

Indoors it consists of a dress of black mercerized poplin with the distinctive military cape also in black, with a red border, to which the letters "T.N." are affixed. A soft white collar is worn with the cape and an Army cap of spotted muslin. The Sisters of the hospital wear a grey uniform with scarlet epaulettes and belt, a soft flat muslin collar and the Army cap. All members of the nursing staff wear the distinctive badge of the hospital reproduced on page 175, which is carried out in red and blue enamel with a narrow gold border. The rich colouring is effective but quiet, in excellent taste, and the decoration a charming one. Those nurses who serve the hospital for six months or more are permitted to retain it permanently.

The hospital has accommodation for about forty officers, and for those who are received into its hospitable care the line must have fallen in pleasant places. One realizes it on arriving at the front door, and gets, across the hall and through the wide set windows of the ward beyond as a vista of emerald green, a glimpse of the beautiful Thames valley, through which, cool and serene, the silver river threads its way. The view from the balconies on to which one steps from the wards is typically English, and a fairer scene it would be hard to find. Walk out at the garden gate and you find yourself on the tow-path. You can sit on the bank and try your luck with a fishing rod, or commandeer a boat, and float away to dreamland.

Surrounding the hospital are some ten acres of well kept gardens, and glass houses. If you are fortunate, as I was, you will be taken through the latter by Mr. Swan, who reigns supreme in the outdoor domain, and see the glorious blaze of begonias of all sizes, colours and shapes—single ones with corrugated borders, some even having a kind of cock's comb running inwards to the centre, or in another house the orchids, delicate, fantastic in lovely colourings, though they have passed their prime beauty just now—there must be a time for growth, as Mr. Swan observes.

Inside the house Mrs. Barton is fortunate in having the services of Kanuji, the Maharajah's personal attendant as butler—he will do "any-

thing for the war," and those who realize the value of loyalty will find it here exemplified. His master has been away in India, but "Highness wishes it," is the working law of Kanuji, and, as, before he left, the Maharajah gave him instructions that the Matron was to be obeyed Kanuji does his best, and a very good best too, to see that this direction is carried into effect.

Within the hospital everything has been well thought out. The kitchen has gas cookers as well as the range, in charge of a good cook, and indeed it is largely on the cook that the success, and certainly the popularity, of a hospital depends.

In the ward devoted to massage cases, one notices the bedsteads of unusual height, provided so that the masseuses do not have to tire their backs by bending over the patients, well-stocked stores cupboards are in evidence, and a good

number of bath rooms are provided. The former billiard room is now used as a mess room for those of the patients who are able to come down to meals. Let us hope that with all the care and consideration they receive, the patients received in the hospital may be speedily restored to health and to the service of their King and country.

M. B.



MRS. BARTON, MATRON, PRINCE OF WALES HOSPITAL.

In memory of Miss Edith Cavell a stained glass window, designed by Mr. Herbert W. Bryans, is to be placed in Swardeston Church, Norwich, with an alabaster tablet on the wall adjacent, bearing the following inscription: "This window was given by many friends and admirers to commemorate the devoted life and tragic death of Edith Louisa Cavell, Head of the First Training School for Nurses in Belgium, who was born and brought up in this parish, of which her father was Vicar from 1863 to 1909, and who died for her Country on October 12th, 1915, aged 49 years, being shot by order of a German Court Martial in Brussels, for having rendered help to fugitive British, French, and Belgian Soldiers. The artist who designed the window, and the craftsmen who made it, gave their services as their contribution to this Memorial. A.D., 19—"

There are many memorials to Edith Cavell, but none more appropriate than this.

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