

rooms, one for minor operations (and here also the doctor dresses all his surgical cases, the patients being wheeled in on the ambulance daily), and a little further on one set apart as the aseptic operating room, well fitted with all modern equipments, and in charge of a native trained sister, she having received her certificate in Cairo. We hope before very long these hospitals may have placed at their head, as matrons, qualified women. Then, indeed, Assouan Hospital will be ideal.

Just before leaving Assouan we had the pleasure of visiting the German Medical Mission, and here Dr. and Mrs. F—— are doing a grand work among the fellahin, the lower floor of their house being turned into waiting-rooms and dressing-rooms for men and women.

"Do you have many patients?" we asked.

"Every morning this place is full. Some hundreds come from near and far."

"I see here an operation table. Yes, and a case of instruments. Do you operate?"

"Sometimes; minors," was the reply.

"You have no ward here, though. How do you manage?"

"Ah, but we have one; come and see," and our hostess led us across the garden beneath orange and guava trees until we came to a small house like one a gardener might have for his tools. Here, through the open door, we could see it had been fitted up as a ward with three beds.

"You see it was rather difficult at first until we thought of this. Some day we hope to raise enough money to build a real hospital."

As we looked round the bare little room, with its handful of patients, then at the calm, sweet face of the brave little German lady standing in their midst, who, together with her husband, left all that the world holds good to "heal the sick" in a far-off country, oftentimes against fearful odds, in obedience to the commands of Him whom they hold dearer than life itself, we could not but wish them, from our hearts, God speed.

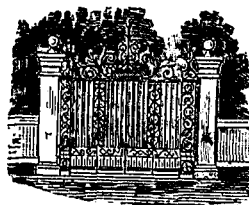
FRANCIS S. JACKSON-BENNETT.

Legal Matters.

At the Wouford Petty Sessions recently the District Nurse at Kenton, pleaded guilty to stealing a bottle of whisky from the Dolphin Inn, where she entered the bar with two men. The importance of employing women of a high type as district nurses can scarcely be overstated.

Judgment was delivered in Dublin on Monday in the action brought by the Guardians of the Londonderry Poor Law Union for an injunction to restrain Mrs. Morris, a lady Guardian, from visiting the workhouse infirmary save in accordance with the rules as to the hours of visiting made by the board and sanctioned by the Local Government Board. Mrs. Morris disputed the validity of the rules, and on some occasions had gained entry to the infirmary by a window, having been refused admission by the door. Mr. Justice Barton now decided in favour of the validity of the rules, and intimated that he would grant an injunction should Mrs. Morris continue to disregard them.

Outside the Gates.



Many people are greatly interested themselves in the Procession for Women's Suffrage, which is now being organised for Saturday afternoon, June 13th. The arrangements are being made by the

National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, and members of different bodies are arranging to send their contingents of workers and sympathisers.

The Procession is to be formed up in Northumberland Avenue, with the tail—and it is intended that it shall be a very long one—stretching round the corner, along the Embankment to Westminster. Exactly as Big Ben strikes three the twelve bands will strike up, and with flags and banners waving the march of all sorts and conditions of women will begin.

It is to be a fairly long march, along Cockspur Street, up Lower Regent Street, along Piccadilly, and then away up Knightsbridge to the Albert Hall. Some people ask why it should be so long. It can't be helped. There are very few places in London where the police allow a procession to be organised; and there is no Hall in London big enough for our meeting but the Albert Hall. If we are to show ourselves to London as women who are in earnest in our demand for votes, we must just step out for once.

The Procession should be picturesque and worth looking at. The Artists' Suffrage League is hard at work making banners, really charming banners of silk and velvet and gold tinsel, to mark out the different sections of women, and give gaiety to the scene.

Every Society represented will have its banners, and every Profession—and, of course, there is to be a banner for Nurses.

A number of the banners being worked commemorate famous women. Living women, however, are not being honoured in this way—with one exception: a banner is being made for Florence Nightingale. It is much larger than the other celebrated women banners, and it will head the Nurses' contingent.

Come, Nurses, and walk with your banner, and honour your "lady with the lamp." The banner shows a lighthouse, with far-reaching searchlight rays; that is the only lamp that is big enough for her. On a scroll is one word, "Crimea." There are not many women beneath whose name you would write a campaign! This banner is paid for by a nurse.

The organisers of the Procession are very anxious to have as many women in the uniform of their profession as possible. Dressing up is absurd, but if you have the right to a dress, the badge of a highly honoured profession, we greatly want you in the Procession to help to emphasise, in the capital of the Empire, the claim of the women citizens.

Women doctors will be present in force, and

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