

HÔPITAL MOBILE NO. 1.

Le Petit Paradis des Blessés.

The Hôpital Mobile No. 1 (somewhere in France), organized by Mrs. Borden Turner, and presented to the French Army in July, 1915, has played a noble part in this war, and has been called by many of the French Poilus, "Le petit Paradis des Blessés." Built in the seclusion of a green meadow, on the very outskirts of what once was a quiet little village, each little wooden hut with its clusters of bright coloured nasturtiums has indeed proved a haven to many of those brave enduring

trenches, the wounded arrive direct from the *poste de secours* and are taken to the Salle des Entrées, where they are injected at once with the anti-tetanus serum, and, after medical examination, are bed-bathed, then either taken to the X-Ray Department or the Salle de pansements according to nature of the wound, then to the operating room. A great many of the cases arrive between 1 and 5 a.m. All English nurses who have had the privilege to nurse among the French soldiers know what wonderful patience and endurance the French Poilus have always shown—there never were such patients. Never a murmur—always plucky and wonderfully cheerful.



MÉDECIN CHEF, MRS. BORDEN TURNER, AND GROUP OF ENGLISH, AMERICAN, AND CANADIAN TRAINED NURSES AT LE PETIT PARADIS DES BLESSÉS.

soldiers of France. The hospital consists of huts of twenty beds, as wards. Each hut, separated by boarded pathways, stands a few feet apart. There are sixteen of these huts, each one playing its part. The Salle des Entrées and dispensary, the Salle d'Opérations and X Ray, the Salle de Pansements, kitchens, laundry and linen room, and the officers' and Sisters' quarters, and Mrs. Turner's hut with telephone attached. The hospital is wonderfully equipped and every detail which goes towards the recovery and comfort of the wounded is obtained. The medical staff is made up of a unit of the Service de Santé with a staff of *infirmiers*. The Sisters are English-, Canadian-, and American-trained nurses. The hospital being situated at a very few miles from the

"Never shall I forget at the beginning of this year," writes a Sister, "when things were pretty hot, in our *secteur*, and convoys of wounded arriving day and night, one poor dear boy, seeing how rushed we were, said to me, 'Oh! Mademoiselle, please attend to the others, they are worse than I am,' and yet, when his turn came, how underneath those bandages a most ghastly wound was discovered, which was beyond human aid, and in a few days he died in great agony. Those are the men the Germans think they can break! The spirit of such men as these can never be broken, and we who are with them in their dreadful sufferings have the greatest admiration for them. The grateful handshake when they leave us, and their letters after, wishing they could

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