

## Women and War.

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WE were sitting in the Committee Room of the "Five O'Clock Club," and the point at issue was exactly how each one of us could best serve her country at this time of "the greatest war the world has ever known." The suggestions had been numerous and the only decision we had arrived at was that Mrs. Delaney was exactly fitted for the post of Matron at a base hospital in France. Her qualifications were innumerable; she had three children, two of whom she had nursed through measles; she could soothe Mr. Delaney and the baby in their most fractious moods, and finally she had bought a book on Red Cross work and was half way through, having thoroughly mastered the idea of a bandage for a gathered finger. Mrs. Delaney then hurried off home to write a letter to the War Office announcing her intentions, having decided to use her husband's notepaper as it looked so much more business-like than hers, which, being daintily scented, pink, and gilt-edged, might give the erroneous impression that she was "not used to roughing it."

After her departure we turned our attention to Miss Charles, and here the business of the afternoon began. Miss Charles is not of uncertain age, but she had once taken part in a campaign for the suppression of private theatricals, and we thought that her past experience would be of great value.

My idea was that Miss Charles would make an excellent member of the Ladies' Police Corps, which was then being formed in case the age limit for the army should be extended and Joe Dobbs, the old village policeman, be forced to enlist. I had actually got as far as writing in my minute book: "It was proposed by Mrs. Smithers, seconded by Miss Jenkins, and unanimously carried in the usual way that Miss Charles be asked—" when a sepulchral voice broke the tense silence of the room, "Should I in that public capacity, should I be required to wear a uniform?" The question was discussed in all its aspects, and finally we agreed that the ladies might be requested to wear a badge of some sort, or perhaps a special colour of gloves. All seemed serene, but Miss Charles had still her misgivings. "Should I be required, under any circumstance, to address an unknown gentleman?" Eighty of the male members of Drabville have answered their country's call, but we were forced in fairness to Miss Charles to put the matter in its true light, and on Miss Jenkins suggesting that it was possible, "I say just possible, dear Miss Charles," that that lady might find it her duty to be present at the cricket match, Miss Charles picked up her reticule and