

HONOURABLE MENTION.

The following competitors receive honourable mention:—Miss E. S. Lewis, Miss A. M. Burns, Miss P. Thompson, Miss J. Evans.

QUESTION FOR NEXT WEEK.

What are the most important things to observe (a) in bringing up a child from birth till it is a year old; (b) from a year to five years old?

NURSING AND THE WAR.

The following ladies were awarded the Royal Red Cross by His Majesty the King on Saturday last. They were afterwards received by Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House:—

THE ROYAL RED CROSS.**FIRST CLASS.**

Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service Reserve.—Assistant Matron Amy Holmes. Territorial Force Nursing Service.—Matron Maud Leslie Martin.

SECOND CLASS.

Territorial Force Nursing Service.—Sister Rachel Smith.

Civil Nursing Service.—Matron Agnes Douglas, Matron Hannah Robinson, Matron Margaret Spittal, Matron Marion Tayler, Matron Catherine Tracey, Matron Jessie Wingfield, Sister Elizabeth Shaw, and Sister Mary Wilson.

British Red Cross Society.—Matron Mary Richards and Sister Phyllis Waterland.

Voluntary Aid Detachment.—Miss Jeanie Fitzpatrick, Miss Nora Fitzpatrick, Miss Elizabeth Maskew, Miss Maria Mumford, Miss Marie Rose, Miss Agnes Simpson, Mrs. Jane Smith, Mrs. Blanche Spence, Mrs. Elizabeth Tweedale, Mrs. Louise Vaughan, Miss Isabel Wakefield, Mrs. Isabella Walker, Mrs. Williamina Wallace, and Mrs. Louise Wilson.

The whole civilised world is convulsed with horror at the latest German devilry—the bombing and murder of wounded men and their attendants—in our hut hospitals at the base in France. Those of us who have seen the acres of tents and huts—distinctly marked with the Red Cross—know that this latest diabolical crime was as deliberate as it is accursed.

Mr. Philip Gibbs, in the *Daily Telegraph*, sends us a wonderful report of this “very dreadful and damnable thing.” He writes:—

“It was a tragedy of the most frightful kind, and by the work of those airmen—whatever their excuse—the German people have stored up for themselves one more cause of hate which after the war will close them round like a high wall against which the spirit of their race will beat in vain unless there is great mercy in the

world. In many of those hospital huts of ours, in nearly all of them, were badly wounded men—men with open wounds filtered by running water, men with broken limbs suspended in slings and pulleys, men so hurt that any touch or jar makes them quiver with pain. That night the hospital orderlies who had been tending them all day were mostly in their own sleeping places; only the night nurses and attendants were in the wards, moving quietly about, keeping watchful eyes on their patients, listening to that sound of breathing which tells them so much about the state of each sufferer—bending over a bed here or there to shift a man's pillow, or to say a word of comfort to one who could not sleep. Then suddenly there was a noise of those German engines before the crashes which followed and broke the windows.

“The German flying men dropped a very great number of bombs, and each one burst into the midst of these huts. A third of the bombs were of the largest size, which made enormous explosions and left great craters in the earth. The others were smaller shrapnel bombs, which swept the wards with bullets. They did murder on a big scale. They killed many men who had escaped from death on the battlefield, and from these beds looked forward to life again. They killed many hospital orderlies who had devoted themselves to the service of their fellow-men, among whom after each battle there are German soldiers getting the same treatment as our own and the same kindness. They killed and maimed women, whose uniforms should make them sacred in this war. The total of killed and wounded runs into some hundreds.

NURSES' CALM HEROISM.

“I am told, and I do not need to be told, because I have seen the courage of these women in an air raid, that the nurses were heroic and beautiful in their devotion to their wounded. Near by were bombproof shelters, but not one of them left her post to take cover. Throughout the raid, which lasted in two phases for two hours, they moved up and down the wards encouraging the patients by their words, attending to the gravest cases, lingering by the bedside of men whose nerves were agitated by this tumult and menace of death, and not showing any faintness of heart, however great their secret terror of this dreadful thing above them. There were brave hearts there in those hospitals, but no courage can cure the cruelty of this scene of blood and agony which is part of the devilish drama of war.”

On the same date, Sunday, May 19th, a determined raid was made on London. Here bombs narrowly escaped the murder and mutilation of the sick in their beds. Every window in one hospital was smashed, and from all sides we have the same reports of the splendid courage of the Matrons and nurses during these hours of terror to sick and helpless people and little children.

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