

rotting remains to be found days after by grieving comrades "with their eyes picked out by the vultures"!

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"Now, don't maudle, Matrona dear," remarked to us a sprightly Reserve Sister just home from the front. "War is war. It is all very sad of course, but it is inevitable. A soldier's business is to kill or be killed. He takes the risk. Hundreds of poor chaps *just slowly starved to death by inches*, at I—, and I hope I may be forgiven the lies with which I assured those poor enterics that the few ounces of watered condensed milk we had to give them were full rations for grown men suffering with their ailment, and that their hunger pangs were *entirely imaginary*!"

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Is it "maudling" to feel shaken with hot anger and grief over these things? Surely—surely not. But those of us who resent the "inevitable" attitude must do more than feel; we must act. If the nurses of our sick soldiers who have seen these things are too timorous to come forward and give the impetus to the demand for Army Nursing Reform, then surely the *mothers of martyred men* have some bowels of mercy, and sufficient courage to storm that citadel of incompetency known to ill fame as the British Bastille—in other words, the War Office—where Self Sufficiency has laid Common Sense by the heels, bound hand and foot by red tape, and where, according to report, he is to be found slowly suffocating in a nethermost Slough of Despond.

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It was stated by Mr. Powell Williams, answering Sir W. Foster in the Commons on Tuesday, that, from the beginning of the war down to September 28th of this year, the total number of cases of enteric fever among the forces in South Africa had been 15,655, the number of deaths was 3,642, and the number of men sent home as invalids 9,128.

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Miss H. M. WEBB, a graduate nurse holding the certificate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and a member of the Bart's League, has opened a Home for Convalescent Invalids, at 88, Marina, St. Leonard's-on-Sea. Her object is to provide a comfortable home where invalids may be assured of receiving careful nursing, with every home comfort during convalescence. Patients' friends are received if desired, and suites of rooms may be engaged if required. The Home is on the sea front, and has a fine sea view, and should be a boon to many invalids who would be benefitted by sea-air, but who shrink from the publicity of hotel life and the discomfort

of lodgings. The fees are five to seven guineas per week, medical attendance, stimulants, drugs and surgical appliances being extras.

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ON the evening of Saturday, December 8th, the Medical and Nursing Staff of the Edinburgh City Hospital assembled in the recreation room in order to present a wedding gift to Nurse Florence Mather on the occasion of her marriage. The Medical Superintendent, Dr. Ker, in a few well chosen words, spoke most warmly of Nurse Mather's work during her four years in the City Hospital, mentioning that twice she had acted most successfully as Matron of the Small-Pox Hospital. He said that the gift, which consisted of a handsome tea-pot, cream-jug and sugar-basins, sugar-tongs and toast-rack, was a spontaneous gift of affection and regard from the whole staff. At Dr. Ker's request, Miss Sandford (Lady Superintendent) made the presentation, cordially endorsing Dr. Ker's remarks and testifying her own gratitude for the good example Nurse Mather had shown by her loyal and faithful work. While wishing her every happiness, she will be much missed by the whole staff. The evening was concluded by a very pleasant concert among the nurses.

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MUCH grief is felt at Trowbridge at the sad death of Miss Le Lean, a certificated nurse, and an instructor at the School of Cookery and Domestic Economy in that town. The nurse unfortunately inhaled chlorine gas at a chemistry class at Bradford, and died from the effects two days after, though every effort was made to save her life. Miss Le Lean, who was preparing oxygen, was told by the instructor of the class to get a glass cylinder from an adjoining room, but took one belonging to a student working beside her who was preparing chlorine gas, and, as a routine habit apparently, smelt the jar to test its cleanliness. The amount of chlorine contained in the cylinder was not sufficient to affect a person in ordinary health, but, unfortunately, Miss Le Lean's lungs were weak, and she succumbed to the effects of the inhalation. A verdict of "Death from misadventure" was returned at the inquest which took place.

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Sir Arthur Hardinge, K.C.M.G., C.B., since 1894 the popular Consul-General in Zanzibar, has always been a warm friend of the English Hospital on that Island, maintained by the Universities' Mission. Recently Sir Arthur has received a new appointment in Persia, but before leaving Zanzibar a farewell dinner was given in his honour, and in his speech at this function he alluded in warm terms to the work of the nursing staff of the hospital as follows:—"As

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