

£200,000 worth of stores and equipment always ready to be sent wherever they may be required.

"Its revenue (largely subsidised by the State) is about £5,000,000 this year, and its expenditure about the same, with a personnel of something like 45,000 people, all told. It is interesting to note that, in peace time, the Russian Red Cross is always an active body, and is always at the disposal of the State, wherever and whenever cholera or famine, or other plagues, break out in any part of this vast empire. It has, therefore, a complete scheme of mobilisation at a moment's notice, which was most effective on the outbreak of the present War.

"Many of these hospitals, large and small, I have visited since I arrived, and the stores, depots, and hospital trains, and various departments of the administration. Lady Sybil Grey and I, the only foreigners present, attended the opening of the Czar's hospital for 800 wounded in the Winter Palace, a brilliant ceremony, in which both the Emperesses took part. I have also seen the departure of German crippled prisoners for home—very well and happy they looked, and they said they were well content with their treatment

in Russia—and the arrival of a train-load of Russian cripples from Germany, a pathetic and stirring sight that I shall never forget.

"For all that I have seen, I confess to having the greatest admiration; the methods are thorough and the results are splendid. Such shortcomings as there are—and where do such not exist—are due, not to lack of system and knowledge, but to the terrific size of the problem that has to be faced. It is not fair, or possible, to measure infinity by a two-foot rule, or to expect uni-

formity of method or training (which is comparatively easy of attainment with us), in an empire which stretches to Vladivostock—a six weeks' journey in an ordinary military train—and has to handle wounded men and prisoners on a scale absolutely unknown in England.

"The Russian Red Cross authorities were as anxious as I was that I should visit some of their main centres of activity outside Petrograd. . . .

"The first striking thing was the welter of humanity, striving and struggling to come or to

go, in the immense entrance hall of the Nicolaevsky Station at Petrograd; there were soldiers and merchants, pilgrims and refugees and Sisters of Mercy, old men and women and toddling infants, all pushing about in the half-gloom of that enormous vestibule, at either end of which stood, brilliantly lighted, a golden holy picture (or eikon), before which burned candles and tapers innumerable, whilst crowds were gathered in front of each, saying prayers of thanksgiving for a safe return or of intercession for a prosperous journey. Imagine such a scene at Paddington or Waterloo! Yet I found it was



AUXILIARY HOSPITAL, WYCH CROSS. SISTER HODDINOTT, R.N.S., AND PATIENTS.

part of the ordinary furnishing of every railway station, large or small, in Russia. As we steamed out, in a train of abnormal length, all the Russian passengers crossed themselves and we settled down to our journey. My A.D.C. and I had a two-berthed compartment to ourselves as comfortable as possible. We passed Moscow about 8 a.m., and hoped to reach Kieff at the same time on the following day; but, as a matter of fact, we arrived about five hours late, owing to a block of transport trains in one place and having to

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