

trained nurse as my private assistant, and naturally, when the hospital was opened, my private assistant, Miss Sinzininex, became its Matron, and formed the nucleus of the team. The advantage of always having the same skilful assistant is not only a great saving of wear and tear to the surgeon, but tends to smoothness and quickness in the operation, and so directly benefits the patient. Whatever success has been attained here is, in great measure due not only to the tactful management but to the surgical capabilities of the Matron."

This Magazine is beautifully printed on the quality of paper which the soul of the literary Editor loves, but, alas! which is now so difficult to obtain. We feel sure the 600 officers who have passed through the hospital will value a copy of this Christmas Magazine as a memento of, as Queen Alexandra writes, "the loving care bestowed upon them."

IN NEED OF A VISIT FROM SANTA CLAUS.

The voluntary hospitals of Great Britain owe more probably to King Edward VII than to any monarch who has preceded him on the throne. The wounded naval patients in the King Edward Ward of the London Homœopathic Hospital certainly had reason to be grateful to his late Majesty for the good time they had this Christmas in the ward bearing his name, where, in spite of the terrible strain of war, the Christmas spirit was well maintained. Great credit is due to the Nursing Staff for the time, trouble, and—in many instances—money they expended on giving pleasure to the 170 naval and civil patients who are prevented by illness from being among their friends. On Christmas morning, the Nurses went carol singing round the wards, and, following the usual custom, presents of useful articles of clothing were given to the adult patients and toys to the children. These gifts were provided by the many friends of the institution, headed by the Countess of Donoughmore, Lady Perks, the Misses Barton, the Ladies' Guild, the Board of Management, the Medical Staff and many old supporters of the Institution, so that no cost falls on the Hospital funds. Perhaps, the happiest people in the building were the children in the Queen Alexandra Ward. The usual Christmas Tree (smaller on account of war economy) occupied a prominent place in the ward. Incidentally we may mention that it is the moving spirit in this Hospital to "make good" for the national welfare no less in time of war than in peace. A large proportion of the medical staff is serving with the Colours. A staff of some fifty fully-trained Nurses have been sent for naval and military service, and some have experienced the torpedoing of their hospital ship. The Senior Surgeon has been engaged in France two years in charge of a large hospital for the sick and wounded of the Allies. The Homœopathic Hospital at Neuilly—under the aegis of the French Red Cross—has throughout been administered by a Committee sitting at the London Homœopathic

Hospital. The Admiralty has accepted the service of this, the largest homœopathic hospital in Europe, and nearly 1,000 naval casualties from the Battle of Jutland, from the Mediterranean and elsewhere, have already passed through the wards, receiving surgical and medical attendance. The hospital is thus a war charity, as well as a house of healing for the civilian population, whose requirements are more urgent than in peace time. Under the double strain the finance of the Hospital has been severely stressed, and its condition urgently requires a lightening of the load.

A RAID NIGHT AT A CANTEEN.

(IN MORE SENSES THAN ONE.)

My night at the busy station canteen and a raid in progress! Shall I be able to get any conveyance to take me there after it is over? How short-handed they will be, for there will be other helpers in the same plight as myself! Arrived there an hour late. Just as I thought—very few overalls to be seen, but the hut crowded with men in khaki, who are hung up from the same cause. I make a dash at the sink, where dirty crockery is arriving at an alarming rate. "Never mind the washing up; see to the counter." I attempt to see to it. "Horlick's milk and two cocoas, Miss." "Four sandwiches and a bun." "Three cups of coffee, M.L." Something in broad Scotch from a tired lad that I cannot understand. I have endless orders for sausages and eggs. "I hope I shall not be asked to eat sausages for a long time after this," says the exhausted but patient lady at the gas-stove. "Could someone cut some sandwiches?" and if you had time, would you wash out some tea-cloths? The tea-cloths must hold out, for another batch of men swarm in—more Horlick, more Oxo, more coffee; and, alas! for the lady at the gas stove, many, many more sausages and eggs. The night races along, somehow or another the tables get wiped down and even the tea-cloths washed; the dream of clean knives, however, was never brought to fruition. And steadily, all the time, went first a treble voice and then a bass, "246, 247, 248, this way, Miss." Steaming eggs and bacon are plumped down before the hungry men and the counterfoil secured. "Four o'clock? it can't be possible!" "Two coffees and five cakes, Ma." Seven o'clock! Aching back and feet hail the hour, though the spirit would have gone on indefinitely. Seven is the hour for the morning shift to appear. Can I go on till they arrive? Seven-fifteen! the raid has upset so many of the helpers that only two turn up. The hut still full of men. No help for it. Much, much worse in the trenches. "What's for you?" "Four coffees, two buns and a sandwich."

Sausages and eggs for four! Poor lady at the gas stove! Well, there isn't a raid every night, and we left clean tea-cloths after all. But the knives! Alas! for our spotless reputation!

H. H.

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