

Galicia, who brought with them cholera, typhus, and dysentery. In one day as many as forty dead bodies of people who had died of cholera were removed from one of the refugee trains. However, a thoroughly efficient hospital system for the refugees was organized and Kiev saved from an epidemic. In the hospital for refugee children the walls, cots, furniture, sisters' dresses are all white; even the stray visitor is not allowed to pass into this White City without first donning a white overall.

Kazan, on the Volga, a place in the far interior of Russia where the refugees are sent, has a Students' Sanitary Association, which is doing a wonderful work. When the first rush of refugees came to Kasan volunteers were asked for to help in the feeding and distributing of them. Some of the students offered help thinking it would be temporary; but the work gripped, and they formed themselves into a Sanitary Association, have had some of the worst barracks condemned, and founded a refugee colony on the banks of the Volga. The students, dressed in sheep skins and valenkies like the peasants, live with the refugees sharing their food. Miss Thurstan, on her visit shared their simple supper of butterless bread and milkless tea, and writes: "I have never enjoyed a meal more. Their infectious, bubbling-over cheerfulness made us all very frivolous. . . . It was all hours of the night before we finally tore ourselves away from this truly inspiring place and got packed into our sleighs again." M. B.

SINK EVERYTHING.

Una, the journal of the Royal Victorian Trained Nurses Association, quotes the following lines written by Mr. Oliver Herford, an American:—

SINK EVERYTHING.
To his dark minions undersea
Flashed the Imperial decree:
Sink everything!
Spare naught! Sink everything that floats!
Merchantmen, liners, fishing boats;
Sink ships on Mercy's errand sped.
Dye Christ's red cross a deeper red:
Sink Everything!
Sink honour, faith, forbearance, ruth;
Sink virtue, chivalry, and truth—
Sink Everything!
Sink everything that men hold dear,
That devils hate, that cowards fear,
All that lifts Man above the ape,
That marks him cast in God's own shape:
Sink Everything!

THE HUMOURS OF MARTIAL LAW.

Spectator (who is observing an old Irish woman industriously hacking down timber on private property)—

"Why, Biddy, what are you doing? What will the Colonel say when he comes home again?"

Biddy.—"Why shure, yer honour, we're living under martial law now, and may all do exactly as we plaze."

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE RED CROSS BARGE."*

It is a bold venture to set out to enlist sympathy for a German, but that is what Mrs. Belloc Lowndes attempts, and it rests with the individual reader to say if she has succeeded.

This chronicle is written with impartiality, and we are able to congratulate the author that she has been able to clear away natural prejudice, and present the character of the Herr Doktor, as an instance of the "shining of a good deed in a naughty world." The taking possession of the charming little town of Valoise-sur-Marne in August, 1914, forms the subject of the opening chapter of this book.

The Herr Doktor, a Weimar surgeon, was in charge of the wounded Prince Egon von Witgenstein, and was in search of a hospital in which to place his illustrious young charge.

"There is no hospital in Valoise," Madame Blanc, the landlady of the inn, told him, and her voice was very, very cold, and then, as if the words were dragged from her reluctant lips, "But M. le Médecin will find a Red Cross barge on the river."

"Yes, they had arrived only two hours ago, and yet already Madame Blanc hated the arrogant Uhlan officers with all the strength of her powerful, secretive nature."

He made his way to the stone jetty and on the broad waters of the river lay the white barge.

"On the deck stood a woman. She wore the loose, unbecoming, white overall which forms the only uniform of a French Red Cross nurse and there was a red cross on her breast. From where he stood the German surgeon could see she was young, straight and lithe. The gleams of the sun, which was now resting like a scarlet ball on the horizon, lit up her fair hair, which was massed in the French way above her forehead.

With a queer thrill at his heart the Herr Doktor told himself that so might Wagner have visioned his Elsa in war time. Since the Herr Doktor had left Weimar he had not seen so awakening-to-the-better-feelings and pleasant-to-the-senses-of-men sight as was this French golden-haired girl." From that moment he was her secret devoted slave, but the proud young Frenchwoman kept the hated foe at his distance. It was he, of course, who now took the direction of the barge, and he listened to her low, harmonious voice explaining the various cases of the poor human wrecks for whom she felt such pitiful concern. Glad indeed was the Herr Doktor to know there were certain things which he could do to ease that last, losing conflict with death now being waged by two of the Frenchmen lying there before him.

He had before come in contact with French Red Cross nurses. In the hastily improvised Feld

* By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Smith, Elder & Co. London.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)