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HOME JOURNAL

Samuel Baptiste Dumont, grandfather of Gabriel Dumont, one of the chief leaders in the Northwest Rebellion, was found dead in a hay field near Onion Lake, Sask.

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Fraulein Schwenke, one of the first among the women to matriculate at the University of Berlin when they were admitted first in 1908, had just won the Kaiser's prize. It is the most coveted of all honors, and this is the first time it has been awarded to a woman. The winner is a daughter of Herr Schwenke, chief director of the Royal Library in Berlin, and her essay which won the prize was on "The Policy of Frederick the Great."

Pensions for Widows

(JANE ADDAMS in the Survey)

A widow with three little children lived in a furnished room on the top floor of a cheap lodging house in Chicago. Every morning after she had put out the fire for fear of accident, and told the children to get into bed if they were cold, she locked the door and went to her scrubbing of a large downtown theatre, for which she received \$16 a month. Because her fellow-lodgers complained that the children cried all day the landlady said that the mother must move. She tried in vain to find another room equally cheap, and at last, quite crazed by worry and anxiety, made up her mind that she must dispose of her children. Had the overworked woman taken her own life, the state would have cared for her children either by the most approved method of boarding them out, or in institutions for dependent children. Would it, therefore, seem so unreasonable to board them with their own mother, requiring a standard of nutrition and school attendance?

A Century of Neighborly Peace

There is another celebration coming our way soon. In 1915 Canada and the United States will have enjoyed one hundred years of peaceful neighborliness, and that seems worthy of notice by both nations. The war of 1812-13-14 was even more of a stupid mistake on both sides than most wars are, and neither side gained anything by it. We've gone a hundred years without repeating such foolishness, and can afford to celebrate the reign of common sense. A century celebration society has been formed and draws its membership largely from such bodies as the United Empire Loyalists of Ontario, the Daughters of the Empire, the Six Nations Indians, the York Historical Society, the Empire Club, and others. This association has drafted a program to be carried out some time between July and October in 1915, the chief events of which will be carried out on the historic ground in the region of Lake Ontario, where the last fighting took place. Among other numbers suggested are the erection of a monument to celebrate the preservation of the British provinces to the Crown, the monument, in whatever form it may take, to be participated in by the whole Dominion. A great historical pageant is in course of preparation, too, to be shown in Toronto, the historical events to be represented, including early life in the wilderness, the French regime, the struggle between the French and the British in 1759, the coming of the United Empire Loyalists to Canada after the United States gained its independence, the war of 1812-13-14, confederation in 1867, and the growth and development of the Dominion and of the whole empire.

The Angel of the Crimea Dead

Florence Nightingale is dead! On Sunday, August 14th, 1910, after more than ninety years, her life closed. A great life is not measured by years, but the British nation can rejoice over every year that Florence Nightingale was spared

THE LADY OF THE LAMP

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp—

The wounded from the battle plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

—Longfellow.

to her country. She belonged to the Nightingales of Hampshire, but was born at Florence, Italy, May 15th, 1820, hence her name that spoke of "a stately city and a soft-voiced bird." From earliest girlhood she had a passion for relieving pain. She doctored the broken leg of a sheep

dog, dressed a wound for a boy cousin, and when living patients failed her, tended her sick dolls faithfully. Older grown, she wanted to know more of the best methods of alleviating pain, and so spent years in nursing institutions in England and Germany. Soon after came the great opportunity of her life. The Crimean war, ill-advised and ill-managed in every department, had no means of caring for the thousands of sick who never saw a battle as well as those wounded in action. The secretary of war asked Miss Nightingale to organize a party of women nurses to go to the seat of war and endeavor to deal with the ghastly situation. She consented and went with her staff, and the whole outlook was changed for the sick and wounded. Hope and cheer and cleanliness came with her, and even in dying men blessed the "Angel of the Crimea," their "Lady of the Lamp."

On her return the nation in an attempt to show its gratitude did what pleased her more than any personal tribute could have done—raised \$250,000 and established the Nightingale Home—the first English institution for the training of nurses, out of which grew the army of dignified, cultured, skilled women, who have replaced the "Sairy Gamps" of a former time.

Miss Nightingale's name has never been connected with love or marriage—no one can doubt that the arrangement was of her own choosing. She was wedded to her profession as few are of whom the expression is used. For almost fifty years she has been an invalid, living quietly in Park Lane, London, surrounded by faithful servants, her books and flowers, and the few intimate friends who were admitted to her presence. She has not been idle, and though cut off from active life, the needs of her profession have always been in her mind. Her counsel was sought by America during the civil war, when questions of sanitary arrangements and the treatment of the wounded were under discussion, and the German authorities sought her advice for the same purpose during the Franco-Prussian war. She is the author of several books, including "Notes on Hospitals," "Notes on Nursing," and "Observations on the Sanitary State of the Army in India." She drew up a confidential report of the working of the army medical department in the Crimea.

She never asked for rewards, but lived her quiet life peacefully to the end, ever assured of the continued love and interest of all the British from the throne to the humblest shack. King Edward did himself and the nation honor when he bestowed on her the "Order of Merit," never before given to a woman, and never held by more than twenty-four people, among whom are Roberts and Kitchener.

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J. R. Booth, the Ottawa lumberman, whose mills had to be shut down during the Grand Trunk strike, paid his men for the time they had lost. It cost him twelve thousand dollars.

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The French League for the Protection of Birds is greatly concerned about the vast slaughter of birds caused by the fashion for "Chantecler" hats. The league asserts that 300,000,000 birds are killed yearly for the adornment of women. Last year a single London merchant is asserted to have sold 32,000 humming-birds. Oddly enough, the society for the Protection of Animals this year presented its annual "grand prix" to M. Rostand, the author of "Chantecler."