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 ARMY  
 NURSE CORPSES  
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CONDUCTED BY MISS ELIZABETH P. UZELMEIER

### MORE RECRUITS

Fifteen nurses have arrived at the U. S. Army Base Hospital, Camp Greene during the past week. Most of the new recruits to the present nursing corps are from the middle West, although Canada and Florida have made contributions.

The nurses and their present assignments are: Misses Kathryn Osmond, Hartford, Conn., housekeeper; Sarah Stevenson, Newark, N. J., C-5; Cecilia Garcia, Brooklyn, N. Y., obstetrical ward; Dora McCoy, Plattsburg, N. Y., Isolation No. 4; Lela J. Loggie, Chatham, N. B., Canada, A-2; Nellie M. Wood, Meriden, Conn., B-6; Ruth Blackstone, Joliet, Ill., B-3; Antoinette Lippold, Chicago, Ill., C-6; Mary Walkup, Jacksonville, Fla., C-3; Grace Hill, Wagoner, Oklahoma, C-8; Cecilia O'Connor, West Haverstraw, N. Y., B-7; Magdalene Mikelewitch, Seymour, Conn., C-2; Grace Harvey, Lafayette, Indiana, C-4; Goldie Shively, Paola, Indiana, D-8; Helen Welch, St. Charles, Illinois, Isolation No. 4.

### A MOTHER'S POWER.

The prayers of a mother are, to this wonderful woman, a part of her life. It is while mother is on her knees that she gathers the sweetest flowers of paradise.

In the presence of this terrible tragedy the very gates of heaven are being battered by prayers of mothers, and I am sure that the audience chambers of God hear this chorus cry.

Somebody asked me the other week to give my definition of a prayer—a mother's prayer; and this was my answer:

"A mother's prayer is an honest wish turned heavenward."

What a world of honest wishes are on their way!

Without a mother's prayer, I fear the results would be different.

From the tender days of long ago, when you were taught, "Now I lay me down to sleep," to the hour when the wounded soldier cries with pain (and this is an involuntary appeal to that invisible Power), almost every man in some emergency, glances towards God. And this is prayer.

Few men lack faith in prayer. All men know that mother is right, but somehow they neglect to pray.

BY CORPORAL MARCEL A.  
FRANCK.

### KEEPS THE OFFICE

Despite the unusual and intense heat with which we have been suffering for the past week there is one person at the hospital who seems to remain cool always, and she is Mrs. Fred Anderson, stenographer at the nurses' home.

Mrs. Anderson hails from Sunny California, Suisun, to be more explicit, and perhaps that is why a temperature of 120 or so does not disturb her. Although she is a native of Suisun, Mrs. Anderson has made her home for a number of winters with



MRS. FRED ANDERSON.

her husband at Pasadena, amid the fragrant orange blossoms, of which city she was a resident at the outbreak of the war and her husband answered the call to the colors, "Hub-

### CROSSES

Patrick J. Gaynor of the Eighth Company, Motor Mechanics, has submitted the following poem, which was written by his friend, Harry St. Louis, of the Motor Macs. He explains that the gem of verse has already appeared in "Stars and Stripes," the official paper of the American expeditionary forces:

Each life must have its crosses,  
And a soldier gets his share,  
From a trip across the ocean  
To the envied Croix de Guerre.

There are crosses by the censor,  
Far too many, so it seems;  
There are crosses in the letters  
From the girlies of his dreams.

There's a cross that's worn by heroes  
Who have faced a storm of lead;  
There's a cross when he is wounded,  
There's a cross when he is dead.

There's an iron cross awarded  
For murder and for rape;  
It's the emblem of the devil,  
It's a cross of sin and hate.

There's the little cross of Mercy  
That a very few may own;  
For the soldier it is second  
To the cross of God alone.

It's a cross that's worn by women—  
When we see it we believe  
We can recognize an angel,  
By the Red Cross on her sleeve.

by" enlisted in the signal corps and when he was ordered southward, Mrs. Anderson faithfully followed, securing a position as clerk at the court martial court of the third division in January where she remained until the removal of the third division for duty overseas the latter part of March.

Sgt. Anderson going overseas with his organization, Mrs. Anderson was left practically alone in the Sunny South but she made up her mind to stay in this pleasant section of the country until the war was over and "Freddie" returns. Accordingly Mrs. Anderson secured a position as stenographer to our detachment of the Army Nurse Corps, and by means of her happy smile and pleasant manners she has won her way into the hearts of all who know her,