

efficient military hospital, the selection was certainly a wise one.

Under Miss Hale's guidance I had the pleasure of seeing the hospital, and one of the first things one noticed was that the military fashion of calling wards after the letters of the alphabet has been improved upon. The letters are there, but they stand for the names of holy women and saints, an improvement which has never suggested itself to the masculine mind, which is satisfied with utility, whereas the feminine one seeks after grace and beauty. It will not take long for most of our readers to realise how little they know of the heroic lives and death of the patron saints of this hospital. They are Anne, Barbara, Catherine, Deborah, Elizabeth, Felicitas, Genevieve, Hildegard, Isabel, Joan of Arc, Mary, Onoria, Rachel, Perpetua, Theresa, Ursula, and Veronica. Yet days might be spent in recounting their virtues, and then the half would not be told. Felicitas is worthy of special mention, as she had seven soldier sons, all of whom were slain on the field of battle.

One thing strikes one forcibly in this hospital. There are flowers everywhere. Flowers growing in tubs and in boxes, in the central square, where convalescents, in the picturesque regulation blue suits and red ties of a military hospital, lie on comfortable couches and chairs or stroll about enjoying the society of their comrades, the masses of colour, and the scent of heliotrope and other sweet-smelling flowers. Then there are flower-boxes in the windows, and fresh flowers in the wards, arranged with so much skill that one wonders the busy Sisters have so much time to devote to this one item. But a question brings the information that Mrs. Alan Anderson and a staff of willing helpers come every morning, arrange fresh flowers in the wards, and attend to those outside. Incidentally I may mention that my visit was made on the day after the "War Babies" meeting, arranged by the W.S.P.U., and the flowers then presented to Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Annie Kenney were amongst those which adorned the wards.

The library for the patients is in the expert care of Miss Beatrice Harraden and Miss Elizabeth Robins, and Miss Bessie Hatton is organiser for the entertainments which add so much to the pleasure of the convalescent soldier.

The wards are pleasant places, the larger containing 40 and the smaller 30 beds, and there are also a few small wards. They are wide and bright with windows on either side, and the freshness that comes from through ventilation, which is the more observable as in an old building, the sanitary towers are not built on the modern plan which demands their division from the wards by short corridors with cross ventilation.

The walls are painted green in colour, forming an effective background for the quilts and screens, which differ in the various wards. In one, the quilts are the warm red and blue striped army blankets, others in delicate colours on a light ground, some again are pure white, while in one

ward there are quite sumptuous quilted silk coverlets, salmon pink in tone.

The Ward Sisters must have a heavy and anxious time, for there is no intermediary, either junior Sister, or staff nurse, between them and the women orderlies, who, carefully selected from the cultured class from which probationers should always be drawn, are, I was told, doing admirable work. Nevertheless, the one criticism I would venture to make is that for the perfection of the nursing arrangements the certificated nurse working under the Sister is indispensable.

The uniform of the Sisters is of blue grey washing material with scarlet shoulder straps bearing the letters W. H. C. (Women's Hospital Corps). The women orderlies when in the wards doff their khaki coats and don large white overalls.

The kitchen arrangements are in charge of lady cooks, and to judge from the appetising cocoa being prepared for the evening meal, and the great cauldron in which wholesome Scotch oatmeal was being thoroughly cooked in anticipation of the next morning's breakfast, the food is thoroughly nutritious and appetisingly served.

A feature of the hospital is the large dining room in which all the convalescents dine together, a relief to the wards, and a pleasure to the men.

The spacious mortuary, suitably furnished, draped with purple hangings, and decorated with appropriate texts is dignified and reverent, and bears evidence of women's care.

Lastly, one must not omit to record that joy as well as sorrow and pain finds place in the wards, when, owing to the surgical skill at the disposal of the patients, some of the best gifts which life holds, and which have been trembling in the balance are restored to them. "Have you heard the good news Matron," said one—a Yorkshireman, whose pal was out for a drive—almost overcome by emotion, "'E's going to 'ave 'is sight, 'e see light for the first time this morning, and when I heard it, I said, come outside, and let's 'ave a jig. And I'm to go home to Yorkshire to-morrow, so we're both in luck."

The following constitute the staff of the hospital—
Officers in Command.—Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray.

Orderly Officers.—Dr. Sheppard, Dr. Woodcock, Dr. Fraser, Dr. Jobson, Dr. Gazdar, Dr. Buckley, Dr. Rawlins, Dr. White, and Dr. Chambers.

Matron.—Miss Grace Reynolds Hale.

Sisters.—Miss Rudd (Assistant Matron), Misses Belton, Pratt, Pearson, Comer, Lawrence, Breen, Ivedt, Sheppard-Yeoman, Robertson, Jackson, Cordon, Hardy, Holloway, Lawton, Clarke, Gibson, Greenway, May, Teale, Willis, Clemow, Townsend, McQuilkin, McKenzie Turner, Black, Moore, Scott, and Waters.

Orderlies.—There are also 60 Women Nursing Orderlies, a Quartermaster, and a Steward, and a Male Orderly on each floor.

Dispenser.—Miss Draper.

And two Masseuses (outside helpers) belonging to the Almeric Paget Massage Corps.

M. B.

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