

Another Sister and I have the theatre and have been kept quite busy, we have had an amputation of an arm and lots of bullets have been extracted. They all seem very plucky, I think they feel lucky that they are alive after all they have gone through.

We usually leave Southampton one day, embark patients at Boulogne the next, and disembark at Southampton the following morning, after doing all their dressings and making them as comfortable as possible. We take it in turns to do night duty—two at a time, so our turn only comes once a week and there is always a steward up to see to our meals. We are all agreed that we are in clover. Never in my wildest dreams have I imagined anything so delightful. Our cabins are quite luxurious only two berths in each one and lots of room for our things. The owner, Mr. Loeffler, is most kind and thoughtful, he has provided us with rugs, coats and rubber shoes for the deck.

Earlier in the war, we read about the barges, which are fitted up quite comfort-

ably for the wounded, and travel slowly down the rivers. This is a very easy way of progress, and the nurses can attend well to their patients who benefit by the fresh air and slow motion.

There are also the many fine hospital ships, owned by the British navy and which are staffed by the Royal Navy Sisters, that is, Queen Alexandra's Naval Nursing Service, and the Reserve of that Service. These are very comfortably fitted up, both for patients and nurses. There are, too, ships fitted up and presented by private people, and many yachts, and splendid work is being done by these in so quickly getting the wounded who are at all fit to move out of danger.

American Women's War Hospital

A letter from the Matron of the American Women's War Hospital, Devonshire; a nurse trained in Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, is of great interest showing the attitude of the American nurses to those they had come to help. Miss Fletcher writes that after having started the Hospital with an English staff, two American units arrived at different times, each with their own supervisor, one the head of all the naval nurses in the United States, and a very capable woman. She remained at the Hospital as Night Superintendent, and although Miss Fletcher offered to resign with all her staff and leave the Americans in charge they would not hear of it. This shows an admirable spirit, and the fact that all has gone so harmoniously shows great tact on all sides, and that personal advantage and importance has been entirely sunk in the interests of the work.

Miss Fletcher says it has been a great opportunity, and she would not have missed it. "The unfurnishing of a great house and the equipping of it as a very up-to-date hospital, in which no detail or expense was spared. Lavatories, bathrooms and ward kitchens were run up at every corner of the house, that met with the hearty approval of the military authorities who were sent to inspect. We are doing good work. Our first batch admitted was 130.

Yesterday 100 were admitted, filling all available beds; 40 of them cot-cases (that is stretcher cases)."

"We had a very successful Christmas for the soldiers which they very much appreciated; said they had never spent a nicer one in their lives."

"We have had six or eight admissions altogether. I have lost count of the number who have already passed through our Hospital, but a good number. It has been very interesting. The men are a very fine lot, and whatever one has against war there is no doubt in any of our minds that it brings out the very best there is in men. These men are unconsciously splendid. They have faced big things and it has left its mark—and when one hears that the morale of the men is good we understand what it means when they come in—all so cheery and fit. I can't tell you how impressed the Americans are with it, and so am I for the matter of that; but it does me good to see the Americans appreciate it. The Americans candidly admit that their army does not produce men like ours. You cannot help liking the Americans for their frank appreciation of all they see which they consider better than their own."

The above is written by a fellow probationer of the Editor's, not met for 20 years.