

will keep her busy until one o'clock, when she again reports herself and goes home.

"By a clever system of cards, the Lady Superintendent knows absolutely everything that each member does, and at regular intervals sends a report of each girl to the St. John Commandant. Another shift of members works in the afternoon. In this way an enormous number of visits can be paid with entirely satisfactory results. One St. John member in Birmingham has paid as many as 157 visits in one month.

"The work is arduous, and there is no glory attached to it; but for the woman who really wants to help her country at this moment of stress there can be no manner of doubt that this is one of the very finest ways of giving herself to national service."

The Scottish Women's Hospital has been presented with an X-ray wagon as a memorial to Edith Cavell. It is almost a year since the "Scottish Edith Cavell" Fund was started by Miss Etta Shankland, Greenock, to commemorate the name of Nurse Cavell. The committee decided that in the meantime this memorial should take the form of help for the wounded. Eight "Edith Cavell" beds have been named in hospitals at the front. The wagon was presented by Lady Dunlop, and Miss Mair, in accepting the gift, said the wagon would make a tour of Scotland.

A contemporary publishes an article, for the *bona fides* of which it vouches, written by a Master of Arts and University Lecturer in Science, who, with a knowledge of ambulance work, volunteered for this duty as soon as war broke out. We do not wonder that he has headed the article describing his experiences "Charwomen in Trousers." We are sorry that he was so unfortunate in the members of the nursing profession whom he met. He writes:—

"No doubt many hospital nurses closely approach the poet's ideal. But there are others, and I had the ill-luck to meet with quite different types to the 'ministering angel.'

"The nurses, one and all, were very superior beings in their own estimation—they were certainly snobs of the first water in ours. They were effusively polite to doctor, and very attentive to the more 'interesting' patients, but they evidently agreed that orderlies were so-called because they existed to be 'ordered' about. The doctor occasionally paused in his rounds to speak a kindly word to us; but they always promptly came along and took him away, telling us afterwards that we had no right to waste our time speaking to the doctor."

The writer gives amongst other samples the following illustration:—

"One morning, shortly after my arrival, I was bidden to blacklead a ward fire grate. The Sister knew quite well that it was my first attempt to clean a grate, and as a good fire had been burning

all night she knew that the bars must be frizzling hot. But when I had finished she snapped out, 'If you call that clean I don't; do it over again and be quick about it.'"

After applying for a transfer, the writer found on his request being granted that he was to go to a hospital governed by a Colonel R.A.M.C., and that there was a staff of real charwomen to do the work, so he "shook hands with himself over his good luck."

But, alas! he found himself out of the frying-pan into the fire. "The Colonel was a charming gentleman and a good surgeon, but practically destitute of the business capacity and knowledge of men required to run a hospital. As he was often absent on other business the hopeless muddle that pervaded every department of this institution was chiefly due to the incompetence of the Quartermaster, surely the stupidest man that some trick of fortune had jockeyed into so responsible a position."

The writer describes how, when in charge of the linen store, he was sent for to receive an infectious fever case, and when, taking an armful of the new patient's clothing to the disinfectant, was ordered to return at once to his duties amongst the clean linen without even time to wash his hands.

But the last story reveals not only stupidity and inefficiency, but callous brutality.

A poor, dragged woman with a baby in her arms, weary after a long journey, came to see her husband, of whose dangerous illness she had been notified. The writer states:—"As it was not the correct visiting hour I had to ask the Quartermaster's permission to admit her. He came with me to the door and spoke these gracious words: 'Well you're Mrs. Smith, and you've come to see your husband, have you? You can go and see him—he's in the mortuary across the yard there.' It seems the poor fellow had 'gone West' a few hours before."

Several thousand French women have recently been drafted into the French military hospitals, to help with the nursing of the sick and wounded; and owing, no doubt, to the necessity for the utmost secrecy in the conduct of the campaign, the military authorities are much more strict in permitting the entrance of foreigners, even from the countries of Allies, into the war zone. Great offence has been given by the publication of a book by an American woman, criticising without any sympathy French hospital methods; and such lack of good feeling and tact injures the estimation in which all foreign nurses are held by the French Service de Santé. The result has been to prohibit American and English nurses being employed in a large new hospital in the war zone financed by a rich American, which is to contain 1,200 beds. What a disaster for the poor suffering soldiers who appreciate with so much gratitude the skill of thoroughly trained nurses; but we cannot wonder at the just indignation of the French.

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