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THE RED CROSS HOSPITAL.—
The formal opening of this institution took place on Thursday, and it was a red letter day for Balcombe. The patriotic feeling runs strong throughout the village, and persons of all classes have esteemed it a pleasure to do what they could to make "Knowle" comfortable for the soldiers who go there as patients. At present there are fifteen beds, and all but one are occupied. The majority of the patients have been wounded by shrapnel, and they now consider themselves "in clover." "I suppose it is like hell at the front, isn't it?" said a visitor to one of the soldiers last week. "It isn't like hell, it *is* hell" was the emphatic reply. Despite what they have gone through the men present—like true Britishers—a cheery front. They can tell some thrilling stories, and another week we may record some of them. The wards are bright and pleasant and spic and span, and are lighted at night with petrol gas. There is not a dull room in the hospital, and from the window can be viewed some remarkably beautiful scenery. When the weather is fine meals are partaken of outdoors, and the patients thoroughly enjoy this privilege. In the grounds games are indulged in. Some go in for quoits, others gifted with patience try their hands at puzzles, while others smoke and chat or else just look on. The Good Samaritan responsible for the motor car rides raises the spirits of the patients up ever so high, and some of them will frankly tell you they have never been so happy or well treated in their lives. The Hospital Staff are keen and enthusiastic, sympathetic and bright. Here

are the names of the principals:—Commandant, Mrs. L. C. R. Messel; Matron, Mrs. Newton; Medical Officer, Dr. Newton; Quartermaster, Mrs. Stewart Oxley; Hon. Secretary, Miss FitzRoy. The nurses are about 24 in number. At the opening ceremony there was a large number of people. Venerable Lord Frederick FitzRoy—who has a vivid recollection of the Crimean War—was present with his daughter, and we also noticed Mr. H. Faure Walker, J.P. (Chairman of the Parish Council), and Mrs. Walker, Mr. G. J. Warren (Vice-Chairman of the Parish Council), the Rev. D. L. and Mrs. Secretan, Mrs. L. C. R. Messel, Mr. and Mrs. Buckley, Mrs. Finlay Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig Messel, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Murray, Mrs. Meredith, Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Pottinger, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Martyn, Mr. Bugden, Mrs. Cobban, Mrs. Speer, Miss Newton, Miss Howard, Mrs. Williams, Miss Bartholomew, Miss Mackie, Lieutenant Dixon, Mrs. Childs, and other residents in addition to the Hospital Staff and the patients. The Ammunition Column R.F.A., headed by Colonel Chance, came from Paddockhurst, and formed a guard of honour, and the 28th Manchester Regiment, guarding the railway, was represented by Captain Steele and Lieutenant Henderson, while Scoutmaster Wallis was in charge of the Boy Scouts. Altogether it was a most impressive scene, and one which will not quickly fade from the minds of those privileged to be present. Over the door of the Hospital was placed a floral cross. Carmine pillar roses were the flowers used, and the effect was sweetly pretty. A short devotional service was conducted in the open-air by the Rector, and there were sung the hymns "O Jesu I have promised" and "O God our help in ages past." Mrs. Childs played the accompaniments. After Lord Frederick FitzRoy had hoisted the Union Jack (the gift of Mrs. McCall, Mr. Faure Walker giving the flag-staff), all joined in singing the National Anthem, at the close of which cheers were raised for the King and also for Lord Frederick FitzRoy. Thus in the best possible way has the Hospital started on its course, and there is every reason to believe that all the while the Army authorities have men to send there the needs of the institution will be readily met. The Matron informs us that she would like to receive some bath towels, jams, marmalade, tobacco, cigarettes and pipes. The men do so enjoy a smoke: it takes a load off their minds! And, in closing, need we say that cheques or five-pound notes will always be gratefully received from those who would "like to give something but do not know just what to give." Remember the good you do is not lost, though you forget it!

