

being as homesick for his bells as ever the Swiss is for his mountains."

An English nursing sister who is working on the Grand Duchess Olga Nikolaevna's Hospital Train, gives a very interesting account of her experiences in the *Evening Standard*.

"I have met with the utmost courtesy and kindness from the doctors, Sisters and kom-manda, and it has been a great pleasure to work with them. With the Russian genius for hospitality they have made me feel quite at home, and I know that in my person they have wished to do honour to England as one of their allies. On New Year's Day the kommanda presented me with a case containing a silver knife, spoon, and fork, and a poem composed by one of them, the last verse of which was a greeting to their brothers in England.

"For the wounded on whom I have had the privilege of attending I have the profoundest admiration, respect and love. They are wonderful men, those Russian soldiers, peasants for the most part, and often unable to read or write, but with a great sense of humour and an enormous amount of common sense. They are so grateful for the smallest attention that I have felt more than a hundredfold repaid for any little service I have been able to render them.

"My great hope and desire is that England and Russia may always remain friends, and that they may learn to understand and know each other better. There is a great deal in the Russian character which should appeal to us English, and they on their part are ready to take us to their hearts. With characteristic generosity they credit us with so many good qualities that one can only fear lest they should be disappointed on closer acquaintanceship."

We are glad to know cheery and charming Miss P. F. Watt, Lady Superintendent, Military Nursing Service for India, has been sent with the Rawal Pindi Hospital to Mesopotamia. "We are at present," she writes, "on a steam barge with an armed escort, going up the River Tigris to a place I may not mention. We are the first Sisters to go up the river, so I have no doubt

we shall find plenty of work waiting for us on our arrival." That was five weeks ago.

From a letter from the Urgency Cases Hospital, Revigny, France, we quote the following interesting note of the downfall of Zeppelin L77:—

"In the morning, about 10.30, I was just finishing a letter before visiting the wards when I heard the bang of guns. Rushing to the verandah I saw the most wonderful sight. Fifteen German Taubes right over the Chateau being shot at by the French guns. Shrapnel bursting all over the place. The guns drove them off, but they returned at 3 p.m. and the second raid was worse than the first. They were again driven off and we thought all was over. But the most exciting part of the day was yet to come. One of



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the surgeons returning from the wards at 8.30 came in to say that star shells were being thrown into the sky. We went out to look and suddenly the guns opened fire on some dark object in the sky.

"As we watched shot after shot went into her, and suddenly she burst into flames and came slowly down. She fell about three miles away.

"Some of us went to see the wreck next morning. It was a terrible sight—the remains of dead and half-burnt Germans amongst the ruins. The Zep. seems to have been made entirely of aluminium, with a sort of canvas covering. I have got a bit of the aluminium.

"Ever since the air raid, which was the beginning of things, we have had a most exciting time; we are evidently in for very big things. We are watching Verdun with great excitement."

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