

CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

The Queen has accepted songs which Mr. Henry Dexter Truscott has written and published on behalf of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors, Regent's Park, in which Her Majesty takes a keen interest.

It has been decided to close for the present the Fishmongers Hall Hospital for Officers, which has done so much good work.

Mr. John Leigh, of Beech Lawn, Altrincham, who has already given the John Leigh Memorial Hospital at Altrincham to the British Red Cross Society, as a hospital for wounded officers, in memory of his father, has presented to the Government a large house at Brooklands, near Manchester, as a hospital for non-commissioned officers and men suffering from neurasthenia arising from shell-shock. He will also maintain the hospital for five years.

Mrs. Little, widow of the late Dr. David Little, of Congleton (Cheshire), has given the estate known as Bank House, Congleton, to be used as a home for disabled soldiers. The property includes a house and 25 acres of ground.

The Russian Military Authorities have expressed warm appreciation of the work of the unit at Ismail in Southern Russia sent out under the Joint War Committee in charge of Dr. Clemow, and have conferred medals on the Sisters and Orderlies, and Orders on Dr. Clemow, Dr. Hime and Dr. Hind.

The medal of St. George, "for bravery," only given for help to wounded in the field or under fire, was given to each of the Sisters, in view of their help to the victims of recent air raids. Medals "for zeal," with the ribbon of St. Anne, were given to the Lady Housekeepers; medals also "for zeal," with the ribbon of St. Stanislaw, for the Orderlies.

The Order of St. Anne, 3rd Class, was conferred on Dr. Hind, that of St. Stanislaw, 2nd Class, on Dr. Hime, and that of St. Anne, 2nd Class, "with swords," on Dr. Clemow.

THE REPATRIES.

The special correspondent of the *Times* at Zurich writes:—

The number of French civilians from devastated districts who have returned through Switzerland to France up to the present exceeds 230,000. Day after day the trains come through. I have just witnessed the arrival of the 476th. And day after day, since the tide of miserable humanity began to flow, at all the stations on the way—at Schaffhausen, Zurich, Berne, Lausanne, Geneva, and wherever else the trains stop—and at any hour of the day or night, a crowd of Swiss people have met those trains and done their best, by food and gifts and cheering words and singing, to express their sympathy with the passengers. . . The organization is perfect and the systematic relief

of the *repatriés*, civil and military, has become a disciplined habit.

The incident which happens nearly every day of the week at Zurich station seems to me one of the most pathetic that I have met during the war. I do not weep readily, but on this occasion I was on the verge of breaking down twice, and there were more wet eyes on that railway platform than I have ever seen at a funeral. And this, it seems, was a particularly "cheerful" train. Its freight this day consisted of 77 old men, 280 women, 75 children, 40 babies under four, and 4 dogs. Their homes were in the neighbourhood of Rheims, but for what seemed to them many years they had been living at Namur. Their homes, of course, have long ceased to exist. But they have not lost everything they possessed. When, after the train had been emptied and disinfected, I walked through the carriages I saw in the luggage racks all that remained to them after the Germans had done with them. Over each seat was a small bundle, containing, in a rug or blanket, something that the refugee had felt could simply not be left behind. Sometimes it was a clock, often a broken toy; one grandmother had brought merely the six umbrellas of the family. Not all the passengers were able to alight. The oldest woman that I saw was 93. But in the previous train there had been one of 99, who confidently asserted her intention of living yet two more years, in order that she might see the final destruction of the Boche who has robbed her of all she had in the world.

Escorted by young women in snowy white, those who could walk—and many walked stiffly enough after their two days and two nights in the train—were taken to the large refreshment hall and fed. While they revelled in bread and coffee there took place one of those singular inquiries, in which the Swiss Red Cross has been astonishingly successful, as to the whereabouts of missing soldiers and civilians from the evacuated districts. No fewer than 10,000 missing people have been heard of up to date. Then, while the babies, yelling lustily for their mothers, were washed and clad by half a dozen young Zurich ladies in an empty Swiss hospital coach, their elders were led across the street to the precincts of the Museum and there supplied with all kinds of clothes. The supply of clothes has become a serious question, for, of course, the people of Zurich have emptied their wardrobes long ago. Parties are hard at work throughout the country; but there is a great dearth of suitable materials.

What a happiness and privilege for trained nurses, when opportunity offers, to be able to help these poor people upon whom has fallen the full horror of the war, which we in this country have been spared. When illness, acute or chronic, is added to their other troubles their case is pitiable indeed, unless there are skilled and tender hands to minister to their needs.

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