

Alderson as a rest house for British Nurses at Aboukir. Set in the midst of graceful palms, with wide verandas and shaded rooms, it seems an ideal place in which to gather up fresh energy for strenuous work.

Lady Grogan, in an interesting letter in the *Times*, contributes some personal recollections of Sister Augustine, of Salonika, whose death we have already reported.

Lady Grogan writes that for forty years Sister Augustine Bewicke had lived in the Balkans, she spoke six or seven languages with singular fluency, and was the friend and confidant of men and women of all nationalities—Turkish soldiers, Bulgarian komitadjis, American missionaries, Albanians, Italian pensioners, French schoolgirls, foreign Consuls, special correspondents, and latterly a stream of French and British officers. To all who came to her, Sister Augustine had something to give.

She had a boundless interest and delight in life, a bright intelligence, a gaiety of heart and ease in conversation, a charm which would have made her a notable member of any society; she had a burning sympathy with the oppressed, and a radiant absolute confidence in Almighty God, which made her fearless for herself and for others. Her superiors, with the wise discretion which characterises the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, allowed her a remarkable degree of liberty. She would ask a general permission beforehand for all the unusual things she might wish to do during the coming week.

Her happiest days were spent in relief work. Rough mountain roads, snow or rain, burning sun, miserable quarters at night, hostile Greeks or Turks, nothing daunted her if the people could be reached, helped, or comforted. Lady Grogan recalls her joy when allowed to nurse a case of black smallpox in a hovel to which no one else would go; her unflagging spirits when she nursed almost single-handed in a hospital of sick and wounded through a cruel winter in Kastoria. She mentions also her courage in confronting high Turkish officials to ask for mercy for prisoners or justice for the oppressed.

It was wonderful to see this aged nun, her pale face lit by her ardent dark eyes, below the white papillons of her Order, her rosary in one hand, her ancient cotton umbrella in the other, addressing the assembled Council of a Kaimakam, or a group of Bulgarian insurgents, or it might be the formidable Hilmi Pasha, or Enver Bey himself. She was a privileged person to whom everyone must listen, whose petitions were seldom refused.

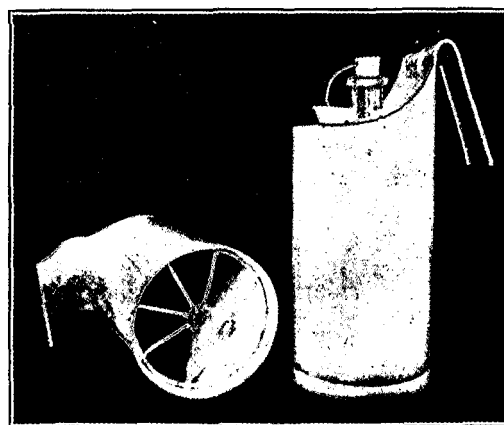
PRACTICAL POINTS.

An Improved Urine Bottle Holder.

The illustration shows a holder which is used at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, U.S.A., of which Mr. J. B. Howland writes in the *Modern Hospital* :—

"With us the practice of obtaining twenty-four-hour amounts of urine has become so general that it has proved very difficult to be sure that urines of all the patients have been correctly collected. In case the bottles are kept in the toilet rooms, there is great danger of specimens being thrown out or poured into the wrong bottle. To overcome this, we have made a five-pint bottle container as suggested by our chemist, Dr. Willey Denis. The interesting features are as follows :

"The holder, which is made of galvanised iron, is white enamelled. The bottom is openwork wire, to prevent the accumulation of dust, moisture, &c. The container is hung on the side rail of the bed, and because it is white it is not con-



IMPROVED URINE BOTTLE HOLDER.

spicuous. A cork stopper is tied to the bottle to prevent loss. A small enamelled iron funnel is provided with each holder. If the patient is able, he pours the urine into the bottle from his urinal; if not, this is done by the nurse.

"For genito-urinary cases, on constant drainage, it also makes a convenient receptacle for collected urines. The cost to us of all receptacles, unpainted, is \$1.00 each."

The Windermere Hair Net.

A tidy head is one of the first essentials in a nurse, and a means to this end will be found in the Windermere Hair Net, to be obtained from all leading drapers.

TRUE TALES WITH A MORAL.

In payment for his marriage fee a soldier at Stevenage Parish Church tendered a gold coin, adding, "I kept it for the wedding; I thought my wife was worth gold."

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