

A Government Departmental Committee in 1912, recommended the establishment of tuberculosis dispensaries, which were to be the centres of diagnosis and treatment and through which persons were to be passed to sanatoria or back to their homes, for treatment. It will be seen then that a proper grasp has been taken of this vital subject, and it is to be hoped that the succeeding years will show a great diminution in the number of cases throughout England.

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

A FEW NOTES BY THE WAY.

BY MISS ELAINE MAUD PEARSE.

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IN August last when the war came upon us women of England, with the first shock women began to realize they were not trained to help. Queen Mary and the Princess and many others in their train, at once started useful and practical relief for women at home, and soldiers and wounded abroad. Ambulance classes and volunteer workers of many kinds came for instruction. I think one of the most striking things was the way all started at once to knit, or sew, or do something womanly to help.

Suffragettes decided to sink all strife for the time being, and uniting together to take up the women left at home needing work and relief in the emergency; the Women's Emergency Corps were formed, to organize and prevent the overlapping of volunteer aid. For unemployed women the Women's Emergency Corps opened fifteen branches where work was supplied to needle women of every sort, from skilled hands doing fine embroidery and other works of beauty and art, to the makers of dozens and hundreds of shirts, jackets, and apparel of every kind for the front, and for the wounded and the refugees, down to the set of baby clothes sent to the wife of the Belgian Officer.

Amongst other wonderful women in the corps, was the glorified housekeeper, who, realizing the waste of food supplies turned her knowledge to practical account and service.

The first organization formed solely to deal with war refugees telephoned to the corps to say, "We are offered shelter for 100 Belgians arriving tomorrow. Can you feed any of them?" The Emergency Corps housekeeper answered "Ring me up at such a time and I will tell you." Then she went out to market. She had no money that we know of, but in brains and resource lay her trumps. So when the housekeeper was rung up at the hour named and asked, "well, how many of the 100 can you feed?" The answer was, "a hundred of them." Then the emboldened applicant answered again, at the other end of the line, "But instead of sending 100, they now say they are sending 300. Could you feed any more?" "Yes" was the answer, "the Emergency Corps will feed 300 till further notice." And this was done, with food which Covent Garden and the great provision dealers supplied for nothing.

This organized use of waste perishable food originating with the Emergency Corps housekeeper proved such a success that the Government has borrowed the idea and the Emergency Corps housekeeper too to manage it.

In the first days when the refugees came at all hours of the night or day to London Stations, there was always a company of ladies waiting for them who helped the mothers with their babies, and carried their packages, and conducted them to motor cars which seemed to be miraculously in waiting at all unconscionable hours.

Trains, then, when all was disorganized, came in at all hours. Wonderful lists of private houses where emergency hospitality was available, if too late to go to the hotels or lodgings provided for their stay. Many arrived with nerves horribly shaken by days of bombardment; others quite stupefied by grief. One train brought a woman who had given birth to a dead baby on the way. Another woman died on the journey. One man had slept four nights in the trenches among the dead.

The National Vigilance Association ladies also met trains, and knowing languages, attended to the needs of the refugees, very specially looking after young girls when they arrived.

This is one story of an English girl from Paris, whose father had been a Civil Servant, having never learned anything but a poor kind of fancy work.

Day after day this girl tried to find work, until one day she walked into the Women's Emergency Corps' Offices, white and foot sore, and had not, she now realized, been taught to do any thing that any body wanted.—After being talked to as people are there; presently, something was said about girls being taught to make toys. At this the young refugee plucked up courage to say she could make a toy, a practically indestructible gollywog, out of stockinet, with hair warranted not to come off because it was crocheted stoutly into the head, eyes not to be plucked out because they were made of French knots. The gollywog became a registered patent, and fifty other hard up girls are employed making a livelihood out of the gollywog. The first girl who originated it, has now been promoted to be a teacher of learning more polite. The organizers have hundreds of other wonderful toys—and they secure orders from the great firms.

Then there is a land-scheme, not only the teaching of new trades for this country, but *there are* ninety-two acres of ground offered near Bournemouth—and in Hertfordshire an extensive poultry farm, where women may be trained, and yet be self-supporting at once.

Often other departments of work will be found, where least looked for.—One day, a country-bred girl (one of many who asked for sewing or to look after a child, came to the Commandant of the Women's Volunteer Defence Corps. Rumour says the Commandant looked at the girl and asked, "Can you ride"? "Yes" said the girl. "Can you ride *bare back*"? It must have seemed an odd question for a qualification as nurse-maid; but "Yes" she could ride bare-back. "Can you take a horse to the water"? said the

Commandant. "Can you take five horses to water"? Yes, fifteen if she liked. "Can you shoot"? The first long pause.—"Well I've never shot a man, but I've shot partridges and little things like that." Here we have a possible excellent nurse girl who also was certainly eligible to join the Women's Volunteer Defence Corps—which qualifications were only found out by accident by the vigilant commandant.

These few notes will show how well this and the Women's Emergency Corps has gained for itself the cockney title of the "*Energy Corpse*."

There is indeed a battlefield in Britain, as well as in Belgium and France. If help is not delayed here at home, and remedies are applied with skill, we shall see those hard-hit thousands healed of their hurts and drafted back into the "workers' army."

POEM.

OPEN THE DOOR.

At this time of the year, when good and new resolutions should be made, it may be that none better than the following could be adopted.

Open the door, let in the sun ;
 He hath a smile for every one ;
 He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
 He may change our tears to diadems—
 Open the door !

Open the door of the soul ; let in
 Strong, pure thoughts that will banish sin :
 They will grow and bloom with a grace divine ;
 And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine—
 Open the door !

Open the door of the heart ; let in
 Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin ;
 It will make the halls of the heart so fair
 That angels may enter unaware—
 Open the door !

Author Unknown.
