

THE WOUNDED IN PRINCE OF WALES' HOSPITAL, TOTTENHAM.

BY NURSE ELSIE SMITH.

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THE wounded soldiers in this hospital occupy the three wards on the lower corridor; we usually have about fifty at a time. In one ward they are nearly all Belgians, and if they are not Belgians, they are either broad Scotch or Irish, and it is very difficult to the uninitiated to understand any of them. One of our English soldiers, when asked what he thought of the Belgians, said, "They are fine! almost as good as the English." They all seem to enjoy "the good time" as they call it, in hospital, and most evenings they have music, and sometimes a concert. Visitors to the hospital think they cannot do enough for the "Tommies," and send them an abundant supply of good things, besides lending their motor cars to take them for drives. Yet underneath it all there is an element of seriousness not unmixed with sadness. Some are eager to get back to the front, but others say that their past experience of fighting is too terrible for words. Though they say that they do not think of themselves while in the thick of it, yet they do sometimes wonder how the wife and children are getting on, and hope that they are all right.

Most of the soldiers here are not very badly wounded; usually some injury to the limbs; and sometimes minor operations are necessary, but, as a rule, they scorn the idea of an anæsthetic. As well as having wounded soldiers, we get a continual stream of Red Cross nurses, who come here to try and learn to be of some help. This brings a little of the outside world into our midst, as most of them have friends at the front. The time is not long enough to teach them much practical knowledge, but some of them do realize that a nurse's life is not all "honey," but calls for a great deal of hard discipline and self-sacrifice, a lesson which all have to learn during this terrible war-time.

IN SEARCH OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY DR. A. E. MOORE.

YOU must take an ekka to get there. What is an *ekka*? Roughly speaking it is a box on two wheels with four corner poles supporting a curtained roof. We sit on the lid of the box as a lady sits on her side-saddle with legs dangling over the wheels. In the shafts a bony, underfed, overworked animal, whose ancient harness is supplemented here and there by string and rags. The *Ekka walla* whips up his steed and away we go bumping, jolting, shaking over the rutty road. We are only going four miles or so. Before the introduction of a railway, a journey of two or three days in an