

## HOSPITAL WORLD.

In celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Alexandra's patronage of the British Home and Hospital for Incurables, Streatham, a special appeal is being made for £30,000 to pay off the debt incurred during the war.

Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, has consented to attend the garden party in connection with the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, which has been arranged for Tuesday, June 12th, at St. Katherine's Lodge, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park.

A note of warning was sounded at the annual Court of Governors of St. George's Hospital. The report set out the fact that the expenditure during the year was considerably in excess of income. "Unless, therefore, an additional amount of at least £25,000 per annum can be assured," said the report, "the time will arise when it may become necessary greatly to curtail the hospital's efficiency, or even to close it."

The Minister of Health announced in the House of Commons that the total number of deaths in England and Wales from all forms of tuberculosis in 1922 was 42,777, or an average of 117 per day.

The resignation of the Premier owing to a breakdown in health has given the nation an opportunity of assuring him of its sincere affection and entire confidence. With Mr. Bonar Law at the helm of State, people of all Parties knew that its affairs would be directed with kindly and honourable consideration. The Nursing Profession, if called upon, will render him any devoted service in its power, the while wishing him speedy restoration of health.

## OUTSIDE THE GATES.

The Queen has always taken a warm interest in the welfare of the Women's Colleges; they have been greatly encouraged in their up-hill work of raising an Endowment Fund by Her Majesty's donation of £100. It is to be hoped that this example will be quickly and widely followed.

The National Council of Women are going to hold an International Week in the first week of July.

The National Council has also arranged that its annual conference, to be held this year in Edinburgh, will take place from October 16th to 22nd. The main subject under discussion will be "The Call of the Child," and among the speakers will be the Duchess of Atholl, who will open the discussion on "Children on the Stage"; Sir Leslie Mackenzie, M.D., who will speak on "The Health and Psychology of the Child"; Lord Murray on "Child Adoption"; Lady Salvesen on "The Discipline of Amenities"; and the Rev. J. Harry Miller on "The Delinquent Child."

## AN EXPERIENCE IN A FREE STATE.

At the moment that it happened I was undoubtedly on my way to commit a grievous crime by "Free State" law. My deep coat pockets were full of incriminating material, one packet alone sufficient in itself to warrant sentence of death.

A Republican nurse, on her way of healing, carrying bandages, instruments, and that accursed thing a First Field Dressing.

So low has the "Free State" Government in Ireland sunk. The mere possession (by a Republican) of a bandage of lint, of a morsel of cotton-wool, above all of a First Field Dressing, convicts its owner of "aiding and abetting" the Republicans. And the penalty of the way of healing is, by statute passed in the "Free State" Parliament—death, if it so please the military junta.

Some facts are almost incredible.

Our well-furnished little dressing station in our hospital at Ballincoona, of which some of you know, and where we proposed to tend with equal love the wounded of both sides, had long been raided by fierce, drunken, foul-mouthed "Free State" troops; beds, blankets, mattresses, bedding, china, furniture, dressings, drugs, instruments, looted, nuisances committed throughout the place. By persistent tracking and hunting, our column doctor and First Aid man had been captured.

It was my turn.

As the lorry, motor and armoured car, topped the hill above me, a shout went up—my name—they had recognised me. I hurriedly remounted my bicycle. If I could reach the dip of ground ahead I might puzzle them, and yet bring comfort and healing to those in need.

"Halt! Halt!" I was outdistancing them. Then the shooting began: first rifle, then machine-gun fire—one, two, wide; three, four, five, nearer; six, spattering the gravel to my right; seven, a pang and numbness through my right leg; eight, my bicycle crumpled, the handle hitting me full in the chest. I was down, and feeling by instinct for my first field dressing. Very free hæmorrhage just below the popliteal artery, but venous only; four wounds in all.

Our good village doctor probed and dressed the leg, and I inquired of the officer in charge, "Am I a prisoner?" "No; picked up wounded." "Then I can go where I like." "Certainly not; you are a prisoner." "I give you notice that I am on hunger strike."

Well, you know what the first night after bullet-wounds is like. Add to it that water was refused me until the morning, after twenty-four hours, despite the doctor's urgent request. In the middle of the night (I was lying in an inner room) a soldier came in, struck a light, found my chamber, blew out the match, passed urine at my bedside, and replaced the chamber just below my nose.

Some time the next day, a "Free State" medical officer brought the ambulance, and removed me thirty-two miles to Cahereiveen. The ambulance was old, the roads bad—you can imagine the rest. But whilst in Dr. Carney's care I was treated with-

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