

Nursing Echoes.

* * * All communications must be duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith, and should be addressed to the Editor, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.



There have been many changes in the hospital world recently, and now the London Homœopathic Hospital is to lose its Lady Superintendent, Miss Brew, after over thirty years of unswerving devotion to its interests. With her will retire two of the Sisters who have been connected with the institution for a scarcely shorter period, Sister Olive and Sister Marian.

Those who know the Homœopathic Hospital and the fine work which has been achieved by these pillars of the house can but hope that their mantle may fall upon their successors.

The latest novelty in hospitals is the Toy Hospital, which is connected with St. Matthew's Church, Ealing Common, and is an offshoot of the Ministering Children's League. Like other hospitals, says the *Daily Express*, it has its staff of doctors—really skilful toy surgeons, who patch up the old toys committed to their care and send them out quite strong and sound to give happiness to poor little boys and girls. The Vicar, the Rev. C. H. Douglass, is the chief surgeon, and he is consulted in all difficult cases. In addition to the permanent medical staff, there are a number of "Sisters"—little girl members of the League, who come on special visiting days to sew. Some most remarkable achievements in surgery have taken place in the Toy Hospital. One wax lady when discharged cured had the arms and legs of two other dolls and the eyes of a third grafted on her. Unlike other hospitals, the Toy Hospital is always ready for more patients—the more the better—and the inhabitants of the nursery should forward their discarded toys to the Secretary, Toy Hospital, 20, Florence Road, Ealing, W.

Now the terrible war between Russia and Japan is at an end, of the making of memories of the historic struggle there is no end—it is good reading that so many writers can testify to the humanity of both peoples in the treatment of the wounded enemy.

An "Eye-witness in Manchuria," Lord Brooke, Reuter's war correspondent with the Russian Army in Manchuria, says that the sufferings of the wounded were indescribable. Many were left to die, tormented with raging thirst, in the kowliang

where it was impossible to find them. Lord Brooke is loud in his praises of the heroism of the nurses and doctors. He says:—

The noble and unselfish manner in which the hospital Sisters worked evoked my deepest admiration. They devoted themselves heart and soul to their patients, and seemed unmindful of the dangers and privations they were often called upon to endure.

Again, he says:—

The nurses, devoted women, whom to praise sufficiently seems impossible. It was with the greatest admiration I watched them at work. With one arm they would support some badly hit soldier, and in the other carry his rifle and heavy kit. They did not seem to feel fatigue or weakness, but quietly and methodically worked on all the day.

Two nurses were hit by shells at Liaou-Yang railway station, but the rest of the nurses worked on unmoved.

"The method adopted for removing the wounded was quick and practical, and worthy the attention of our own army."

Mr. Maurice Baring's "With the Russians in Manchuria" is considered the best book yet issued describing the war from the Russian side. Mr. Baring was the correspondent of the *Morning Post*. He campaigned for months with a battery of the Trans-Baikal Cossacks, and writes of them:—"I found them a delightful race of people, good natured, long-suffering, and ingenious. In fact, they very much resemble the Irish." Mr. Baring speaks in the warmest terms of the humanity of the Russians to the Japanese wounded. Some of the battle pictures are terrible. In that improvised hospital at the foot of Lonely Tree Hill, he describes the scene as the lowest inferno of human pain. He gave the mangled men tea and cigarettes. They made the Sign of the Cross and thanked Heaven before thanking the donor.

"One seemed," he writes, "to have before one the symbol of the whole suffering of the human race; men like bewildered children stricken by some unknown force, for some hidden inexplicable reason, crying out and sobbing in their anguish, yet accepting and not railing against their destiny, and grateful for the slightest alleviation and help to them in their distress."

It is good to hear that the hospitals were clean and admirably managed, and also to know that every soldier before winter began had a thick sheepskin coat reaching to his knees, fur cap, felt boots, and soft woollen shirts like a blanket.

"E. S. M." writes: "In Miss Elith Sichel's 'Catherine de Medici and the French Reformation,' one comes across an interesting paragraph about the King's 'touching' of the sick." She writes: For this function, Henry II., Catherine's husband, retired to the town of St. Marcoul, the patron saint of the scrofulous, for ten days after his coronation.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)