

it was really very homelike. The walls in one corridor were covered with life-size figures of soldiers, cannon, scenes from trench life. One of their *blessés* had been a real artist, and had tried to do his part to render the place gayer during his days of convalescence. The two little operating-rooms and bandaging-rooms were bright with green paint, and as clean and orderly as heart could desire. This is a hospital of one hundred and twenty, of serious operations for eyes and ears and nose and trepanning. Only that morning they had had an operation for double-trepanning. But, oh, it was a pathetic place! And all the more so because they were so bent on pointing out what they *did* have, and on showing how happy their men were. I saw man after man from Verdun, many poor fellows with eyes and heads bandaged, many who would never see again. The *administrateur* and the *médecin-chef* were so dear with their men. It was "*mon brave*," or "*mon garçon*," or "*mon petit*"—or a little pat on the shoulder, or a word of admiration for this one and encouragement for that. It is astonishing how quickly you know the character of the surgeon by the atmosphere the men live in. That tumble-down old place was full of smiling faces! For an instant I myself forgot it all. And then I felt as if I *must* do something for them, and I was so glad to feel that I could. I don't believe you can begin to realise what it means to have some money in the face of such desperate needs. It is the very greatest happiness I have ever known. So then we went back to the little operating-room, sat down on three-legged stools, and there we planned like children! I am going to put in running water for them, and linoleum on the operating floor, and give some tables and chairs to the wards (they have practically none); and the Fund is to be asked for clothing and pillows (they have *none*) and some instruments. Somehow, when I came in to-night and found a letter already waiting to welcome me from the *médecin-chef*, thanking me and my compatriots so genuinely and sincerely for what we were to do, I felt as uplifted as if I were walking on air. I wish every one who has helped me to give these things could know it.

THE RE-EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

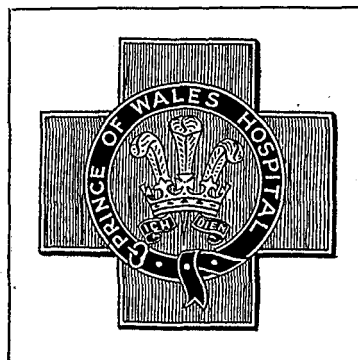
It is one of the peculiarities of this war (says a contemporary) that a comparatively large number of soldiers are rendered permanently blind from the explosion of projectiles. All the belligerent nations have to make special provisions for the re-education of these unfortunate men. The Institute for the Blind in Milan has established a special division for blind soldiers. All are first taught to read by the Braille system. Each one is then permitted to select a trade, in which he receives careful instruction. To furnish the poor men some distraction, the people of the city have sent canaries, mocking birds, and other song birds to the institution, and each man takes great pride in taking care of one of these little songsters.

THE PRINCE OF WALES HOSPITAL, STAINES.

War has its bright as well as its dark side, and, when the history of the present War comes to be written, there will shine forth in its pages, in letters of gold, the story of the loyalty of the Princes of the great Indian Empire to the Throne. They have not given only personal service with the combatant forces, but have lavished their wealth in providing for the comfort of the sick and wounded.

An example of this is the princely gift of the Maharajah of Nawanagar, better known as Prince Ranji—a name beloved of British sportsmen—who placed his beautiful house at Staines at the disposal of the King as a hospital for British officers, equipping it with everything that can be needed for its humanitarian work.

Associated with the Maharajah in the upkeep of the hospital are the Maharajahs of Kashmir and Patiala. Together they are financing it for the period of the War, and for as long after as



THE BADGE OF THE STAFF.

may be required. By the King's wish, the hospital has been placed under the control of the War Office, and bears the name of the Prince of Wales. The Medical Officer-in-charge is Dr. Batchlor; and the Consulting Surgeon, Mr. J. O. Skevington, of Windsor.

The Matron of the hospital is Mrs. Barton, trained at the Adelaide House, Dublin, and the General Hospital, Hampstead, where she afterwards held the positions of Ward Sister and Assistant Matron. She is also a certificated masseuse—a very desirable qualification, when the use of massage in the treatment of so many of our sick and wounded is being attended with such good results. The hospital is supplied with the very latest devices for electrical treatment and ionization, and the results attained are excellent.

Before the outbreak of War, Mrs. Barton belonged to St. John's Territorial Force Nursing Association as a Trained Lady Superintendent of V.A.D. Middlesex 30, and wears the uniform of her rank, which is optional, not compulsory.

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