

from the munificent oblations gathered on their behalf.

Anyway, we hope the system will not be permitted without a licence on this side. Your money or your life in conjunction with a nurse's cap, brown boots, and mauve—; but there let it rest.

The *Rapide* makes a gentle move, and very deliberately we pass upon our way. This pleases us, as we have time to renew acquaintance with the picturesque old town, and further afield to catch glimpses of Tommie—mercifully attending to his beasts, beaung "Mimi" up a hill, helping *grandmère* to gather apples, watering sunflowers, and shining his boots—all humanising occupations, and an antidote to red war. Then we

pass by those wonderful sand dunes, silver and gold, crested with fir; get peeps of the sea, and walk past the marvellous hut and tent hospitals and camps at Etaples, which appear to spread for miles and miles. Convalescents in their "honourable" blue are sunning themselves back to health. Sisters flit around, and orderlies watch their opportunity. All at once through the open windows of the train a shower of papers, cigars, cigarettes, chocolates, and other gifts is flung. Some

are neatly caught; over others there is an amusing scramble. How I wish I had known of this little game before starting. Those travelling this way, please don't forget to play at it. The day's papers are eagerly caught; and if only a limited number of cigars and cigarettes may pass the Customs, *don't smoke one*—pitch them all out at Etaples.

For August, France looks very green; there is water in streams and pools; the cattle seem well content. The orchards are heavily laden with brilliant fruit, here is a second crop of hay, and there the rich and golden grain is piled in stocks or garnered. It is a serene and smiling land. Is it possible, one questions, that

a few miles away the "murder man" squats entrenched ready to lay it waste? That is the reason, no doubt, why the little French soldiers, in their well-worn red and blue uniform, of whom the great Joffre is typical, stand gravely at attention all along the line, ceaselessly watching and guarding their "bit" night and day; and behind them, in the fields, in the gardens, caring for the children, the animals, and the homes are the women, the really wonderful Frenchwomen. Indeed, France appears to me very safe in the hands of its people, a people so simple, so cheerful, so thrifty, so patriotic. So we come to Paris. But not to the sparkling city as we knew it of old. Its lights were very dim. Of buffeting

black and blue over passports and customs, how we were rendered suspect by a cheery official claiming acquaintance, and proclaiming aloud: "The last time we met was at Cologne," of the final struggle at the "Nord," and how we seized a "taxi" by the scruff of its door in the street, clung to it with British tenacity, and finally arrived intact at our hotel, is a commonplace tale. Those who fear the struggle had better stay at home.

E. G. F.

(To be continued.)



THE GREAT GENERAL JOFFRE.

REST ROOM FOR NURSES.

A reading and rest room for Sisters and nurses engaged in military and Red Cross hospitals was opened last week at the City Art Gallery in Manchester. The want of a suitable place where Sisters and nurses occupied in hospital work could spend an occasional leisure hour has been acknowledged for a long time.

The Committee of the Art Gallery have transformed a large storage room to a comfortably appointed lounge, where books, periodicals, and daily newspapers are provided. There is also provision for letter-writing, and in an adjoining room tea, coffee, and other refreshments can be obtained.

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