

wait (for two hours) for the Emperor's train to pass us at another.

"Kieff is, perhaps, the most ancient town of Russia, its first capital and the cradle of Christianity in the Empire.

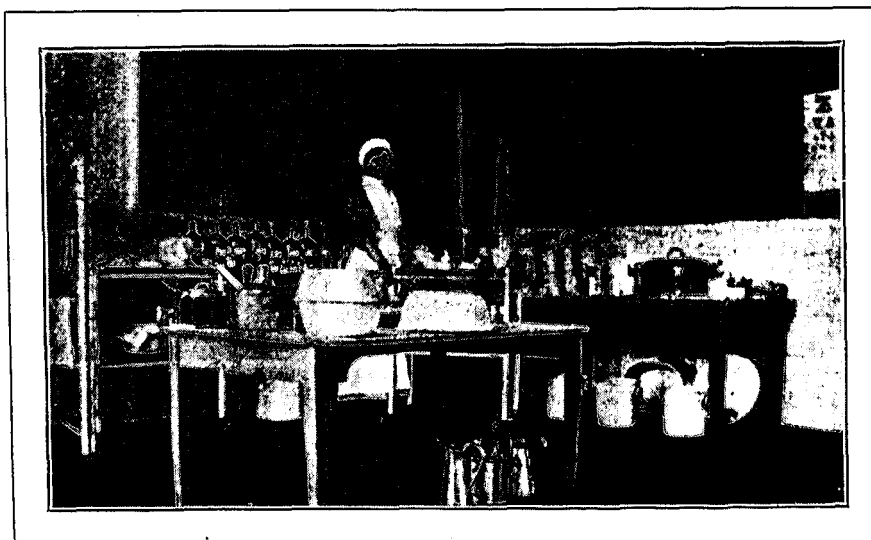
"Everybody seems to be working for the War at Kieff, from the Grand Duchess Olga (the Emperor's sister) to the soldiers' wives and daughters in their homes, where they make anti-gas masks and clothing for the troops. The Grand Duchess is the matron of a hospital of 350 beds; a better-run institution or a more efficient matron I do not wish to see. She has been at it since the beginning of the War, first at Rovno, and then at Lemberg, retiring as the Army retired with the Germans at their heels. Yet she is as cheerful and bright as if she had just started work—and the soldiers, who only know her as their matron, simply adore her.

"Among other remarkable things at Kieff is the Central Goods Station, where the trains of wounded are brought alongside specially constructed barracks half-a-mile long, built on either side of the line. These barracks contain bathrooms, waiting-rooms, dormitories, operating theatres and refreshment rooms, all served by the families of the South-Western Railway staff, and paid for by the employees of the company! I saw one train of wounded unloaded there; it came from the direction of Tarnopol, in Galicia, and contained 600 invalids. Eighty orderlies in long white linen

overcoats were drawn up opposite the carriages with ten doctors in attendance. The order to 'discharge' was sounded by a whistle. I took the time, and, in exactly ten minutes, not a man was left on the train or on the platform. It was a splendid piece of masterly organisation. Once inside the barracks, the wounded were undressed, washed, given new clothes, fed, classified, and sent to the various hospitals in invalid tram-cars. From beginning to end the Red Cross work at Kieff greatly impressed me, and I can never sufficiently thank the heads of the departments who put themselves so entirely at my disposal to show me everything.

"From Kieff to Odessa on the Black Sea ought to be a journey of about fifteen hours, but we took twenty-four. . . . Odessa is a delightful place, spacious and clean and obviously wealthy. I came all this distance mainly to see the hospital ships, and the magnificent arrangements made for

receiving every man who lands from a Black Sea expedition at any time, and for segregating infectious diseases and avoiding the spread of epidemics. Besides these, there were many hospitals to visit and bath-ships, also for disinfection (and disinsect-ion) purposes. But perhaps the thing which interested me most at Odessa was an inspection of a mobile ambulance unit which had just come down from a year's hard work at the Front. It consisted of fifty horse-drawn ambulances, rough and ready, but very strong; fifty transport wagons; a small hospital tent; 150 horses; 80 men and five officers, with two Red Cross Sisters. These were encamped on a piece of waste land, and Prince Ourousoff, the Red Cross Grand Commissary for South Russia, took me to see them. We arrived at 9 a.m., and immediately the bugle sounded for morning prayer, with which the day's work begins under



OPERATING ROOM, AUXILIARY HOSPITAL "A," WYCH CROSS.

all circumstances. The men, who were drawn up in two ranks, closed in to three sides of a square; in the centre stood a priest with the eikon, and we behind him. It was nearly all singing; they sang, 'Our Father,' the Creed, and a longish Litany. I wish you could have heard them, for it was a most impressive little open-air service. After prayers, another bugle-call, and the men rushed off to catch their horses and inspan. In seven minutes the horses were harnessed and 100 carts with mounted officers were moving across the ground. Another fine piece of work!

"From Odessa I turned north again to visit Moscow, almost a two days' journey and very cold. Thanks to the kindness of the municipal and Red Cross authorities, I spent five most interesting days in this wonderful city, visiting hospitals and stores on a scale so vast that, while it staggered the imagination, it gave one some idea of the colossal, inexhaustible size of the Army of All the Russias.

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