

Rouge de Belgique has appreciated all the English nurses have been permitted to do under German rulers, who naturally commandeered what they chose for their own uses from the various *ambulances*. The International party have been working under civilian rule at the Hospital St. Pierre, where 1,000 beds are available, with separate wards for Belgians and Germans, and Miss Cutler reports in terms of highest praise how harmoniously her party have worked together in every particular. Imagine sleeping fourteen in one large room. What greater test of good comradeship could there have been? But war is war, and on the whole the British nurses have borne the strain well. In recognition of their helpful work the Croix Rouge de Belgique has given as a little memento to the English nurses a medallion bearing the charming head of little Princess Marie José, the pretty young daughter of the King of the Belgians. The gift is in gilt for Superintendents and doctors, and in silver for nurses. The Countess Mérode, that delightful lady we have met at International gatherings, is the head of the Belgian Red Cross. A letter from Miss Thurstan, giving a graphic account of her adventures in the German lines is published in another column. We could hardly have blamed the Germans under the risky circumstances had they deported her as a spy. However, all's well that ends well.

"SOCIETY AT THE FRONT."

The pose of Red Cross nurse has lost its first freshness in "Society," and we heard a *grande dame* remark recently that it was now considered quite *démodé* to rush off to the front, but the half-penny papers have shown us some wonderful specimens of "nurses in War dress" during the past week. Lady Dorothy Fielding, talking to Belgian officers, is garbed in what might be mistaken for a "bandit" habit—coat to knees, puttees, spats, thick boots, cap, badge, and water-bottle. This, we presume, is not the sick ward costume she wears as a Red Cross Nurse.

The Duchess of Westminster, who did after all go to Paris with her hospital, is, on the other hand, quite in Puritan pose—with the addition of very high-heeled shoes and a liberal display of silk stocking. What the wonderful ruby and diamond cross suspended on her bosom denotes, we do not know, but the pet wolf-hound has gone along—and will, presumably, prevent its being snatched by the battle-field ghoul, when her Grace is under fire picking up the wounded.

A friend writes from Belgium that "the Red Cross Duchess, Milicent of Sutherland, was with her party politely but firmly deported by the Germans, who escorted her to the frontier, because they were convinced so fascinating a lady must have some ulterior motive for being in their midst. They concluded she was a spy because, through their own Secret Service they deal in every capital in the world with so many charming and lovely ladies in that capacity."

The Territorial Nurses of the First Eastern General Hospital at Cambridge are now very comfortably lodged in a new wing of King's College, overlooking the river, and we hear they are delighted with their new quarters, which are within five minutes' walk of the new base hospital, which is rapidly being erected on the Trinity and Clare cricket ground. The hospital is being built on the hut system, and will be complete and up-to-date in every way. It is hoped that it will be ready in about a fortnight when Term begins, and Trinity College, where they are at present quartered, will be required for the undergraduates. When a batch of wounded recently arrived many were old friends who had been quartered in Cambridge not many weeks ago, and when they were recognised by the crowd they got rousing cheers. One wounded man called out "Are we downhearted?" which was met with a tremendous yell of "No!"

The *Lancet* reports the following item at the Fifth Southern Territorial Hospital, Southsea: A German patient (prisoner) was ordered medicine. Fearing it was poisoned, he insisted that the nurse should take a dose first! Let us hope the decoction was fairly palatable. Such a duty if invariably enforced would add considerable inconvenience under certain circumstances!

Miss M. T. Sadler sent us a graphic account of her journey home from Brussels with a party of nurses, who after many vicissitudes, arrived safely. Miss Sadler met with kindness and courtesy from German officers, and we think it only just it should be known; "at Sottegem an officer came up to our cart and told us he had an English wife and he would do all he could to help us on our way, and advised us to start early next day. . . . We were ready at 6.30 a.m., but could not get anyone to risk driving us, and unfortunately, our German officer friend had gone on in the night, or we should have asked him to insist on it; we waited about in a disconsolate group beside our luggage, getting more sympathy from passing German soldiers than from the Flammandes. One kind German gave one of our companions a large basket of eggs, butter, and sausages and 15 marks in money, he meant so well one could not refuse the gift, and another offered a bicycle—stolen property no doubt. About 1 p.m. a large motor car carrying the American flag came along from Ghent and seeing our forlorn party, drew up and soon all was well. . . . In all the time I was in Belgium I did not see anything of the atrocities I have since read about, but on the contrary saw many deeds of kindness done by German soldiers. No doubt we were extraordinarily fortunate in those we met with, but I hope it may comfort some who have friends at the front to know that at all events one Englishwoman has met with kindness from governing Germans."

Miss Sadler has now gone to France.

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