

ment of the Infirmary has been seriously detrimental to the interests of the institution and the sick poor of the district, and they therefore hope that the plans will prove satisfactory.

A laudable pride must have filled the breasts of the governors of the Halifax Royal Infirmary at the annual meeting. It was a noteworthy occasion, being the first meeting since the fine Institution—opened by the present King in 1896 after an outlay of £103,000—was declared free from debt. Though the townspeople have done nobly in providing a splendidly equipped and up-to-date infirmary, they have at the same time increased their responsibilities, three thousand pounds more per annum being required for the maintenance of the institution than for the old Infirmary. The persons treated in the Institution during last year were 9,497, as against 8,854, and the ordinary expenditure has been £8,145, compared with £7,908. The deficit on the general account is now £1,843 16s. 3d.

It is quite refreshing to hear of an institution which is financially sound. The Royal West of England Sanatorium is about to be closed for improvements and enlargement, and the £850 required for the purpose is safely in hand. But it is not every hospital which has had the honorary services of a first-class Matron for seven years, and we are glad to learn that as the number of patients admitted now is 2,125 in a year, as compared to 600 seven years ago, that a second assistant is to be appointed learned in all sorts of practical arts, to help Miss Mawe with her onerous duties. The Committee has done wisely not to over-ride the willing horse.

Miss Louisa Stevenson, who a year ago retired from the Board of Management of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary has again been re-elected. Miss Stevenson's services in this capacity were so much appreciated in the past that no doubt she will receive a warm welcome from her colleagues on the Board, certainly she has the sincere congratulations of many who have watched her splendid work.

Substantial progress is being made with the building for the country branch of the Royal Glasgow Hospital for Sick Children which the directors have been enabled to erect through the generosity of Miss Margaret Montgomery Paterson, who offered £6,000 or so for the purpose. The building stands in about one and a half acres of ground on an elevated position near Drumchapel Station. It will contain two wards, with twelve beds in each, and ample accommodation for the staff and servants. This branch will relieve the pressure on the parent institution at Garnethill, but the directors feel that they are face to face with the fact that a hospital with only 74 beds is far too small to meet the needs of Glasgow and the West of Scotland.

There are fifty-four applicants for the position of Medical Superintendent of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary.

Tommy and Tracts.

The other day I tramped through the well known Southampton Dock-gates, to say "goodbye" to a nursing friend, back to South 'Africa after a short furlough. There is no crush now, except when the most favoured regiments go out or return. There is no crowd to watch the great transports and liners start on the well worn water highway to the Cape, or to see them return with their loads of heroic tatterdemalions. You pass in through the dock gates, "Dunera-extension?" "No, Empress"—and you make your way with a knowledge born of many journeys to the Empress dock, dodging the stray engines mechanically, and scarcely glancing at the Khaki-clad groups that pass you. Sleet and mud do not tend to make the docks a pleasant place to linger in, and we were glad to find ourselves in the shelter of the Dunera's saloon. The Dunera was taking out some details—a handful of veteran yeomen, Post Office contingent, and two dozen nursing sisters, mostly bound for the concentration camps. Sick of course there were none, but we went round one or two of the empty wards, bare of all but the fixed cots and hand basins. Into each cot some kindly friend had dropped a liberal handful of tracts, and I secured a few with the following suggestive titles: "The Question of the Hour, where wilt thou spend Eternity?" "No Hope in Hell"—a most uncompromising little trifle—and "If I die to-night," marked "Personal" and "Urgent." This one was rather ingenious. On opening it there was the following heading:

"Please fill this up and place it over your bed before retiring to rest."

"If I die to-night, I will go to H——.

"Signed _____ Date _____"

Of course this was followed by the usual quotations—The recipient was apparently to choose his own destination.

I ask any trained nurse whether the above literature does not seem a singularly morbid and depressing fare to provide for a hospital ship, presumably for the use of patients recovering from such diseases as typhoid and dysentery. I expect they will all be cleared away long before Cape Town is reached, but they show how little tact or discrimination some people have in their choice of pamphlets for sick soldiers.

My friend was full of praise for Tommy as a patient, she endorses what every nurse who comes from the front says about his patience, kindness, and cheerfulness, and his gratitude for the smallest kindness. "In fact," she said, "they spoil us for civilian work."

The "details" that came on board certainly did not bear out Kipling's description of them, as

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