

FREEMASONS' WAR HOSPITAL.

The building that was formerly known as the Chelsea Hospital for Women, Fulham Road, S.W., has been taken over by the Masonic Nursing Home Committee, and is now the Freemasons' War Hospital.

On Wednesday, September 6th, from 12-4 p.m., the building was formally inspected by the Committee and other invited guests. Although there were so far no patients, the visitors found ample interest in the admirable new equipment and the carefully thought out detail of the hospital. The corridors and wards were decorated with fine palms and lovely flowers and a constant stream of visitors kept the nursing staff busy answering questions and explaining various points of interest.

Appeals for various gifts occupied prominent positions. It was gratifying to note that, although everything had been prepared for the comfort and happiness of the prospective patients, there was an entire absence of anything that suggested extravagance. The wards were pretty and cheerful, and, above all, homely. The bed quilts were particularly sensible and far better adapted to their purpose than many of the "lady-like" coverings we have seen in some war hospitals. "Tommy" will be able to give

these a good pull over his shoulders without fear of disaster. On the first two floors the wards are small, containing from three to five beds. The bath rooms and lavatories are those which were used in the original hospital, and, although not of the latest pattern, are serviceable and sanitary. A pulley from the ceiling over the bath was an arrangement worth noting. There is a fine, well-equipped theatre on the top floor, and the hospital is fitted with the now indispensable X-ray and massage rooms. As it is to be a primary hospital, there is no doubt but that all these departments will be in constant use.

The ward kitchens were particularly good and commodious, and each boasted a convenient gas-cooking stove.

The Matron—Miss Windermere—was trained at

Guy's Hospital, where she worked for many years in Bright ward. She was recently Night Sister at the Fishmongers' Hall. The nursing staff further consists of four Sisters, four Staff Nurses, V.A.D. probationers, and voluntary help. The kitchen is in charge of voluntary workers.

The Matron is happy in the choice of her uniform, for she has inadvertently hit upon the colour of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons.

On Thursday afternoon, September 7th, the staff had the privilege of each inviting a friend to tea and to informally inspect the newly-equipped hospital. We wish complete recovery to every sick hero who enters this hospitable home.

It is always a matter for congratulation when a hospital can be secured for our soldiers, as it is far less costly than adapting schools and private houses, and the work can be much more conveniently organized.



MISS WINDERMERE ON RIGHT.

An officer writing from France, whose letter is published in the *Times*, says:—

"The French people have started their harvest and, my word how the women do work. From dawn to dusk they slave in the fields. Their energy seems endless, almost like those slim-looking *percherons* that drag their primitive-looking carts. To me it is marvellous what this type of horse will drag, and the extraordinary stamina they possess. They seem to do about twice the work that our great Shire horses do, and

yet they look as if they would drop to bits. There is no doubt about it—these French peasant women possess remarkable courage. I watched them cutting grass in a field which was well within the firing zone, and I saw two "crumps" come down in the field they were working in; but they just went on as if nothing had happened. The other day when I was up at the gun I passed by a woman in a field tying up a cow's leg. I asked what was the matter. She replied, 'O, ce n'est pas grave, Monsieur, ce n'est qu'un éclat d'obus.' ('It is nothing, sir, but a shell splinter.') Apparently a shell had fallen in the field in which the cow was grazing and wounded it slightly; yet the woman did not seem to think it was anything peculiar that it should be hit by a bit of shell."

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