

strange that amongst the multitude of employees, representing so many branches of labour, that the Yeomanry Hospital Committee has not its cobbler's shed. Surely isolated, as its hospital is, at least 30 miles from even a primitive civilization, a cobbler for the staff is as necessary as a shoe-smith for the horses.

From one Hospital a Sister writes:—

"One thing the Army Orderlies will not do is to keep the patients clean, they flatly refused to wash the men's feet, and one has little real authority over them to insist upon things being done, and if one complains to the authority one does not get much support. I have had to wash as many as twenty pairs of feet a day myself or leave them dirty. How different to the discipline of a well ordered civil hospital! !

A correspondent on the hospital ship *Nubia* says in the *British Medical Journal* that "it should be mentioned that the beautiful little yacht *Golden Eagle*, owned by Sir S. Scott, Bart., was attached to the *Nubia*, and accommodated three or four officers, who were kindly looked after by Lady Sophie Scott and her maid, a trained nurse!"

It would be interesting to learn where a nurse who would become "maid" to Lady Sophie Scott was trained, and what are her qualifications.

*Woman's Weekly* says that the Queen has devoted not a little time for months past to the making of comforts for her sick and wounded soldiers, and she has infected her ladies-in-waiting with the craze. The Royal pillows, the idea of which originated at Sandringham, commended themselves to her Majesty, who made several with her own hands. These are marked with a special embroidered V.R., and it is needless to say that they are much prized in the various hospitals which have received them. Much as the pillows in general are appreciated, the pillow made by the Sovereign is in each case the "grand" one; but Tommy has begun to observe that the honour of receiving the Queen's pillow is accorded to the most serious cases, and it is looked upon as an evil omen to get it. A week or two ago, while a nurse was smoothing the bedclothes of a restless soldier, she chanced to give a straightening touch to the pillows. The poor fellow awoke, and before he had fully regained his scattered senses, said:—"Oh! for Heaven's sake, do anything you like with me, but don't give me the pillow!"

Officers who have been invalided home are telling little tales out of school. One young fellow says he has no objection whatever, when

*hors de combat*, to have his hand held in another, soft and white, for two hours at a stretch!

Another has different tastes, but may be his temptations were less seductive; for instance, his great difficulty appears to have been to get rid of his charmer, so when wishful to be left in peace he would just murmur, "Dear lady, it would be well that you should go now—you know how ill I am, and I am about to die." This usually had the desired effect; but he gave up all hope of solitude when the fair one murmured back, "That is the very reason why I must not leave you for a moment"!

We learn that in the Cape Town Clubs our Regular Sisters are known as the "Nightingales," and the Society nurses as the "Larks"!

We are indebted to the Secretary of State for War for the information, received as we go to press, that the following members of the Army Nursing Service Reserve will embark for South Africa about the 26th inst.:—Nursing Sisters L. A. Cowley, I. J. Armitstead, J. Mason, M. C. Reilly, J. F. Farrer, E. A. M. Wilson, L. A. White, M. Hay, F. Smallwood, L. J. Attree, H. Freer, A. Wishart, E. Heaton-Cole, B. Crocker, C. Brown, G. E. Francis, C. M. Theophilus, J. E. Smith, J. McLeish, M. J. McNair.

This re-inforcement will be very welcome, for the enteric fever, so prevalent at present, must tax the resources and energies of the whole available nursing staff in South Africa, and those who have been on duty since the beginning of the war must be beginning to feel the need of rest and change.

The news from China is increasingly serious, and it seems possible that, in the near future, the services of nurses may be requisitioned in the far east. Would John Chinamen understand and respect the symbol of the Red Cross, we wonder, and comprehend that this country might come to him with death in one hand and healing in the other, or would this be to him but one more instance of our incomprehensible and undesirable western ways? We must own that, whether under the protection of the Red Cross, or by any means whatsoever, we should like to penetrate the sacred recesses of the mandarins' houses, where, rumour says, there is stored most priceless porcelain in great abundance. Personally, we must always respect the "heathen Chinese," inasmuch as he was a cultured gentleman, making exquisite porcelain more than 2,000 years ago, while Britishers roamed their native woods in a blue dye which formed a well-fitting if a simple costume.

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