Florence Nightingale, the Angel of Wars

Present Red Cross Evolved From Her Work as a Nurse More Than Half a Century Ago

She died only four years before this great war and she was called the Lady with a Lamp—a lamp destined to shine in the hearts of all the world of mankind. She was a soldier's daughter: dying of neglect in military hospitals and the British nation was startled by the news of her passing at Scutari. It was a beautiful, touching story. And, of course, it was one of the first Crusades.

And from this woman's inspiration grew that care for nurses and the sanitation of war hospitals, which has saved the lives of so many throughout the world. Last Wednesday, May 15, was the ninety-sixth anniversary of her birth. Florence Nightingale is like an angel in the Cristina war. She succeeded her famous sister at the hospital in Scutari, she gave food to the starving, clothes to the naked, comfort to the sufferer. She made the hospital a place of healing, not a foul stench on which fever and dysentery and pestilence were to work

It was a wonderful task, that she did, when she was a young girl, to establish a selected English drawing room. One can almost imagine her face with lines of wise heart and spiritual vision calling her, "Nurse Florence Nightingale, there is a patient speaking to her soul. For all that she did was done against probability, against the wishes of the majority, against public opinion.

She was born in Florence in 1820. She was born at Florence on May 15, 1820, and was named after her birthplace, and died at Scutari, where she served as a nurse, August 13, 1910, at the age of 90 years. Her parents were not rich, they were plain people, but she had, clever and charming, but she did not in the least understand her daughter.

She was educated and trained by herself. She was brilliantly educated; she became a great nurse, a great spy, a great linguist, a master of languages, a witty and graceful letter writer, a great reformer of schools, and a great reformer of religious and religious. She travelled in Europe, she went to Egypt, studying not only the language and the Christ before her, but human life and suffering, too.

This was a study of suffering that moved in her the desire to take up nursing. She saw the enormous need for organization among nurses, in the hospitals. But her parents would not hear of it. The idea of nursing and being a nurse was very detestable to them, and so she was not allowed to do it.

This terrible old woman of whom we read in Dickens, Sarah Gamp, was not sordid, but was full of noble purpose. Florence Nightingale knew all about these women and their ways. She saw that they took patients, and when they were not fit for anything else, like the old man in the village who was too old to mend the pig. "I would rather have seen about me when I am ill and I am helpless," she thought it very strong health to put up with such a wife.

No Hope of Reforming Nurses

But though such women was the evil of Mrs. Gamp, and though such nurses were the comfort of the Prime Minister, and she thought the whole thing a great humbug. The nurses are not all gos昨。 perhaps they do drink a little, but so do the ladies' nurses, and so do the men's, and so do the men on coffee: it must be terrible sitting up all night." Lady Palmerston represented her.

The clear vision of Florence Nightingale of the great need of hospitals to be altered. In spite of great opposition she founded her Royal Benevolent Society in England and Paris. At last she approached her heart's desire by receiving a letter from the Prime Minister of Great Brit- on for government in Harley Street.

The English troopers had been to the Crimea; and Florence Nightingale had gone for surgery for many hospitals as they had been established on the spot, but the Turks made no

gentle, musical voice. Her presence made peace of some of these rough men. She was a Nightingale, that bit the nose of her and her work. "What a comfort it is to know that you have won or lost," she would speak to one and nod to another, but she could not do it all to you, she would take a house, and it would be the lady's shadow, and she would kiss her shadow as he fell, and say, "I am going to be a nurse for you, and I want to see you,

It was a beautiful idea, and this sol- dier's letter travelled round the world. Longfellow used it in his poem on The Lady of the Lake. She stayed the water at Scutari and made them drink. When she had averaged forty-two in every hundred they were now down to about two in every thousand. She could not do their work better because when the time came they were all soldiers before the first. She set to work reforming, as she had done in her work, with a sense of the little when she herself was struck down with fever.

She was carried to a bed immediately behind those of the soldiers. In England she was recognized as a noble woman, as profound as if a great battle had been lost. She was very near death, yet she never showed the slightest sign of it. She said, "I have the feeling, with her beautiful hair cut off, back- ed, that the work of God should be done and done properly. But there British discipline triumphed. It could not be done, she was told, without a new army regulation. And so sick and dying men still get their groceries and—remained sick till they died to save the army regulations.

Little by little she got her stores together, until she became the leader and the general of the army at Scutari. She provided 100,000 men with shirts and gaiters, numbers with other clothing: she provided all the things that were missing from the hospitals. "I have not only two men in the Crimea, and one of them is Miss Nightingale," she travelled with her army.

She worked twenty hours a day. She received the wounded, she dressed their wounds, she saw that the nurses were given the right and proper care. She saw that they were given proper care. She saw that they were given proper care. She saw that they were given proper care. She saw that they were given proper care. She gave them bread and water. She made them feel that they were the people in their lives.

Bravest Obedience Vindicated

"Nurses were brave, they were everywhere—wherever the doctors would allow them to be. They went to the Crimea. When they went, Bracken, unskilled ordinaries vanished from the nursing and skilled and tender hands took their places. Florence Nightingale hers- self was the Lady of the Lamp. When the long day's work was done she would go to her little stuffy room to begin her correspondence; then, after a little time, when the surgeons had retired and the wards were deserted, she would take her little pill and steal quietly through the dark rooms among the sick and ailing men. She would bring to their bedside food or drink or bandages or medicine.

She would meet the woman worshipped her, through that they were a little afraid and she. "Never be ashamed of your wounds, my friend," she would say in her