

river. The forests of teak on the hillsides are impressive reminders of the country's wealth.

The steamers run by night till about 10 p. m., a searchlight at the bow enables the captain to find his way. This search light seems to attract all the myriad flying insects of the river and they are legion and the beam is rendered a mass of glowing dancing light as they fly in and out of the rays. And the stopping places look like magic lantern scenes as the country people dressed in their bright coloured clothes come flocking down to the water's edge set off against a background of green leaves and brown tree trunks.

Bhamo is the market for the trade between Burma and China which is only 40 miles away along a pony track over the hills. There are many Chinese in Bhamo and indeed all over Burma. They are excellent workmen and good business men. The Chinese God house is worth a visit. The weather in Bhamo was cold and bracing, a pleasant change from an Indian City in October. The trip down the river from Bhamo to Mandalay was as interesting as the trip upstream though not so new. I continued by river steamer the journey to Prome, the scenery is much flatter on this section of the Irrawaddi but many interesting old towns and ruins were passed and many pagodas on which the wealthy Burman spends much of his money. Indeed some of the people I met said that the Burman spent too much of his money on religious objects, on building pagodas and feeding priests, the latter has its advantages for the priests educate boys to read and write, practically every Burmese man is literate. Down the river towards Prome I passed the places where the Burma oil comes from. The river banks were dotted with oil tanks and all manner of ugly structures. The well drillers are Americans.

I left the steamer here and went by train to Rangoon and thence by B. I. Steamer to Calcutta. The whole trip in Burma occupied about twelve days and a more enjoyable trip or a more complete change from India would be difficult to imagine.

THE HOSPITAL SHIP "LOYALTY."

By MISS BEAHAN.

THE Hospital Ship "Loyalty" has been most kindly and generously equipped and maintained by a number of patriotic and loyal Ruling Chiefs, the principal of whom is His Highness the Maharajah of Gwalior. It is unnecessary to recall the numerous gifts which His Highness the Maharajah has so generously contributed to the mother country.

The "Loyalty" as a ship is very lovely, having perfect lines, and resembling a yacht. She is painted white with a broad red band. Amid Ships are painted two huge red crosses, which are illuminated at night by a cluster of electric lights. On the foremast is a large red-cross flag.

A delightful library and music-room combined was generously contributed by the women of Bombay. It has a large selection of very interests-

ing and up-to-date reading. An electric piano is a great source of delight to all lovers of music. On the panels around the room, are hung large photographs of the contributing Chiefs, converting it into a picture gallery. This room is at the disposal of the Sisters.

A comfortable smoking room has been fitted up for the use of the Medical and Ship's Officers. On the boat and promenade deck are situated spacious and comfortable cabins for the Medical Officers. Every Sister has a cabin to herself, a much appreciated luxury. The cabin though small, is supplied with electric fans and lights, also a portable light just above the head of the bunk, such a convenience to all lovers of an hour's reading before the lights are out. An electric bell is also at hand.

The Medical Officers are Major Watson, the Commanding Officer, Majors Tyrrell and Franklin and Captain Phatak, an Indian gentleman of Gwalior, belonging to the Maharajah's personal staff.

The Matron, Miss Beahan, is from St. George's Hospital, Bombay, and the Six Sisters are from the J. J. Hospital, Bombay (a preference being given to those who had previously nursed Indians).

The other members of the staff include a Senior Assistant Surgeon, Indian Assistant Surgeons, compounders, ward orderlies, a Sergeant and a guard, and two most useful people—a tailor and a dhobi. This last, with his assistants, works in the greatest comfort, having a wash-house, ironing and drying rooms, and what to them must have seemed a curio, a mangle as well.

For patients alone, Brahmin, Hindu, and Mahomedan, there are many kitchens. A soda-water factory is also a great acquisition.

On the promenade deck there are two delightful wards, with 3 beds in each, for British Officers. These may be rendered private by long white curtains affixed. The Indian Officers have a ward of 14 beds to themselves. Then there are two isolation wards and two padded cells. There are 8 general wards in use, 6 on one deck, and 2 on the deck below. 304 patients can be comfortably accommodated.

The Surgeon-General at Southampton, as well as other competent judges at Ismailia and elsewhere, have highly commended the operating theatre. Then there are an X-ray room, laboratory and, of course, a dispensary.

It was very gratifying to the staff to hear at Southampton, that the "Loyalty" was far and away the most convenient boat for putting patients on board.

The "Loyalty" sailed from Bombay on the 29th November 1914 with the object of proceeding up the Persian Gulf, but on arrival at the entrance to the Gulf, orders were received to go to Karachi instead, much to the disappointment of all, who had been looking forward eagerly to do something towards helping our wounded during this terrible struggle. All kinds of rumours were afloat, some ridiculous in the extreme. It was even whispered in Bombay that the ship was wrecked! The real reason was that the ship drew too much water, and would not be able to get within 40 odd miles of where she was wanted.

Three long idle weeks were passed in Karachi harbour, the staff amusing themselves with fishing, rowing, sailing, cards and deck games. Going ashore did not appeal to the majority, as it was a long dusty drive of about 5 miles into the town. However on two occasions, when they had been induced to brave this inconvenience, they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Camel riding and picnicking 25 miles out in the desert were novel and fascinating experiences, the inducement being to see the famous crocodile pond, where, so runs the legend, a fakir used to cross the pond on the back of one of these vicious monsters. At the present day the priest for the modest sum of one rupee, will enter the pond and open the mouth of the "King of the Alligators."

Orders were at length received to call at Aden and Port Said for patients, and then the ship rode gallantly for Southampton. She was held up at Gibraltar by a torpedo-destroyer, but allowed to proceed on giving the necessary information.

The kind Marconi operator broke the monotony of the sea voyage by supplying each morning at breakfast a budget of war news.

Many were the interesting photographs taken, not only of the ship, patients, etc., but of the camps on the Canal, battleships passed, and other interesting objects.

Southampton waters were reached at last. Torpedo-boats were to be seen everywhere darting about on their vigilant patrol.

The arrangement at the docks for disembarking the patients, was perfectly wonderful. The organisation was nothing short of marvellous, with trains alongside the wharf to carry the patients to their respective destinations. Nine days were spent here, enabling the staff to enjoy a short holiday in visits to various parts of the country. London appeared much as she was, 18 months ago, with the exception of Khaki-clad forms instead of the renowned "K-nut." Theatres and restaurants were gay with bigger crowds than they could hold. The great change in the temperature was not pleasant, with two falls of snow during the short stay; but on the other hand to awake and find a white world had a curiously appealing power.

Hopes were realised at last! Everyone worked with a will to welcome the wounded. They came, some 200 odd, on stretchers, and in invalid chairs, whilst others again walked on board. Many were the luxuries doled out to them, cigarettes, various tobaccos, sugar-candy, dates, raisins, betel-nut, and numerous other dainties agreeable to the palate of the Indian soldier. The ship was perfectly planned and equipped—not the smallest detail having been overlooked.

They were glad to go back to India, these men, who had distinguished themselves, fighting for their King and country, although now unfortunately disabled.

Ghastly weather was encountered all the way from Southampton to Alexandria, where more patients were taken on board. A few hours were spent here and then the "Loyalty" sailed for Port Said, where she was detained two days. According to Canal regulations, steamers were allowed to proceed through only during the day, and to avoid anchoring, which was also against

the rules, they were allowed in from each end on alternate days. The bridge was barricaded with sand-bags while waiting, and things began to look serious, particularly so when orders were given that none but ship's officers on duty would be allowed on deck in the event of trouble. Yet how peaceful it all seemed, making it difficult to believe that any fighting had taken place. However, evidence of that fact was seen. In the shape of two captured German boats (the only survivors, the others having been blown up) which had helped to form the pontoon bridge.

The camps on either side of the Canal were visible to the naked eye. The troops hailed the ship as she passed, being greatly delighted to receive the oranges and papers which were thrown out to them, many swimming out for these treasures.

A slight collision was witnessed between the "Ocean" a battleship which has since been lost in the Dardenelles, and the B. I. "Neuralia."

At Suez more patients were received, bringing the number up to 307. The patients who were able, trooped on deck daily to enjoy the glorious sunshine, groups of them sitting about the deck playing cards, as happy as sandboys.

The "Loyalty" steamed into Bombay harbour on the morning of the 20th February, the staff exceedingly proud of the admiration their ship had called forth, and glad of the opportunity that had been given them for service.

BURMA.

By Mrs. MATHEW.

A VISIT TO TAUNNGHI IN THE SOUTHERN SHAN STATES.

I HAD been nursing in Burma for about a year when I was asked to take a case in Taunnghi. I was then in Maymyo, the summer head-quarters of the Burma Government.

Had I known more of Burma I would probably have decided to remain where I was. The gruesome tales I afterwards heard of Burman dacoities would, I am sure, have deterred me and I would then have missed a very enjoyable and, to me, unique experience. So ignorance being bliss, I accepted the case.

To get to Taunnghi I had to go by rail to Mandalay, then change for Thazi Junction (about a day's journey). From this place I had to travel by road about 126 miles, as far as I accurately remember.

I was told that I could do this stage either on elephant, pony, or by bullock-cart. Elephant-riding was said to resemble a sea-trip, and as I am a devout worshipper of Neptune when on water, I rejected that means of conveyance, being also informed that elephants only travel by night and the journey would occupy 10 days. The bullock-cart was rejected on the score of discomfort but here again had I known better I would certainly have taken the cart. Later