

the world as the alliance between their armed forces. The Committee have now been asked to provide: (a) A fleet of motor ambulances; (b) a motor ambulance with X-ray outfit; (c) a mobile field hospital, *i.e.*, one which within two hours' time can move not only its patients, but all its equipment and personnel. The Queen has sent a donation of £100 towards the fund for supplying these urgent requirements.

In a letter to the *Times* Sir Frederick Milner who is always most sympathetic with sick soldiers, comments on the hardship to our wounded heroes in the long delay between the discharge of the soldier and the payment of his pension. He says:—"My experience is that the day a man is discharged his pay and allowance ceases, and then—for never less than three weeks, sometimes considerably more—he is left with absolutely nothing to live on. I can speak of thousands of cases, and I have never come across a single case where the man has received any payment within a week of his discharge. Even in the case of men who have lost limbs where one would think it would be easy to fix the pension without delay, the same delay takes place, and we (the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society) have had to support a large number of these men. It has been one of the most crying grievances that these wretched men should be left to starve, just at a time when they are most in need of good food to regain their health. It is ten months ago since I pointed out this cruel hardship, and urged the Government to redress it. I suggested at the time that the common-sense arrangement would be to continue the pay and allowance until the pension was fixed, but no notice was taken, and the scandal has continued ever since and has caused more bitter feeling than anything else. . . . It is very disquieting to think that the Ministers responsible should be so entirely ignorant of what is going on.

"Mr. Forster has now promised that 'arrangements are to be made to enable some payment to be made to these men between the time they are discharged and the time when their pensions become payable.' This is better than the present arrangement, but why only some payment? Why not continue to give the man his pay and allowance till his pension is fixed? It is not an extravagant amount, some 2s. 9d. a day. Why not also pay the man on his discharge the £2 gratuity to which he is entitled? Then he might live in some decent comfort. I trust that those members of Parliament who so eloquently advocated the cause of these gallant men will see to it that there is no avoidable delay in remedying this cruel injustice. The letters I have received from these poor chaps when they find themselves stranded after all the sufferings and hardships they have so nobly borne would melt a heart of stone, and have made me hot with indignation."

## MADAME B. OF 702.

She literally arrived on the doorstep, and that was how she came to Hôpital 702. In one of the many crises that happen in war-time we found ourselves without a housekeeper. All sorts of people had done the job, people with willing hands and no heads, people with heart and no hands, all sorts except the perfect combination. Small wonder that the wine ran out of the back door in a large stream, and packages of good, solid food took to themselves legs and walked, and that sheets and tablecloths became invisible. Miracles happen in war-time in our particular part of France.

We were a little ignorant of her age when she came, but then, as she said herself, she had a young heart, and that goes a long way in this workaday world—further than one's legs carry one sometimes. How willing is the spirit when the flesh is weak.

She was a "perfect lady." How dense we were not to have understood that at first! but in the multitudinous business of a hospital, social status sometimes gets lost sight of, and unless people have their titles pinned on, like the galons on the sleeve of an officer, the *salut* is apt to be omitted.

We spent many a bad quarter of an hour over her cap; it is a mark of distinction to wear a cap in these days, and it was necessary that this cap should be becoming and have the right amount of lace in front and show the hair at the back. There it was, pinned on! and the old face underneath somehow looked pathetically older. I can see her now turning round and looking over her shoulder at the reflection in the glass. "I think it should show a little more hair at the back. Mademoiselle; all my family have very good hair. My grandfather lived till he was 99. It is true he had grey hair, but he was quite active. I take after him. Yes, I have one or two grey hairs, but they don't show. . . . Thank you so much; that is very becoming, I must have my photograph taken in it. You will pin up the next clean one for me, won't you, and you will explain about those *petits régimes*? I can't make out the chits the Sisters send down, they are very puzzling—so badly written. I had a boarding-house myself when I was quite young. I was married with my hair down my back—very romantic—but my husband was a bad man. I'll tell you later, mademoiselle. Yes, they stole everything from me, even the bed I lay on. . . . but I am a very good housekeeper. I can let you into a thing or two about prices. . . . See you later. . . . Thanks so much. You'll do it again for me. Here is the doctor waiting to see you. I *must* run, such a lot to do," and her voice goes down the corridor.

Our meals, from being rather silent affairs—for we were often too tired to talk—now are enlivened by a running conversation.

"I assure you that this morning my feet were like blocks of ice, standing all amongst the cabbage

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