

with swinging iron cots, like the officers', only without sides to them. I could not understand why the privates were less likely to tumble out than their officers, but, perhaps, a further contrivance had to be fixed we did not see, otherwise it looked as if a good many would find themselves on the floor if they turned hastily. This particular ward held about 30 cots, but the Sister assured us—and I quite agreed with her—that there was plenty of space to put up more if required. The total number of sick provided for was, the Sister said, one hundred, but many more could easily be arranged for. In the centre of the ward was a pantry, a kind of large grating cage, with a sink, etc., and at the end of the wards, dressers for crockery, and cupboards for lotions and dressings, etc., and a neat washing-stand with a swinging lotion bottle beside it. The bath-rooms and lavatories were good, and there seemed plenty of them, while the lifts, to let down patients from off the deck, looked excellent, large and solid, capable of taking a complete cot. On deck some of the deck cabins had been converted into an operating-room, lighted with electric light, fitted with sink and operating table, irrigator swinging overhead, cupboards and surgical tables. It looked small, but very useful and handy. Here I must mention a very neat and curious contrivance I had never seen in use before—a small revolving fan, driven by electricity, giving off a nice draught of cool air and which could be carried from bed to bed, or wherever needed, much like an electric lamp. Sister seemed very pleased with it. Of the fittings, the bedding, the utensils, I can say nothing, because they were not there. The wards were there, and the fixed cots, clean, fresh and wholesome, but all the ward furniture and the hundred and one things that make a hospital ward were to be arranged, so Sister said, during the voyage out. I remembered former voyages of my own, and mentally added: "After you have passed the Bay, good folks." Then the Manager of the Company came up to Sister to ask her if she was pleased with all they had done, and we left her, thinking to ourselves that the Company *had* done very well indeed, and the arrangements reflected great credit on them, and were likely to make the moving of the wounded by sea very easy and convenient.

But remembering the roads—or, rather, the complete lack of them, in that part of Natal and the Transvaal I passed through—I pitied the wounded during their land transport, if they are far from railways. I called to mind the terrible shaking I endured between Ladysmith and Johannesburg—over the Drakenfells—Harrismith and the Vaal river—in the pre-railway days, how

I held on grimly to prevent myself being flung bodily at my neighbours or jerked up to the roof of the coach, the yells from the drivers to "hold fast," as we galloped down the banks of a river, through, and out the other side, the whole vehicle swaying and rolling as the ten horses scrambled up the bank, whilst we bumped about helplessly inside. Being in perfect health, it did not hurt me, and I immensely enjoyed the gallops across the Free State plains, where the air was like champagne, and one could breathe freely without being stifled by houses and people; but the roughness of the roads would, I should think, be very trying to the wounded unless they are carried.

The news from the front has shown us that, provided the Boers do not give in soon—and they are a stubborn people—we shall have many wounded to deal with; but the climate is not unhealthy, so that, with ordinary care, we should be spared the typhoid and dysentery that decimated our ranks in Egypt.

Our men are going bravely and cheerfully to fight our battles, we must make sure that we do not fail them when they are wounded and helpless.

M. MOLLETT.

### Army Nursing Notes.

ALACK-ADAY! In spite of the propaganda of international peace, during the past week, the world has witnessed man, "very much man," going out to kill and be killed as in primeval times. The British and Boer armies have come face to face in Natal, and have fought finely, with a desperate dash and courage worthy of all admiration, with the net result of hundreds of deaths, ghastly wounds, miserable prisoners, and wailing women. So far, the god of War is with our armies, and our grief is tempered with triumph.

The Queen writes from Balmoral, "My heart bleeds for these dreadful losses." Her Majesty asks the Secretary for War to convey her "heartfelt sympathy with the near relatives of the fallen and wounded, and admiration of the conduct of those they have lost."

Thus it is with all true human hearts.

Lord Wantage has issued another appeal on behalf of the Central British Red Cross Committee. We could wish that in these appeals the *people*, and not their *pockets* only, could be somehow touched. There is something so prosaic in expressing one's love and gratitude to the nation's defenders in writing a cheque only, and the very

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