

FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

We are glad to know that the Sisters have recently been kept very busy in their various sections, as if the suffering is there, it is a relief to know that their skill is being fully utilised. That is the highest ambition of every true nurse.

Quite recently we received the following letter from a Sister, and one a few days later reporting "most glorious spring sunshine; the little leaves are simply bursting out to see the sun, the primroses are all out and so beautiful, we are fortunate to have them within reach, as you know how fond the French soldiers are of flowers. They really love them. One big boy begged for three sweet violets to enclose to his fiancée. 'Two purple, please, and one white.'"

"C'EST ENCORE LA GUERRE."

"We have had snow and frost until yesterday! The poorer farmers are feeling this extraordinary weather terribly. Just now they cannot get proper food for the cows, grass, &c., being so scarce and poor. A small bundle of hay costs them up to 3 francs, and three bundles per cow daily makes it easier to realise the enormous price asked for butter. Frs. 5.60 la livre yesterday on the market. They say the cows at present only produce at the rate of 300 grammes of butter a day. I thought these little details might interest you! We had a sad experience two nights about ten days ago when we were asked to meet two trainloads of refugees from the invaded districts in the neighbourhood of Bapaume, St. Quentin, &c. These poor, miserable people, so cold, hungry and travel-worn, all with the same pitiful tale of homelessness and poverty brought the cruel misery of this war home to us more than anything had ever done before. Old men and women, some blind, some lame; small children, tiny babies, one only a few days old; tired, worried-looking mothers all huddled up together in carriages without either light or warmth, not complaining of actual personal cruelty but of the ruthless deliberate destruction of their homes, &c., by the Germans. On the first occasion the train was very late and only arrived at the station at 3 a.m. The snow lay thickly on the platform and it was bitterly cold. Being a very wretched night the Red Cross ladies were conspicuous by their absence, and we F.F.N.C. Sisters, had the work to ourselves.

This consisted in going from carriage to carriage with warm milk for the babies and small children, and plates of soup for the adults, with large chunks of "war" bread. Hot coffee and hot wine for those who cared for them. Poor things! They were so pathetically grateful for food and the few words of sympathy one could give them! The mothers would not touch anything until their poor, tired babies had been fed. The things saved from the ruins made many pathetic bundles, some as big and heavy as the small children in charge of them while the mothers carried still smaller children. As this train had no very ill people on

board no one got off at our station, and after the last drinks were given it resumed its journey. Our work being finished, we went off to our various abodes to snatch a few hours' sleep before "getting up" time. On getting into my comfortable bed I thought of those tired homeless people spending such dreary hours on the hard train seats, after their trying dreadful experiences. The following night we were again told to meet a train of refugees, but this time the weather was fine and not so cold, and the Red Cross ladies well to the fore, leaving only the 'gaps' to fill in by us. However, our chance of helping came along when after the meal a large number of old, infirm people, mothers with babies, and small, tired, sleepy children with huge bundles had to be transferred from the train to the waiting rooms, and again from there to the room for examination of papers, &c. The children were too sleepy to resent being carried by strangers, poor little mites! One woman had succeeded in bringing a large, beautiful grey sheepdog. It had been 'taken prisoner,' she said, by a boche officer, and after many weeks she had succeeded in persuading the officer to return her dog! After the examination of papers, &c., the people were all helped into various motors and taken to the various Homes and Hospitals where they were expected. I shall never forget the sight of those poor, miserable, stricken creatures, so brave and so philosophical under the circumstances. 'Que voulez vous? C'est encore la guerre,' they said."

CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

On May 3rd Queen Alexandra visited the sick and wounded soldiers who have returned from the front at the South African Military Hospital in Richmond Park, who greatly appreciate her kind interest in their suffering.

At the suggestion of Bishop Ryle, the Dean of Westminster, the Ascension Day service in the Abbey on Thursday, May 17th, at 3 p.m., will be a service of thanksgiving for the work of the Red Cross. Special arrangements are being made for the accommodation of walking wounded and their nurses.

A very splendid bazaar was opened by Queen Alexandra at the Albert Hall on Monday in aid of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Sailors and Soldiers who have lost their sight in the war. We are glad to know it has been a magnificent financial success. Every heart is touched by the tragedy of these brave men.

We are glad to hear that County Councils are falling in with a new scheme of the Board of Control, under which sailors and soldiers who have become certifiably mentally affected owing to military service will be received into County Asylums, after reconversion, under a separate

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