

## ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

## NURSES CERTIFICATED AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

In addition to Miss Cutler (Assistant Matron) and Miss Wilkinson (Sister Surgery), now in Belgium, the following nurses, holding the certificate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, are on War Service.

*At the Front.*—Miss Latham (late Sister President), Miss Binnian (Matron Kettlewell Convalescent Home, Swanley), and Miss Lardner (Sister Stanley).

*Military Hospital, Cosham, Hants.*—Miss McCormac (Sister Matthew), and Miss Gascoigne (Sister Pitcairn).

The following nurses have been supplied to the Naval and Military authorities, in accordance with an agreement made some time ago, with the Admiralty and the War Office.

*Navy.*—Miss A. Hill, Miss F. Nicholson, Miss Z. Stronge, and Miss E. A. Turner.

*Army.*—Miss Binnian, Miss M. M. Davis, Miss D. M. Dawson, Miss H. Dey, Miss E. M. Duncum, Miss S. Jarvis, Miss A. M. Jones, Miss J. Keogh, Miss J. M. Lloyd-Edwards, Miss M. B. Noël, Miss P. Pearce, and Miss E. Stephenson-Jellie.

## VICTORIA AND BOURNEMOUTH NURSES.

Victoria and Bournemouth Nurses' League have lost the services of many of the League and of the staff for the present, as so many have left either as Territorial Nurses or for other posts in connection with the war, and many more are expecting to be called out.

Among those who have already taken up posts are Nurse Norfield, who, while on the staff, was sent to take temporary charge of Swanage Cottage Hospital, and from that was elected to be permanent Matron, has been allowed to take her turn of service at that hospital, as beds are reserved there for the wounded.

Nurse Willa Oliphant is in charge of the hospital, arranged by the Marchioness of Linlithgow in Hopetoun House, where, as it is close to Rosyth Naval base, she ought to have plenty of work.

Nurse McMahon and Nurse Wilcock are now enrolled as Army Sisters, each having fifty beds and two private wards at Sidney Hall, Weymouth, the Matron of the Royal Hospital acting as Matron.

Nurse Shurber has been appointed Theatre Sister by the Red Cross Association at one of their hospitals.

Nurse Whitham and Nurse Seagar have been called to Portsmouth, headquarters of one of the Southern divisions.

Miss McDonald has undertaken the duties of Staff Nurse at the Boscombe Hospital, chiefly to look after the temporary and untrained helpers.

Nurse Woodwright and others are still expecting their call to come.

At the League Committee meeting last week it was decided that, for three of the social meetings, lectures should, if possible, be given on the three great wars of the last hundred years—the Waterloo campaign, the Franco-Prussian, and the present War.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

## "SYLVIA SAXON."\*

"Episodes in a Life." Episodes in the life of Sylvia; and Sylvia is a baffling personality. She begins as a puzzle child, and ends, as far as we are concerned, a woman who is an enigma. We don't profess to understand her in the least—child or woman.

"By the sea, close to the calm summer waves a little girl was playing. Along the shining sands there came another child in rags, who, with eyes fixed on Sylvia, stood still when she came near her. The ragged child found a piece of glass and held it out in triumph. It was pale green, frosted over by the action of the waves, shaped by them into a heart—a sea green heart. Sylvia's baby brows contracted into frowns; she scrambled to her feet, seized the small, rough hand that had closed tightly upon the treasure, slapped it, pinched it, beat it with her wooden spade."

The child was recompensed with money, but Sylvia had the heart. "Sylvia has money and the heart too," she said.

She appeared to have a genius for hurting the feelings of others, her precocious intelligence rendering her contemptuous of slower wits.

Little Anne, who existed solely for the purpose of providing companionship for the only child, was often the target for her arrows.

"Anne, Anne, when will you be my age?"

"Oh, Sylvia, I shall never be as clever as you!"

"You will never be as silly as Fräulein, never, never, never!"

Fräulein's face reddened, her nose turned white. "The silliest are those who think everyone else silly."

Anne's eyes filled with tears; she cast imploring looks for mercy at Sylvia.

"When I am fifteen, Sylvia, perhaps I shall not be so stupid as I am now."

Sylvia's face clouded. "I shan't care; I'm used to stupidity; it's a stupid world."

Rachel, her mother, had married late in life, and widowhood followed closely. She was a woman of somewhat morbid disposition, who reproached herself with having brought a child into a sad world, and whose one object had been to shield the beloved object from its effects. Sylvia discusses her approaching marriage with Jasper.

"What will there be to arrange, mamma? Property, I suppose? Property is very important. I would not care to live without it. I wonder why Anne and Fräulein care to live, don't you, mamma? Where shall we live? I would like it to be a long way off, but Jasper says his father would not allow that."

Rachel drew in her lip, her eyelids narrowed and quivered.

\* T. Fisher Unwin, London.

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