

things, just arrived. We are delighted, and so are the authorities at the hospital, and needless to relate, the patients.

Everything will be most useful and will greatly add to the comfort of the men; the little cushions and air-pillows I was especially delighted to have, and they are now well employed easing aching arms and legs.

It is these little extra comforts that one never finds in French military hospitals.

The lovely warm pyjamas, handkerchiefs, socks and slippers are also all most welcome, likewise the beautifully warm coverlet, and the bundles of dressings.

Our doctor seems never to have heard of the Sphagnol moss dressing advertised in the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING, but is now quite keen to try it.

The last few days we have been very busy, as a train-load of wounded arrived, and filled up every spare bed.

I find my time fully occupied as I have all the dressings to prepare and sterilise now, in addition to my other work.

We have just managed to get a steriliser, and none too soon, as the packets of sterilised dressings were all used up and there were no more to be had.

However, we manage very well now, and are quite proud to be able to sterilise our own.

With kind regards and very many sincere thanks.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

H. M. G.

The President of the Corps, the Vicomtesse de la Panouse, has also sent a splendid consignment of comforts to this hospital.

CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

What are you going to do for the sick and wounded on Christmas Day? Are you going to give up something so that they may have more? We hope so, and feel sure the majority of our readers have already thought out their little plan. Those working in hospitals have every means at hand for adding comfort, gifts, good cheer and service—so they ought to be very happy people. But there are others outside our hospital gates, and they must look twice before spending money on themselves. Every penny we can spare should be spent somehow to help others less fortunate than ourselves. We once knew an apparently charming person who gratified every wish. She would show you a fur coat or a diamond star or a casket of sweets, and then by way of excuse explain: "I fear I am a greedy little person, but I do so enjoy giving myself a little present now and then—that was a birthday present, and that was a Christmas box, and that I had when Teddie was born, and that when poor mother died," and so on. On one inclement night we wanted to borrow an extra wrap—we faced the elements in her maid's waterproof! Those were pre-war days; let us

hope the value of fur coats and diamond stars and baskets of *bon bons* will find its equivalent in parcels sent to our weary ill fed prisoners, and to our defenders on sea and land, "grub," books, warm clothes and hospital comforts, and to the poor near by—they are always near by if one peeps round the corner—superfluous tennies, so that no free and healthy woman will enjoy giving herself little presents this Christmas time.

Sir Edward Ward writes that, owing to the bad weather, the demands from the trenches for knitted comforts for the troops is almost overwhelming, and he hopes that the finished articles will be sent at once to the nearest depot. Somehow we don't seem to notice women knitting in public places or even at home so often as heretofore; indeed, at a woman's club last week, where we spent a couple of hours, we did not observe one woman working for the troops or the wounded. Papers, gossip, tea, dinner—again gossip, and no clicking of needles. We refuse to conclude that it was the result of lack of sympathy with our brave boys at the front, that tongues appeared more active than fingers; but the fact remains that many women were wasting precious time, and this when Sir Edward Ward has told us that the demand for knitted comforts in the trenches is almost overwhelming. Let us remember the admission of the great Napoleon: "I may have lost battles, but I have never lost a minute."

The Editor of this Journal will be pleased to forward to the nearest depot warm shirts and knitted comforts sent to her at the office, 431, Oxford Street, London, W.

H.R.H. Princess Alexander of Teck, who is President of the Fund for providing medical and other comforts for the troops stationed upon our coasts for home defence, has made a donation to the Fund of sufficient Bovril to supply 5,000 men.

Subscriptions or donations will be gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer of the Fund, Mrs. Fairclough, 9, Moreton Gardens, London, S.W.

Those who wish to send books to the sick and wounded in hospitals and on hospital ships, should address them to the War Library, Surrey House, Marble Arch, London, W. Don't forget they are urgently needed—and what a relief they bring to men mentally and physically tired. "Fine physic," the Matron of a war hospital said the last time we handed her an armful of good 7d. novels. The monthly magazines are also in great request.

The Y.W.C.A. Hostel for relatives of wounded soldiers just opened at 74, South Audley Street, W., is an indescribable boon for the mothers and wives of wounded soldiers after a long journey. They receive a warm welcome, a simple meal, and a comfortable bed. They can stay there without charge for three days, and after that time 6d. is charged for a bed and 8d. for a dinner. During last week about 94 women passed through the hostel. The Y.W.C.A. has opened in France six similar hostels.

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