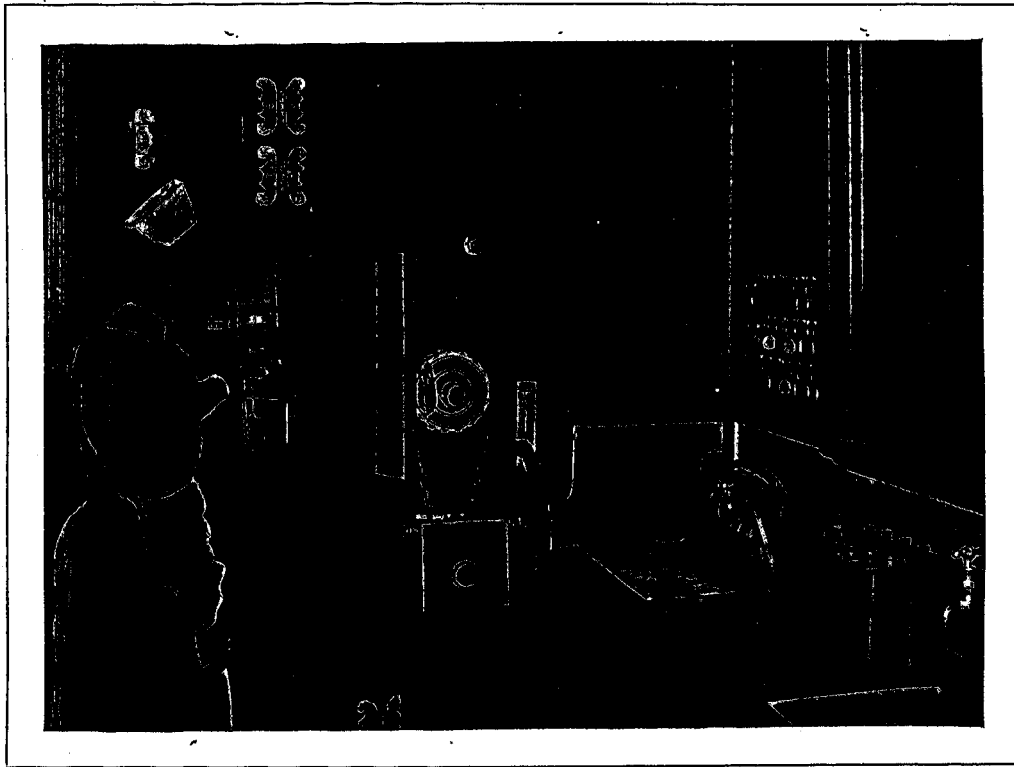


NURSING ECHOES.

The Hon. Editor of this JOURNAL, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, desires to thank the very large number of readers, personal friends and strangers, for their most kind and welcome letters in reference to the action recently brought against her by Messrs. Macmillan and Miss Swanhilde Bulan. She hopes to reply personally to every letter received, but with the Registration controversy on hand, she must plead for time. To letters of sympathy from the general public, a reply has already been sent.

at the Front, has spared no pains or skill in this direction, and the milk from the moment it is drawn from the cows in the beautiful, jealously guarded farm at Combe Bank, to the moment it reaches the infant, is safeguarded in every conceivable way from contamination by bacteria. Each ward kitchen has its cold storage, where the milk is kept at a uniform temperature not exceeding 40° F. The infants' feeds are all prepared from prescriptions in the modifying room. The wards are quite charming, containing twenty-five swing cots, sporting rival decorations of pink and blue. We were introduced to "Jack Johnson," who was



INFANTS' HOSPITAL, MILK COLD STORE.

The Queen has graciously consented to open the new Chelsea Hospital for Women on Tuesday, July 11th next, and thus gives further proof of her interest in this greatly needed rebuilding scheme and its value to a most deserving class of sufferers.

The Infants' Hospital in Vincent Square enjoys the distinction of being the only one that is exclusively devoted to babies. Other distinctive features are the elaborate and scientific arrangements which ensure a pure milk supply for the tiny sufferers. Dr. Ralph Vincent, now

brandishing puny fists in the air, hence his nickname. A tiny, tiny creature of six months old, weighing little over 5 lb., appeared to be beyond even the science and care bestowed on it, but further down the ward were happy, contented-looking infants, who one time were in nearly as piteous a condition.

We much admired the snug knitted combination garments that enabled baby to brandish his legs at will without fear of chill.

The Matron, Miss Grassitt, is rather sad because, during the war, kind friends have been so busy knitting for Tommy that her stock of

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