

meanwhile the *Daily Chronicle* National Fund for the Greek wounded was opened. The Society found that the response to the appeal of the *Chronicle* was so generous that it was ample for all requirements, and it even appeared that "overlapping" was in danger of occurring at the seat of war, after communication with the Foreign Office it was therefore decided to render assistance by money grants only, through the agency of well-known persons in Turkey and Greece, for clothing and comforts for the sick and wounded soldiers of the belligerent armies.

We may remark in this connection from personal observations made in Athens at the time of the war, that there was no danger of any overlapping with regard to trained nursing. The medical men were quite sufficient for the occasion, as, so far as our observation goes, the Greek surgeons are highly qualified, and their work of a most scientific nature, but, beyond the Sisters sent out by the *Daily Chronicle* Fund, and a few German, Danish, and Swedish Nurses, of trained nurses there were none. We do not in the least wish to depreciate the splendid patriotism of the Greek women, and the work which they did at this crisis, but we do say that few of them had the advantage of being trained nurses, and before all things it was well-trained nurses who were needed. We do not think that any trained nurses worked in the Turkish Hospitals.

At Constantinople the Society's funds were distributed by Sir Phillip Currie, H.M. Ambassador, with the assistance of Mr. Blunt, H.M. Consul-General at Salonica, and Mr. Arthur Vere, a British resident at Constantinople, and at Athens by Sir Edwin Egerton, H.M.'s Minister, and Lady Egerton. Assistance was also given by Mr. Frank Noel, Mr. Wickes, and other residents. In all £5,600 was expended by the Society in connection with this war.

SOUDAN EXPEDITION.

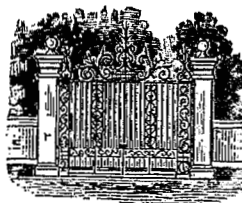
In June, 1898, the Council of the Society offered, through the Foreign Office to Lord Cromer and the Sirdar, supplemental aid in the Soudan Expedition, but this was declined on the ground that "very ample arrangements had been made for the sick and wounded, and to accept the offer would involve a very heavy call upon the transport beyond that for which calculation had been made." Ultimately the offer of the Society was reconsidered and accepted. Colonel G. S. Young, a member of the Council, was at once sent out to Cairo, and, after conference with the military and medical authorities there, decided to organise a transport service, on the Nile, between Assouan and Cairo. Colonel Young with the greatest promptitude then chartered the "Mayflower," had it converted into a hospital-ship, and telegraphed to London for three nurses. The excellent work done by the "Mayflower" is now well known, it proved the greatest possible boon to many of the sick and wounded, and one of the Society's Sisters, Sister Geddes, received from Her Majesty the Queen the decoration of the Royal Red Cross for her services in this connection.

The letters published in this report show that the work done by the Society in the Soudan campaign was of the highest value. They also emphasize the fact that, but for the generous voluntary assistance of this Society, lives which were saved would in all probability have been lost, it can scarcely be considered therefore that "very ample arrangements" were made by the Government for the sick and wounded.

Outside the Gates.

GLIMPSES OF A GUTTER-SNIPE.

(Concluded from page 520.)



POOR little Sal! Red rage soon evaporated in her starved anæmic brain as she faced the freezing blast which chilled her blood to the bone, and turned her weary feet once more towards the garret which they called "home." Somewhere into

her savage temperament a seed of determination had fallen by the way which had fructified, and endowed the child with a certain power of dogged perseverance, and inspired her threat "to be even with yer" when thwarted.

Sal had heard rumours of how Christmas Day was made all glorious within the beautiful old hospital, which from years end to years end served the sick and sorry who languished at its gates. Sal had been alive for seven years, and had been endowed with a fierce sense of hunger—and as yet she had never eaten to repletion—nor tasted roast turkey or plum pudding, and "she felt in her bones,"—God knew they ached! that life might be short, and with a deep seated sense of bitter wrong, against the great unknown power which had cast her lines in arid places, she was determined that she would contend with circumstance, if needs be out-wit it, and spend the great festival of Christmas—the origin of which she knew nothing—as a patient in the "Great Eastern" and for once "eat, drink, and be merry."

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When Sal found herself once again in her garret it was desolate, no fire reddened the hearth. A pale and proud moon was sailing through the night, and in passing, sent a shaft of light through the little glass window, the broken panes of which were stuffed with rags. This silvery ray rested on the blade of a blood-stained knife, and on a dirty flower pot on the sill, in which was some mould, and the leafless stalk of a rotting plant, Sal also saw these desirable things, thanks to the inquisitive moon, and as she handled the knife, and with it stirred up the damp mould in the pot, her bitter little heart went pit-a-pat with joy.

"Mind yer don't get no dut into th' wound he ses—ses he, and I ses—ses I, if yer want dut—yer shall have dut, so 'ere goes."

Sal chuckled—and forthwith plastered up the gaping gash on her wrist, with decomposing earthy matter, and compressed it with rag. She then groped in the cupboard for a "bit and sup"—not a crust was there, so nourished on a "swig" of icy water the child slipped out of her cracked shoes, and pinny, wrapped herself in a dirty blanket, and crept to rest in a corner of the room, where after long hours of intense wakefulness—of flames and shivers, and dreary pain in the flesh, she wrenched from nature a few hours of blessed oblivion.

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In the days which followed, five in all, Sal watched with keen interest the pathological

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