

The hostel, she says, is not *à* home, but *home*. And this atmosphere pervades each simply furnished comfortable room. The drawing-room, upholstered in rich dark-blue, with brown carpet and paper and lovely restful old prints on the walls, strike an altogether different note from the usual chintz and china style. In the dining-room there are many small square tables to seat from four to six persons, which at once suggest the grouping together of friends.

Mrs. Kerr Lawson's only regret is that she is unable to offer each nurse a separate room, but as there are as many as thirty-two guests, such a luxury is not possible.

The beautiful and extensive garden in the rear of the house is an inestimable boon to the tired nerve-worn workers. Quite an international assembly is daily gathered together under this roof—nurses from Canada, Australia, India, New Zealand; nurses from Italy, Serbia, France and Russia. We had the honour of speaking to one of the heroines of the *Marquette*—one of that splendid band of women who said, "Fighting men first." This particular nurse was in the water seven hours before she was saved, her predominant sensation being that she "felt very lonely." She had been many days in the hostel before it was even known that she was a survivor of the *Marquette*. In daily and hourly contact with such splendid specimens of our profession, it is not to be wondered that their hostess waxes enthusiastic over them. It is evident that Mrs. Kerr Lawson is the right woman in the right place—for she is not only sympathetic, but she is keenly appreciative of the finer subtleties of mind and soul.

We observed, in one room, the beautiful picture "What I had I gave," and felt that it should find a place in every nurses' home and hospital.

Sapper Prowse writes in a letter to a friend, which is printed in the *Brisbane Courier* :—

"I am at present in the 4th London General Hospital with a relapse of enteric fever. I have had three operations since leaving Gallipoli last August, and have been in three separate hospitals. I was in the landing party at the Peninsula on April 25th last, and managed to hang out for four months before going down with enteric fever. Those four months were the most exciting in my life. The Turks fought well and fairly, but the shell, rifle and machine-gun fire were murderous. The Turks certainly lost more men than we, but our casualties were very heavy. I was indeed very fortunate in going so long without stopping something. On August 13th I was sent to the Third Australian General Hospital at Lemnos with enteric. I was very nearly passed out at Lemnos, but was lucky enough to get through. The nurses there were fine; each one of them deserves a V.C. When they arrived at Lemnos they were given a mattress and two blankets, and had to sleep on the hard stones. Very often their tents were blown over by the heavy gales that prevail out there, and the rain would beat

on them and wet them through. Still they stuck it. They often came on duty in top boots and 'sou'-westers,' but they were always cheerful, and took things as a joke. Several of them took seriously ill, and one or two deaths were recorded in their ranks. Still the survivors did not complain. Our troops on the Peninsula proved themselves to be the best fighters in the world, and our nurses at Lemnos proved themselves to be the gamest on earth."

## FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

### JULY 14TH, AT BORDEAUX.

Yesterday we received the visit of a general who, on being told that several of the Sisters would like to be present at the Review, to see their patients decorated, gave the order that we were to be allowed to go, and that a military omnibus should fetch us and bring us back. We started off at 8 a.m., were given a good place, and spent a most interesting morning. Although the review was much more simple than it would have been in time of peace, there being no cavalry present, it was very inspiring. Many of the detachments of infantry consisted of very young men and we were impressed by their look of quiet determination.

Our chauffeur brought us back to Talence by the main thoroughfares, which were crowded with people who made way for us to pass and cheered us heartily. I believe they thought we were part of the Review. We returned to hospital feeling very encouraged, and found a superb *dejeuner* waiting for us.

E. G.

### A LOSS TO THE CORPS.

We have to record with the deepest regret the death of Miss Clementina Addison, a Sister, who, as a member of the Corps, worked with the utmost devotion at a French military hospital at Besançon for nearly a year. Early in the year she developed very rapidly malignant disease and was at once brought home by the Matron-in-Chief. For the last few months Sister Addison has grown gradually weaker and she passed away on the 10th inst., very peacefully and conscious to the last. She was buried in the village of Caton in Lancashire, her home, on the 13th inst., and a beautiful wreath tied with the tricolour ribbon of France was sent from the Corps of which she was so honoured a member. For her untiring work in caring for French soldiers suffering with contagious diseases, Sister Addison has been awarded the *Médaille des Epidémies* by the French authorities, which will, we feel sure, be greatly valued by her sorrowing family. The death of this gentle Sister is the first to be recorded in the ranks of the French Flag Nursing Corps, though we regret that the health of several of the Sisters has suffered severely in consequence of their arduous duties.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)