

matter. We went to France last autumn on a bit of useful and somewhat exhausting war work. In crossing to Havre we occupied a cabin so placed that all night long overhead men tramped, and baggage of some description was bumped and banged over our defenceless head. It wasn't pleasant, but it was war time. We had a ticket for that particular cabin so naturally suffered in silence. Upon recrossing a month later we took precautions in Paris and secured a cabin more amidships.

At Havre the Red Cross officials did all in their power for our comfort, and, after the soldiers, we with several tired Sisters (one from the Italian front on a five days' journey) were passed through the passport formalities with not too much delay, but we noticed that two titled Society V.A.D. workers were passed by proxy!

Upon handing our cabin ticket to the purser he scanned it, referred to his book, and said, "Oh, there has been a mistake," and handed us a ticket for another number.

It is our rule never to make selfish fusses in war travelling; we accepted the inevitable and proceeded to the number indicated, when we found ourselves again in that last cabin, and bang, whack—the turmoil had already begun!

This was too much, so taking a peep in our original cabin—a nice, quiet little retreat—we deposited our belongings where they had a right to be and proceeded to interview the purser. We politely refused to change cabins and endure another sleepless night. We invited an explanation. We required to know who, and how many persons, were to occupy our rightful space. The good gentleman became confused. He caved in, gave us a ticket for our original number, and we retired to roost, a little *intrigué* as to who was to occupy the bunk overhead. (In an American train it might have been a man.) Presently our companion arrived. We conversed. She was the lady's maid of one of the titled and privileged Society V.A.D.s. This lady, who wished her as near her own cabin as possible, presently bounced in without knocking, and was somewhat nonplussed to find a strange female comfortably reclining where she had a right to be.

After she had put "her lady" to bed (and it took an hour) the maid returned. We had a terrible crossing, the poor woman suffered tortures (maids always do), so perhaps after all the bumping baggage would have been preferable.

There are morals two. Our Society women should not be permitted in war time to clutter up the overcrowded boats with personal attendants, and snobs should not be permitted to inconvenience genuine workers to add to the personal comfort of these *poseurs*. It is well we should see ourselves as others see us; let us hope these remarks may save the exploitation of some tired war worker in the future. We have heard of quite a number crowded out of cabins altogether. For the extra comfort of vain and idle women, why should the real workers be inconvenienced? We see no valid reason.

## CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

Fulham Palace, which has been lent by the Bishop of London, is being opened by the Freemasons' War Hospital Committee as a military hospital. The Matron is Mrs. M. Fox Symons.

Miss Eva Parmeles and Miss Beatrice Macdonald, American nurses, are to receive the British Military Medal.

The Casualties Department of the War Office for all ranks other than officers has been removed from Alexandra House, Kingsway, to Finsbury Court, Finsbury Pavement, E.C., where all inquiries should be made.

Under the terrific shell fire that has been going on at the Western front others besides the actual combatants in the fighting line have been tested to the uttermost, and eye-witnesses bear eloquent testimony to their valour. The gallantry of our transport in bringing up ammunition could not have been surpassed. Runners and stretcher bearers, as always, have shown perfect heroism, and officers of the Army Medical Corps have worked indefatigably under fire.

The London Committee of the French Red Cross has just received a donation of £1,000 Five per Cent. War Loan Bearer Bonds from Mr Arthur Hawley, "in recollection of many happy days spent in France."

Many hospital friends will be glad to know that Captain J. C. Muir, R.A.M.C., attached Durham Light Infantry (Medical Superintendent of Whipp's Cross Road Infirmary, Leytonstone), who was officially reported missing on March 21st, is now unofficially reported to be a prisoner and unwounded.

Princess Christian visited Teddington on Saturday and opened the new Red Cross Hospital in Manor Road. There are forty-six beds, and the institution is ready for immediate occupation.

The Hague correspondent of the *New York Times* reports that the treatment of prisoners in Germany is as bad as ever, and that it is established beyond doubt that prisoners are employed behind the front and under shell fire in defiance of the Hague Agreement of 1817. The Americans, like the British, are being most inhumanly treated. Four thousand men were sent from a Westphalian camp to within 30 kilometres (19 miles) behind the front, where the guards ran away to escape the British shrapnel fire. The state of the prisoners coming from the big Somme battle the first week in the present month was deplorable. Their wounds had not been dressed in many cases for more than ten days. Owing to lack of dressing their British comrades bandaged their wounds with old towels and shirts.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)