

that of her companions. They had raised aloft the name of womanhood, and written their names in the temple of fame.

It was reported at the Quarterly Court of the London Hospital that 145 of the nursing staff were on active service with the Naval and Army Reserve. We should have thought more could have been spared, as the nursing staff is reported to be upwards of 700.

A message from Lady Paget, dated Uskub, 8th inst., reports all the members of the Serbian Relief Fund there well and cheerful, and looking forward to a homeward journey soon. Lady Paget has been ill from overwork. All her friends will be glad to have her safely home again.

Miss Florence Clifton and Miss Bambridge, who were members of Mrs. Stobart's Mission to Serbia, have arrived home and have most interesting matters to report.

One of Miss Clifton's experiences almost proved fatal, and unfortunately resulted in a bullet wound through the lungs followed by a severe attack of pneumonia.

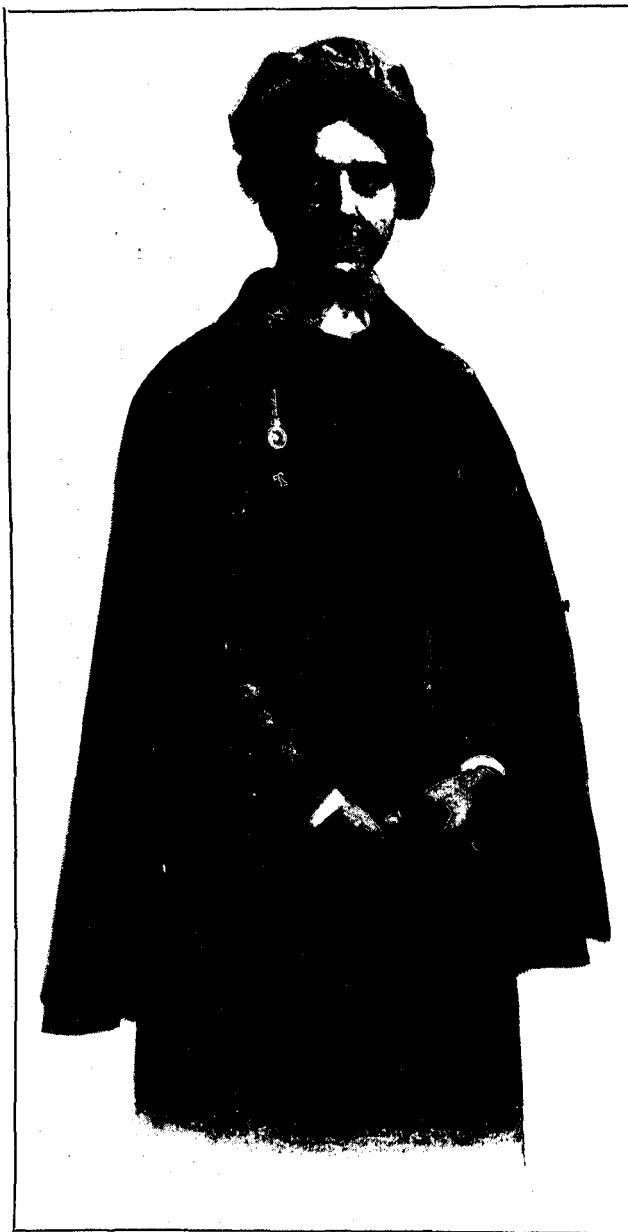
Miss Clifton was at Rashka, the ancient capital of Serbia, and during one of her walks abroad with Miss Macglade (the secretary of the hospital) she found herself suddenly in the midst of an affray between some Serbian peasants and Austrian soldiers. Although the two nurses attempted to obtain cover immediately, Miss Clifton was,

unfortunately, severely wounded by a stray bullet.

The wound was undoubtedly accidental, and it appeared subsequently that the fight occurred owing to the attempt of the soldiers to loot a Serbian farmhouse, the peasants vigorously resisting the effort.

A nurse, writing in the *Yorkshire Post*, gives a most interesting account of her experiences in Serbia, including the following vivid description of her morning tub, together with some of her colleagues, while the guests of the authorities of a fever hospital at Valjevo.

"Orderlies rushed into the room while we were still in bed, in a high state of excitement, for one of us had suggested that after the Nish experience a bath would be heavenly, and no matter what the cost, our hosts were determined to gratify our wishes. There was a tremendous bustle as an army of orderlies carried huge cans of steaming water—every drop of which had laboriously to be drawn from a well, and heated on the kitchen stove—and proudly filled six long zinc baths placed in a row in an empty ward. The baths had recently been used, we knew, for typhus patients, and we were expected to occupy them in squads of six! These drawbacks, however, were mere trifles, but we did draw the line at a personal superintendence of operations by the orderlies. Having firmly quelled their enthusiastic anxiety for the thoroughness of our ablutions, we drove them from the room and barricaded the



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