

Once more we quote Mr. Douglas:—
 "Why does this letter leave us, as a mother has beautifully said, 'strangely comforted.' I think it is because it is the letter of a happy hero. There is no sadness of farewell in it. The boy's face in it shines transfigured in a kind of rapture. Surely he is the incarnation of Wordsworth's 'Happy Warrior.'"

A correspondent of the *Times* states that "one of the saddest fruits of the war has been the revelation it has produced of the nature of German women. Allied to this has been the disclosure of the character of the German Red Cross. German women have behaved to British wounded—not in isolated cases, but in many hundreds of cases, systematically and of set purpose—with a brutality which a few years ago we would have thought incredible in any women with white skins." When the testimony of men released from German prison camps has been properly compiled and sifted it will make a monument of German shame which will stand as a warning to the world for generations.

"It was the common amusement of these Red Cross women to tempt our men, who were in the last extremity of hunger and thirst, by holding food and drink out to them to try to make them snatch at it, and then drawing it away. Men who begged for a drink had it tendered to them, and then, at the last minute, the 'nurse' would spit in it, and laughed aloud when in their extremity the men drank the defiled stuff. The equally common entertainment with these women was to offer a wounded man a glass, perhaps, of water, then standing just outside his reach pour it slowly on the ground.

"The essential fact about the German Red Cross is that it is the Red Cross only in name. In reality it is nothing more or less than a branch of the German military organisation for the glorification of German arms. . . . The German Red Cross has prostituted the sacred sign and shamed its name. It has forfeited all right to be regarded as an organisation of humanity."

THE REINCARNATION OF JEANNE D'ARC.

Ten women and girls belonging to Madame Botchkareva's battalion, who were wounded in the fighting on the Smorgon and Krevo front, have arrived at Petrograd. Madame Skrydlova, Madame Botchkareva's lieutenant, who was wounded, is being treated at Vitebsk. Only about fifty out of two hundred women in the battalion were unscathed. Twenty were killed and eight taken prisoners, the remainder being either seriously or slightly wounded.

What a lesson to the misguided men who betrayed their country by refusing to fight! Let us hope the patriotism of these splendid Russian women will shame them into realising their national duty. Every girl carries a ration of cyanide of potassium in case of capture.

THE GROVE MILITARY HOSPITAL, TOOTING GRAVENEY.

By AN INTERESTED VISITOR.

This hospital is a practical illustration of effective adaptation. On February 12th, the transformation took place, when a large fever hospital became a much larger military hospital, and that without any structural alteration—an example of what can be accomplished by good working brains and efficiency, of which we have had many during this war era. So liberal must have been the cubic space allowed to each fever patient, that it has been possible to allot almost two patients to the space formerly occupied by one, and that without any crowding or inconvenience. The former provision for 537 patients has now been stretched to accommodate 1,000. Lieut.-Col. Goodall, the medical officer in command, explained to the writer on a recent visit that the fever cases had fallen to much below normal, owing possibly to the wet summer, and that, in consequence of this great decrease, the Metropolitan Asylums Board were able to comply with the request of the War Office to hand over the building for its present use. In these abnormal days, we feel a distinct diffidence in calling upon hospital officials, especially if it happens to be a very wet and inhospitable day. Nevertheless, a most kind and cordial welcome was accorded the writer by the two busiest and most responsible people of this great building, or, strictly speaking, group of buildings, namely, Col. Goodall and Miss Browne, the Matron; the latter sacrificed much of her valuable time in conducting her visitor round and explaining many interesting details.

The hospital is divided into three corridors; there are eight blocks to a corridor, and each block contains ninety beds. Besides the accommodation for the patients, seven blocks are devoted to the use of the staff; five for the use of the nurses, each containing forty to forty-five single rooms. The two other blocks are occupied by the 120 maids, comfortable cubicles being provided for each of them. The nursing staff numbers 132. At present there are vacancies to fill, and nurses desiring a happy and useful experience in a military hospital would do well to offer themselves. Every care and consideration are given both to the patients and staff. The visitor is impressed by the thoughtful arrangements made for the comfort of sisters, nurses, and servants. All have their well-appointed sitting-rooms and dining-rooms and sick-rooms—the nurses, in addition, have a delectable "winter garden," in which to recline! The kitchen of a great hospital is ever a delight to behold, and the enquiring visitor naturally asks whether the nurses receive training in the gentle art of cooking. The Matron is herself a qualified cook, and naturally desires that they should be granted facilities for instruction. After the war she will probably see the fruition of her hopes. At present apparently all are too busy. The dispensary is

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