

advertisement clipped from a leading daily in Scotland:—

CONVALESCENT Home (small private, for soldiers).—
Matron, middle-aged, to act as cook-housekeeper, with assistance; some knowledge of nursing required; total abstainer; state age.

The men who have risked their lives for the Empire and suffered in so doing surely deserve the best nursing care that the country can give them until fit for duty again, not "some nursing," thrown in with cooking and housekeeping.

The Hon. Albinia Brodrick writes from Balliscoona, Caher Daniel, co. Kerry, of the hospital upon which so many hopes are centred:—

"It is good news with us this year. The end

patients, a water-bed, shirts, and other articles of wear, a bed with bedding, a roll-top desk, the combined gift of several friends, and to our joy a splendid selection of apple trees and gooseberry bushes for our long-hoped-for fruit farm, besides apple trees from another friend.

"At the outset of the war we sold our mare and foal, realising £25 9s., and bought a humble donkey, which now runs well in a neat little cart. From farm and garden we have sold just over £76 worth, making £101 10s. during the year. By the letting of our cottage we made £4 3s. 3d. Our turf bog, especially in these days, proves a great comfort."

A Sister writes from France that it is one of the saddest sights to see poor women, especially

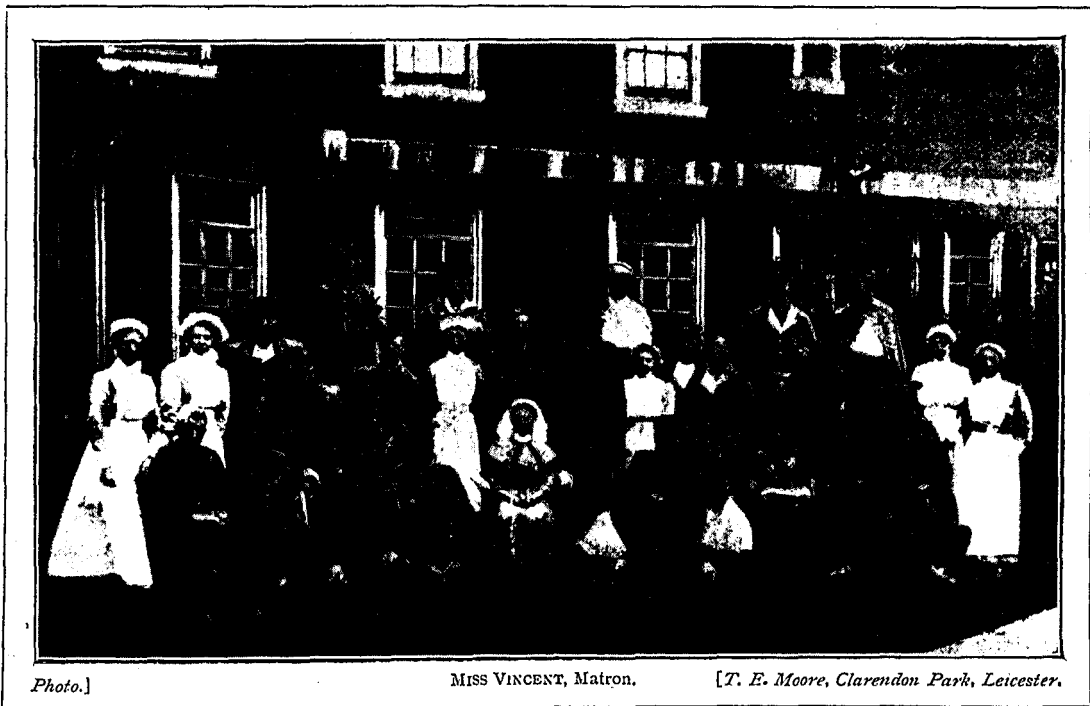


Photo.]

MISS VINCENT, Matron.

[T. E. Moore, Clarendon Park, Leicester.

GROUP OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND THEIR NURSES.
ROYAL INFIRMARY, LEICESTER.

is in sight; and that such is the case is due entirely to the war.

"When war broke out last August, we had closed down our work and dismissed our tradesmen for want of funds. Naturally our first thought was to offer the hospital for service. It was accepted 'if and when required'—so the money had to be found somehow and the work set going again. With the change of War Office policy we are now notified that we are not to be called upon. Well, we were ready to do our bit. Wonderful are the ways of the War Office where nursing is concerned.

"We have had several special gifts during the year—the lockers for our twenty-two prospective

on market days, doing men's work in widow's weeds.

Writing from a French Red Cross Hospital, an untrained Englishwoman says:—"I have to do what a three years' trained nurse does in England for my fifty patients, as the priest infirmier and the two orderlies know less than I do. Fortunately we get on all right, and our patients recover in a delightful way." Such obtuse vanity and intense ignorance makes one wince for one's sex. Poor patients!

Miss M. Desmond Hackett, of the Women's Emergency Corps, writing of Mr. Lavery's picture

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