

of the United Kingdom, but from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Ceylon, Singapore, Trinidad, Mauritius, Newfoundland, Malta, Gibraltar, and elsewhere.

The French War Emergency Fund, the headquarters of which are at 44, Lowndes Square, London, has an admirable system of ascertaining the needs of the hospitals. A group of ladies in the provinces of France, with a supply of motor cars at their disposal and chosen for their knowledge of the French language and French ways, have a headquarters at some central point of the region they serve. Each of these delegates visits all the hospitals in her region, interviews the Médecin-chef, the heads of the *Pharmacie* and the *Lingerie*, and talks to the nurses; she is thus able not only to bring away a precise list of what each hospital requires, but to form an independent opinion of its merits as well as its needs. The lists of requirements are submitted to a special committee at Lowndes Square; and if the committee is satisfied that the need is real and urgent, precisely those things are packed and despatched forthwith.

For "The Story of the Hospitals" in detail we must refer our readers to the book itself. We would fain quote from it, but pressure on our space forbids, and many of the details have from time to time been already related in this Journal

THE DAY OF AN ORDERLY.

A most interesting chapter is that on "The Day of an Orderly." We commend it to Matrons and Sisters. They may, perhaps, see the vocation of orderly from a different view point henceforth.

One of the duties of the orderlies is to take stretchers to the wards and carry the patients to the operating theatre. The orderly writes: "Forty-eight hours ago, perhaps, or less, this man was lying out on the churned and shattered slopes of the Mort Homme or Côte 304. . . . I marvel at their fortitude and elasticity. . . . The men we are getting now are mostly Territorials, between thirty and forty in age, who have been flung into the furnace of Verdun. And splendidly have they quitted themselves. These solid, sunburnt, quiet men—no light weight on a stretcher—seem to belong to the very core of the nation which so indomitably and tenaciously is holding the gate of France against the colossal blows of the German armies. They are taciturn, with gentle voices; but they will stand to the last for 'all they have and are'; they will flinch from no suffering or calamity to save their beloved country. It is for them mere matter of course; yet they hate the war. . . ."

"Almost all, as soon as they are under the anaesthetic, go back to the battlefield; and you will hear sometimes the yell of the charge—'Courage, les gars! En avant, la baïonnette!'—and the soldiers, hearing the cry ring out through the window, will listen with a kind of fascination. 'That's just how it is when we attack,' they will say."

The orderly thus concludes a modest and most interesting record: "Having set down these common tasks which make up the orderly's day, I feel half ashamed at proffering so trivial a record, when the real work of the hospital, the work of the doctors and nurses, who have not only hard labours to perform with their trained skill, but endless anxious responsibilities, is the story that ought to be told. Alas! I have not the knowledge for the telling of it; I have only boundless honour and admiration for them and their wonderful work. We orderlies have glimpses only of what that work means, what lives it saves, what suffering it alleviates. We see rather the human side; yet that is my excuse for these pages, since I hope they may reflect something of the qualities of the Poilu whom we love, as we have learnt to know him in his hour of trial and suffering; gentle in speech, courteous in bearing, constant in fortitude, fervent in the faith of his country's cause."

THE CANTEENS.

A very important and valuable branch of the Red Cross work done by the British for the trench wounded is that of the canteens. Quite early in the war, we are told, an organization for providing canteens for the refreshment of the sick and tired soldiers was set on foot in Paris by a patriotic Frenchman, called 'L'Œuvre de la Goutte de Café.' It was on a small scale on account of the limited funds available; but the first canteens which it started were so greatly appreciated and so obviously needed that the founder of the Œuvre and his wife, whose hearts were very much in the work—looked about for means to extend it." The Présidente of the Comité Britannique was appealed to. She had a great desire to further the work and it occurred to her that here was at once an outlet for the enterprise and enthusiasm of Englishwomen who wanted to serve France in some way and yet had no specific training or qualification, and a golden occasion for furthering the friendship of the two countries. So it came to be arranged, by mutual consent, that the Comité Britannique should undertake the setting up of additional canteens, and should provide their *personnel*. The work they have done has been invaluable.

The Algerian Arabs, we are told, especially appreciate the coffee, as most of them keep strictly to their religion and never drink the wine which is served out in the barrack rations. The most pathetic men are the Senegalese, as they understand very little French, and seem to be like little children, drawn into a vortex which they do not understand. Like children, though, they are made very happy by very small things.

Elsewhere in the book the story is recalled of a Senegalese found wandering stark naked by a corporal, who proceeded to arrest him. "But it is all right, said the Senegalese, "we have had leave to go out in *musti*."

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