie Jobling, S.R.N., R.S.C.N., S.C.M.; Miss May Whitehead, S.R.N.

Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service Reserve.

Sister Ellen Winifred Quin, S.R.N., S.R.F.N., S.C.M.; Sister Eileen Elizabeth Rhoden, S.R.N., S.R.F.N., S.C.M.; Sister Mrs. Valerie Florence Hastings, S.R.N.; Sister Mrs. Barbara Pirie, S.R.N.; Miss Roberta Alice Warwick, S.R.N., S.C.M.

Sister Jessie Mary McRae, S.R.N., S.C.M., T.A.N.S., has been killed on active service due to enemy action in Italy.

We feel sure that every reader of this Journal will receive this record of the deaths of their valiant sisters with the deepest sorrow and gratitude.

Miss E. M. Lorraine, M.B.E., S.R.N., M.B.C.N.

We deeply regret to record the death of Miss Ellen Mary Lorraine, M.B.E., S.R.N., M.B.C.N., who passed away last month at Bournemouth, where she lived since her retirement from nursing some years ago.

Miss Lorraine received her general training at Guy's Hospital and held the certificate of the Central Midwives Board.

In her distinguished career Miss Lorraine had been a sister at Charing Cross Hospital, London, and had considerable experience of work in the East as Nursing Sister, N.W. Railways, Lahore, India, and finally, as Matron of the Maude Memorial Hospital, Basra, Iraq, where she served with distinction.

The members of the British College of Nurses, Ltd., will miss the loyal support Miss Lorraine gave to their cause for many years, and sincerely sympathise with her sisters in their sad bereavement.

WHAT TO READ.

MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHY.

- "Ronsard." D. B. Wyndham Lewis.
- "William Wallace (1844-97). An Oxford Idealist."
- "Munich, Before and After." W. W. Hadley.

FICTION.

- "Katherine Christian." Hugh Walpole.
- "Laura." Vera Gasparly.
- "Inspector West at Home." John Creasey.
- "Golden Harvest." Netta Muskett.
- "I had a Son." Eileen Marsh.
- "September Reaping." Simon Dare.
- "Our Hearts were Young and Gay." Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough.
- "Till I Come Back to You." Thomas Bell.
- "The Crimson Cat." Francis Grier.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- "The Face of Russia." George Loukomski.
- "Little Golden America." Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov.
- "Canada, To-day and To-morrow." W. H. Chamberlin.
- "We Took to the Woods." Louise D. Rich.
- "Crime and Psychology." Claud Mullins.
- "A Shepherd's Life." W. H. Hudson.
- "The Poisoned Crown." Hugh Kingsmill.

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