

The Common Cause

OF HUMANITY.

The Organ of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies.

LAW-ABIDING.]

Societies and Branches in the Union 561.

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With the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals in France and Serbia.

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MRS. HARLEY (sister of Sir John French) chatting with patients in the sheltered garden of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies Scottish Women's Hospital at the Abbey of Royaumont, of which she was for some time administrator.

Our Hospitals in France.

The idea of organising hospitals for foreign service, staffed entirely by women, originated with Dr. Elsie Inglis, Hon. Sec. of the Scottish Federation of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies. It was taken up with enthusiasm by the Executive of the Federation and by the Executive of the whole Union. Appeals were issued in the press, which met with a ready response, and large sums were subscribed by the Societies of the Union and by sympathisers from every part of the United Kingdom.

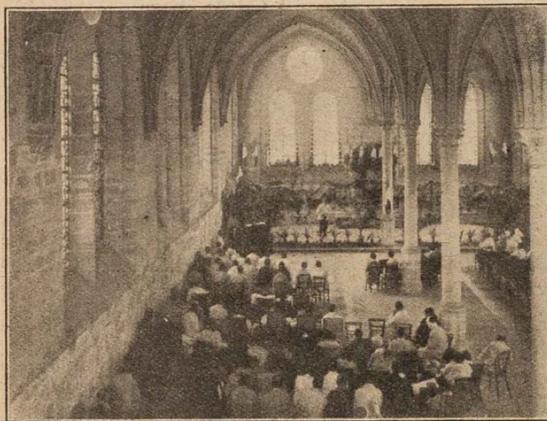
The authorities in Glasgow were approached, but stated that the services of women doctors were not yet required in British hospitals abroad. Our Allies, however, welcomed the offer gladly, hospitals staffed by women having already done valuable work in Paris, Boulogne, and Antwerp in the early days of the war.

NURSING ENTERIC AT CALAIS.

Before arrangements had been fully completed for the establishment of the first unit of the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals, an appeal for two doctors and ten nurses was received from Dr. Depage, the eminent Belgian physician, and Dr. Hutchison went to his assistance in Calais, where she and her nurses were kept very busy with cases of typhoid, of which there was a severe epidemic among the Belgian troops. A little later, Dr. Hutchison was put in charge of an annexe of fifty beds, devoted to enteric, which earned the distinction of having the lowest death-rate from enteric of any hospital in Calais, and representatives of the British Red Cross who visited it were most complimentary about its arrangements. Before long, the epidemic was stamped out, and when Dr. Hutchison and her Unit left they were given a most enthusiastic "send off," an address of thanks being given by grateful patients.

THE ABBAYE DE ROYAUMONT.

It was at the Abbaye de Royaumont—the use of which was obtained through Madame la Vicomtesse de Panouse, President of the French Red Cross—that the first complete unit of the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals was established last December. This beautiful building, founded by Blanche of Castille, the mother of St. Louis, dates back in part to the 13th century, and had been uninhabited since the nuns were turned out ten years before. Its vast, airy halls were admirably



A concert in the Monks' Refectory. Dilly, inimitable comedian, keeps his audience in fits of laughter.

suited for wards; but the whole place needed a good deal of modernising before it fulfilled all the requirements of an up-to-date hospital. An advance party, under Mrs. Owen as administrator and Miss Cicely Hamilton as clerk, found plenty to do. The Abbaye contained no stoves, no coal, and no hot water system—no modern conveniences, indeed, of any kind, and until their equipment arrived, the party had to sleep on the floor, as there were no beds.

Labour was almost impossible to get, and it was some time before electric light and stoves could be installed; but the plucky advance-guard performed wonders of cleaning and decorating; the rest of the Unit—under Dr. Ivens—soon came to their

rescue, the equipment arrived, and by the middle of January the huge vaulted halls were all white and spotless, transformed into most comfortable wards, with rows of cosy little beds, covered with cheery red blankets. The wards occupy two wings of the Abbaye, overlooking the cloistered quadrangle and old-fashioned gardens, while in a convenient position on the first floor are the operating theatre and X-ray chamber, the sterilising, linen, and bandage rooms, all thoroughly well equipped.

In due course, the Medical Authorities of Creil, the principal distributing station for wounded, paid a visit of inspection, and expressed approval, being particularly delighted with the X-ray apparatus, which was the only installation for many miles round. Royaumont was then formally recognised as "Hôpital Auxiliaire 301," under the French Red Cross. The inspecting officer was much struck by the practical nature of the equipment, and most complimentary to the British women who had "even thought of providing tooth-brushes for the soldiers." Unfortunately, the wounded began to arrive before the hospital was in full working order, but the staff proved equal to the occasion. Miss Cicely Hamilton gives a graphic account of one of the early days:—

"We began with a misfortune connected with a pump or a turbine, or something of that nature, the result being the temporary disappearance of the greater part of our water supply. On the top of this, came an urgent operation, and while the staff was struggling with the hot water difficulty, boiling it and carrying supplies to the theatre, a telephone message from Creil announced that a motor-load of wounded had started and might be expected immediately. On top of this, five officers arrived in full fig, to pay their respects to the community. I had to represent the community—as everyone else was occupied with the wounded and the water—and to entertain them in the sitting room in the intervals of providing tea for them in an otherwise empty kitchen. However, all ended well; the wounded were washed and stowed away, the operation successfully performed."

Very soon everything was running smoothly, and Royaumont speedily gained a good reputation in the district, both among the local medical officials and the patients, who have always shown themselves very grateful for the care and comfort with which they are surrounded. They are often a strange medley—French men of every type, Turcos, Zouaves, Senegalese, and—on one occasion—a little Japanese who had come over from America at the beginning of the war and became attached to the French Aviation Corps at the front—but all alike soon feel at home in the motherly atmosphere of Royaumont.

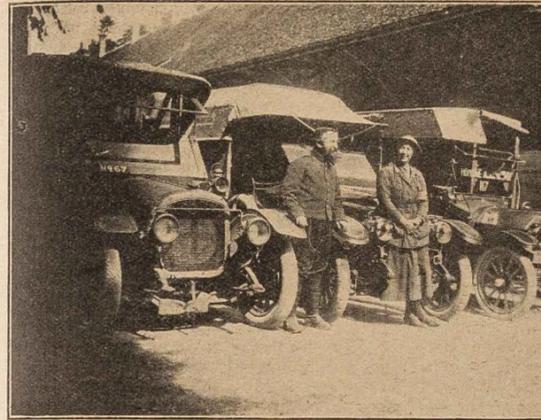
A military hospital, entirely staffed by women, naturally is the object of much interest, and visitors are numerous. Officers in the neighbourhood make a point of calling, and the arrival of Mrs. Harley, as administrator, in February was welcomed by a round of visits of ceremony. Much hospitality was also shown to the Unit, though invitations had frequently to be declined owing to the pressure of work. These amenities were governed by a very strict etiquette. At one luncheon party Miss Hamilton was somewhat embarrassed at being asked to marshal the guests in their order of precedence, so that the most important members should sit next to the officers highest in rank. "I shuffled out our four doctors to the best of my ability," she says, "into the seats esteemed the most honourable, and explained that any mistakes as to their relative grandeur were due to me, and not to our punctilious hosts. The Commandant made a little speech about our country and our services to the French army, and it really was most interesting and delightful. Frenchmen do these things so well."

A kindly interest in the hospital is taken by General Joffre, who on one occasion sent an aide-de-camp with a gift for the men. The officer arrived in the middle of an entertainment, and made a very complimentary little speech, telling the origin of the gift. A traveller, passing through the district, had left 1,000 francs for the wounded of the neighbourhood, and General Joffre had ordered three hundred to be sent to Royaumont. The staff was very pleased at the Generalissimo's compliment in remembering the Women's Hospital, when there were so many others in the district, and Miss Ivens—the head doctor—was delighted to be able to distribute the sum among the men as they went out.

Space allows of an account of the early history of the hospital only. Royaumont still keeps up its reputation, and at the present time the staff is very busy. Originally providing accommodation for 100 beds, it afterwards, at the request of the authorities, enlarged to 200 beds, and over 1,300 patients have been admitted.

M. M.

Scenes at Royaumont.



Waiting for the wounded. One of the Royaumont girl chauffeurs with the Car "Vauxhall," presented by the County of Cornwall.



A group of patients in the Millicent Fawcett Ward, with Sister Maxwell and Orderly Harley (General French's niece).

Open-air treatment is one of the special features of the Royaumont Hospital, and has had most satisfactory results. In the cloisters and sheltered gardens, and on the terraces patients can sit in the open air even on cold days, while in warm weather convalescents can be seen enjoying the sunshine in every part of the spacious grounds, which contain magnificent trees, sunk rose gardens, and a little lake, in which the men delight to fish.

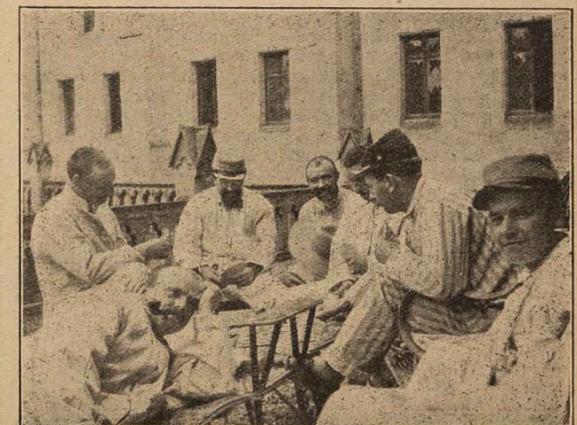


An al fresco meal.

The central picture shows all the men of the Marguerite d'Ecosse and Jeanne d'Arc wards who are fit to get up taking an al-fresco meal under the trees outside their wing. The fine-looking veteran at the head of the table is Paul Héram, aged 57, a volunteer (stretcher bearer), occupant of Ascot W.S.S. bed. The tall man in a kepi on his left is Cosnean, of the Engineers, occupant of the London W.S.S. bed.



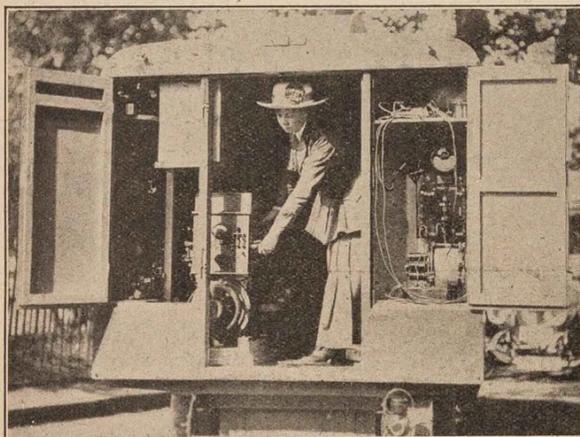
General Michel, Madame la Générale and Professor Pinard (Vice-President of the Comité de Direction de l'Office central d'assistance maternelle et infantile) visiting Royaumont.



Some of the wounded from the "Elsie Inglis" Ward on the Terrace above the Cloisters.

The X-Ray Motor Ambulance.

Our hospital at Royaumont has been enabled greatly to extend its sphere of usefulness by means of the X-ray car—the magnificent gift of the London Society for Women's Suffrage—which is in charge of Mrs. Agnes Savill, M.A., M.B., of Harley Street. An X-ray apparatus is too expensive an installation for every hospital at the front to afford. It is extremely complicated, and must be in the hands of an experienced operator, who understands the methods of using it to the best advantage, and who must have practical knowledge of anatomy, to make a report of value to the surgeon. The great advantage of the X-ray car is that it can visit the small hospitals all over the country, which are unable to keep their own apparatus. Thus the wounded men are saved much needless and long drawn out suffering, the information gained by the X-ray examination enabling the surgeon to decide quickly, without the patient having to wait many weeks, or months, in prolonged pain and suspense.



When a wounded man reaches the hospital, the surgeon makes a brief preliminary examination, and if this leads him to think there is what is technically known as any "metallic foreign body," in other words, a bullet or a piece of shrapnel, buried in the tissues, he calls in the aid of the radiographer, who finds the exact position of the "foreign body" and reports the result to the surgeon. In the majority of cases this simple X-ray examination is sufficient, and the surgeon is able to operate with a surety that would be impossible without it. Sometimes, however, the simple "screen" examination, as it is called, by X-rays, is without result, and no trace of fracture, or of the presence of a "foreign body" reveals itself. Then, if the condition of the patient still leads the doctor to suspect that some such abnormality exists, an X-ray photograph is taken, for what is invisible to the human eye is often clearly pictured on the sensitised surface of the photographic plate.

It will be remembered that at the beginning of the war, excellent work was done by the X-ray car taken out to the front by Madame Curie. An interesting account of this is given by Dr. Souttar in his book "A Surgeon in Belgium."

"When the car," says the writer, "arrived at any village, all the surgeons brought to her the difficult cases that had puzzled them; all spoke in enthusiastic terms of the benefit bestowed on the poor suffering soldiers by her visit, with its practical work of diagnosis, and the resulting progress of the patients."

"It is difficult indeed to realise how war surgery could possibly be carried on without the penetrating beams of the X-ray," writes Dr. Savill, who is being kept very busy visiting different hospitals near the fighting line. "Pathetic scenes occur in our X-ray department—men in agony of mind lest they should have to have a limb amputated—their relief being proportionately great when the X-ray examination reveals that it can be saved."

"Vêtements."

A Department of the Hospital which is much appreciated by the patients is the Vêtements, which is described by a correspondent as follows:—

"Picture the weary men arriving after twelve miles' drive

in our ambulances, and, after being refreshed with hot soup and cigarettes in the hall, being conducted to a great vaulted ward with church windows, into any one of which we might stow away a little English village church quite comfortably. During their passage through the hall we seize upon their baggage and accoutrements, and label them—and the French soldier carries enough stuff on his back to clothe a regiment. Sometimes he has lost it all before he reaches us; but he is wonderfully tenacious, the citizen soldier of France, and, as a rule, the pile of baggage is enormous. As the men are bathed and put to bed, their uniforms and underclothing are placed in numbered sacks and hauled up by a block-pulley to the fifth storey, where our vast attics are. Time was when they went up on my back. We have to thank the ingenuity of the youngest member of the Hospital staff, Miss Hope Gamwell, who is now driving a motor-bathing establishment up nearer the Front, under the Belgian Army Service, for the pulley. . . . The next morning we sort out the sacks, mark and send the soiled linen to the wash, collect the men's treasures (pipes, tobacco, love letters, war trophies, and the like), into little parcels, put out the torn things for our mending heap, and store the sacks in numbered order in one of what Royaumont calls 'garrets.' We could put a row of our modern villas into our big store-room. The men's outdoor clothes go into a separate attic, where they hang from the good old rafters in a current of fresh air, and everything is numbered and entered up in our alphabetical record—grown from a penny notebook into a full-blooded card index! The next stage is the mending. A wonderful Frenchwoman, Madame Fox, the wife of an English resident in our village (Asnières-sur-Oise), undertakes the mending of the washed linen. We ourselves tackle the uniforms, with the noble assistance of Mrs. Hacon, an N.U. worker well known in the Shetlands, through whose ingenuity I have seen the 'veste' of an artilleryman minus half a sleeve, made into a wondrous garment with warm woollen cuffs—all because there was nothing in the world to mend it with but a pair of navy blue bed-socks, and an old scarlet sock to repair a breach made by shrapnel in a pair of infantryman's trousers!

"Indeed, we are earning a good name for this Women's Hospital for turning out our men not only mended in body, but repaired in equipment. They say the men from Royaumont are recognisable by their healthy red cheeks and their clean, good clothes. It is a real pleasure to see the wounded man's face when he sees his kit, washed and renovated, folded ready for him to wear."

V. C. C.



Queen Natalie of Serbia on the right;
Princess Ghyka on the left.

A ROYAL VISIT.

A little time ago Royaumont was honoured by a visit from Queen Natalie of Serbia. With her came Princess Ghyka, of Roumania, who is about to start a hospital of her own at Biarritz, and wanted first to have a look at Royaumont. Her Majesty stayed several hours, made a thorough round of the hospital, and was kind enough to express to Miss Ivens her approval of Royaumont and what she saw there. We were given to understand that her interest in the hospital arose from the fact that it was "manned" entirely by women.

Our Hospital at Troyes.

One of the highest tributes paid to the efficiency of the work which had already been accomplished at Royaumont, was the urgent request of the French Military authorities to the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals, in the summer, that they should establish another hospital at Troyes, which is one of the principal stations for the reception of the wounded from the firing line. It was decided that this hospital should be known as the Girton and Newnham Unit, the past and present students of these colleges having contributed the magnificent sum of £1,800.

The hospital was fortunate in getting Mrs. Harley, who had been for some time at Royaumont, as administrator, and two of Scotland's most brilliant women doctors—Dr. Louise McLroy and Dr. Sandeman—as senior surgeon and senior physician.

An innovation was made in the case of this Unit, for it was decided that it should be under canvas. Preparations soon went forward rapidly, and before very long the staff was housed in the Chateau de Chanteloup, and the beautiful park and grounds proved an ideal situation for the 200 tents which were put up. The military gave every assistance, and we are told by Mrs. Harley that "General de Torcy paid an informal visit, and was much pleased with everything; it really was most satisfactory.

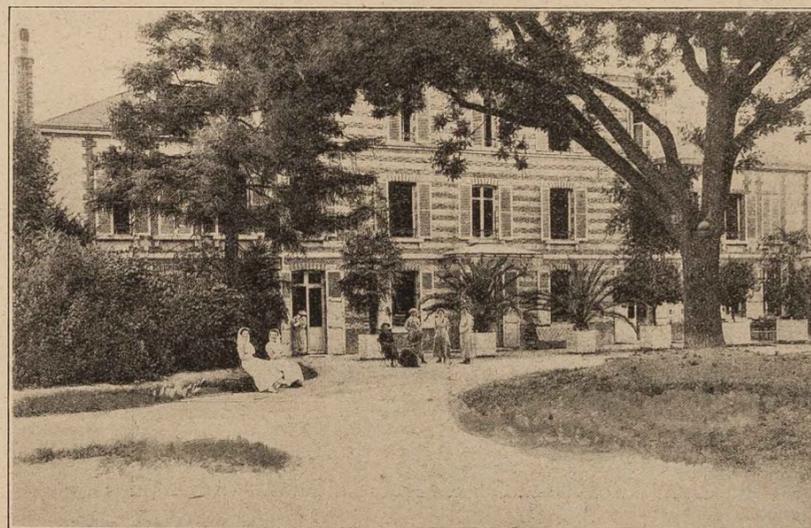
nothing is lacking. We are coddled, feasted like little princes by the devoted sisters of great Scotland; which will shorten the duration of our illness.

"For our amusement we possess a gramophone with a good repertory sending us almost every day English and Scottish songs very superior to ours; in particular—'Highland music to dance to the Reel.' Very much appreciated here.

"I am very grateful to you."

At the beginning of August Mrs. Harley wrote:—

"Our first evacuation took place last Saturday, when we sent off twenty men to convalesce in the South of France. There was a 'train d'évacuation' leaving Troyes on that day. The men had a great send off from Chanteloup, the staff and those of their comrades able to leave their beds assembling at the front of the house to bid them good-bye and good luck. Each man had a packet of provisions given him for the journey, and cigarettes. It was quite touching to witness their gratitude for the care they had received during their sojourn in the hospital, and it was a work of difficulty packing them into the ambulances; over and over again they would turn back to shake hands once more with one or other of the staff who had cared for them. Some of us went to the station to see them settled into the train—an enormously long one, containing between five



Quarters of the Administrative Staff, Chateau de Chanteloup.

As we went over the grounds he kept on saying we had room for more than 200 men."

On June 9th the hospital, which works directly under the military authorities, was formally opened, and, being the first tent hospital started in France, caused a great deal of excitement in the neighbourhood. Everyone was anxious to know all about the hospital, and we are told that at first it was thought that the Unit was to nurse British soldiers. "The surprise and delight of the townspeople was quite touching," says Mrs. Harley, "when it was told that we were here to take care of their soldiers. In order to avoid an invasion of curious sight-seers we were obliged to issue cards of admission to those who are genuinely interested, and to keep a strict guard over the gates to hinder unauthorised people from overrunning the place."

Soon after, the work of nursing began, and the Girton and Newnham Unit was recognised to be thoroughly efficient in every respect.

"We have now just about 50 patients," writes Mrs. Harley, on June 20th. "They are all so pleased here. They have nicknamed the chauffeurs who bring them in as 'the good angels who bring us to paradise'! It is wonderful how soon they pick up in this fresh air and sunshine."

Grateful letters of thanks were received from patients:—

"Thanks to your kind gift," writes one to headquarters at Edinburgh, "I am settled down in a good bed, very much appreciated, I assure you, and which will contribute enormously to my recovery.

"But indeed it is with real pleasure that I send you my 'thousand thanks.' The installation is magnificent; in the open air, under large

and six hundred convalescents, most of them on their way to recruit in the South for a short period, and then back again to the trenches. It was depressing to think of it, but 'hélas! c'est la guerre,' and with the prospect before them of a possible few days of leave to visit their friends, they looked extremely bright and happy.

"We were sorry to lose our children; many of them are little more than lads, and, anyway, that is how we women feel towards them; but it was also a joy to send them out so fit and well. Our Uniform Department must have all the credit of their tidy and smart appearance, for they really do wonders with the clothing that comes into their hands, torn and dirty."

Two months later it was first learned that great changes were going to take place in this Unit, which, being in tents, could be so much more easily moved than an ordinary hospital, and towards the end of October Mrs. Harley, with forty nurses, left for the Near East. Before their departure the following appreciative letter was received from the Vicomtesse de la Panouse:—

MADAM,—One of your Units is about to start on a new and longer journey, pursuing your work of mercy in Eastern lands. Before they leave my country, I must tell you how deeply grateful we are to you, and all your very efficient and devoted workers. Both from Royaumont and Troyes we have heard about the wonderful skill and the great gentleness of the Scottish Women's doctors and nurses, acting like "ministering angels" for the broken sons of France. Their patients cannot speak too highly of the care taken and the kindness shown them, and everybody is very sorry your hospital should go. You are leaving my country, but you stay with her brave soldiers. I am glad they should have your care in this new campaign in a foreign country, where everything is so different from their own beloved France.

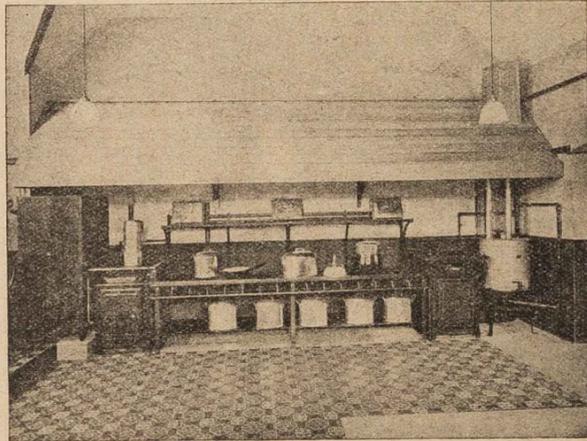
E. C.

THE EQUIPMENT OF HOSPITALS.

Nor the least pressing problem of the war has been the provision of adequate hospital accommodation, and temporary wards have often had to be opened in circumstances which demanded the utmost expedition without at the same time any neglect of that consideration of comfort and convenience which is one of the features of a modern hospital. The provision of facilities for cooking, heating, and water-heating is, of course, a matter of first import in the planning of a new wing of even the most temporary nature to-day; and the farther the wing lies from the domestic offices of the main building the greater the difficulties in the way.

MEALS MADE EASY.

Just consider cooking for instance. If it were not possible to equip a temporary "gas kitchen" at small expenditure of money, time and space, or at least to instal small gas cookers in the "serveries," the trouble of bringing meals from the main kitchen to the new wards would be enormous, and labour is scarce in these days, as everyone knows. Similarly, if the main building is heated, as is usual in hospitals, by hot water pipes fed from a central boiler fired with coke or gas the radiators in the new



THE KITCHEN AT THE ST. JOHN HOSPITAL, CHELTENHAM.

wing can only be connected up to the central turnac after a troublesome and expensive extension of water-pipes. It has been found far easier and more practicable to equip temporary buildings with independent gas-heated steam radiators and gas water-heaters of the "instantaneous" variety, thus obviating all necessity for a central water connection. The radiators are generally supplemented for occasional use with the most modern type of gas fires, which the medical profession to a man approves.

WHAT THE NURSE SAYS.

Ask any nurse in which kind of hospital she feels her duties more onerous and her patient's chance of speedy recovery less and she will undoubtedly condemn that in which old-fashioned methods reign,—where coal fires demand constant attention, entail any amount of extra labour, and in one way or another cause almost continuous noise and disturbance which is anything but beneficial to the inmates of the wards; where there are no handy gas rings to boil a

kettle for a cup of revivifying tea in the wee sma hours, where gas sterilisers are unknown and gas fires in bed-sitting rooms an undreamt of luxury.

THE DAY OF MODERN METHODS.

Fortunately, hospital authorities are beginning, and more than beginning, to adopt modern methods; and almost universally to-day are the advantages of gas apparatus making themselves known. One of the great advantages of such apparatus, perhaps more especially in temporary hospitals, is the very small space it occupies compared with antiquated coal-fired appliances. Our illustration, for instance, shows the kitchen at the St. John Hospital, Gloucester Road, Cheltenham, a building which is designed for the

total accommodation of 250 beds. It will be seen that, patients and staff together, there is a goodly number of persons to be catered for, and yet all the cooking is done for them by a kitchen staff of twelve, using, with the addition of four gas cookers not illustrated, only the simple and non-cumbrous apparatus here shown. It consists of a specially designed multiple "hot plate" with a hot plate rack (on which can be seen three meat

"dixies") between two gas cookers, which are in their turn flanked on the left by a hot chest and on the right by a double-flue boiler. The hot water necessary for washing-up purposes—and in fact the total hot water supply, which is perhaps of more importance in a hospital than anywhere else—is provided by a battery of three modern gas "circulators" fixed in an outhouse; the Tommies themselves do the washing up

EFFICIENCY FOR SALE.

This is but one of many examples which show the ease and efficiency with which gas appliances can be adapted to all the needs of a hospital. THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION, a representative and co-operative advisory body, will be glad to put the services of its experts free of charge at the disposal of any hospital authorities who may desire further particulars or advice regarding the use of gas apparatus in hospitals.

Address:—The Secretary, British Commercial Gas Association 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

[ADVT.]

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS and mention THE COMMON CAUSE when ordering goods.

Les Bagues Boches.*

It would be interesting to know what sort of picture the word "Royaumont" conjures up in the minds of those who have endowed beds here or supported the hospital in various other ways. Is it one of gloom and suffering, with the heavy dull shadow of war thrown across it? Is the foreground filled with white drawn faces, and do you imagine our men groaning in pain as they listen to the distant booming of the big guns? France is not a cheerful country just now. The tragedy and waste of war are apparent everywhere. Aged parents, young children, and the women cannot be cheerful when each home has given all its men to the trenches, and every family mourns some



Dinner Time in one of the Wards.

lost member. But our hospital is different. Its population consists of the soldiers themselves. In spite of pain and physical miseries, they are rejoicing in a sense of bodily comfort and well-being for the first time for many months; mentally they are at rest. The strain of blind underground warfare is over. The infernal racket of bursting "marmites" is gone. Every man rests secure in his bed, sure of to-morrow. The night will not rob him of comrades nor mutilate and torture his best friend. This novel sense of security and comfort has its immediate effect on the soldiers' spirits. They become schoolboys again, with their Ward Sisters for monitors. The operating theatre comes to be regarded as a sort of birch rod. Each man, as his turn comes round to visit that busy little room, with its shining instruments and its white, white walls, is well chaffed by his fellows. What is it to these men to whom the daily risk of death and unspeakable mutilation has grown monotonous? Up there in the trenches a narrow escape is a joke that varies the weariness of life.

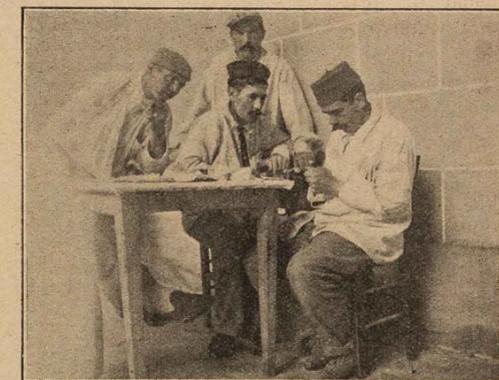
Ah non, elle n'est pas gaie
Notre vie de tranchée,
Jour et nuit à moins qu'on ne les arrête
Les marmites sifflent au dessus de nos têtes,
Et rient comme les fous,
Quand elles tclatent loin de nous,
Nous espérons bientôt pouvoir,
Quitter nos horribles tranchées.

That is the refrain of one of their doggerel trench ditties.

If a man makes what his comrades consider to be an undue fuss over treatment or dressings, he is subjected to more good humoured chaff. Awkwardness on crutches, inability to use a hand; the loss of a finger or a toe—it is all taken as a very good joke. They make fun of themselves and of each other. "On rigole toujours" explains a cheery individual on crutches, who has just been chaffing his comrade, as he is marched off to the theatre to have a bullet taken out of his arm. "To-morrow it will be my turn, and then he will have the laugh of me!" Merry children all, they have but one serious business in life just at present, and that is the manufacture of "bagues boches." Someone up in the trenches got tired of making automatic cigarette lighters out of enemy cartridge cases and spent bullets, and found out how much more amusing it was to manufacture finger rings from the aluminium used in German shells. Swiftly it has developed into an industry. Every wounded man has his little store of German aluminium in his musette or his pocket, and one in five among them possesses a

complete outfit of files, vice, emery paper and finger blocks cut from pieces of stick. Every soldier who can use his hands at Royaumont is busy making Boche rings. Sharp eyes of newcomers search the fingers of the staff. A hand undecorated by a *bague boche* is pounced upon, and the man asks expectantly, "And you have not yet got a souvenir ring?" I will make you one." They vary from clumsy circlets, roughly hollowed out, to delicate little highly polished rings, ornamented with carved fern leaves and hearts, or inset with pieces of polished French copper (which must always be placed on the top of the baser German metal) according to the skill of the maker. One would think, to watch the men at work—and they all say that it is the same in the trenches—that after the War every man in the country must become a jeweller from sheer force of habit. They are at it from the moment they get out of the wards after the surgeon's visit in the morning, till the hour when the daily batch of "sortants" takes its sad farewell of comrades and staff at the big south entrance in the evening. Souvenirs are much in evidence then. Almost every departing patient has made his Ward Sister or her assistants a boche ring of sorts. Most of them go off with something to remind them of British help and Scottish nursing pinned to *kepi* or *capote*—a miniature Union Jack, a scrap of Scottish tartan ribbon, a button with the Allied flags on it—proud to show their comrades that they have been at Royaumont cared for by the "Anglaises dévouées." (To Frenchmen we are all "Anglais," meaning "British," Scottish, Irish, Welsh, Canadian, Australian, English.)

I have a *bague boche* on my finger as I write—a plain little ring with one tragic date on it—1915. Fernandez, the left-handed Zouave, the little man of Spanish parentage, born under a hot Algerian sun, made it painfully for me in the intervals of operations on his left arm—Fernandez who could only speak the bastard French of Algeria, but who fought for France with his whole heart, and talked jerkily, as he worked, of her sorrows. He has gone now. We heard from him just after July 14th, which we celebrated with a little concert that the men themselves organised. Poor Fernandez! He wanted no "fête." As we discussed it, and he worked, he frowned. Then he growled: "Moi—pas besoin de fête. Trop de deuil en France." Yet the next day he joked with me about himself as, at eleven in the morning, he walked upstairs to his third operation; and, again at four in the afternoon, when it was over, and he was nonchalantly sauntering round the cloisters, taking an enforced



Fernandez, the left-handed Zouave, making "Bagues Boches," next him, in middle of group, is his comrade, Gerlinger—occupier of the Edinburgh W.S.S. Bed.

holiday from his eternal ring-making. Two days later he was at it again—working for five minutes, resting his bandaged arm for ten, admitting with a wry smile that it was bad luck for a "gauché" to be wounded in the left arm. Poor fellow! He is not so happy at the Temporary Hospital as he was with us.

"Jamais j'irais a un otre aupital que jamais les soins la, même chose que chez vous," he writes to me in his execrable French. "Enfin, illa rein qua prendre de la patience jusqua complete gueriz. Plus rien a vous dire bien le bon jour a toutes les Miss et Sistes de Royaumont et vous vous recevait une forte poigné de main de celui qui ne vous oublira jamais. Fernandez."

V. C. C. C.

* Reprinted by special request from our issue of July 30th.

"Liverpool and Troon."

Romance and history have always testified to the exotic growth of friendship in the midst of the cruel destructiveness of war. There is something far closer and more vital about these campaign comradeships than about the ordinary companionships and predilections of conventional life. One such has grown up here in Royaumont before our eyes.

Georges Bellais, the dominating partner, was a tram driver in a provincial town. Lemettré was a factory operative in



Douai. Both are married men, well on in the forties, with children; both had passed into the Territorial Army. Bellais did not go to the front at the beginning of the war, being kept back on the tramways which were used as transport by the Army authorities. By October, however, he had been released, and had joined his regiment, which he found in the first line trenches at Carnoy. On the 17th they made an attack, but, finding the Germans in superior force, were obliged to retire to the prepared defences of the village. Bellais, describing this reverse, remarked of the Germans, "mais ils ont été trop maladroits pour savoir me blesser ou tuer" (sic). For the next few months he lived the ordinary monotonous life of the "moles," and on March 12th was sent out with a trench-digging party. "C'est là qu'ils ont mieux réussi," he said. He was hit by a piece of shrapnel—"qui sûrement était destiné pour moi," and his right arm broken. Bellais came to Royaumont by an odd chance. He was put on board the ambulance train that used to run through Creil to Paris, from the Somme district, twice daily. His arm was torturing him, and when he heard that he was destined for a hospital in the interior, which would mean another ten or twelve hours' journey, he got out of the train at Creil, where a stop is usually made in order to distribute a proportion of the wounded in our district, marched up to the evacuation officer, and demanded that his arm should be dressed and re-bandaged. Finding that he was suffering acutely, the officer altered the destination on his papers, and sent him over to the benches in the corner of the Evacuation Hall, where the cases for Royaumont are always collected. Bellais had heard of Royaumont as a foreign hospital, and one run by women at that, and he was a little doubtful as to what might happen to him there; but he was reassured, first, by the skilful driving of the "Miss Automobile," and secondly, by the businesslike air of the white-coated surgeons. His arm was then in a dreadful state, but, as he says: "grâce à ces doctresses et ces Miss et Sisters, qui nous soignent les plaies, très bien, je possède mon bras."

Bellais was given the "Troon Burns" bed in the ward named after Mrs. Fawcett. Next to it was the "Liverpool" bed. To this bed, on April 12th, came Lemettré, with a smashed and very septic shoulder. Lemettré went up to the front at the end of August, and was plunged straight into an attack. After a very few days his regiment was transferred to the Pas-de-Calais, and placed in the first line. Here they had continual fighting, attacks and counter-attacks; but, as Lemettré says, he always had the luck to return safe and sound, though so many of his comrades were killed. Then, on March 31st, his turn came. He was at the listening post of his section, on sentry duty, when what he describes

as an explosive bullet struck him in the right shoulder. Lemettré spent twelve days in other hospitals and in being shifted to the rear before he reached Royaumont, and nowhere had they time properly to dress his wound. He also is convinced that "ces dames Ecossaises ou Anglaises" whose devotion "is so great that they merit great appreciation from the wounded and a big reward in the future," saved his arm for him. The men love souvenirs, and Lemettré has a large collection which he wears pinned all across his hospital jacket; but his best souvenir of Royaumont, he is never tired of telling me, is his arm.

When Lemettré arrived he did not worry very much about his wound. The man was miserable, however, and we asked him why. Then he told us that he had a wife and two small children to whom he is devoted (one girl so small that "she will never remember me now!") in Douai, and that he has never heard a word from them since the German occupation.

I suppose Bellais was touched by Lemettré's tragic story and the dolorous looks of a countenance that was meant to express humour. They soon became the greatest friends, and quite inseparable, but once or twice the old misery overwhelmed him. It was when Bellais's wife journeyed to Royaumont to see him, and brought with her his two little boys. His comrade's delight when he first saw them after five months separation was too much for Lemettré. But he soon controlled himself, for he did not want to spoil his friend's happiness.

Then at last the inevitable happened. Bellais had to be evacuated. It was the eve of the offensive. Our orders of the day before had been to turn out every man we could. Bellais could not be overlooked. His wound had not quite healed, but he was well enough to go to a convalescent hospital. Lemettré had just had another piece of his shoulder taken away. He could not possibly go. They had to be separated. Bellais, with something of the fatalism of the peasant, accepted the decree philosophically. "It had to be," he said. Lemettré tried to look bright and cheerful, and failed. Two Englishmen would have parted stolidly with a handshake. Not so our two *camarades de guerre*. A large crowd assembled in the hall. We generally give our *evacués* a good send-off; but Bellais was one of the old stagers, a hard and willing worker, and a favourite with most of us, so that there were more people than usual in the hall to see the men leave. After he had shaken hands with all of us, and thanked the *Médecin chef* for the hospital's care of him, he turned to Lemettré. They flung their arms round each other and kissed, Bellais with a determined smile on his face, Lemettré with streaming eyes. British people, as a rule, do not like to see men embrace each other, but there was something very pathetic about these two wounded *poilus* and their farewell. Neither was in the least self-conscious. Lemettré felt that he was losing the one friend left to him; he was *désolé*, and he did not care who knew it. Almost every day, however, he gets a letter from his *camarade*, and now and again he receives one from Madame Bellais. He has been adopted into the family.

Bellais is the richer, not only by a friend, since he came to Royaumont, but by a little daughter, a great favourite of Lemettré's. About a month before Bellais left, Madame Bellais brought the baby for him to see. They have christened her "Millicent," after the Millicent Fawcett Ward, which has been to him and to his friend Lemettré a home for so many months. One is thankful that Lemettré has found a friend and a home that will ever be open to him, for when the British get into Douai, as one hopes they will do before long, there may be ghastly news awaiting him—all the more hard to bear that his hopes of a speedy reunion have revived with a bound since the English successes near Loos. The poor fellow was like a man drunken when the first news of the Allied gains came in. To us these hard-won kilomètres of ground redeemed mean much, but to thousands of French soldiers they stand for everything that gives life meaning, for home, and family, and occupation; for they will herald the ending of long months of terrible uncertainty in blackest tragedy.

V. C. C. C.



Our Hospitals in Serbia.

Before relating the history of the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals in Serbia, it is necessary to glance back over the events which took place in the first five months of the war. It will be remembered that Austria declared war on Serbia in July of last year, and from that time until the end of November, the Austrians made three great invasions on Serbia. The tide raged backwards and forwards over the northern part of this little country, but the Serbs all the time were getting the worst of it and being slowly driven back, giving up point after point, until by November 28th they came to the last defences before Kragujevatz, which was the headquarters of the army. In the most wonderfully dramatic way, when the situation seemed hopeless and it appeared as if Serbia as a nation must be wiped off the map of Europe, the Serbian army, as if suddenly inspired, rallied all their forces, and knowing that their very existence was at stake, swooped down on the Austrians and drove them out of their country. The enemy at first began to retire in an orderly manner, taking their big guns with them, but these stuck fast in the mud and had to be abandoned. Then the retreat became a scramble and a rout. Hundreds and thousands surrendered, and thousands lay dead on the field; by December 15th Belgrade was evacuated by the Austrians, and the last of the Austrian army had crossed the Sare.

Now picture the state of the country. All the large towns in the north, including Belgrade and Kragujevatz, had been evacuated by the civilian population, half a million peasants had been driven out of their homes, and these had all gone to crowd into the southern towns, and the Serbs were left with 70,000 Austrian prisoners.

We, the Scottish Women's Hospital Unit, a party of 30, with full hospital equipment for 100 beds, sailed from Southampton on December 12th, and after an uneventful voyage reached Salonika on January 1st, where we heard we were to go to Kragujevatz, which was much further north than we had anticipated. On Sunday at 8 a.m. we left Salonika by train, and reached Kragujevatz 48 hours later. Monday we spent in Nish, the other doctors and myself being taken to call on the War Minister and at the Red Cross Society, and we were also shown over several hospitals.

This was our first glimpse of hospitals in war-time, and a sight never to be forgotten. The wards were filled with patients lying on mattresses on the floor as closely as they could be placed. Corridors, landings, and every available space were used for patients; and then we saw the dressing-room, a long room with ten tables in a row down the centre, on which patients were lying, and the whole way round the wall men sitting on benches waiting their turn to be dressed, while outside in the corridor was a long queue of weary, pain-racked men. The sight prepared us for what we should have to cope with.

On Tuesday morning we arrived in Kragujevatz and were met by several Serbian officials, who took us to our house and a few hours afterwards came back with carriages, and drove us round the town, over the cobbled streets, to visit several hospitals. We decided on one, which in peace time is a school. The building was good, but furniture there was none.



The Serbs immediately set to work, and ward after ward was disinfected, white-washed and scrubbed, and then we put up the bedsteads we had taken out, the patients were washed, put into clean clothes and put to bed. There was much they appreciated in what we were able to do for them, but one thing I think they thought we were quite mad on—fresh air, and in some of the rooms we had to resort to breaking the windows, to get enough ventilation. The beds were placed as closely as pos-

sible, often without room to pass in between, and many of the wounds the patients were suffering from were in a terrible condition. In a few weeks one began to see a very great change in the condition of the men; with cleanliness and fresh air, fever disappeared from our wards, and by isolating patients suffering from relapsing fever, we were soon able practically to stamp it out in the hospital. As the work became less arduous in the hospital, we took on more in the town, taking inns where soldiers were sent with small injuries and to which we drafted on our own convalescents, so that the hospital could be kept for severe cases.



So much for our own hospital. In the meantime typhus fever was raging in the town, caught from prisoners. Every large building, of any kind, was a hospital—schools, inns, stables—at least, one cannot call them hospitals, as the patients mostly lay on mattresses on the floors, and the "nursing" was done by Austrian prisoners.

To help to alleviate this condition of things a telegram was sent home, and in a few weeks twenty more nurses and five doctors came to assist, and we soon had another hospital of 200 beds for purely typhus fever patients, and a third one for relapsing fever and other medical cases. But our own unit did not remain free of illness. Sister Jordan, Sister Augusta Minshull, and Miss Neil Fraser (V.A.D.) died of typhus fever, and there were many other cases of illness among the doctors and nurses.

In the springtime our small compound, in which were situated the two houses—one for the surgical staff and one for the fever hospital staff—would have caused much interest to our friends at home. On one side of the fence the convalescing fever patients were carried out in the beds, on the other a nurse recovering from appendicitis and another with a sprained ankle basked in the sun. In the background were the kitchen and wash-house, with an Austrian refugee cook, Josephine, in charge, and Austrian prisoners bringing in the water cart and wood and provisions. Presently from the cellar below the house one might see two or three lambs emerging and being hustled across the yard. A little later a lamb might be seen hanging from a tree and its woolly coat being stripped off, and one once more met the lamb at dinner-time.

In May, owing to the serious illness of Dr. Holloway, the senior surgeon and myself, Dr. Elsie Inglis, in reply to a cable, with the most amazing rapidity came out with fresh reinforcements from home. Other doctors and nurses followed.

Dr. Alice Hutchison, after being detained in Malta for three weeks to nurse British wounded from the Dardanelles, arrived with three doctors, thirty fully trained nurses, and the equipment for a medical hospital under canvas of 200 beds, and was sent to Valjevo, the scene of such terrible suffering and misery in the earlier part of the year. Subsequently the fever unit at Kragujevatz was removed to Mladanovatz in order to get the typhus cases from the army without their taking a long railway journey, and still another hospital was opened at Lagarvatz. The original surgical hospital was attached to the headquarters of the army, and therefore remained at Kragujevatz.

And now, once again the eyes of all the world are centred on little Serbia and its heroic struggles with the Austro-German armies on the north, and the Bulgarian hordes on the east and south. We wait anxiously for news of our Hospitals, and watch the papers day by day, hoping to see the tide of invasion being stemmed.

G. ELEANOR SOLTAU.

[The latest news from the Hospitals will be found on p. 409.]

Heroic Sufferers.

Miss Helen Douglas Irvine, Clerk of the first N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospital in Serbia, pays a high tribute to the courage of Serbian patients under pain.

Writing of the Kragujevatz Hospital, she says:—

"The hospital was without many appliances which in Western Europe would be thought essential. All the water was fetched by the prisoner orderlies from a well in the centre of the courtyard, which separated the two blocks of its building; there was no artificial light save that given by little oil-lamps; the kitchen, the laundry, and the bathroom were improvised in sheds. Now that some traction oxen have been killed for beef, and the woods in the vicinity of the towns have been cut down, it is not easy to obtain fuel in Serbia, and on some cold days last winter there was no firewood, and therefore no fires.



Nurses and Austrian Orderlies.

However, hard work and attention to cleanliness, together with the good beds and bedding and the other comforts and necessities brought from home, made the hospital wonderfully efficient, and both its efficiency and its comforts were thoroughly appreciated by the Serbs.

"Throughout the months of winter it was a house of pain. The patients had, almost all of them, been wounded four or five weeks previously, and most of them had since that time received practically no attention. There had been a tragic, often irretrievable waste of health; sepsis and emaciation were almost universal symptoms. The staff seemed all the time to be fighting a losing fight against pain, but at least they had brave men for their allies. The Serbs bear pain like heroes; so do their bitterest enemies, the inscrutable Magyars; so do the Slav subjects of Austria-Hungary who formed a majority among the prisoners. And as the days lengthened conditions improved. Some of the most miserable died, but others, whose case had seemed as bad as theirs, were restored from the wrecks they had been, to manhood if not to health. But by this time the typhus epidemic was at its worst. In the villages whole families, whole populations died, without the remotest chance of the visit of a doctor. In Kragujevatz the bells rang every morning for funerals of the dignified; in the afternoon the Crown Prince's band grandly played some heroes to their graves; and every night the dead-carts rumbled down the streets, heavy with the humble dead. Every day the black flag of death hung from several windows. The staff of the Scottish Hospital itself paid its toll to death."

The Camp Hospital at Valjevo.

EARLY DAYS.

At last all was ready; roads made, destructors built, kitchens and store-room erected, and tents fixed. Our camp consisted of six large tents for patients (holding between them 200 beds), observation ward, bath tents, &c., all situated on a slope a little way from the town. As our flags were broken we saw the first batch of patients come up our drive in bullock carts. To those of us who had been accustomed to see our patients arrive in swift motor ambulances, it seemed a crude way, but this was the only means in Valjevo. The first batch were mixed medical and surgical cases, with several bad cases of scurvy. Next day another batch arrived; and so we filled up our wards. Presently enteric fever appeared, and we started a ward for it, to which another had to be added, and both were soon full. The

epidemic was a severe one; dysentery in a severe form was always present. The heat was intense, and the nursing done by our sisters and their Austrian orderlies deserves great praise, being fully appreciated by the patients, who were loud in their praise of the "Dobra Doktor" and "Sestra Engleska."

While waiting for our wards to be filled, one of the doctors and a sister had helped at the French Dispensary by treating the women and children (the only provision for the civil cases), and Dr. Hutchison was asked to send some sisters to organise the work at the third Reserve (Serbian) and at the French Hospital for civil cases. Three sisters were sent to each. As our work in camp grew, they had to be withdrawn, but so much was their work appreciated that we were asked to take Serbian orderlies to train, and so we became a "School for Orderlies," ten at a time coming for a month.

The work of administrator in a large hospital in a district which has been occupied by the enemy is by no means easy. Shops had been ransacked, the owners of others had died, typhus had frightened others away, and supplies were very low. Fortunately our Committee had sent us out with stores of all the necessities, and we were able, in certain cases, to supplement the Serbian army diet from our own supplies.

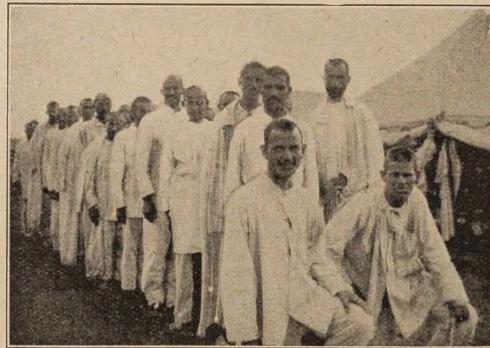
One of our difficulties was that all the beds in Serbia seem to be too short for the patients (our own included), and many contractions of knees seemed to be due to the patients having been left for months in these beds. A few seven-foot beds would be a great boon.

No account of the Camp would be complete without the names of Miss Gordon, the sanitary inspector, and of McAllan. Their work was so well carried out that we became famous, and officers down from the front were always brought up to see our Camp, and especially our destructors, &c. In spite of many severe storms and one extraordinary dust storm, no tent was ever blown down, thanks to McAllan's good work.

M. E. P.

SOME FURTHER IMPRESSIONS.

This is a strange country; one never knows quite what to expect. It has gorgeous sunsets, rosy dawns, towering mountains—all the elements of romance. Then the other side of the picture; rain and dust storms, and the mud. Nothing is quite like Serbian mud; you sink knee-deep into it, and it is a common tradition in Serbia that it takes five men to dig one man out. Up near the frontier you could see the big Austrian Howitzers abandoned by the Austrians last year when the Serbians drove them over the frontier; there they stick, firmly embedded, a melancholy sign of a rapid flight.



Group of Convalescents at Valjevo.

Although our hospital was situated away from the town on the hillside, it was natural that the civil population who have suffered so much should come seeking relief; nothing would have been easier than to have had a flourishing dispensary with an out-patient department had there been time. One poor woman who arrived with her twin girls of twelve months, looking like six weeks (her husband being at the front), was given a bottle of milk and barley water, with full instructions as to cleanliness. Another woman brought a girl of three, in danger of losing her sight from an ulcer in the eye, was given treatment and told to go next day to the French Dispensary, which has been doing excellent work for some time. But they did not know where it was, so there was nothing for it but to let them come back. Next morning the two mothers and three children had grown to a party of five women and four children, with four stalwart men who helped to carry the children and a live hen.

The latter was a token of gratitude to Dr. Sharp, which she consigned to the camp kitchen.

When our hospital was first opened, Dr. Phillips found among our patients a number suffering from scurvy, which was very difficult to cure, as there were no lemons in the country, and lime juice was not to be had. Dr. Phillips then decided that salads might be effective, but in this sorely tried land the ordinary ingredients were lacking. The dandelion, however, was everywhere, and so was the sorrel, and so the leaves of these were carefully washed and soaked in permanganate of potash, rinsed in freshly boiled water, and administered to the patients finely chopped, sprinkled with sugar, olive oil, and when the mouths were not too painful, vinegar. As the season advanced, cucumbers, tomatoes, and young green onions, under strict supervision, were added, and the salad became a most popular dish. Under this treatment the patients made rapid progress, and were fited over the time until lemons became more plentiful and lime juice arrived from Marseilles.

Now and again we had an entertainment to liven up the patients, and on one occasion we were asked to reproduce our camp performance in the town for the benefit of the Serbian Red Cross.

By dint of borrowing from one another and from the store-room we made most effective costumes for the tableaux, which were sandwiched between many pieces, mostly musical comedy, by the band. Sheets and blankets, and the gay blue coverlets of the staff, and the bright red ones of the patients were in great demand. These formed the background and made stage curtains which actually drew aside.

Our part of the programme began with three nursing scenes—100 years ago, 50 years ago, and present day.

(1) A very realistic "Sairey Gamp," with a guttering candle and suspicious black bottle at her elbow, sleeping soundly, whilst her patient, with dishevelled hair and head slipping uncomfortably on her pillows, lies on the not-too-clean bed.

(2) Serbian orderlies in various attitudes, and bandages lying on a floor, whilst Florence Nightingale, lamp in hand, stands over them.

(3) Spotless camp-bed with red coverlet, whereon lies a patient with bandaged head, in a comfortable position, being administered to by a trim and capable nurse, with modern feeding-cup. This makes the third picture a most effective contrast. Various other tableaux followed, all of which were hailed with admiration by the audience.

No account of our doings at Valjevo would be complete without mention of our C.M.O., Dr. Hutchison. Dr. Hutchison has made this camp a splendid success from first to last. Her patients adore her and greet her as "petite Générale." She has done wonders for some of these men, her previous experience in Bulgaria having proved of the utmost value. It is with the greatest regret that I left our Camp Hospital at Valjevo, for I spent there a very happy and very busy six months.

S. P. M.

The Fountain of Mladanovatz.

"In memory of the Scottish Women's Hospitals and their founder, Dr. Elsie Inglis." These words are inscribed in English and Serbian on a fountain situated in a small park at Mladanovatz, erected by the Second Army Reserve Corps.

On the morning of September 13th a picturesque and motley crowd assembled to take part in the dedication of this fountain. In the distance were the purple hills of Serbia, overhead dazzling sunshine, and under-foot mud—Serbian mud. Afar off, towering above all else, is the Kosmai mountain, the scene of one of the fiercest battles fought between the Austrians and the Serbians last year.

Near the fountain was placed a table covered with a white cloth, and on it the silver crucifix of the Greek Church; a bowl of spring water, and a long brown lighted candle stuck in a tumbler full of sand; also two bunches of Basil, one green and the other dried. Five priests of the Greek Church, arrayed in their flowing canonical robes of black, with a tall headdress, ranged themselves behind the table. At the right hand stood the members of the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals, and members from the Bevis Camp. On the left the Serbian officers and soldiers, representing the artillery, cavalry, and infantry, with the engineers and the squad of men who did the actual building ranged behind. Immediately facing the priests stood Colonel Ricotitz, who is in command of the district, Colonel Guentitich and Colonel Borosalovitz, head of the medical department.

The service was intoned, and at the first note, as if it had been a word of command, each man swept off his cap and crossed himself. The priests sang first alone, and then together, while a peasant, dressed in the ordinary rough clothes of the Serbs, with a picturesque head-dress of yellow tied round his head, swung the censer from side to side, the people bowing continually. The silver crucifix was then

placed in the bowl of spring water, and the priests blessed King Peter of Serbia, Nicholas Tsar of Russia, and George King of Britain. They then turned and blessed the fountain, sprinkling water upon it with the bunch of fresh basil, and after it had been thus dedicated one of the priests stood forward from the rest and gave an address, speaking of the great debt of gratitude which the Serbians owe to the Scottish Women's Hospitals. He hoped that when wars were over and people were at peace again, this fountain would remain as a simple yet fitting memorial of the excellent work done by the Hospitals, and keep their name for ever in the countryside. He likewise spoke with gratitude of Lady Paget, and mentioned that when she was ill the peasants all over the country prayed for her.

After this address one of the priests lifted the crucifix and, holding it aloft in his right hand, proceeded to bless all the officers, who went up one by one to be sprinkled with water from the basil. Still holding the crucifix, the priest then crossed over to where the squad of men stood, and blessed them all, sprinkling water as he passed. The ceremony was then at an end. As the crowd was dispersing, the priest presented Dr. Elsie Inglis with the fresh and dried bunches of basil which, she declares, are some of the few things she will certainly always keep.

After the ceremony of dedication Dr. Beatrice McGregor, head of the Mladanovatz camp, entertained the Archbishop and commanding officers, fifteen in all, to lunch. The mess tent had been made beautiful by the efforts of the housekeeper and a girl visitor with autumn flowers and spindle berries, placed in vases improvised out of shells found on the battlefield, and Charlie, the Austrian cook, once a waiter at the Trocadero, provided a most *recherché* repast. There was, however, a critical moment in its preparation. The geese had arrived at 8.30. No sooner had they been released—they were carried by the feet—than they began to stroll about, and came up against the watchdog "Macflea," the shabbiest of mongrel puppies ever to be seen, and he sent them flying down among the tents. One goose was just prevented from fluttering through a ward, where it would no doubt have made a sensation, and altogether it looked as if our dinner might disappear altogether! However, by 12 o'clock the geese made an orderly entry into the mess tent in the wake of chicken salad and other dainties. The sweets, confections of our Viennese bakers, formed an important item, especially a chocolate-covered cake with all sorts of devices in seed sugar.

"The curious thing here," comments Dr. McGregor, "is that ladies are never produced—not one Serbian lady to witness the religious ceremony. At lunch the same—all these Serbian men and not a woman besides ourselves."

At the end of lunch Colonel Guentitich proposed the health of Dr. Inglis, and the Director that of Dr. McGregor; the village priest sang some beautiful Serbian melodies, and a soldier played the violin. Altogether the little festivity was most successful.

A Committee has been formed by the
**MANCHESTER WOMEN'S
 SUFFRAGE SOCIETY**
 and some
 SOCIETIES of the MANCHESTER and
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Belgium, France, and Serbia.

"Blessed are those among Nations who dare to be strong for the rest."

Only when, more than a year ago, the world was suddenly made to realise that the age of barbarism had returned and was overwhelming the barriers raised by civilisation in Europe, did we also learn to know the soul of Belgium. For then, the little industrious country, networked with railways and mines, and adorned with beautiful historic cities, with cathedral spires and bell-towers and cloth halls, like marvellous lacework in stone, did a marvellous thing, the like of which has never been seen in the world before; Belgium gave her life to save others, herself she could not save. . . . The tragic history of Serbia is only a little different. The flimsy excuse of a political crime, admirably contrived, timed, and carried out for the purpose, was put forward as the reason for pouring the hordes of the invader upon her and crushing out her life. Serbia lies with the wolves' fangs reddening at her heart. She could not have saved herself; but her magnificent and despairing courage beat back the savage foe for a time, and gained a breathing space and time for preparation. "We have only got flesh. They have got steel. It is not our fault that we are only 4,000,000 to 70,000,000. We are a small people." . . . In anguish we are learning to know the soul of Serbia.

The soul of France? How hard it is in a few words to express a tenth part of what we owe to France! What a great part of the real history of Europe is the history of "the people that has twenty times passed through the ordeal of fire, and plunged back into it, and twenty times come to life again, and never yet has perished," as Romain Rolland says in *Jean Christophe*. But this France, which has over and over again known defeat, failure, and resurrection, is the France that has spent her life-blood over and over again in the service of humanity. The communicable spirit of France has again and again quickened the love of liberty, diffused her generous ideas, touched other literatures with a magic that seems like an inexplicable coming of spring. Her battle through the ages has been for the freedom of the spirit of man. Our debt to her also is a debt of the soul.

The work done for the wounded "in sign and token of brotherhood," as Miss Cicely Hamilton has written, is also the visible sign and token of our gratitude and admiration, of the wish in all our hearts to uphold and sustain. Our hospitals in Serbia and France, were founded in the spirit of the motto put over the city-gates of Siena, in the Middle Ages—*Cor magis tibi Sena pandit*. And though at Royaumont and elsewhere we are but guests that have no abiding city, our hospitals might yet say: "More than our gates, we open our hearts to you."

Some Appreciations of Our Hospitals.

In a delightful article on "British Women at Work in France" in the *Cornhill Magazine* for November there is an account of Royaumont and its atmosphere, to which our readers will turn with interest. "In the old Cistercian Abbey . . . women doctors and surgeons prescribe and operate, women . . . act as orderlies, hall-porters, cooks, scullery-maids and chauffeurs, and since the war began I have not seen such a happy community, or felt so near to content, as I did on the day I made one of them for a few hours. . . . It is interesting to see how very much at home are the British women at Royaumont, both in the Abbey and in its neighbourhood. They are known for miles round, and are respected and beloved by everyone . . . and in the hospital itself there is a chivalrous gaiety towards them among the patients, which gives to the beautiful old place a homely, tender feeling, and translates itself into little bursts of song, laughter, and jesting that never grow robust enough to be hilarious. You see a soldier shaving, he waves his brush at you as you pass, with: 'I have been with the English, so now I shave every day!' Another claims to be an English scholar because he once went to a British concert at the Front and learned 'Sleep, My Little One; Dream, My Pretty One,' with which gentle wish he sends his nurses off duty every evening."

This survey of the work of women, which includes the story of the Society of Friends' hospital at Châlons, and their reconstruction work in the Marne, ends with some very true and wise words on the need for bridging the gulf which separates nation from nation, and the opportunity given by the war of promoting a lasting understanding between the women of England and of France.

HOSPITAL STAFF OF WOMEN.

"In the old city of Troyes," says a writer in the *Sunday Times* of November 7th, "there is a hospital catching up its quota of the first

wounded who can be transported from the battle line. Its motor ambulances tear through the narrow streets—and it is a little thin woman in a big thick cloak who is chauffeur. She drives fast because it is a matter of life and death—and because she and those with her are the triumph of a cause.

"They form one of the 'Scottish Women's Hospitals'—military hospitals of the Dames d'Ecosse, the French say politely. There is not a man in the hospital except the wounded. Doctors and surgeons, nurses and stretcher-bearers, and these women-chauffeurs who go to the clearing hospitals at the front and rush back the wounded—all are women!

"This hospital at Chanteloup, just outside Troyes, is in the midst of a green park, and is self-contained as they say. There are six women doctors, besides the women surgeons and women at the pharmacy.

"The nurses wear a little blue cap, and look very comforting—not at all like the traditional Suffragist dragon. They have under their charge two hundred wounded French soldiers. The beds are under great tents in the park, well sheltered and—it goes without saying—well aired. The counterpanes are pink—that is the woman of it.

"When the sun shines, they lift up the tent flaps to let the soldiers profit and, when the rain falls, they close them down. 'It is a little paradise,' says the French General.

"The wounded French soldiers seem to have come to the same conclusion. One of them says: 'These ladies are ever so much gentler than our military doctors—but they are also stricter. I can tell you discipline is serious here. They have shown us they can be good doctors, but they are good militaires, too.'

"Yes, and they won't let you play with your health," said another. 'If you stay with your feet in the grass when it is damp, they are regular gendarmes, I assure you. They are all real mothers, but they want to have well-behaved children.'

Aux Fées de Royaumont.

PAR AUGUSTE MARIUS TREILLES, Sergeant.

Nymphes de Royaumont! qui de vos doigts divins, Avez bâti ce nid au milieu des sapins, Je ne veux point quitter ce joli coin de France, Où les anges et les fleurs guérissent la souffrance, Sans dire à tous merci! Aux maîtres de ces lieux Qui érigèrent la vertu et la foi d'un roi pieux Étincelant encore des splendeurs d'un autre âge, J'adresse tout d'abord un respectueux hommage; Au roi Georges, à son peuple, à la reine Mary, Que déjà dans son cœur tout Français a bény. Je souhaite que-bientôt le char de la Victoire, En consacrant la nôtre les conduise à la gloire. Que la Force et l'Amour des trois peuples unis, Triomphant des vautours venus de Germanie, Dans une ère de paix préparent pour toujours Aux batailles passées d'impossibles retours.

Quant à vous chères Miss dont les soins empressés, Entourent nuit et jour nos chers petits blessés! D'indissolubles liens, vous cimenter l'entente, Et semez dans nos cœurs la Foi la plus ardente, Sur notre sol meurtri, vos soldats valeureux, Ceuillent de jour en jour des lauriers plus nombreux, A côté de nos frères, ils luttent vaillamment, Et pour la même cause succombent noblement, Tandis que vous, leurs sœurs, affrontant nos souffrances, Disputez à la mort les enfants de la France. L'acier le mieux trempé des armes meurtrières, Se transforme en vos mains en lames humanitaires, Et vos doigts délicats douce Miss Nicholson, Dans les corps palpitants s'enfoncent sans frisson, Tandis que dans un rêve Miss Ivens, Miss Heyworth, Sur la table lugubre, votre patient s'endort, Sous le charme confiant que votre science inspire, Je le vois au réveil rechercher ce sourire, Baume réconfortant que sur les plaies saignantes, Vous répandez sans trêve femmes compatissantes.

Je n'oublierai jamais ce dévouement constant, Tous ces soins maternels et ce zèle touchant, Que l'intègre Maxwell, la bonne Jeffries, Prodiguant à toute heure aux pauvres corps meurtris. J'emporte en m'en allant un souvenir précieux, De la franche gaieté, de vos charmes gracieux, Suave Miss Harley, aimable Miss Allan; L'éclat de votre rire, coquette Miss Chapman, A l'oreille charmée résonnera encore, A côté de celui de la belle Miss Moir. De ma modeste lyre je voudrais pour chacune, Faire vibrer l'archet; que tu sois blonde au brune, Enfant issue du peuple ou fille d'un grand Lord, Ton sein renferme un cœur plus précieux que l'or. Au printemps de ta vie tu choisis la douleur; Puis-je tu voir-bientôt par des jours de bonheur, Payée chaque minute à nos chevets passée, Et ton rêve secret par mes vœux exaucé.

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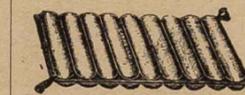


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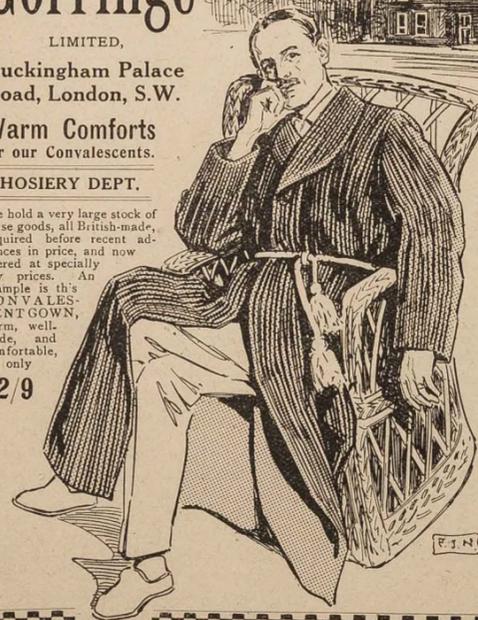
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Pourquoi t'es tu enfui l'autre soir sous les branches?
Dis-moi, petit oiseau, la crainte qui t'opresse,
Lorsque de l'amitié je t'offre la caresse.
J'aurais voulu pourtant avant de te quitter,
Par un baiser bien doux, envers toi m'acquitter.
Mais le temps presse et là-haut le canon tonné,
J'entends sa voix, de là mêlée l'écho frissonne,
Je vais reprendre au feu la place de celui,
Dont le cœur s'est éteint, dont l'âme s'est enfuie.
Adieu donc! Je te quitte asile séculaire,
De charitables Fées auguste Sanctuaire;
De ma reconnaissance qu'un dernier vœu s'inspire.
Avant que de mon luth, l'ultime note expire.
Puisse le malheureux et pauvre moribond,
Trouver sur son chemin toujours un Royaume!
Dédié en témoignage de reconnaissance.

Correspondence.

MENDING FOR OUR ALLIES.

MADAM,—Will you permit me, through your columns, to thank, in the name of Madame Fox, all those readers who responded so generously to my appeal a month or two ago, for British sewing cottons and mending materials for Madame Fox's French working party at Asnières? Having been in charge of our Vêtements Department for the first four months of my time here, I know exactly what a boon it is to the Hospital to have all the repairing of the soldiers' uniforms and underwear tackled from outside. Think what it means! We have 200 beds. We are usually full. On an average we get from six to a dozen new patients daily. Nowadays most of them are stretcher cases, suffering from multiple wounds. Imagine the state of their clothes. They would be the despair of anybody but Madame Fox and her splendid helpers. But they perform daily miracles with them. The amount of linen thread, cotton, wool, and buttons they go through in a week is prodigious. And you cannot buy these things at a reasonable figure in France, since the enemy has been in occupation of Lille, Roubaix, and other manufacturing towns where they used to be produced. The needs of the little working party have been enormous—but the generosity of COMMON CAUSE readers has met them adequately. Madame Fox and her helpers thank you all very much—and hope that you will continue to keep them well supplied. They are delighted with everything, but they would like more buttons suitable for overcoats and woollen waistcoats, and plenty of navy blue wool for mending jerseys.

I should like you to know that among her helpers Madame Fox has four girls from the local rubber factory, who are paid their usual wages by the proprietor, and lent to Madame Fox to help her to help Royaume and the wounded men. All these girls have their men folk at the front. They feel that this work is more personal for the soldiers than helping to make rubber goods not directly needed by the Army; and they like to study the names marked on the clothes, in the remote hope of getting news of their own fighting men. The whole party feels that in helping the British women to do something for the French they are consolidating that sense of camaraderie that the war has engendered between the Allied peoples.

Contributions should be sent, marked "For the Vêtements Department, Royaume," to Dr. Lewin, 25, Wimpole Street, London, W., who will see that they reach Miss Helga Gill and Miss Morgan, the heads of the department, who will pass them on to Madame Fox.

V. C. C. COLLUM.

A WAR REGISTER FOR NURSES.

MADAM,—May we draw the attention of your readers to the work which the National Union of Trained Nurses is doing in connection with the war by conducting a War Register for nurses desirous of serving in any capacity, and thus enabling employers to hear of suitable nurses for every kind of post? The expert advice which the secretaries, and the matrons who have assisted them, have been able to give, has been greatly appreciated by both employers and employed. It is feared that this work, which involves a great deal of expense in postage, typewriting, clerical assistance, &c., will have to be given up unless sufficient financial assistance is forthcoming.

The war has brought home to many the splendid and unselfish services which nurses are rendering to the nation. We venture to think there is no better way in which these services can be recognised than in helping to establish this, their own union, on a firm basis, and thus enabling it to carry out some of its aims, which include the establishment of convalescent and rest homes for nurses.

If all those whose friends and relatives have been helped and comforted by nurses would send even a small donation, some of their hopes would soon be realised. Contributions will be gratefully received by Miss Violetta Thurstan, who, since her return from the front, has undertaken the post of secretary to the union at 46, Marsham Street, Westminster.

LAURA E. RIDDING. MARY SCHARLIEB, M.D., M.S.
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Another "Voyage of the 'Sunbeam.'"

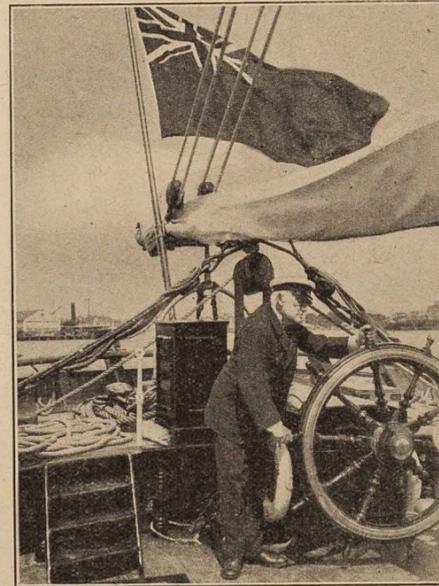
LADY BRASSEY DESCRIBES A VISIT TO THE HOSPITALS AT MALTA AND IN THE DARDANELLES.

In 1876, Lord Brassey's yacht, the "Sunbeam," made her first famous voyage round the world. That is nearly forty years ago, yet the old yacht still survives and has outlasted all her pleasure-seeking cruises to sail away on an errand of mercy. About this latest voyage of all, made last summer, Lady Brassey had an interesting story to tell me when I went to see her the other day.

"With the old 'Sunbeam' equipped as a hospital ship," said Lady Brassey, "we set sail from England in the scorching days of July for a month's cruise in the Mediterranean, with the object of conveying wounded officers from the hospitals at the Dardanelles to Malta." Navigated by the veteran yachtsman, Lord Brassey himself, the "Sunbeam" made a good voyage to Malta, where she anchored for a few days to enable Lord and Lady Brassey to pay a visit to Lord Methuen, the Governor-General of the island, and make a tour of inspection of the hospitals.

Greeting the Wounded.

"There is always a delightful scene when the hospital ships come into harbour at Malta," Lady Brassey told me. "Numbers of ladies go down to meet the men when they disembark, and as



LORD BRASSEY AT THE WHEEL.

they are carried across the landing-stage on stretchers, give them cooling drinks, fruit, sweets, and cigarettes.

"All the hospitals at Malta are well equipped, the verandahs, which as a regular thing surround practically every building in Malta, making delightfully cool and airy wards.

"One of the chief hospitals is 'The Blue Sisters.' It was there we took our wounded officers on our return journey. It takes its name from the 'Order of the Blue Sisters,' who have converted their convent into a hospital. It is an order for Australian women, and was originally founded at Melbourne. All its members whom I met are perfectly charming women.

"Another large hospital is situated at 'Iantifa,' about eleven miles from the town. This is not a regulation hospital building, but just a huge encampment of big white bell tents, picturesquely situated, overlooking the old grey fortifications of the harbour, below which the sparkling blue waters of the Mediterranean stretch away into the haze of the distance."

Of the wounded men and their nurses in hospitals at Malta, Lady Brassey could not speak too highly. "I never heard one word of complaint from any nurse," she said. "No matter how hard or disagreeable the work, they went quietly and steadily on with it, determined always to do their level best for the men. And as for the Tommies, their pluck is extraordinary. Although the heat was terrific—never less than 90 degrees in the cabins,

which means it must have been considerably higher on the shore—the whole time we were there, they were never heard to grumble. I did not find a single pessimist among the Anzacs; and the wounded at Malta, when we were there, belonged always entirely to that force. They are all absolutely certain that we shall win through."

Tracing the Missing.

Although her stay at Malta was such a short one—less than a week, in fact—Lady Brassey devoted a great deal of her time to work for the soldiers, spending two or three hours each day at the offices of the Committee for tracing wounded and missing soldiers, in the work of which her ladyship is most keenly interested. "One of the chief duties of the searchers at Malta," said Lady Brassey, "is to interview all the wounded men when they arrive, to see if they can give any news of men who have been reported missing. I did no actual interviewing myself, but there is a great deal of very necessary office work, with which I was able to give some assistance the few mornings I was there. There are, at present, 1,300 searchers working in the large cities of the British Isles, as well as in important centres in neutral countries.

"The work is a very sad one, as investigation generally leads to the confirmation of the belief that the man, whom they only believed to be missing, is really killed."

After a short visit to Malta, the "Sunbeam" sailed on through the Mediterranean to the island of Lemnos, the capital of which is Mudros.

"While there," Lady Brassey told me, "we visited one of the hospital ships, where there were 450 patients, and some very bad cases. The nurses were all Australians. Although the heat was terrible, we never heard a complaint. The arrangements are as good as is possible under the circumstances, the only drawback being the lack of accommodation. More hospital ships are badly needed, without doubt, in the Dardanelles.

Rescuing Men from the "Royal Edward."

"The 'Royal Edward' was torpedoed in the Dardanelles the day we arrived at Mudros, and four men saved from the vessel were brought on board the yacht. Fortunately, one only among them was badly hurt, the rest were suffering from shock.

"Over 1,000 lives were lost on the 'Royal Edward,' the torpedoed vessel going down within four minutes of the time she was struck.

"At Mudros the hospitals were all under canvas, but I believe that some more permanent buildings are being erected. Before we left we heard that a Red Cross Depot was being organised.

"Our next call after leaving Mudros was the island of Imbros, where Sir Ian Hamilton, the Commander of the Dardanelles forces at that time, had his headquarters. Here we spent a few days before sailing for Malta with our patients. We had on board ten wounded officers. We could not accommodate more, as the 'Sunbeam' is rather small when measured by modern standards of yacht building."

How the spirit of camaraderie between host and hostess and guests must have made life on board the "Sunbeam" very happy, and full of pleasant memories, to the wounded officers on board her is illustrated by an incident, trivial but amusing, which is related by a Scottish chaplain stationed at Malta.

"A member of the R.A.M.C. told me," writes the chaplain, "that so great was the pest of flies in the Mediterranean, owing to the heat, that Lord Brassey offered a reward of a halfpenny for every fly killed on board the ship. It was a new and lucrative pastime for soldiers, orderlies, and patients, who entered into the sport with eagerness. So successful, indeed, did the fly-catching brigade become that Lord Brassey begged permission to withdraw his prodigal offer, and reduced it to the less handsome, but still generous figure of 1s. per hundred flies."

"In two days we actually killed 4,000 flies," was Lady Brassey's addition to the story.

"We reached Malta after an absence of about three weeks, to find that the 9,000 wounded had increased to 15,000, practically all men from the Dardanelles, which shows how fierce had been the fighting.

"We had only just reached Malta with our wounded," continued Lady Brassey, "when the steering gear of the yacht went wrong. She was, however, able to take the convalescent Tommies from the hospitals for afternoon and evening sails.

"I left the 'Sunbeam' at Malta, to return to England, but the yacht went on to Alexandria, where she is still waiting, until a shaft can be sent out to repair her breakage. Meantime, she is acting as an extra hospital ship, as the hospitals at Alexandria are very full, and in the evenings the convalescent Tommies are given pleasure sails, which they thoroughly enjoy.

M. S. C.

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The N.U.W.S.S. is an association of over 52,000 men and women who have banded themselves together, under the leadership of Mrs. Henry Fawcett, for the purpose of obtaining the Parliamentary vote for women on the same terms as it is or may be granted to men. At this great national crisis, however, they have for the time suspended their ordinary political activities, in order to put themselves and their Union at the service of those who are organising the relief of distress caused by the war.

The Prime Minister's Discovery.

By MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

It is well known that within two days of the declaration of war our great organisation resolved, with practical unanimity, to suspend for the time being its ordinary political activities, and to devote itself to the work of sustaining, succouring, and restoring those who would be the chief sufferers through the war. Since that time we have done a good many things to redeem the promise we then made to ourselves, but our chief work has been, under the able lead of Dr. Elsie Inglis and our Scottish Federation, to send out and equip six complete Hospital Units, entirely officered by women, to France and Serbia. We are frankly very proud of these hospitals and their magnificent work, of the fact that the N.U.W.S.S. is now responsible for 1,300 beds, and has raised for their maintenance over £70,000. Moreover, the energies of the N.U. in this direction are by no means exhausted. The Manchester and District Federation have just planned a Field Hospital for Foreign Service, and have made a good beginning towards securing the necessary funds, estimated at £2,000. Another project is under consideration at our headquarters, namely, the fitting out and equipment of a Maternity Unit for the aid of the unhappy Galician peasants, who are suffering cruelly, driven out of their homes by invading armies. If our plan materialises, this will do for the women and civil population something of what was done for the armies by the earlier units sent out.

A great deal of anxiety has naturally been felt during the last few weeks as to the safety of our units now in Serbia. The latest news from Dr. Inglis is a cablegram from Kragujevatz, October 15th, stating "all is well." Dr. Hutchison cabled on November 8th that her unit is at Pajega, near Ujitz, "all well." Sir Ralph Paget, the British Commissioner, was, when we last heard, co-operating with the Serbian authorities and with Dr. Inglis herself to insure the safety of the personnel of the British Hospitals.

A Serbian officer, visiting London in the summer, said that the work of British women (not, of course, those belonging to the N.U. units only) had literally saved Serbia. It is a matter for intense thankfulness to have been able to earn such praise as this, and I would like to remind our readers that we should have been powerless to do it but for two things—training and organisation. There were ready to hand large numbers of trained women: doctors, nurses, cooks, motor-drivers, &c., ready and eager to serve in our units, while the organisation of the N.U., with its 500 to 600 societies spread from end to end of Great Britain, and its 50,000 members, used to working together and mutual co-operation, took up, with enthusiasm, the work of collecting the necessary funds and equipment. The moral of the war, both to men and women, is the value of training and organisation. All are eager to serve, but effective service can seldom be given except by those who have been disciplined by training and organisation.

At the end of Mr. Asquith's speech in the House of Commons on November 2nd, referring to "the imperishable story of the last hours of Edith Cavell," he said, "She has taught the bravest man among us a supreme lesson of courage. . . In this United Kingdom and throughout the Dominions of the Crown there are thousands of such women, and a year ago we did not know it." The war is, indeed, teaching many things to many people. Is it too much to hope that it may be teaching the Prime Minister something of the value to the nation of the citizenship of women? A country which fails to make full use of the powers and capacities of women is weak where it ought to be strong, and poor where it ought to be rich.

"A Sign and Token of Brotherhood."

By CICELY HAMILTON.

By the time these lines are in print we shall have been established for nearly a year in France—it will be eleven months since the first members of the Scottish Women's Hospitals arrived at the Abbaye de Royaumont; ten, since our house set in order, we opened its doors to the wounded of the French Army. A year is a slice, and no small slice, of a life—which an institution, as well as a man, may well look back on and ponder, considering whether or no it has been well and profitably spent. . . . Not, I think, that Royaumont need have many misgivings on that score. As I write—on this tenth of October—more than thirteen hundred patients have been teaded within her walls. That, in itself, is not a little to be thankful for; I say thankful, because there must be very few in these days of a world in torment who do not covet and desire most earnestly an opportunity for service. Those who have founded and supported Royaumont have had such an opportunity—have acquired the right to that proudest of legends "I serve!"

It itself, the tending and restoring to health of hundreds of maimed and ailing men is something to be glad and proud of; but the Scottish Women's Hospitals stand for even more than that. They were created and sent forth as a sign and token of brotherhood, as a sign and token that we understood the meaning of the word ally. It was impossible that we, as individuals, should prove and manifest our gratitude to the French soldier who fights for us, for the simple reason that we did not come in contact with him; thus the personal kindness that our own men, in thousands of instances, have received from the French people could only be requited by something like a corporate effort. The recognition of that fact brought Royaumont into existence.

No one, I think, who has lived and worked at Royaumont could say that the effort has been wasted. I am quoting the words of a Frenchman whose brother had been treated in the hospital. "All these men," he said, "will remember as long as they live the kindness they have received there. When they go back to their home they will not forget what has been done for them—a place like this is an influence making for friendship." The words were the more significant because they were spoken not to any of us as a compliment but by one Frenchman

The Man Below.

By NEIL MUNRO.

All the real work of the world—once the design is finished, and that comes from the skies, though the instrument may be a man in a drawing-office—is done below, by nameless men. Lady Colebrooke ("attired in a coat and skirt of crushed strawberry tint, the coat—a long one—having cream-coloured braid") stands on a gaily-decorated platform near the bow of the "Colossus," and makes a gesture, whereupon the dagger falls, the bottle of wine is smashed, the vessel shudders to the first wild pang of life, and slips into the arms of the cold, embracing sea. But gestures, however sweet and elegant and necessary, never launched a ship; that is the task of a plain, unornamental man, who, being nameless, we may designate as Sandy.

I have my eye on Sandy. I stand, not on the gaudy platform where the lady makes the gesture, but far below the spread of the enormous hull, among the rabble of the yard, in the midst of the timber baulks and struts, great piles of rusted chains shackled on hawsers made of wire—titanic tools. The smell of the ooze of the Firth is here, and the sound of hurrying feet, rude shouts, and the tapping of hammers. No vision is here of that elegant upper life, with its flowers and ribboned champagne bottle, psalm, and prayer, and instrumental music; we see only the vast hull looming over us, its bilge-keels spreading out like wings, in whose shadow Sandy waits and works. Nothing is here of symbol or of elegance; only the God's own truth and the job to finish.

I have my eye on Sandy—hundreds of him here among the litter of his trade, as in a pit waiting till those folk up above are through with their gaudy ritual.

Of no account when it comes to rituals; grimy with sweat and dust, patched trousers, greasy coat, hands calloused, rough of tongue, he stands below the monster of his own creation, puny and unpicturesque, pathetically humble, as befits a man whose name will not be in the papers, and yet with something of elation, something of internal inarticulate pride in his share

to another over an inn table; it was by chance that a visitor to Royaumont heard them and repeated them to us. If the testimony needed confirmation you could find it any day in the friendly, regretful leave-takings as each batch of convalescents takes its place in the waiting ambulance, in the endless assurances of gratitude and remembrance that come back by post-card and letter. There was even a non-commissioned officer who dropped into poetry, and produced an ode on Royaumont, its doctors, its nurses, and orderlies. . . . and if the verse might have been better the heart that produced it was grateful.*

Let me quote one other witness—the *curé* of our parish—our friend from the day we arrived here. He stopped two of us outside the gate as he came one day from a pastoral visit to our wards. "The men," he said, "talk to me more freely than they would to others, and there is only one thing they tell me about you and your hospital: they are so happy here—so happy."

One word more—and that a personal reflection. When I came here—I am not ashamed to confess it—I was dispirited about women's war work and women's work in general. Rightly or wrongly (I speak only for myself) it had seemed to me that our efforts to be helpful in the first few months of the war were unduly fussy, unnecessarily clamorous and not sufficiently steady; that the cry we made was out of all proportion to the wool we managed to produce. My view may have been wrong—but it was my view in those first few months of the war. Now, having lived for close on a year at Royaumont, I see things differently and more hopefully.

For I do not suppose—it would be folly to suppose—that ours are the only women surgeons who are capable of creating and running a hospital in the face of innumerable difficulties. I do not suppose—it would be folly to suppose—that they and our nurses are the only women whom their patients delight to honour, or that our jolly and hard-working orderlies are the only specimens of the breed. It is a comfortable thought that there must be others where they came from—women with grit and backbone to them who can work without fuss and fluster.

* We have the pleasure of printing these verses on p. 397.

in another great endeavour. Over him soars leviathan, blood-clotted in her lower parts; above the slatey grey of the seas and harbours that shall henceforth be her home. She has no semblance of a ship in the parts of her that lie upon the cradle; she looks like a cliff that is buttressed up by timber, hung with scaffolding. But aft her lines run upward on the overhang like those of a 6-metre yacht, and end in a throaty orifice that seems to gulp for air.

Those brassy small propellers, seeming toys projecting from her stern—surely they can never propel through the waves that ponderous body of iron, with its battlements and guns! Those tiny rudders—shall leviathan answer these, and swerve and wheel to their commanding? There is never a doubt of it in the mind of Sandy.

He crawls among the baulks, and dodges between the greasy ways, peering, testing, tapping, hauling; he looks overhead, and sees, for the last time, the familiar plates and rivets—his! Whatever may be her destiny, this ship that is still without a name, his workmanship and something of himself shall go with her—the hours of his toil and his weariness, the early morning siren, the flare of the lamp at night, wet Greenock weather, bolts he has hammered, plates he has punched and swung, measles in the house, the rent on Monday. We may jeer at the workman, yet when we give him something more than toys to make, and ask no servitude to our greed for vanity, though he may seem but a piece of soulless mechanism, a sentiment gives him yet the right soul for the occasion. There is something in tradition; it shall have its own in a battleship, in work unscamped, good steel, good weld, for the sake of the River and the ship itself; it shall have, from the meanest rivet-boy, the ecstasy of art. For the ship is his—his in its fashioning, his in its cause, a challenge and a champion!

Amidships, falling down from the giddy height of the monster's deck, a cable hangs with the lower end of it fastened

to the middle of a battering-ram which is rigged with hand-lines. Eleven-ten of the clock, and a whistle blows; the black squad runs to its post at the ram, and waits for another signal. When it comes, Sandy begins to ply the ram against the keel-blocks which for these nine months have been the leviathan's foundation. He gives the strength of passion to his blows, swinging to the pendulations of the beam with the fury of a Roman legionary. What Pagan hymns, or what (more likely) ribald Latin doggerel did the Romans chant together to the time of the swinging tree as beneath their pent-house shelters they battered upon the walls? There should be noble and appropriate music for the under-works of launching ships, in keeping with the psalms above on the gaudy platform, but the song that Sandy sings as he plies the ram is:—

"We parted on the shore, yes, we parted on the shore;
I said to her, 'Love, I'm off to Baltimore!'
I kissed her on the cheek, then the crew began to roar,
'Heelie ho! Heelie ho!' and we parted on the shore!"

Vulgar and grotesque? I don't know. Words are nothing. Kings have been whistled off a throne to the tune of "Lullibulero"; the main thing was that the whistlers knew their business, and I say with Jaques in Arden: "'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough."

The blow of the ram brings forth from the blocks a tone that descends in a certain gamut; the blocks at last fall out on the other side of the keel, and the ram having done a similar office fore and aft, the vessel rests entirely on the ways. "The local firm of Messrs. Macrae & Co. were responsible for the greasing of the ways, and the beautiful movement of the great vessel entering the water does them credit," says the *Greenock Tele-*

"The Woman of the Period."

By the EARL OF LYTTON.

When the historian of the future comes to describe in detail the national life of our country in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, he will be struck by the marked change which, during that period, has taken place in the position which women occupy in that national life. He will probably attempt to trace the change from its beginning, and point to the acts of individual women as milestones along the path of their progress. Such a task would be difficult, for though we can all see the change which has come about if we look back to the women of early Victorian days, it would be hard to say when the process of development began or what has been its chief contributory causes.

Like all processes of evolution, the elements responsible for the alteration of type are so interwoven one with the other that it is practically impossible to put a finger on any one particular occasion and say, "Here woman first began to develop her executive powers, here for the first time she opened a door to the public life of the State." The change has been gradual and imperceptible, but none the less complete.

It has been a change of status rather than of character. The women of to-day probably do not differ much more materially in character from the women of the early nineteenth century than do the men of these respective periods. Yet the place they occupy in the national life is widely different. And that is just what the opponents of the so-called "Woman's Movement" generally fail to realise. They assume that the advocates of that movement wish to change, and have it in their power to change, the nature of women. In reality all that is attempted, all that can be accomplished by such a movement, is to extend the use to which women's nature and women's powers may be put.

As in the wider fields of State service women are now finding new scope for their activities, so in the narrower field of social life women have sought for and found new opportunities for intercourse and mental stimulus. In that process of development which the future historian will have to describe, women's clubs have played their part. They came into existence in response to a need, they have served their purpose, and though they had to meet at first the inevitable prejudice and opposition, they are now generally accepted and have found their place in the normal social life of their generation. The number of clubs either for women alone or for both men and women is now very large, and at the outbreak of the war they proved of great value to the women who were ready and willing to take over the work of the various relief measures which the situation had created.

The arguments raised against clubs for women were similar to those raised against every other feature of the Woman's Movement. The dire results prophesied have not been borne out by experience. Rather, it has been proved that they form an

essential part in the life of those who are devoting their energies to public work, and are a means of keeping women in touch with matters outside their own particular interests.

The notice-board of a women's club of to-day—and I am thinking in particular of the International Women's Franchise Club, in Grafton Street, of which I am President—bears evidence of the mental activity of its members. This club, besides being a meeting-place for those interested in the Woman's Movement in all parts of the world, and possessing a most valuable library of books dealing with all aspects of that movement, is holding during the autumn and winter months a series of lectures on a great variety of subjects, from Japanese Art to Poor Law and the War. The keynote of the success of many women's clubs has been their faculty for combining comfort with interests that stimulate, and the popularity of the lectures arranged by the International Women's Franchise Club is an instance of this.

The cause which unites the members of this Club has in this last year been put to the supreme test. Our country is in greater danger than ever before. It is threatened with graver peril and called upon to make greater sacrifices than when Pitt's heart was broken by the news of Austerlitz. The call for help, for service, for devotion is urgent, and it is addressed to-day, as never before, to all—to women as well as to men. It is not for us to speak of the response—the danger still threatens, the future is still uncertain—but whether it is finally proved to be adequate or inadequate, one thing is already clear: Not only have women shown a readiness for service and sacrifice equal to that of men, but, thanks to that process of development to which I have alluded, they have also shown the capacity to give what is asked of them. The new type is found to be suited to the age. The long and difficult struggle for higher education and for wider opportunities of self-expression is now shown to have been but a preparation for the great call that was to come for women's help; the patient battling with prejudice and misrepresentation has but helped to produce the courage, the energy, and the skill with which the call has everywhere been answered.

graph; but I deny it: the ship was really made by Sandy, and the launch is entirely Sandy's work, except for the breaking of the champagne bottle, which is, strictly speaking, not essential. He stands back when the last of the keel-blocks falls; he stares for a moment, breathless, at the prodigious mass that hangs above him—his creation; a whistle blows far up in the other world where the hand is playing, and innumerable men and women, clothed expensively, untired and clean, keep their eyes on a lady dressed in a coat and skirt of crushed strawberry, the lady makes the gesture, and cries out the name, "Colossus!"

A weight falls; the dagger is released; the vessel, for the first time, thrills and gathers herself together, full of the sense of space. She stares with the blood-red eyes of her hawse-holes at the multitude, and experiences within, the agonising aches of life that are no less tragic, no less agonising, than the throes of dissolution. She backs upon the greasy ways; she gathers impetus; the timbers below her groan and shriek. Along her flanks the cables thrash and tighten on the tangled chains, which are dragged to the water-edge. The earth should roar at the birth of such a monster; chaos itself should lie in the wake of her fall; there is only the crash of feeble timber and the sound of the dragging tons of chains that check her when she floats.

Sandy glances up with wonder at the cheering people gathered about the platform with its flags, and hears the band burst out with "Rule, Britannia!" then, at the vacant space in which a minute ago was the creature of his hands, companion of his winter days, the object of his travails. And then he looks at her, incredibly serene and self-possessed, a veritable ship afloat, his child, "Colossus!"

When the historian of the future comes to describe in detail the national life of our country in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, he will be struck by the marked change which, during that period, has taken place in the position which women occupy in that national life. He will probably attempt to trace the change from its beginning, and point to the acts of individual women as milestones along the path of their progress. Such a task would be difficult, for though we can all see the change which has come about if we look back to the women of early Victorian days, it would be hard to say when the process of development began or what has been its chief contributory causes.

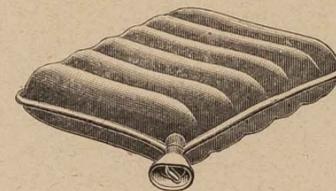
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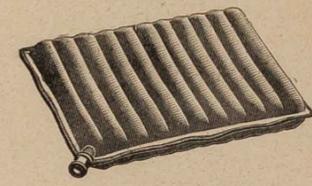
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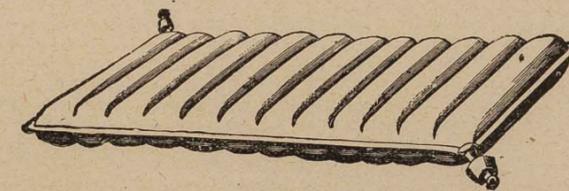


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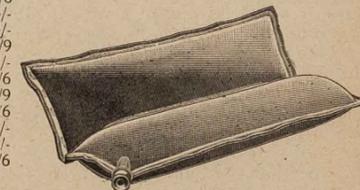
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Notes from Headquarters.

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Hon. Secretaries: **MISS EVELYN ATKINSON** (Literature), **MRS. OLIVER STRACHEY** (Parliamentary).
Hon. Treasurer: **MRS. AUERSBACH.**
Secretary: **MISS HELEN WRIGHT**
Offices: Parliament Chambers, 14, Great Smith Street, Westminster, London, S.W.
Telegraphic Address—Voiceless, London. Telephone—4673 Vic. & 4674 Vic.

It is a remarkable tribute to those who built up the Union that in this time of great stress the foundations are still secure. Our usefulness during the period of the war is our sure guarantee that every worker in every part of the country will still support and further the efforts of the Union.

It has been possible to conduct our Headquarters' Office with very slightly diminished staff. Certain departments have altered the former nature of their work to meet the present demands, and all are devoted to the task of "sustaining the vital forces of the nation," and especially safeguarding the interests of women.

The Information Bureau and Women's Interests Committee have collected valuable statistics regarding women's employment and conditions.

The Press Department has kept watch on the articles and news appearing in the public Press bearing upon the same subjects.

The General Office has, in turn, conducted work-rooms, administered special funds, and raised money for hospitals and relief work.

From the affiliation fees paid by branches this year it is already obvious that the membership has not appreciably decreased, and several local societies report an increase.

The following sums have been received this week at Headquarters for the Scottish Women's Hospital: Mrs. Davidson, £2 2s.; Windsor and Eton W.S.S., £3; Mrs. Honeyman (British Columbia), £1. Sums received for other purposes will be acknowledged next week.

Literature Department.

"The Suffrage Diary and Handbook" has been again issued this year. Although most people are practising economy and saving on all unnecessary objects, it is obvious that a diary will be needed as much as ever this year. Names and addresses of the Secretaries of Societies have been added, and the list of useful addresses of societies and organisations for Employment and Relief is brought up to date. The new postal arrangements are included, and are quite indispensable to have now.

War Cooking for Women Workers.

On Monday, November 15th, the Patriotic Housekeeping Exhibition will be opened at the Suffrage Shop, 50, Parliament Street, S.W., and will be on view until November 27th. All kinds of labour-saving machines will be shown, and the Exhibition (which will be free) will be of the greatest interest to all housekeepers anxious to discover how to reduce household bills without reducing food values. A series of demonstrations in economical cooking will be given daily from 12 to 2 and 5.30 to 7.30, at which the use of the hay-box and other simple cooking appliances will be explained. The demonstrator, who will be pleased to advise on individual cases, will be continuously at work during the hours named, and visitors can enter at any time. These demonstrations should be of special interest to women workers who are away from home all day and are anxious to obtain hints as to the easy preparation of hot meals when they return at night. The charge for admission to each cooking demonstration will be 3d.

"The Englishwoman" Exhibition.

The Exhibition of Arts and Handicrafts, which *The Englishwoman* is organising, will be opened at 3 p.m. on November 17th, by the Marchioness of Londonderry, in the Central Hall, Westminster. The exhibits are of great variety, and many of the handicrafts and industries of skilled women will be on view, including leather work, basketry, pottery, jewellery, feather-craft, and Armenian needlework.

The Exhibition will be open daily from November 17th to November 27th (11 to 6 p.m.), admission being 1s.

Financial Report of the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospital for Foreign Service.

The following notes have been received from Mrs. Laurie, Hon. Treasurer:—

The financial history of the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospital may be said to have commenced on September 28th, 1914, when, at a meeting under the auspices of the Greenock W.S.S., Dr. Inglis, for the first time, publicly outlined her scheme for a "Scottish Women's Red Cross Hospital for the Front." With a few subscriptions in hand, and the collection of £17 received by Mrs. Laurie at this meeting, the Hospital fund was inaugurated. Further donations were received with great rapidity.

On October 3rd the Executive of the Scottish Federation met in Edinburgh, and with a sum of less than £100 resolved, under the inspiration of that faith which removes mountains, incarnate in the person of the Hon. Secretary, to appeal for the sum of £1,500, and on that sum being attained, to send out the first Unit of the "National Union of Women Suffrage Societies Scottish Women's Hospital for Foreign Service" to Serbia, or to that one of our Allies by whom our services were first needed. The first public appeal of the Executive Committee was issued about ten days later, signed by Miss Mair, Miss Chrystal McMillan, Dr. Elsie Inglis, and Mrs. Laurie, all office-bearers of the Scottish Federation N.U.W.S.S. The response was instantaneous—to those of lesser faith, amazing. By October 31st £1,644 had been received, the personnel of the first Unit was selected, and ready for the call. By the end of November £5,791 was in hand; on December 31st, over £7,000. Dr. Alice Hutchison's ambulance at Calais, and the Hospital at Royaumont were accomplished facts, while the first Serbian Unit was well on its way to Kragujevatz. (Arrived Jan. 5th.)

On March 24th, when the Hon. Treasurer reviewed the work of the first six months of our Hospital's existence, the position was briefly as follows: £14,816 had been received (£10,876 spent)—of this £3,160 had been contributed directly through the Women's Suffrage Societies in Scotland; by those in England, £2,333. Expenditure to the same date was £10,876—this covering the cost of equipment and maintaining the Jeanne D'Arc Ambulance, Calais, and Royaumont Hospitals, the former from November, the latter from December to March, and the equipment of the first Serbian Unit.

In April the past and present students of Girton and Newnham combined in the gift of £1,800—to be employed in the equipment of the second French Hospital at Troyes—henceforth to be known as the "Girton and Newnham" Unit, and sufficient money had been received and promised from all sources to enable the Committee confidently to undertake its maintenance, and that of the second Serbian Unit, which sailed on April 19th, and was ultimately established at Valjevo. This Unit, by the generosity of the Wales and London Committee of the S.W.H., who have collected and handed over the handsome sum of £7,000 to pay for its equipment and maintenance for six months, will now be known as the "Wales-London" Unit of the S.W.H. Similarly the Hospital at Madanovatz, an offshoot of the first Unit at Kragujevatz, will be known as the "Madge Neill Fraser Memorial Hospital," the Golfers' contribution to this Memorial now reaching the total of £2,600.

Since then, income has steadily kept pace with a constantly rising expenditure—money coming in, and as certainly going out, at the rate of about £1,000 per week. In connection with our work at home and abroad, the total number of personnel is now 348—the paid staff numbering 255 persons.

Total number of beds equipped, 1,375—France, 450; Serbia, 925. Total number of beds named, 450.

Total receipts (to end of September), £60,885.

Total expenditure, £45,074.

Subscriptions from English W.S.S. (including Active Service Fund) had to this date reached the handsome total of £9,298.

Subscriptions from Scottish W.S.S., £6,597.

(This does not include the proceeds of Flag Days previously given, organised by the Scottish Serbian Flag Day Committee, which amounted to nearly £9,000, and the Golfers' Memorial, "Madge Neill Fraser" Hospital, £2,600.) From the Sheffield Serbian Flag Day Committee we have received £1,067; Scottish Teachers' Fund for War Relief, £1,350; Sir Percy and Lady Bates, for Serbia, £500; Glasgow and West of Scotland Sub-Committee, £1,260; Committee, London Units S.W.H., £4,000; Committee, Wales Units, £3,300. The London Committee have also provided an X-Ray

Car for France, at a cost of some £1,100, and clothing and other comforts to the value of some £1,040.

In addition to these sums which have passed through the Hon. Treasurer's books, the French Government have made to the Abbaye de Royaumont the handsome gift of 25,000 frs., in recognition of its extension to 200 beds—with the sole proviso that these beds and their furnishings remain the property of the French Government at the end of the war.

This, of course, is in addition to the monthly "comptabilité"—the sum granted by the French Government of two francs per diem per head for the patients nursed at the Abbaye.

In the Serbian Hospitals, the Serbian Government have hitherto granted an allowance of three dinara per diem, for both staff and patients. In view of the critical situation in the Balkans, however, it would seem hardly probable that this can be long maintained, and we must therefore be prepared to shoulder, if necessary, this additional burden. But the Hon. Treasurer feels confident that friends of the S.W.H. will enable the Committee to continue the work by providing the necessary money. (For Appeal Coupon see Page 409.)

THE WELSH HOSPITAL UNIT FOR SERBIA.

At the end of March, 1915, Dr. Elsie Inglis visited South Wales and addressed meetings arranged by the Cardiff and Newport Women's Suffrage Societies on the work of the Scottish Women's Hospitals. Before Dr. Inglis's visit the societies concerned were satisfied to aim at the endowment of a certain small number of beds in one of the Serbian Units, but her speeches roused keen enthusiasm, and left us so confident of the very able management of the Scottish Women's Hospitals that the suggestion made by the Secretary of the Newport Society that we should try to raise in Wales and Monmouthshire the £1,500 necessary to equip a unit of 100 beds for Serbia was encouragingly received by the Cardiff meeting.

An informal meeting was held the following day, attended by a few members of the Cardiff and Newport Societies. A letter for the Press was drafted, and several well-known women were invited to sign it. This letter has appeared in the Welsh press, and has been widely circulated throughout Wales and Monmouthshire. It is signed by Mrs. Lloyd George, the Lady Mayoress of Cardiff (Mrs. J. T. Richards), the Mayoress of Newport (Mrs. Robjant), the Hon. Violet Douglas Pennant, Mrs. Lewis (President of S. Wales and Monmouthshire Federation of W.S.S.), and the ex-Lady Mayoress of Cardiff (Mrs. James Robinson).

A central committee was formed, with the Lady Mayoress of Cardiff as chairman, and has worked most enthusiastically. In addition, committees were formed in other parts of Wales and Monmouthshire, notably the N. Wales Committee, with the Mayoress of Bangor as chairman, which undertook the collection of funds in North Wales, and the Newport Committee, which, with the help of the Mayor of Newport, appealed to Monmouthshire for funds. Further, the Mayor of Swansea made a special appeal for the maintenance of the Unit, and raised more than £500 for this purpose.

The £1,500 asked for has been far exceeded, and a total of £3,898 has been collected. Part of this money has been spent on a motor ambulance, which has been at work in Serbia for some months. The remainder has been used for purchasing one-half of the equipment of the Wales—London Unit, and allows of a margin to maintain it for six months. It should be explained that the committee of the Welsh Hospital Unit for Serbia has accepted the suggestion made by the S.W.H. that the Wales and London Units should work together in Serbia as a single unit of 200 beds, under the name Wales—London Unit.

During the summer months the idea was that the Unit should go out to one of the several locations mentioned by Sir Ralph Paget and the Serbian Government, and inspected also by Dr. Elsie Inglis. As everyone knows, there was little fighting in Serbia during the summer, the Serbian army undergoing a course of reorganisation in preparation for the inevitable renewal of hostilities, and this caused Sir Ralph Paget and the authorities to delay the departure of the Wales—London Unit. With the idea of the present position in front of them, it was decided by the respective committees concerned that the very generous sums subscribed by Wales and London should be used to endow Dr. Hutchison's excellently organised and most successful hospital at Valjevo, which is now known as the Wales—London Unit.

The personnel, largely recruited in Wales, which was engaged in the late summer, was in September despatched to Valjevo, to take the place of those members of Dr. Hutchison's staff who had already completed their term of service.

[A summary of receipts for the Welsh Unit will be found on page 408, and a complete list of London donations on pages 410-413.]

English Medical Women.

By A. H. BENNETT.

Preface by Stephen Paget, F.R.C.S.

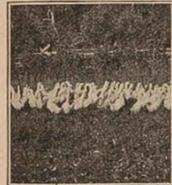
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How Some of our Societies Worked for the N.U.W.S.S. Hospitals.

ACTIVITIES IN GLASGOW.

[Space permits of an account of the work of a few Societies only, though most of the Societies of the Union have worked for the Hospitals in some form or another.]

It had long been felt by several members of the Glasgow Society for Women's Suffrage that organised work on behalf of the Scottish Women's Hospital should be part of the programme of the Society; consequently, at the end of May, at a meeting of the Executive Committee, it was decided that a Joint Committee should be formed to that end. Already members had individually shown interest in the hospitals, and large donations had passed through the hands of the Hon. Treasurer, for Mrs. Laurie; also in the early part of January Miss E. M. C. Foggo had come from the Edinburgh office to organise Glasgow and the West of Scotland on behalf of the hospitals, and, though not attached officially to the Glasgow Suffrage Society, she had the use of a room, telephone, &c., in the Society's offices.

The Executive Committee, when drawing up their proposed scheme, made application to headquarters in Edinburgh for their approval, and asked them to allow Miss Foggo to act as organiser for the Joint Committee. On receipt of a favourable reply they set to work. By mutual agreement the area of the Society's operations was defined to include all places in which no Suffrage Societies exist, as well as the eighteen Suffrage Societies in the West. The Committee, now in full working order, consists of members of the Glasgow Executive Committee, members of the Society, and representatives from thirteen of the eighteen Suffrage Societies in the West, as well as representatives from places lacking Suffrage Societies. This Committee held its first meeting on June 25th, at 202, Hope Street, when Mrs. Lander was unanimously elected Chairman, Dr. Agnes Cameron, Vice-Chairman; and Miss M. C. Morrison, Hon. Treasurer; whilst Miss K. W. Lindsay acts as Secretary, and Miss E. M. C. Foggo as Organiser. Splendid results have accrued from the formation of this Committee, each member without exception readily undertaking work for the hospitals in her area; and the result of summer fêtes, garden parties, whist drives, hall meetings, drawing-room meetings, &c., has been so satisfactory that the Hon. Treasurer announced recently that the sum of over £2,000 has been passed on to Mrs. Laurie since June.

[We publish next week an account of other important pieces of work undertaken by the Glasgow Society since the war.]

SERBIAN FLAG-DAY IN SHEFFIELD.

It really originated in a pastoral visitation by our Federation Secretary. "Give your Society some special war work to do if you want to keep it together," she said. "Some of our branches are working for the Serbian hospitals. Why not do likewise?"

Fired by her exhortation, we resolved to have a public meeting and organise a "Sheffield Women's Effort for Serbia." Mrs. Shaw McLaren came and gave an inspiring account of the work of the N.U.W.S.S. Hospitals. A good collection was taken, one bed was named for "Dr. Helen Wilson," other donations given and promised. But this was not enough. "Sheffield must have a Flag-day," declared an enthusiastic member of the Committee. "Look what an amount the Alexandra Day collection has raised—mostly in small sums. It will be a disgrace to Sheffield women if we cannot raise a substantial sum for Serbia—especially as a Sheffield woman doctor is working with the Scottish hospitals." Her energy carried the day; she was appointed Hon. Sec. of the Flag-day Committee, of which our N.U. Committee was to form the nucleus, and our Treasurer agreed to act in the same capacity for Flag-day. The consent of the authorities was obtained. A large number of representative ladies were co-opted on to our Committee, and one man—the chief organiser of the Alexandra Rose Day in our city, who gave invaluable advice and help. The editors and "lady correspondents" of local newspapers were interviewed, and rendered magnificent service in making our effort known and keeping it constantly before the public eye. The town was mapped into twenty districts, and an organising head appointed to each; schoolrooms, offices, vestry-halls, and committee rooms were gladly lent for depôts; six gross of tin collecting boxes were ordered, labels printed in the Serbian colours, and flags to the number of 200,000 ordered.

When the day came, helpers were up before dawn, selling flags to the munition workers at the east end. The Commandant of the 3rd Northern Base Hospital had kindly put two motor ambulances at our disposal to collect the coin from the depôts at mid-day and again at night; and convey it to the bank. Volun-

tary helpers were kept busy counting the money as it came in, and storing it in bags supplied by the bank; and at the end the Treasurer was able to assure us that (with previous donations) our Flag-day had yielded over £1,100. The total expenses were well under £100, so that we had cleared enough to name twenty beds for a year.

MANCHESTER'S FIELD HOSPITAL.

This Society, in co-operation with some of the Societies in the Federation, is devoting all its energies to raising the necessary funds for the equipment of a Field Hospital. For the inauguration of the scheme a meeting was held at the Town Hall on November 5th at 3.0. The Lord Mayor took the chair, and put a resolution to a very large audience. This was seconded by the Lady Frances Balfour, and supported by Miss Burke, who gave an interesting account of the work of the Scottish Women's Hospitals in Serbia. The resolution was passed unanimously. Other speakers were the Dean of Manchester, Sir Henry Miers, Vice-Chancellor of Manchester University, and Dr. King-May Atkinson. It was announced that Mrs. S. E. Lees, of Oldham, had promised £500 on condition that part of this went to maintenance, £91 had been collected before the meeting, promises of over £52 were handed in, also two other promises of £25 each had been given. The sum required is £2,500. A very representative Committee has been formed. Professor Weiss has consented to be Chairman; Mrs. Chapman, Hon. Secretary; and Mr. Drummond Fraser, Hon. Treasurer.

BIRMINGHAM'S HOSPITAL SALE.

Our Sale for the Scottish Women's Hospitals, and to obtain funds for our own winter activities, has been a great success, and we take this opportunity of thanking most heartily all the friends who helped us. A splendid amount of gifts in kind was given for the Hospitals' Stall and for Italy, besides gifts for other stalls, from which the purchasers kept the things they bought. But in the case of goods for our Allies, these were bought and then transferred to a large counter in the centre of the Bazaar Hall, where they were labelled with their destination, according as the purchasers wished them to be sent to Serbia, France, or Italy. Thus, everyone was able to see the pile growing larger continually. A nursing sister, who had just been invalided home from Kragujevatz, was present in her Serbian peasant's costume, and charged 3d. for answering questions and giving information about the country and the work. The Lantern Lectures were a great attraction, and, on the day when we had Dr. Soltau (wearing her splendid Order of St. Sava) with us, Miss Foggo allowed her to show the Serbian slides. Altogether, in tobacco, clothes, and hospital requirements, we have got about £100 worth for the Scottish Hospitals, together with £100 in money, for two beds, one of which is to be called "The Handsworth Bed," as our Handsworth members gave us such a splendid stall of home produce for the Sale. We have sent, also, about £50 worth of woollen comforts for our Italian Allies, and have, for the work of our own Society, a nice little sum in hand.

SURREY, SUSSEX, AND HANTS FEDERATION.

During the visit which Miss Helen Wright, Organising Secretary of the Surrey, Sussex, and Hants Federation, paid to France in June, she received a request from Mrs. Harley to ask the S.S. and H. Federation if they would raise funds to equip a Hospital Tent. The Federation had already decided that the chief effort of the summer should be the raising of funds for the Scottish Hospitals, and its officers willingly agreed that the money should be devoted to this special object.

The general response to the request for money was excellent throughout the Federation. Thirty-one out of a possible forty Societies subscribed, and two unfederated societies sent donations. Sums of £25 each, covering the equipment of a bed for six months, were sent by Brighton and Hove, Central Sussex, Dorking, Eastbourne, Hastings, the Isle of Wight, the New Forest, Woking, and Worthing. Since then certain of the Societies have raised or are raising funds to equip these beds for a second period of six months.

The last list of donations showed a total of £382 14s. 5d., and since then further contributions have come in. The Federation has also contributed to other units in France and Serbia, the total of which contributions, including the Tent Fund, bringing the sum to not far short of £1,000. Our Eastbourne Society held a Flag Day, as a result of which £165 10s. 8d. was raised. The work of the Hospitals was well advertised in the Press in all parts of the Federation, and undoubtedly a lively interest has been roused in this splendid work.

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THE PROBLEMS OF THE WAR.

A SERIES of LECTURES at the KENSINGTON TOWN HALL, on TUESDAY AFTERNOONS and EVENINGS, has been arranged by the S. Kensington Branch of the London Society for Women's Suffrage.

Nov. 16th, 8.30 p.m.—**M. ALEXIS ALADIN** (ex-Member of the Duma representing the Central Committee of National Patriotic Associations), on "Anglo-Russian Relations." Chairman, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, B.A. Collection for the Anglo-Russian Hospital.

Nov. 23rd, 3 p.m.—**Dr. LUDWIK EHRlich** (University of Lvów, Poland), on "Modern Poland." Chairman, The Lady Emmott. Collection for the Polish Victims Relief Fund.

Nov. 30th, 8.30 p.m.—**SIR EDWIN PEARS, LL.B.**, on "Constantinople, Past and Present." Chairman, Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough. Collection for the London School of Medicine for Women.

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SHIPLEY AND BALDON'S FLAG-DAY.

A very successful "Flag-day" was held at Shipley on Saturday, September 18th, when the sum of £79 was collected for the Scottish Women's Hospitals.

The Committee have sent £50 for a bed, in Serbia, for one year, and £25 for a bed in Roayumont for six months. Hearty thanks are due to the many willing helpers.

WELSH HOSPITAL UNIT FOR SERBIA.—SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS.

Donor and Time.	Name of Bed.	£	s.	d.
Swansea, per Mrs. Aeron Thomas, for Maintenance of Unit ... (6 months)		532	15	9
*General Fund—N. Wales Appeal ... (6 months)		290	19	8
Newport, Mon. ... (6 months)	"Newport 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9"	226	0	11
Penarth ... (6 months)	"Penarth 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6"	156	10	0
General Fund—Central Appeal ...	"Barker 1 and 2"	154	13	0
*Llandudno, per Miss Champneys, Eggerstone, Llandudno (12 months)		113	10	3
*Menai Bridge District, including Llandegfan, Llanfair P.G. and Llandudwen ... (12 months)	"Menai 1 and 2"	107	15	1
Barry ... (6 months)	"Barry 1, 2, 3, 4"	106	11	6
Aberystwith ... (6 months)	"Aberystwith 1, 2, 3, 4"	105	0	0
Llanishen ... (6 months)	"Llanishen 1, 2, 3, 4"	103	16	0
Sir William James Thomas (6 months)	"Rachel Thomas," "Maud Thomas," "Cissie Thomas"	75	0	0
*Women's Free Church Auxiliary (6 months)	"Women's Free Church Auxiliary 1 and 2"	56	11	2
Llandaff ... (6 months)	"Llandaff 1 and 2"	53	8	6
Ladies' Cardiff and County Club (6 months)	"Ladies' Cardiff and County Club 1 and 2"	52	8	6
Cardiff and District Women's Suffrage Society ... (6 months)	"Cardiff and District Women's Suffrage Society 1 and 2"	50	18	0
*Proceeds of Military Parade in Penrhyn Park ... (12 months)	"Penrhyn Park"	50	4	2
*Lady Trevor, per Mrs. Cornwallis West ... (6 months)		50	3	7
*Criccieth ... (6 months)	"Criccieth 1 and 2"	50	0	0
The Commissioners and Staff of the Welsh Insurance Commission (6 months)	"Welsh Insurance Commission 1 and 2"	50	0	0
Pembrokeshire, per the Hon. Mrs. L. Phillips (6 months)	"Pembrokeshire 1 and 2"	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. M. James, The Fields, Newport ... (6 months)	"Enid James," "Maynard James," "Menleith"	50	0	0
Mrs. Hann, Aberdare ... (6 months)	"Greene," "University College of North Wales"	46	11	0
*University College of North Wales (6 months)	"1st Pwllheli Bed"	45	0	0
*Pwllheli (6 months)		40	3	7
*Ruthin County School for Girls (6 months)	Ruthin County School for Girls	40	0	0
*Lady Lloyd Mostyn, per Mrs. Cornwallis West ... (6 months)	"Dinas Powis"	36	15	6
Dinas Powis Red Cross and Social Service Association (6 months)		35	3	0
Miss Dora Brown, I.R.A.M.—Proceeds of an "At Home" given by Miss Brown ... (6 months)	"Dora Brown"	35	3	0
Old Girls' Association (Cardiff High School for Girls) ... (6 months)	"Cardiff High School—Old Girls' Bed"	35	0	0
*Penmaenmawr and District, per Miss Hawker ... (6 months)	"Penmaenmawr"	32	7	8
*Beaumaris and District ... (6 months)	"Beaumaris"	31	8	6
Tongwynlais ... (6 months)	"Tongwynlais"	30	8	0
Mrs. Finchett Maddocks and Miss Potts ... (6 months)	"Cae Gwyn"	30	0	0
University College, Cardiff (6 months)	"University College, Cardiff"	29	5	6
Whitchurch ... (6 months)	"Whitchurch"	29	0	0
Members of Cardiff Nursing Division—St. John Ambulance Brigade (6 mos.)	"The Cardiff Nursing Division"	28	2	10
Radyr ... (6 months)	"Radyr"	27	19	0
Aberavon and Port Talbot (6 months)	"Aberavon and Port Talbot"	27	14	2
*Bangor Women's Suffrage Society ... (6 months)	"Bangor Women's Suffrage Society"	27	0	6
Cardiff and District Carmarthenshire Society ... (6 months)	"Carmarthenshire Society"	25	12	6
Aberdare ... (6 months)	"Aberdare"	25	4	3
Caerphilly ... (6 months)	"Caerphilly"	25	3	0
*Carnarvon and District (6 months)	"Carnarvon"	25	2	0
*Staff, Students and Domestic Servants of Bangor Normal College (6 months)	"Bangor Normal College"	25	0	0
*Congregation of Salem C.M. Chapel, Pwllheli ... (6 months)	"2nd Pwllheli Bed"	25	0	0
The Headmistress and Staff of the Cardiff High School for Girls (6 months)	"Cardiff High School"	25	0	0
The Jewish Community ... (6 months)	"The Jewish Community in Cardiff"	25	0	0
Cardiff District Union B.W.T.A. (6 months)	"Cardiff District Union B.W.T.A."	25	0	0
The Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd. ... (6 months)	"Prudential Assurance"	25	0	0
The Park Conservative Club (6 months)	"Park Conservative Club"	25	0	0
The Co-operative Wholesale Society ... (6 months)	"Co-operative Wholesale Society"	25	0	0
Private Nurses in Cardiff (6 months)	"Cardiff Private Nurses"	25	0	0
Catholic Women ... (6 months)	"The Cardiff Catholic Women's Bed"	25	0	0
Messrs. the Nantyglo and Blaena Ironworks Co. Ltd. ... (6 months)	"The Nantyglo and Blaena Ironworks Co. Ltd."	25	0	0
Abergavenny Women's Suffrage Society (6 months)	"Abergavenny Women's Suffrage Society"	25	0	0
Cardiff and District Cardiganshire Society ... (6 months)	"Cardiganshire"	25	0	0
Pontypridd ... (6 months)	"Pontypridd"	25	0	0
Penylan ... (6 months)	"Penylan"	25	0	0
*Mrs. Herbert Johnson and Miss M. Newton ... (6 months)	"Sylvia"	25	0	0
*Miss M. Newton ... (6 months)	"Flavia"	25	0	0
*Sir Frederick Smith ... (6 months)		25	0	0
*Lord Justice Bankes ... (6 months)		25	0	0
Mr. W. T. Badcock ... (6 months)		25	0	0
Miss Cory, Duffryn ... (6 months)	"Duffryn"	25	0	0
Mrs. Tom Evans ... (6 months)		25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jones ... (6 months)	"Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jones"	25	0	0
Mr. H. Gethin Lewis, Barry (6 months)	"H. G. Lewis"	25	0	0

DONATIONS TOWARDS EQUIPMENT OF BEDS.

*Llanfairfechan and District ...	16	4	0
*Miss Taylor and Miss Editha Taylor, Trefenal, Bangor ...	15	0	0
*Miss Jones and Miss Wood Edwards, Tre Anna, Llanfair P.G., Anglesey ...	15	0	0
*Llangollen and District War Relief Committee ...	15	0	0
*Bangor Women's Patriotic Guild ...	15	0	0
Llantrithyd ...	15	0	0
	£3,900	8	5

*North Wales Appeal.

Latest Cables from Our Hospitals.

The Girton and Newnham Unit (Mobile Tent Hospital from Troyes), with Mrs. Harley and Dr. McIlroy, has reached Giovigli, to the north of Salonika.

A cable from Dr. Elsie Inglis from Kragujevatz, on October 15th, reads as follows:—

"All well. Neil Fraser Hospital, Mladanovatz, called in; stationed here, Kragujevatz. Hutchison's Unit, Valjevo, coming in to be stationed further south. Hollway, Lazaravatz, still at original station."

A second cable sent by Dr. Alice Hutchison from Pojega, on November 8th, reads:—

"My Unit is now at Pojega, near Ujitze. All well."

A FRENCH LADY'S IMPRESSIONS.

A Frenchwoman who has been nursing in Serbia for a year and has just come back to renew her stock of supplies and recruit more helpers, has paid (says a Paris correspondent of *The Times*) "high tribute to British organisation. She has seen the hospitals of the Scottish Women, and she has seen the Farmers' Units. In all there was plenty, order, and competence. It was humiliating to see them with sheets for every bed, and when they had a new stock out and offered us their old ones, we jumped at the offer greedily. What the English want they get, and when there is any difficulty about red-tape, they simply do away with the red-tape."

"She left on the same boat as the Diplomatic Corps from Sofia. They called at Lemnos, and she was immensely struck with the perfection of our naval precautions. At Lemnos she heard the wonderful story of how drinking water is being given to the inhabitants. There was none on the island at all. . . . The British authorities had brought engineers on the *Canada*, and were sinking artesian wells.

"On the boat she met two English nurses from the Farmers' Unit who were invalided home after typhoid. They were very anxious about the rest of their Unit, which was working in Belgrade. Since leaving they had heard that the hospital was under fire. 'Of one thing we are sure,' they said, 'our people will not leave their wounded. So if the hospital is burned, they have gone with it.' Such is the spirit which has bound Serbia and England together during the last year of tribulation."

WOUNDED BRITISH SOLDIER, about to undergo an operation, under anaesthetic: "Say what you like, I like women doctors!"

Further Help for the Hospitals.

The Hon. Treasurer begs once more to thank all those who have helped and are helping, and will gratefully receive further contributions to carry on the work. Cheques should be sent either to the Hon. Secretary, Dr. Elsie Inglis, 2, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, or to the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Laurie, Red House, Greenock, and crossed "Royal Bank of Scotland."

Lists of donations sent to the Headquarters of the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals, and lists of beds named, are published regularly in THE COMMON CAUSE. As we are publishing this week a full list of donations to the London Units (pages 410-13), the weekly list from Scotland, bringing the total up to £71,322 5s. 1½d., is held over till next week.

APPEAL COUPON.

N. U. W. S. S. SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS
FOR
FOREIGN SERVICE.

I enclose a donation of £ : s. d. to { General Fund.
French Unit.
Serbian Unit.

Name

Address

Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treas., Mrs. Laurie, Red House, Greenock, or to the Hon. Sec., Dr. Elsie Inglis, 2, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh. Cheques to be crossed "Royal Bank of Scotland."

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"How to Dress"

with Good Taste

Autumn, 1915

POST FREE
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Every Lady should
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this charming book

1 U. SEAL
CONEY COAT;
45 in.; can
be worn without Belt. £5/19/6

2 U. NATURAL MUSQUASH
COAT; 44 in.; can be
worn open at neck. 7½ Gns.

Swan & Edgar Ltd.

The Leading West End Furriers.

REGENT STREET and PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

THE LONDON SOCIETY'S SALE.

We have to report good progress in our arrangements for the Sale of Plain Needlework, Produce, and Bimbo Toys to be held on November 30th and December 1st. The stars in their courses are helping us, for, by the kindness of the Duke of Westminster, Grosvenor House, Upper Grosvenor Street, W., has been lent to us, and, apart from anything else, the opportunity of seeing the beautiful Picture Gallery will be welcomed by many, and will be a great additional attraction. The Sale will be open each day from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., thus allowing time for purchasers of our useful wares to get home out of the dimly darkened streets fairly early in the evening. The Countess Brassey has very kindly consented to open the Sale on the first day, and many will wish to be present to hear her encouraging words, wishing us good luck. And, indeed, we do want good luck, for our Work-Women's Service (London Society for Women's Suffrage) is real national work in the best and widest sense, and comparatively few know the extent of its scope and usefulness. Would that it were more widely known.

The Women's Service Bureau, at 58, Victoria Street, is constantly being asked by the different Government Departments to supply suitable women for various kinds of work—work that is "new" to women. To have the work well done the women must be selected with judgment and be trained, and the London Society for Women's Suffrage (N.U.W.S.S.) sets a high standard of efficiency. All this work entails a great strain on the organisation financially as well as in other ways, and it is incumbent on all our members to come forward and do their "bit" to make the Sale on November 30th and December 1st a great financial success. Some will help by contributing articles for sale—plain, strongly-made garments for the working woman, useful gifts of clothing for the little ones, toys to gladden their hearts at Yule-tide; and, for the Produce Stall, chickens, butter, eggs, honey, &c., and let none forget that gifts of pounds of tea, coffee, sugar, home-made cakes, and other seductive dainties will be most welcome for the tea-stall.

All the contributions should be sent to 58, Victoria Street, before November 28th, with the exception of perishable goods; which must be sent on the 29th inst. Then, again, others will help by bringing friends to buy. If every member brought at least one friend as purchaser, we should, indeed, spell success.

National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies.

LONDON UNITS OF THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS.

LIST OF BEDS NAMED.

Table listing various beds named after donors, including 'Post Office Money Order Department', 'Madge Neil Fraser', 'Wandsworth and Putney', etc.

Where no names are given, the beds have been named by members of the London Society, friends, and subscribers, in the various districts.

Subscription List from March 1st to Sept. 30th, 1915, listing names and amounts.

Main list of donors and amounts for the London Units of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, including 'Addis, Esq., S.', 'A. Kaye, B.', 'Aids, Miss M.', etc.

Table of donors and amounts on page 411, including 'D'Esterre, Mrs.', 'Dewhurst, Patricia Committee', 'Denison, The Hon. Mrs. Henry', etc.

Table of donors and amounts on page 411, including 'Gilbert, The Misses', 'Gibson, Mrs. and Mrs. J. H.', 'Gibson, Mrs. E. A.', etc.

Table of donors and amounts for 'THE COMMON CAUSE' on page 412. Includes names like Sterling, Miss; Kennington, North; Walshe, Mrs. C. J.; Kermode, Mrs. C.; etc.

Advertisement for CAMBRIDGE HYMAN & SON, 49, Regent Street, near University Arms Hotel. Text describes hairdressing services and includes the slogan 'SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS and mention THE COMMON CAUSE when ordering goods.'

Table of donors and amounts for 'THE COMMON CAUSE' on page 413. Includes names like Todd, Lady White; Tomlin, Mrs.; Tomlinson, Miss Mary J.; etc.

WORK OF SOME OF OUR SOCIETIES FOR THE HOSPITALS (Continued from pages 407, 408).

The Oxford Women Students' Society for Women's Suffrage undertook from the outset to give all the help it could to the Scottish Women's Hospital scheme. Meetings were held early in the year, and interest was especially roused by one held at Lady Margaret Hall, at which Dr. Elsie Inglis herself was the speaker.

As a result so far three beds have been presented and named by the O.W.S.W.S.S., and one bed presented by the Oxford Women History Tutors, named after them and placed at Royau-mont. Gifts in kind are collected and dispatched from Oxford to Edinburgh at the end of every term; clothes, &c., will be welcomed by Miss Deneke, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

There are in this Federation six places which have named beds in the Serbian Hospital, namely, Droitwich, Hereford, Malvern (2), Shrewsbury (Shropshire Suffragists), Kidderminster, and Worcester. Since February last, £88 19s. 11d. has been sent for the hospitals through the Federation Treasurer; beside this there has, of course, been a much larger amount sent up direct from the societies.

In response to the Society's appeal on behalf of the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals, £40 5s. 8d. has been received (proceeds of concert at Stevenage, £10 13s.; proceeds of rummage sale at Stevenage, £9 7s. 2d.; thirty donations of amounts varying from 1s. to £5, £20 5s. 6d.).

The HAMPSTEAD BRANCH of the London Society has been conducting a Thrift Campaign in its area during the past four weeks. Seven meetings have been addressed on the subject, and on Friday, November 12th, three demonstrations of War-Time Cooking will be held in St. Stephen's Church Hall, Pond Street, N.W.

N.U.W.S.S. SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS. LONDON UNITS for Foreign Service.

Form for N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals. Includes fields for name, address, and a note: 'I wish to name a bed in the (Serbian) Hospital. (A donation of £50 carries the right to name a bed for a year.)'



Every Regiment in the British Army.

A Really Charming Badge Brooch that any lady might wear. Silver inlaid in Real Tortoiseshell. Exact size of illustration. Strongly made and perfectly finished. Post Free, 3s. 6d.

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DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE For Breakfast & after Dinner. In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

ALL BRITISH. VALKASA THE TONIC NERVE FOOD.

An Invigorating Nutrient for BRAIN FAG, DEPRESSION, LASSITUDE. 1s., 3s., and 5s. 6d. of all Chemists. James Woolley, Sons & Co., Ltd. MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER. DEANSGATE HOTEL. Family & Temperance. Conveniently situated near Exchange and Victoria Stations—also few doors from the Offices of National Union of Women's Suffrage Society.

RED AND COMFORT WORKERS. KNITTING WOOLS: GREAT VARIETY OF QUALITIES AND SHADES. PATTERN BOOKS OF HELMETS, MUFFLERS, SOCKS, &c. THOMPSTONE MANCHESTER.

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Forthcoming Meetings.

- NOVEMBER 12. Bristol—40, Park Street—Members' Meeting to take copies of THE COMMON CAUSE for street selling. Cambridge—Showroom of the Cambridge Gas Co.—Miss Morse on "Economic Cookery" 11 & 12. Edinburgh—40, Shandwick Place—"At Home"—Dr. Marion Newblin on "The Balkan Storm Centre" 4.30. Hatching—Aske Hatcham School for Girls—Speaker, Miss E. Hunter 3.0. Manchester—St. Matthew's Schools, Tomnan Street—Miss Stockdale on "Economies in War Time" 3.0. Sheffield—30, Campo-lane—Miss Tilney Bassett on "War Economies" 7.30. Southwark—Sons of Phoenix, Farmhouse Mission, Harrow Road—Lantern Lecture—Speaker, Miss Burke 7.30.

- NOVEMBER 13. Hull—Church Institute, Albion Street—Mrs. McKillop, M.A., on "How to Save on the Food and Fuel Bills" 3.0. Richmond—16, Denbig Gardens (by kind permission of Mrs. Gates)—Mr. H. N. Brailsford on "Foreign Policy and Parliamentary Control"—Admission free by ticket only, to be obtained beforehand from Miss Henderson, "Belsize," Queen's Road, Richmond 8.30. Winchester—Banqueting Hall, Guildhall—Miss Burke on "The N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals"—Chair, the Countess of Selborne—Admission free, reserved seats 1s. and 6d.

- NOVEMBER 14. Birmingham—Town Hall—Lecture on Food Economy and Demonstration by Miss Stockdale 3.0. Brighton—Sussex Pioneer Club, 4, New Road—Speaker, Miss Frost on "A Patriotic House-keeping Exhibition"—Chair (Afternoon Meeting), Miss M. E. Verrill; (Evening), Mrs. Ashton 3.15 & 8.15. Kensington—Town Hall—M. Alexis Aladin (Ex-Member of the Duma, representing Central Committee of National Patriotic Associations) on "Anglo-Russian Relations"—Chair, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, B.A. 8.30.

- NOVEMBER 15. Bristol—40, Park Street—Study Circle—Leader, Mr. E. Wethered 3.0. Leeds—35, Park Square—Hostess, Mrs. Kirlew—Subject, "Organisation of Babies' Welcomes" 3.30-5.30. Warwick and Leamington—The Spencer Street Schools—Miss Stockdale on "Food Economy in War Time" 3.0. Birmingham—Soldiers' and Sailors' Wives Club, Lee Bank Road—Cooking Lecture by Miss Stockdale 3.0. 45, Bath Row—Demonstration Lecture on Food Economy by Miss Stockdale 8.0. Watney and Wray—St. Paul's Schools, Seacombe—Tipperary Club 8.0-10.0.

- NOVEMBER 16. Cambridge—Showrooms of the Cambridge Gas Co., 52, Sidney Street—Miss Morse on "Economic Cookery" 11 & 12. Cardiff—Hall of the City of Cardiff High School for Girls—Lantern Lecture by Miss Thurstan, L.L.A., on "Personal Experiences as a Nurse in Belgium and Russia"—Chair, Major-General H. H. Lee, D.L., J.P. Admission 1s. Manchester—Minor Hall, Y.M.C.A., Peter Street—Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser on "The Necessity for Sex Education" 7.45. Working Parties. Birkenhead—Theosophical Society's Rooms, 48A, Hamilton Street—Working Party for the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals. Every Monday, 10.0-12.0 and 2.0-5.30. Blackheath and Greenwich Sewing Party for Scottish Women's Hospitals—at 3, Shooter's Hill Road—Hostess, Mrs. Monk—Contributions for the London Society's Sale of Plain Needlework sent to Secretary of above Branch will be on view on Nov. 15th, from 11.0-5.0, at Croome Hill House, Greenwich—Mrs. Bertram will speak at 2 p.m. Bolton—Suffrage Shop, Bradshamgate—Working Party for the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals. Every Monday, 2.30. Bridlington—Sewing Party for the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals—Every Wednesday 3.0-6.0. Bristol—40, Park Street—Working Party—Every Wednesday, 3.0. Eastbourne—At the Club, 124, Terminus Road—Sewing Party for the N.U.W.S.S. Hospitals in France and Serbia. Higgate—Working Party for L.S.W.S. Sale of Work—Hostess, Mrs. Garnett, 26, West Hill, Higgate. Every Wednesday, 3.0-5.0. Huddersfield—Sewing Meetings will be held at the Office, 41, Spring Street. Paddington—31, Hatherley Grove, Westbourne Grove (by kind permission of Messrs. William Owen, Ltd.)—Working Party for London Units of the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals. Every Tuesday and Friday, 3 to 4 p.m. Port Talbot—In room over Recruiting Office—Working Party for the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals. Every Wednesday, 6-8.30. Scarborough—8, Falconer Chambers—Working Party. Every Monday, 2.30. Solihull—Working Party for the Friends of Women's Suffrage, to make "comforts" for the Italian soldiers—Hostess, Mrs. Bernays, Church House, Solihull. Every Monday, 3.0. South Kensington—Belgian Hostel, 1, Argyll Road—Working Party for London Units of the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospitals. Every Tuesday and Friday, 3 to 6.30 p.m. Wakefield—"The Laurels," St. John's North—Sewing Party. Every Thursday, 2.30-6.0 and 7.0-9.0. Warwick and Leamington—35, Warwick Street, Leamington—Working Party to make Sand Bags. Every Monday and Friday, 2.30.

Soldiers' Canteens.

GATESHEAD SOCIETY'S MONTHLY MEETING. The third of a series of monthly meetings on educational subjects organised by this society was held on Wednesday, November 3rd, at 12, Noble Terrace, Gateshead, by the kind invitation of Mrs. Armstrong. There was a good attendance of members and friends. Miss Tooke kindly presided, and Miss Elizabeth Stevenson, of Newcastle, who spent her summer holidays helping at a canteen run by the Women's Emergency Corps at one of the big Paris railway stations, spoke on "Soldiers' Canteens," a subject both amusing and pathetic. She brought home to her audience the conditions "behind the front," the joyful soldiers on leave, the sad soldiers returning, the grateful poverty-stricken Belgians, the competent, orderly British, the cheerful French, and the romantic-looking Indian troops who are sent south to rest. The most pitiful of all were men from the invaded districts, distracted with anxiety for the wives and children of whom they could hear nothing. Miss Stevenson made her hearers understand the intensely personal way in which French people feel the war. She also described a visit paid to the N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospital at Royaumont, where the beauty and peace of the Abbey in its lovely surroundings are in strong contrast to the facts which dictate its present use. A collection in aid of the hospitals, amounting to 25s., brought a most interesting and stirring meeting to a close.

A Lecture by Miss Thurstan. On Thursday evening, October 14th, the Stockport Society held a most successful public meeting, the Mayor (Councillor T. W. Potts) presiding. The speaker was Miss Thurstan, who gave a most interesting and moving address on "Personal Experience Amongst the Wounded in Belgium and Russia." A collection, amounting to £12 11s., was taken towards the cost of a "Stockport bed" in one of the hospitals in Serbia under the S.W.H. By means of subscriptions from members and friends, and from the sale of home-made sweets, the total amount collected for this object to date is £39 6s.

Union Francaise pour le Suffrage des Femmes. A general meeting of this society will be held on November 14th, at 2.30, at 88, Avenue des Champs-Elysees, under the presidency of Mme. de Witt-Schlumberger. Topics for discussion on the agenda include "Press Opinions of Women's Work," by Mme. Pauline Rebour, and "Women and Economic Problems," by Mlle. V. Thompson, editor of La Vie Feminine.

HENSHAW'S BLIND ASYLUM, Old Trafford, Manchester. Twenty Dozen Natural Wool SOLDIERS' BODY BELTS made by Blind Girls. Offered at the low price of 24s. per dozen. Excellent GREY SOCKS, made of the best wool, 1s. 9d. per pair. All kinds of Knitted Goods made to order. Address—SUPERINTENDENT.

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PREPAID ADVERTISEMENTS. Ten words, 6d per insertion; every additional ten words, 6d per insertion. All advertisements should be addressed to The Manager, The Common Cause Publishing Co., Ltd., 14, Great Smith-st., Westminster, and must be received not later than first post Wednesday.

ANNOUNCEMENTS. INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S FRANCHISE CLUB, 9, Grafton-st., Piccadilly, W.—Meeting, Nov. 17th, 4.30 p.m. "The S.S.F.A.: Its Aims and Achievements," by Mrs. H. F. Wood. M. MIYATOVICH, former Serbian Minister Court of St. James, lectures on "Balkan Position," Tuesday, Nov. 16th, 3 p.m., Knightsbridge Hotel, also Sir Thomas Holdich, under auspices New Constitutional Society. Admission free.

Continued from page 414

MEMORIAL HALL, MANCHESTER. — Wednesday, November 17th, at 7.30 p.m., Recital of Works for two Pianofortes by Hope Squire and Frank Merrick. Tickets, 2s. 6d., and 1s. from Messrs. Forsyth Bros, 126, Deansgate, and at the door.

POSITION VACANT. WANTED in Somerset, active trustworthy Cook-Caretaker; large house; suitable for widow and one child; unexceptionable references required.—Address M. Crosswood, Welshpool.

POSITION WANTED. SWEDISH Medical Gymnast requires post; good needlewoman; would travel with lady child; doctor's references.—Particulars H. Box 5,489, Common Cause Office.

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NEW OPENING FOR WOMEN. CINEMA ACTING—Belsize Cinema School. Ladies and Gentlemen of artistic temperament and good appearance are thoroughly trained the expression of emotion, the drama and the comic for the Film Magnificent studios are being equipped with all modern appliances and installations for production of films in which students will act. Stock company in process of formation. Fees from £1 1s.—31, South-end-rd., Hampstead.

FARMING AND GARDENING. LADY FARMERS (Dairy and other branches) should go to Stand 117, Women and their Work Exhibition, Prince's Skating Club, Knightsbridge, Nov. 5th to 27th, for information and advice on Newest Agricultural Machinery, where Miss Griff, Consulting Engineer, will be showing the advantages of machinery for farmers, Motor Lorries, etc. Office: 48, Dover Street, W. Tel.: Gerard 184.

GARDENING FOR HEALTH in a Sussex Village.—Ladies received; charming country residence; elevated position; efficient instruction; month or term; individual consideration.—Peake, Parsonage Place, Udimore, near Rye, Sussex.

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FRENCH. FRENCH CONVERSATION LESSONS 1s. 6d. per hour, given by French lady; highly recommended.—Madame, 14, Hogarth-rd., Earl's Court.

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MORE MONEY TO SPEND (Income Tax Recovery and Adjustment)—Send post-card for this booklet to Mrs. Ayres Purdie, Women Taxpayers' Agency, Hampden House, 3, Kingsway. Phone, Central 6049.

MRS. WOOD-SMITH, M.P.S. Chemist, Coaches Women Students for the Apothecaries Hall Dispensers Examination.—Apply 9, Blenheim-rd., Bedford-rd., W.

TO GIRLS SEEKING A USEFUL AND ATTRACTIVE CALLING—ANSLEY COLLEGE FOR PHYSICAL TRAINING AND HYGIENE, ERDINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE, offers a full teachers' training in Physical Culture, including Swedish Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Dancing in all its branches, Indoor and outdoor games, Swimming, Hygiene, Anatomy, Physiology, &c. GOOD POSTS OBTAINED AFTER TRAINING.

WANTED. FIRST GOVERNESS required to teach two little girls, 5½ and 7½ years, on the lines of P.N.E.U.—Mrs. Aubrey Wilson, Rillmount, Hawick, Scotland.

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MR. CHODWICK BROWN, Surgeon Dentist, Mr. FREDK. G. BOUCHER, Asst. Dental Surgeon. Estd. 35 Yrs. Gas Administered Daily by Qualified Medical Man. Nurse in Attendance. Mechanical Work in all its Branches. Send Post Card for Examination. N.B. No show case at door. CONSULTATION FREE. Telephone: North 3795.

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CHELSEA.—Small furnished Flat to Let for six months; 1 sitting, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, restaurant.—Apply by letter to H. D., Box 5,465, Common Cause Office.

COMFORTABLY-FURNISHED Bed-Sitting-room for Lady, containing Gas Stove, Gas Cooker with all appliances for cooking. Attendance optional. 10s. 6d. per week.—L. 125, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

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HOSTEL FOR LADY WORKERS, students, and others; central and convenient for all parts; terms moderate.—Miss Sullivan, 59, Albany-st., Regent's-pk. (Portland-rd. Station, W.)

HOSTEL FOR STUDENTS, Professional Women, and other Ladies, Near British Museum, University College and Women's School of Medicine, Central, quiet.—Miss H. Vetch-Brown, 8, Lansdowne-pl., Brunswick-sq., W.C.

PRIVATE HOTEL FOR LADIES. Very quiet and refined, 13, St. George's-sq., Westminster. Bedroom, breakfast, bath, and attendance from 4s. 6d.—Write, or wire, Miss Davies.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH (OLD) BOUGHT.—Up to 6s. per tooth, planned on vulcanite; 11s. on silver, 14s. on gold, 25s. on platinum. Cash or offer by return. If offer not accepted, teeth returned post free. Satisfaction guaranteed by the original firm, Bankers, Parra.—S. Cann & Co., 69, Market-st., Manchester. Mention Common Cause.

THEENIC UNDERWEAR is made from the best materials, guaranteed unshrinkable, and gives lasting wear. Write for free book and buy direct at first cost.—Dept. 10, Abbeville Mills, Hawick, Scotland.

"COMMON CAUSE" Fountain Pens, price 3s. 6d. each. Non-leakable, can be carried in any position. Solid 14-carat gold nibs. Apply, send P.O. for 3s. 6d. (7d. being for postage), to Manager, Common Cause, 14, Great Smith Street (State whether fine, medium, or broad nib req.).

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HAIR FALLING OFF.—Lady who lost nearly all hers, and has now strong, heavy growth, sends particulars to anyone enclosing stamped addressed envelope.—Miss C. C. Field, Glendower, Shanklin.

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PROVISIONS, FRUIT, etc. APPLES.—Blenheim Orange, 45 lb. 8s. 6d., 21 lb. 4s. 6d.; excellent cooking, 6s. and 3s. 6d.; Cox's Orange Pippin (small), 10s. 6d. and 5s. 3d.; cartilage paid in England and Wales.—Frank Roscoe, Steeple Morden, Royston.

FOR SALE, 24 lb. Cox's Orange Pippins, or 24 lb. Blenheim Orange, 5s. 6d.; good keeping cooking apples, 12 lb. 2s., 12 lb. quinces, 3s.; 12 lb. good keeping stewing pears, 2s. 3d.; cartilage paid 120 miles.—Mrs. Owen Powell, Harmer Green, Welwyn, Herts.

FOR SALE AND WANTED. ARTIFICIAL TEETH (OLD) BOUGHT.—MESSRS. A. BROWNING, Dental Manufacturers, 65, Oxford-st., London, THE ORIGINAL FIRM who do not advertise misleading prices. Full value by return or offer made. Call or post. Est. 100 years.

THE NATIONAL UNION. ACTIVE SERVICE FUND. I enclose Cheque Postal order for £ : s. d. for relief and educational work organised by the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies in connection with the war. Name (Mrs, Miss, Esq., or other Title). Address. Cheques to be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Auerbach, crossed London County and Westminster Bank, and sent to the N.U.W.S.S., Parliament Chambers, 14, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON HIGH STREET LONDON W

Sale of Fur Coats, Fur Stoles & Muffs.

Derry & Toms have bought at an extraordinarily low price the entire Stock of **S. NORTH & CO., Russian Fur Importers, 179-180, Upper Thames St. E.C.**

This enormous collection, which consists of beautiful skins has been made up into Coats and Stoles and Muffs of the most luxurious character, which are now being sold off at merely nominal prices in Fur Department on Ground Floor.



When a fur coat is charming, or unusual, or, as in this case, combined of two expensive furs, the price as a rule is the chief difficulty. This exceptionally smart coat is of Seal Coney with Border and Collar of Real Skunk. It is reduced in price from 14 gns. to **7 gns.**



This very charming Coat is in rich Seal Musquash, the very full shape is probably one of the most correctly cut models produced this season. Reduced from 25 gns. to **16 gns.**



An ultra Smart Coat in Rich Natural Musquash, cut on the very full lines of the fashionable Cossack shape. A perfectly made garment of sound and reliable skins. Reduced from 14 gns. to **8 gns.**



In this stock are many Models in Seal Coney, but out of the whole collection this garment stands peerless and immaculate. It is of a particularly fine grade skin with border and trimmings of Black Wolf. Reduced from 18 gns. to **10 gns.**



Russian Poneyskin, when it is soft and light in weight, when it is brilliant and has plenty of the illusive shadow markings, always has its devotees because it wears so well; but in addition to these virtues this superb coat has a wide band of real skunk round the border and collar and cuffs. Reduced from 14 gns. to **6 1/2 gns.**

Black Siberian Wolf is enjoying an immense vogue. One can for the same price obtain in Wolf a larger, a richer-looking and a more durable Fur Stole or Muff than in Fox, which it so closely resembles. Reduced from 4 1/2 gns. to **59/6**. Muff same price.

DERRY & TOMS, Kensington, London, W.



Space will not permit us to describe all the models, but an idea of the real advantages this sale offers may be gathered from these illustrated bargains.