

literal sense. There was a terrific crash—another and another. The house shook like a jelly. I jumped out of bed and turned on the light, and asked what was the matter. 'Put out your light, and go down to the cellar quickly,' said Monsieur X. I groped about for my slippers wondering in a dazed way if my head would get blown off before I found them. The windows in my room came in with a smash. I opened my door, and three large windows in the passage were blown into smithereens. I heard the children say, 'Is it safest under the bed,' and the father reply, 'Quick, downstairs!' I was going down when I remembered there was an old major on our floor, and went to find him. He was sitting on the stairs, trembling like a leaf. 'Is it the cannon or a bomb, mademoiselle?' he said. 'Make haste, come down to the cellar; take my arm,' I replied. And together we groped our way down.

"In the hall we saw Monsieur X, who had mustered the men at the head of the kitchen stairs. They looked scared and white, and cut funny figures in their long nightshirts. When we had all gone down we sat round the tables in the tiled kitchen, which looked out on the moat, and was practically underground. We could, if necessary go into the cellar itself which had thick walls.

"The cannonading was not so violent. Monsieur X. went out to see what had happened, and came back almost immediately. 'It's a Zeppelin,' he said, 'the bomb fell quite near the house, and the cannon at the forts tried to bring it down with shrapnel, I think the shrapnel has done us most harm. It is probably all over, but we had better wait a little to see.'

"After a bit we filed up the stairs again feeling a little shivery. We put the men in the beds furthest from the windows which had all been broken, and gave them what hot bottles we had. I don't think they slept much more that night.

"Next morning we all went out and examined the hole made by the bomb, and the damage done by the shrapnel. An army of men came to mend the windows, and the police and military authorities came and dug up bits of iron, &c., and took them away with them. They also took many photographs and complimented us all on our escape. We were all terribly brave and wise next day. The old major said: 'I told you it was a Zeppelin, Mademoiselle. I heard the whirr distinctly, there's no deceiving me.'

"The sous-officier said: 'Ah, Mademoiselle, so you've had your little baptism of fire, but you should have been at'—when those diabolical Krupps were pounding away at us, this is a very little thing.' 'Quite enough,' I replied, and, I noticed that he had moved his bed a long way from the window. I. S.

Dr. Eddlestone states in the *British Medical Journal* that he was recently informed on reliable authority that 2,000 dressings a day were being changed by a detachment of untrained women at the front.

THE CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

In the incredibly short space of time of a fortnight, all the 1,650 beds in King George Hospital for the wounded have been subscribed for. At £25 a bed, this means that £41,250 has been raised for this purpose alone.

Dr. Woodcock, 27, Nottingham Place, W., asks for several water beds for the Women's Hospital Corps Base Hospital, at Wimereux.

The Earl of Sandwich appeals on behalf of the wounded soldiers now in the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. Gifts of day shirts, day socks, scarves, dressing gowns, old topcoats, tobacco, cigarettes, cakes, soap, jam, and eggs will be gratefully acknowledged by the secretary. The hospital is in urgent need of further financial support.

At the special request of Prince Alexander of Teck, the "Army Cot" in the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women has been opened. Money is still, however, needed to endow it in perpetuity.

We are entirely in sympathy with the proposals of Dr. Saundby, Professor of Medicine in the University of Cambridge, for the establishment of Open Air Military Hospitals on the lines of the 1st Eastern General Hospital (T.F.) so successfully inaugurated at Cambridge. Both from the point of view of health and economy this form of hospital has much to commend it.

The Duke of Portland has accepted the position of chairman of a special council which is organizing a fund formed by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105, Jermyn Street, S.W., which has already been co-operating with the Army Veterinary Corps in France and has now received the official sanction of the Army Council to aid the corps in coping with the increased demand on its resources.

All animal lovers will wish well to the "Blue Cross Fund" (58, Victoria Street, S.W.), which was started at the beginning of the War to afford relief to military horses. It works as an auxiliary to the authorized veterinary services, and the French Minister of War has now requested Captain Claremont, acting on behalf of the League, to establish eight base hospitals in France for the French troops and offered him motor cars and every possible assistance, and he is now in France organizing these hospitals.

The proprietors of the Droitwich Brine Baths wish it known that all soldiers and sailors who may be invalided during the war and for whom baths may be prescribed, may have them free of charge. The thing now is for someone at Droitwich to offer hospitality to such men—there is sure to be an aftermath of sickness, especially.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)