

## APPOINTMENTS.

### LADY SUPERINTENDENT.

East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell, E. 1.—Miss A. M. Coulton has been appointed Lady Superintendent. She was trained at the Children's Infirmary, Liverpool, and at Guy's Hospital, London, and has been Sister at the Children's Hospital, Liverpool, and Surgical Night Sister, Out-Patient Sister, and Assistant Matron at Guy's Hospital.

### MATRON.

Ear and Throat Hospital, Edmund Street, Birmingham.—Miss Annie Strachan has been appointed Matron. She was trained at St. Helen's Hospital, and has been Assistant Matron at the County Hospital, Lincoln, and Matron at the Wallasley Cottage Hospital.

Hospital for Paralysed Sailors and Soldiers, Nottingham.—Miss M. R. Ward has been appointed Matron. She was trained at St. Pancras Infirmary, and has been Matron at the Cottage Hospital, Bushey Heath.

## A SUCCESSFUL SALE.

Judging by the crowds of buyers around the stalls the sale at No. 1 Hospital, Camberwell, for funds, in support of the workrooms, on December 15th, should have been a great success. Indeed, a member of the nursing staff was overheard to say that it was, in her opinion, the best sale that has been held since the hospital has been opened. Quite early in the afternoon the stalls were almost depleted of their wares. Raffles were in full swing and most attractive prizes were knocked down to the winners, amongst whom were several patients. A great many of the articles exposed for sale were the work of the officer and men patients. Tanks, engines, a country cart driven by a countryman and pulled by an aggressive steed, were some of the clever wooden toys fashioned by them.

St. Bart's furnished a stall of needlework. Models of the Christmas cribs were a novel feature, with thatched exteriors and plaster figures. These were selling at very moderate prices. It was a busy scene, this sale, and the scarlet bands on the Sisters' tippets made vivid splashes of colour here and there. Tea was served at the reasonable figure of 6d. a head, the tariff reminding the customers of war rations.

A substantial sum was realised, and patients and staff who had worked so hard for the success of the sale were rewarded by the results, which we are glad to hear were most satisfactory.

## THE INSTITUTE OF MASSAGE AND REMEDIAL GYMNASTICS.

We regret to hold over the important report of the Annual General Meeting of the Institute of Massage and Remedial Gymnastics at Manchester on December 7th, which has only reached us as we go to press.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### "THE ADVENTURES OF AN ENSIGN."\*

Among the many war books that have been written, we venture to think that none carries greater weight of conviction than does this volume under our consideration.

We feel, as we peruse its pages, its simple truth, which has neither overdrawn nor diminished from the many aspects which the officer on active service experiences of life to-day. We also feel that it has materially added to our imagination of those experiences, so graphically and yet so simply are they related. The author reveals himself as something more than a gallant officer, though on that point he is silent; he can wield a pen with as much distinction as a sword. But we hasten to quote from his own words.

Throughout, he tells his narrative as that of "Our Ensign." It opens on Waterloo Station, and closes when he is struck with a mighty blow "on the field of honour."

He points out that Ensign is a colloquial term, denoting a second lieutenant in the Guards.

"Thank goodness we're not conducting a draft."

Thus our Ensign, as he stood on the platform at Waterloo, to his fellow-traveller, indicating with a jerk of his head a flushed and heated youth, heavily laden with pack and equipment, who was chivvying a party of men to the train.

"Probably we should get to the Front quicker, if we were," said his companion, gloomily. Waking and sleeping, the lad was haunted by the fear that the war would be over before he could get to the firing line. Ere three months had passed, that eager spirit was swallowed up and lost in the murk and reek of those very guns for whose summons he had so impatiently listened.

Whee—ee—ee—oo—oo! plunk!

A rushing noise, as of great wings beating the air, a reverberating crash like the slamming of an iron door blended with the sound of jangling glass, of spluttering wood; then an unfamiliar high-pitched cry, "A—a—ah!" followed by a mechanical chant on a rising key as it passed from mouth to mouth—"Stretcher-bearER."

The sky seemed full of odd noises. Every minute or so the new arrivals heard the long drawn-out whistle of a shell, cut short on its rising note by the crash of the explosion. Concerned mainly with the fear lest the other should notice that he "had the wind up," our two young Guardsmen hastily pulled their kits out of the train, and, leaving them where they fell upon the platform, made for the station hall.

Here is a description of the night before a great attack.

"The officers dined together in the dug-out at 7.30 that evening—a very friendly and very business-like party of men.

\* By Vedette. (London: Blackwood & Son.)

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