

trades, and Mr. F. G. Kellaway (Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Munitions) has stated that without this new and unsuspected reservoir of labour "the Germans would by now have won the war." "So wide is the scope of women's capabilities that a prominent engineer has expressed his conviction that, given two more years of war, he would undertake to build a battle ship from keel to aerial in all its complex details, entirely by women's labour."

Other workers referred to are Mrs. (now Dame Katherine) Furse, Lady Perrott, R.R.C. (V.A.D.s); Commandant Damer Dawson and Mrs. Carden (Women Police and Patrols); Miss Lena Ashwell, O.B.E. (Concerts at the Front); H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, the Hon. Lady Lawley, G.B.E., and the Countess of Gosford (Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, which has despatched over five and a quarter million garments abroad); Miss Edith Holden, R.R.C. (Matron, 3rd London General Hospital); Mrs. Gaskell, C.B.E., and the Hon. Mrs. Anstruther (Supply of Literature); Miss Lilian Russell and Miss Alice Brown (Hostels for the relatives of the wounded); Miss Dorothy Mathews and Miss Ursula Winser (Women's National Land Service Corps); Miss Evelyn Lyne and Miss Madge Greg (rest station duty); Mrs. Leach (Women's Legion); Mrs. Graham Jones (Women's V.A.D. Motor Ambulance Unit); Miss G. Shaw (Chief Inspectress of Canteens); Mrs. Harley (Scottish Women's Hospitals); Miss Ethel Rolfe (Women Acetylene Welders); Lady Lugard (War Refugees Committee); Miss Christobel Ellis (Head of the Motor Branch of the W.A.A.C., whose portrait is reproduced on page 7; and Mme. Brunot and Miss Marion Mole—who opened Mme. Brunot's house at Cambrai as an Ambulance in August, 1914, when the German army poured through the place and a battle raged in the streets in front of it—are types of a multitude of steadfast workers.

Lastly, Mrs. MacLaren writes: "To the nurses of the war, it will be admitted by all, belongs the crown of women's war service. Their ranks contain many heroines whose names and deeds will never be chronicled; but their selfless devotion, their courage, their unquestioning acceptance of any risk, and their willing sacrifice of personal comfort, health, even life itself, will stand for all time in the proudest memorials of these tragic years."

### DIFFICULTIES IN PRIVATE NURSING IN INDIA.

The nurse in India who makes up her mind to nurse in orthodox Indian families must be well up in the superstitions and customs prevalent in the different castes, otherwise she is likely to offend unconsciously. When a nurse just commencing private nursing is sent to nurse in an orthodox Hindu or Parsee house, her troubles begin. She goes on duty with an

idea of worry, "I wonder what it will be like," and she soon finds out. I will give you an instance:—

Sent to nurse B., a case of phthisis. Two doctors in charge. Hindu by caste. Aged 26 years. Very wealthy. Locality crowded part of city. On my arrival at the house, find the entrance door closed. Knock. On hearing a sound, turn around, when I find dozens of eyes on me. They want to see me first. When they know they have been observed, they back into the rooms. At last someone says, "Come in," and the door is opened. I have been passed. Room fairly large and well furnished. Patient on bed. Linen on bed and patient of the finest, but crumpled and dirty to look at. Wonder why? Later on find out that every article sent to the wash must be re-washed by the attendants in the house, and this is the consequence. Surrounding the bed are relatives and friends. I may mention patient a woman. Near the bed, on the floor and on the tables are sputum cups. (These particular ones are made of brass, and shaped like arum lilies.) Friends and relations chewing pan supari. (Pan, a green broad leaf about 4 in. by 3 in., supari an astringent nut; with this they put such ingredients as cloves, slaked lime, tobacco, catechu, &c., hence the mouth and lips become a disgusting red. This concoction causes an increase of saliva, therefore the clearing of the throat and spitting every few minutes by these people, and the need for so many sputum cups.) No chance of them going, even if asked to do so. If one goes, two take her place, and you are never alone. They are all eager to assist if permitted to do so, but usually sit and stare at the sick person and watch your every movement without a word.

Husband, a broad-nosed, good-natured man. Comes into the sick room at intervals. Sits on a well-cushioned easy-chair. Immediately he enters the room a hamal (man servant) runs in with the hookah or hubble-bubble, a peculiar kind of pipe, which holds a receptacle of water. When the air is pulled in by the smoker, it sounds like hubble-bubble. This is a pipe somewhat like that smoked by the Persians. The tobacco used is a smelly kind. When you first smell this, you feel you are in a closed chimney and want to fly, but, like everything else, one gets used to it.

Two hamals (male servants of all work. They clean, dust, sweep, wash, run errands, and do any odd jobs required of them), are placed at my disposal. Occasionally patient spits on floor, window, or bed-clothes. No idea of cleanliness. Hamal wipes sputum off articles

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