

Breakfast, 6 a.m.—Bean soup, fried fish, eggs dressed in various ways, rice (which takes the place of bread), and Japanese tea. (This tea is specially prepared and only allowed to stand one minute before it is poured off. No milk is taken with it, and it is constantly drunk during the day.)

Tiffin, 11.30.—Fish soup, slices of raw fish, a little meat or cooked fish, stewed vegetables (such as lotus root, lily root, egg plant, ginger, seaweed, &c.), pickles, sweetmeats, cakes, rice, and sometimes a little wine.

Dinner, 5 p.m.—Much the same as tiffin.

Later in the evening, milk, biscuits, and light refreshments as required.

There is only a slight difference between officers and privates as regards meals, except in the way of serving, and all wear unbleached calico kimonos, officers having the distinguishing mark of two black stripes on the left arm under the Red Cross. Their intense patriotism and disregard of life at the call of duty is remarkable. "We shall fight to our last penny and our last man." "What does it matter, a man can only die once; it is better to fall in battle." These are some of the brave words heard in the hospital from patients who the next moment are laughing and joking like merry children. They turn so lightly from grave to gay, and often amuse themselves by hanging strings of little flags round their beds or across the room, filling their window-sills with pots of flowers. Some have bowls of gold fish, and most of them boxes of the choicest sweetmeats at their side.

The wooden buildings which form the privates' quarters are spotlessly clean. Each man has a wooden bed, with a shelf at the head, to hold his little possessions, which always include a fan, a tooth-brush, and chopsticks. But sometimes they lie on mattresses on the floor, till a supply of beds can be obtained. This is no hardship to a Japanese, being his usual way of sleeping. There is a bath-house at the end of each building, which is always in use. Two doctors and ten nurses are allowed for 100 patients. As the soldier's pay is small, about the value of 1½d. per day, they greatly appreciate gifts of cigarettes, biscuits, sweets, and flowers. A few of them know a little English, usually those who have attended classes after leaving school at fourteen. Their manners are courteous, and they are under perfect discipline. The surgeons attend to their wounds in a portion of the building set apart in ordinary times for meals, &c., and nurses are in attendance, who are expected to be quick and intelligent in carrying out their orders. Occasionally a professional wrestling match is held in the grounds, and, being the national sport, causes much excitement. It usually lasts four hours, with about twenty competitors.

The hospital is often visited by princes, city officials, and distinguished generals, who are received by the leading surgeons and head nurses,

the latter wearing the distinguishing mark of two small stars on the collar. Miss Sato, the beloved and respected superintendent nurse, has three stars and the graduates one. Most of the surgeons speak German, many having studied in the country, and the officers have to learn one European language in the Military College. The authorities have not accepted the services of any professional nurses from England, but one lady, who received a medal for hospital work in South Africa, has been cordially welcomed as a helper by the staff. She is entirely responsible for her own expenses, and speaks French and German. It is calculated that one foreign nurse would cost as much as six Japanese on account of the difference in food, accommodation, &c. The Japanese nurses live in the simplest way, and sleep on two cushions (called futons), and have one miniature locker. They are on duty for twelve hours in the twenty-four, are always smiling and good-tempered, and give the closest attention to the patients in their charge.

Lastly, a few words must be said regarding a branch of the Red Cross Society called "Ladies Volunteer Nursing Association." Thousands of bandages have been rolled by these willing helpers, who meet five times a week in a large room in the hospital. Princesses, nobles, Japanese and foreign ladies give their time on stated days, and sometimes work for eight consecutive hours. In less than two months 20,000 bandages were despatched to the front, each one having been sterilised and examined, no badly-rolled one being allowed to pass. At present, thousands of small parcels are being packed, containing field dressings for each soldier to have in his pocket. A short time ago the ladies in Tokio were requested to send 5,000 knitted cholera belts by a certain date, now they are knitting socks and caps for the winter. But nothing is left to chance, and as each article is made according to written directions it is perfect.

In the hospital all the ladies wear the same uniform—large white overalls and the high quaint-looking nurses' caps. They must wash and disinfect their hands before passing into the workroom, where every one is busy and the click of the bandage-rolling machines never ceases. Here they sit patiently at their monotonous work, with the thermometer often standing at 95, the Royal Princesses and Marchioness Nabéshima, the indefatigable president, taking their full share in the work. Apparently there is no discord and no complaints, for each lady has been taught that service in time of war is a privilege, and that nursing is woman's highest calling. A few have been selected to help in the wards on certain days when there is more press of work, and it is considered that it raises nursing to a higher standard when ladies tend the sick and wounded with their own hands.—From *The Times*.

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