

shown to us by which it propels itself through the water like a streak of lightning, the rudders which keep it at an even distance below the surface of the water, and the gyroscope that holds it in a bee-line straight to its mark. We were taken later over a cruiser then in dock and shown the newest type of torpedo and its tube. When the Engineer told us that a single torpedo cost about £2,000 one could understand something of the cost of a naval battle where perhaps a dozen are fired.

No wonder they are anxious not to waste any!

We are hoping shortly to be able to go over a Hospital ship. A sight that brings us to the other side of war, and a side with which women as a rule have to be brought more closely into touch. It is their sad yet noble task to seek to repair the terrible damage wrought by modern weapons of war.

The Guides have been going on steadily with their First-Aid classes and many of them have already gained sufficient knowledge and efficiency to be a real help should they be called for in an emergency. There is not much scope out in India for the girls to do special war relief work as there is at home, but they are living up to their motto to "Be Prepared" for anything that may turn up.

It may interest the readers of the "Nursing Journal" to hear in what ways Girl Guides at home are helping the Empire, so I have picked out a few typical instances from the many that have come to hand. I am indebted for the information to the "Girl Guide Gazette". The Guides of Tunbridge Wells have been busy with war work. They have stained the floors of the hostels for Belgian refugees, made 80 garments for refugee children and braken pillows for Red Cross work and the soldiers billeted in the town. The first Torquay Company have been helping at the Red Cross Hospital, lighting fires before breakfast, washing dishes and cleaning brass. The Holmwood girls have been sewing and knitting for the troops and in addition have sent off 2 parcels for the Coastguard Scouts who are many of them poor fisher lads who have become Boy Scouts and undertaken this arduous duty. Some of the girls have also been helping Belgian refugees, giving them lessons in English and acting as cooks and general helps. From all over England comes news of similar help being given, and the Girl Guide movement has justified itself many times over during this time of testing by the willing and capable help it has rendered.

LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

BY ALBERT E. MOORE.

PALWAL is a place set upon a hill that might well be hid. There are different theories about the origin of that hill; some say that it consists of the heaped remains of successive Palwals, a theory to which the embedded brickwork in its precipitous exterior give corroboration; others say that an earthquake has been responsible—for it is a lonely heap on a monotonous

plain. It does not matter. The fact remains that from outside Palwal is an unpicturesque and squalid collection of ruinous heaps. It has a reputation—it is the unhealthiest village in the Punjab. We call it a village, but there are ten thousand closely-packed individuals within its boundaries. There were seventeen thousand till three years ago. Then they died of plague and malaria at the rate of one hundred and fifty a week. Lying around the outskirts innumerable small hollows abound; the moonsoon arriving fills them up. Within a few days of the first break in the rains—from the surface arise in their millions fever-impregnated mosquitoes. The rest is simple—and deadly.

The Main street is an accident; it meanders in an indeterminate direction, between houses of brick and huts of mud plastered with cow-dung.

The side streets trickle into it, skirting deserted ruins and gaudy temples. Jostling together in the street or squatting before the mud caves known as shops, where men worth thousands of rupees sit in rags and dirt, are Brahmans, grain-sellers, sweepers, babus in picturesque confusion. Women pass by with water-pots on their heads, furtively glancing from beneath their *chuddahs* at the sahib; some carrying their babes on their hips stride powerfully by. The Indian woman has a carriage and gait to envy. By the road-side a group of naked children, with sparkling eyes and tousled hair, are playing with coloured stones. A *bheastie* passes by with his leathern water-skin slung behind his bent back, or, beckoned by a villager, pours a stream into the latter's folded hands, and he drinks.

The grain-sellers have a well of their own in the centre of the village. A little mite fell in and was drowned some time ago. The inlet is now guarded with cross-bars, and on the slippery side the women let down their brass pots and fill the huge earthenware vessels that they carry on their heads; they chatter in harsh, unmusical tones. There is no music here. The weird, monotonous chant, the beating of the tom-tom, the *dup, dup* of the drum, and the hard, unyielding voices fall in discord on a western ear. No one hurries. "There is to-morrow," says the Indian, and falls asleep. Even the flies, as they crawl in hundreds over the goods exposed for sale, reluctantly are hurried from their feast. There are one or two outstanding buildings. There is the Tehsil, where the Municipal Committee meet; it is very much like a European bungalow. There is the Government Dispensary, and the Baptist Zenana Hospital, of which nothing but a high, uninteresting wall is seen from without. The houses of the better class are carefully built to exclude sunlight, and the interiors resemble a white-washed stable decorated with coloured prints of gods, goddesses, and whisky and tobacco advertisements.

The poorer class live in thatched mud houses, the court-yard of which is occupied by their cattle and fowls. Vermin are considered *comme il faut*. Sanitation is primitive in the extreme, waste products escaping through a hole in the wall into cesspools along the Main street. Disinfection is both disregarded and resented. Hindus and Mahomedans and some Christians make up the religious aspect.

There is a house on the Main street, painted blue and white. On the roof is the wooden figure of a man; he used to carry a gun. At his first appearance several people in the immediate neighbourhood happened to die. At the urgent request of a deputation the gun was removed. The man now carries a stick. This is perfectly true.

Such is life in an Indian village way back. Such is the material on which the Missionary has to work.

NEW MEMBERS

THE ASSOCIATION OF NURSING SUPERINTENDENTS OF INDIA.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Training.</i>	<i>Present Appointment.</i>
Miss Mary Firth Guyton ..	Brownlow Hill Infirmary, Liverpool.	Baptist Mission Hospital, Bhiwani, S. Punjab.
Mrs. Frances Woods Taylor .	West Penn. Hospital, Pittsburgh Pa.	Hilda A. Crawford Mission Vitarabad Hospital, Deccan.
Miss Isabella Cameron Macaskill.	Royal Hospital for Sick Children, Edinburgh. Western Infirmary, Glasgow.	Nursing Superintendent, Christina Rainy Hospital, Tondiarpet, Madras.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

ALLOTMENT OF JOURNAL SHARES.

The following shares have been refunded :—

	Rs.	A.	P.
Miss Mill, two shares ...	10	0	0
Miss Tudball, two shares ...	10	0	0
Miss Walters, two shares ...	10	0	0
Miss Creighton, four shares ...	20	0	0
Miss MacDonnell, one share ...	5	0	0
Miss Fear, two shares ...	10	0	0
Miss Sinclair, one share ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Davidson, three shares ...	15	0	0
Miss Macnaughton, one share ...	5	0	0
Total ...	90	0	0

MARGARET BARR,
Business Manager.

February 28th, 1915.