

of fugitives waiting to be taken off, and they squeezed and pushed their way in, with their bundles and their babies, and found room somehow amongst the rest. . . .

"The number of babies lost and abandoned in the retreat is an appalling one. There are now at the front Flying Automobile Columns whose chief work is to go round and pick up these poor babes in the wood. Countess Tolstoi was in charge of this department and her column alone has picked up more than four hundred babies. . . . In Petrograd a little *Preecot* (institution) for fifty babies is just being opened by the Tatiana Committee. These are all tiny bottle-fed infants who have been picked up at the front. There is much room for more organisation here, and trained workers are badly needed in this direction."

Christmas Day at Gatchina, when Miss Thurstan and others found their way there armed with presents for some children living in a large barak, is interestingly described; but, alas! for the "feather-weights of wasted frames, the thin, white faces and hollow eyes, speaking of insufficient nourishment and bad air. . . ." Here came two little tots hand-in-hand, unmistakably brother and sister, with sore eyes, the eyelashes so glued together that they could hardly see to take their present. Children with swollen glands, children with an evil-smelling discharge from the ears, a little girl with a bad whitlow that wanted opening, a boy with severe ringworm, nearly every child with sores somewhere, little boys whose white faces and puffy eyelids spoke unmistakably of kidney trouble, children with devastating coughs that almost shook them to pieces." A tragic procession indeed when seen with the eyes of the trained nurse accustomed to note and appraise the meaning of these outward and visible signs.

Ill-health, starvation, and death are not the worst tragedies. Numbers of refugee girls have been ruined not only by strange men with whom they pick up acquaintance in the street, but also largely in the huge baraks and lodgings, where the vicious and the virtuous alike rub shoulders. The Tatiana Committee, which has branches of its organisation in most of the large Russian towns, and which derives its name from the Grand Duchess Tatiana, the second of the Emperor's daughters, besides its special function of the general registration and housing of the refugees and maintaining a large Inquiry Bureau for

bringing together those who are lost and separated, is also doing admirable preventive work in caring for girls by taking them into a home and saving them from a life on the streets.

Another interesting effort of the Tatiana Committee is the maternity hospital established near the Warsaw station for the refugees, the doctor, Matron, and nursing staff of which have been sent out and financed by the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies in England. It is "a plain little wooden structure, with fittings and appurtenances of the simplest possible character, but it must be a revelation of cleanliness, light and purity to those women who come there out of the dark, noisome barak to give birth to their child."

In Moscow, "the great junction of the Pilgrim Way," every race, nationality, and religion, Miss Thurstan tells us, are represented. They "poured in like a submerging tidal wave by road



A STRAW WARD IN RUSSIA.

and by rail and camped by the thousand in the railway station, and it was only by immediate organization that these people were saved from literally dying of starvation."

At Kiev the refugee system is considered the best organized in Russia. Kiev is the Gate of the West. It is, as Miss Thurstan says, "one of the most beautifully situated cities in Europe. We saw it at its very best, coming into it, as we did, in the sunset on a golden afternoon. Everything was suffused with the golden flush of evening. The sky was the soft yellow of daffodil-petals, except in the east, where it was tinted with the clear, cool green of their stalks; the river was the deeper glow of their centres, and the minarets all over the city looked like pinnacles of molten gold."

When the first torrent of the eastward-bound fugitives poured in, it seemed hopeless to know what to do with them; especially with those from

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