

A CRITICAL CASE.

The charming picture by Sergeant George J. Coates, which we publish by the courtesy of the Editor of the *Gazette* of the 3rd London General Hospital, surely indicates that with such a doctor and such a nurse, the patient is in the best possible circumstances for making a good recovery. We could wish that nurses were more often depicted as they are—neither angels, nor born to the halo—but just ordinary women, intent on their work and determined to use all their trained skill and to concentrate all their will power on pulling the patient through.

the people can scarcely realise their good fortune. Where I am billeted one said to me yesterday: 'It is splendid to wake up in the morning and feel we are with the French again, no fear of the day before us, and to be able to sleep at night without the horror of knowing that the house is full of cruel men telling us daily they are our masters and all belongs to them. We often said that if the Allies did not gain the victory it were well that we should die.'

"I have been working at the Citadel, a garrison prison, which was rapidly organised to receive the thousands of prisoners who passed through this town after the signing of the Armistice; they all



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FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

"The war is over," writes one who has worked valiantly for the French; "our work in France is almost finished. We are ready to come home, and yet I think most of us hesitate to leave this country where we have worked, lived and suffered, and are now rejoicing because the glorious dead have not died in vain, and because thousands of mutilated men have achieved what they set out to do. It seems almost impossible to believe that the flow of wounded has ceased, that the cannon are silent; and that the enemy is no longer at his cruel work, burning houses, stealing property, and making the old and the young scatter before them. We are in a town in the hands of the Germans for four years;

told me the same tale, how they had suffered with hunger, how they had been overworked and beaten by their cruel task drivers for the slightest reason, and they all bore testimony to the martyrdom of the British. 'You see,' they said, 'the Boches blamed the British for the "Blocus," so they starved them in consequence.'

"It was a great joy and consolation to do a little for the brothers of others, as I had just received the news that my own brother died a prisoner in Germany four months ago—as far as I can gather of cruelty and starvation—and we were expecting to welcome him home after the Armistice was signed.

"Just now I am nursing some of the last wounded of the war."

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