

Miss Jentie Paterson, a Sister at Guy's Hospital, who has now gone on active service, in a letter published in last Friday's *Glasgow Herald*, wrote:—"Through the medium of your paper I should like to remind the women of Great Britain that to help the Empire and our gallant defenders each must do the work for which she is at the moment fitted. There are fully trained nurses being supplied to the War Office for home and foreign service by their respective hospitals, and although the first natural desire of the woman is to nurse, if they cannot fight, yet I would have them remember that the nursing of brave men must be left to skilled hands. It is too late for anyone to 'train' for the present occasion, but women can help the sick by relieving the nurses of other work. To-day in a large London hospital we are working to get extra linen ready to meet the demand for extra beds, and to equip our nurses going on active service, yet time and again those in charge are called off by women anxious to 'train' for any ridiculous short period. How much more usefully they could have been employed at the sewing machine!"

On Wednesday, August 12th, there was a General Meeting of the Irish Nurses' Association at the Offices, 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, to make arrangements for taking advantage of the much-appreciated offer of Dr. Lumsden, Chief Commissioner of St. John's Ambulance Brigade, to lecture to trained nurses on First Aid and Ambulance Work, so as to fit them to become instructresses.

The nurses are coming forward in large numbers to join the classes, which are to be held every Tuesday and Friday evening at 8 o'clock, at 34, St. Stephen's Green.

News from the front is now beginning to arrive, and the special correspondent of the *Times* on Monday gives a vivid and pathetic picture of the war. He writes from Brussels:

"Have you seen that lonely figure, a little old woman, leaning against the wall of the hospital which she has just quitted, crying softly for the husband whose body even now they are carrying to the mortuary? Have you looked at the long rows of beds, so clean, so white, in which young men lie who are broken and enfeebled for life? Have you realised what it is to look back upon experiences that for the moment deprived you of reason by their terror and fear?"

"I have touched that side of war very

closely to-day, and the impression is indelible. I have heard the story of those trenches above the bridges over the Gethe and the Velp, not as understood by those who are onlookers, but as experienced by those who were stricken in them. These stories may lack perspective; they may be very faulty from the point of view of the military expert; but they have this supreme merit—that they are real and immediate, that they touch life with the finger of experience.

"Here, for example, are the impressions of an infantryman, lying now shot through the chest, of the attacks by the Germans yesterday. 'They came,' he declared, 'close together, shouting as they ran. They had fixed bayonets. A terrific sound of cannon was in the air. My comrades, many of them, fell around me. We sprang up: we rushed down the hill. The air was full of fumes. Horses and men were struggling together. Then I fell. I saw our men rush over me, and I lay very close to the ground to save myself from injury. Our men were mad with eagerness. Afterwards they picked me up.'

"Another patient, a cavalryman, described how he was thrown from his horse during the course of a charge. The country was very hilly, and the cavalry was forced to operate in small detachments. Suddenly his horse reeled under him and fell forward; he was shot into the air. Next moment the charge had passed over his body, without, however, inflicting any injury upon him—that was a fearful moment! The sight of the Germans crowding across the small bridge over the river was unforgettable. The artillery broke them up: they were wiped away."

WHERE TO SHOP.

Many nurses who are called up for service, either with the various hospitals now being organised or in one of the services, find that there are many things they need to complete their equipment—uniform dresses, bonnets, aprons, caps, shoes, besides other nursing requisites. They will find all these gathered together at Messrs. Garrould's, 150, Edgware Road, in the Nurses' Saloon, and will realise the convenience of a department specially arranged for their benefit and the consequent saving of time and temper when every moment is of value.

Again, at the Hospitals Contracts Co., 25, Mortimer Street, W., are instruments, sterilizers, thermometers, everything that is needed for furnishing a hospital or replenishing stock, can here be readily inspected and secured. The address is one which nurses should note.

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