

could find refreshment and rest from their arduous labours.

Dr. Ralph Vincent, Senior Physician, in seconding, referred to the satisfactory work that was being carried on in the out-patient department, and spoke with high praise of the extraordinary care lavished by the mothers on their children.

The opening ceremony took place in the beautiful waiting-room of the new out-patient building. It is tiled in green and white, with inlaid flooring, the consulting-rooms and dispensary opening out of it.

The nurses are to be greatly congratulated on their new quarters. A sitting-room, provided with a grand piano and gay with chintz, is for recreation purposes, and in addition there is a reading and writing room—all that could be wished—where silence is enforced.

Each nurse has a separate and most charming bedroom, where tired limbs and nerves may alike be soothed.

The magnificent research laboratory is fitted with all that modern science demands, and we can well believe Dr. Ralph Vincent when in his speech he told us he had only to ask and have.

The hospital was exquisitely adorned throughout with choice flowers.

Masses of pink roses and scarlet and white carnations were respectively chosen for the two wards, where the most fascinating flowers of all were the infants themselves.

Dainty refreshments of all kinds were served in the Board Room—the discarded out-patients' department, daintily disguised with white and green hangings—and best of all was the party of tiny out-patients and mothers being served with all pomp and ceremony to strawberries and cream and other delicacies. No doubt the new out-patient department was augmented the next day. We wish the new era all success.

H. H.

NATIONAL UNION OF TRAINED NURSES.

The Social Meeting to be held at Edmonton Infirmary, by kind invitation of Miss Dowbiggin, Matron, and permission of the Guardians, will be on Saturday, June 27th, 3.30 p.m. Miss Pye (Central Secretary) will give an address. Members can get to the Infirmary by train from Liverpool Street Station, alighting at Silver Street Station; or tram from Finsbury Park, alighting at Bridport Road; or 76 bus from Victoria, via Blackfriars Bridge.

It is rumoured that Mrs. Pankhurst has eluded the police in a nurse's uniform.

NURSING THE MEXICAN WAR VICTIMS.

By FELIX J. KOCH.

To pass the charming little hospital among the tropic foliage—half hidden, in fact, by the blooming oleanders, at this time of year—one would never suspect the grim tales that the patients inside relate—of Mexican greed and cruelty and actual delight in inflicting pain! To the world it was just the Mercy Hospital, at Laredo; after Nuevo Laredo, across the Rio Grande, was pillaged and sacked and burned, however, it took on another tale.

You who would visit this victim of battle or that at Mercy Hospital have a charming path before you. From the little hotel at Laredo you pass beside a Spanish-styled convent, of imitation stone without. Church bells ring now, as in old mission days, and from the gardens on your way there comes the perfume of the oleander and the delicate scent of the lemon-trees. By and by you are at the park—beg pardon, alameda—where recuperating patients are sitting about, and town idlers are loitering. Facing the one side of the park is the tall, clean-looking court-house; on the other is the Catholic hospital.

Your first perspective of it is engaging. It's a simple structure of frame, with porch on two floors, looking down on a wee lawn, enclosed by iron gratings. Within the garden you note some refugees, enjoying the morning sunshine. But for this hospital, here at hand, some one would have had to secure a hospital for these—in mercy's name—somehow.

Somehow, visions of Mexican battle-nursing and Mexican Red Cross work hover round you as you pass inside. You remember the photographs of the dying on the battle-fields, suffering the pangs of the damned for lack of a drink of cold water. You recall the sluggish Mexican ambulances and the lazy drivers to these.

Here fifteen Sisters of Charity await the arrival of the wounded and the suffering. Originally a private institution, the President of the Red Cross has been here, since the Mexican troubles arose, and has appointed officers from among the nuns.

Already, in January, 1914, some war-victims were brought here—they were nominally men under Mexican care, but there was no place to care for them in the turbulent land across the line, so the Red Cross brought them in. The Sisters of Mercy have distributed mercy to the sick and suffering since 1894 here—why not also at this time?

Proudly, the head sister shows one round the establishment. Back at rear the bricked wall is overhung by a second story, and this is supported by pillars of brick, that rise to give way to connecting arches. As a result, one has a charming corridor, recalling the missions of the West.

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