

NURSING AND THE WAR.

The arrival in this country of nineteen members of the First Scottish Unit to be sent to Serbia, and thirty of the Second Scottish Women's Hospital Unit, in charge of Dr. Alice Hutchison, who were interned as common military prisoners of War at Kevavara, in Hungary, demonstrates the spirit of British women in adversity.

Our illustration shows Dr. Hutchison, who effectively guarded the Union Jack by wearing it as a petticoat when all the effects of the unit were taken—a lesson in patriotism and resourcefulness of which her compatriots may well be proud.

The unit fell into the hands of the Austrians on November 10th, at Vranyaschka, after the withdrawal of the Serbians. The Austrian Commander proposed to hand them over to the Germans, but Dr. Hutchison objected. Eventually, they were interned as ordinary prisoners at Kevavara, given only straw to sleep upon, and no beds or bedding. Their fare consisted of black coffee morning and evening, half a loaf of black bread at noon, and watery soup in a bucket. The cubic space of their sleeping room for twenty-two women was equivalent to that of a workroom for nine people under the British factory laws.

Mrs. Alec. Tweedie, in spite of her own grief for the loss of a dear young son at the Front, is still interesting herself in her Hut Scheme, which has grown apace. She has received various contributions from nurses, and now suggests that if nurses in hospitals and institutions will each subscribe 1d. and send her the result to 30, York Terrace, Harley Street, W. (cheques crossed London County and Westminster Bank, marked

"Nurses' Fund"), she thinks it would be a very good idea when sufficient money has been collected to put up a Hut for our fighting men and call it "The Nurse."

So many more Huts are still required that it would be possible to name some after particular towns, fallen soldiers, or groups of workers like the Farmers, the Navy, the Nurses, the Boilermakers, or the Leather Workers.

A painful incident in one of the many ambulance hospitals of Paris (related by the Lady Correspondent of the *Evening Standard*), had its sequel in the Council of War, which sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment a soldier employed in one of these institutions. He had struck a nurse whom he disliked, hurting her considerably and the punishment was not perhaps too severe. I happened (says this correspondent), to be in the place a month ago, just as he was giving his version of his act to his superior officer, and by a coincidence I was there again this morning when the news of the sentence reached the staff. Of course, there was something to be said—not for the aggression, but for the aggressor. This particular hospital is being run largely on the amateur principle, its matron is a volunteer amateur, and several of her nurses, both French and English, by the way, are of the same unqualified category. So discipline is probably somewhat lax, and these women, zealous, amiable, and hard-working, have their little feuds, their private affinities and animosities, which are with difficulty hidden in the close, enforced intercourse of a year or more in the same wards. One of these nurses has a sad story. She is a native of Bethune, which is now in the German occupation, and



DR. ALICE HUTCHISON
WEARING THE UNION JACK.

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