

woven mattresses, and comfortable mattresses on the top.

There is central heating throughout the ground floor, the winter garden (used as the men's recreation room and dining room), and there is a billiard room and theatre.

Twice a week subscribers are admitted to view the hospital, which is certainly calculated to stimulate local interest, and a good thing to encourage, always provided that such occasions are not regarded as a cinema show, of which there is some danger.

Besides Highfield Hall and Highfield Lane

with full responsibility, an experienced Matron and an Assistant Matron, as well as a large proportion of certificated nurses.

We are sure that Miss Mollett and Miss Winterscale, and their willing helpers, will find a very congenial and useful sphere of work in the care of the patients.

Some day, when the war is over, or sooner if she can find a spare minute, we hope Miss Mollett will tell us something of Southampton during the war, something about the portal of the war, the gate through which men troop to glory in life, and glory in death, from whence



Photo

[Southampton Pictorial

SOME OF THE TRAINED STAFF,

Mrs. Wainwright. Mrs. MacArthur. Fleet-Surgeon Macnamara. Miss Eskell. Miss Dobie. Miss Winterscale. Miss Mollett. Miss Mason. Miss Leslie. Miss Gilbert. Miss Bonshore.

Hospitals the Hampshire Branch of the British Red Cross Society also maintains a Detention Hospital at the Docks for dealing with casualties occurring among the troops on embarkation, and a Clothing Dépôt at Portswood House, which supplies the hospital ships arriving in the port with clothing, thousands of such articles having already been issued; from which it will be seen that the Southampton Division of the Hampshire Branch of the British Red Cross Society is a very energetic and well-organized one, as apparently, with regard to the nursing of the sick, it realized how necessary it was to have at the head of its hospital,

"The dead, the dead, they call you
To come and take their place."

The early days were, she tells us, weird in the extreme. Night and day the troops tramped, rattled, and clattered down the High Street, under the old Bargate, to the Docks; night and day hundreds of troop trains passed under Northern Bridge to the troopers in the docks, night and day men worked at loading up the boats, and the syrens hooted down the Water.

May they soon hoot to announce the return of our victorious troops on the conclusion of an honourable peace.

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