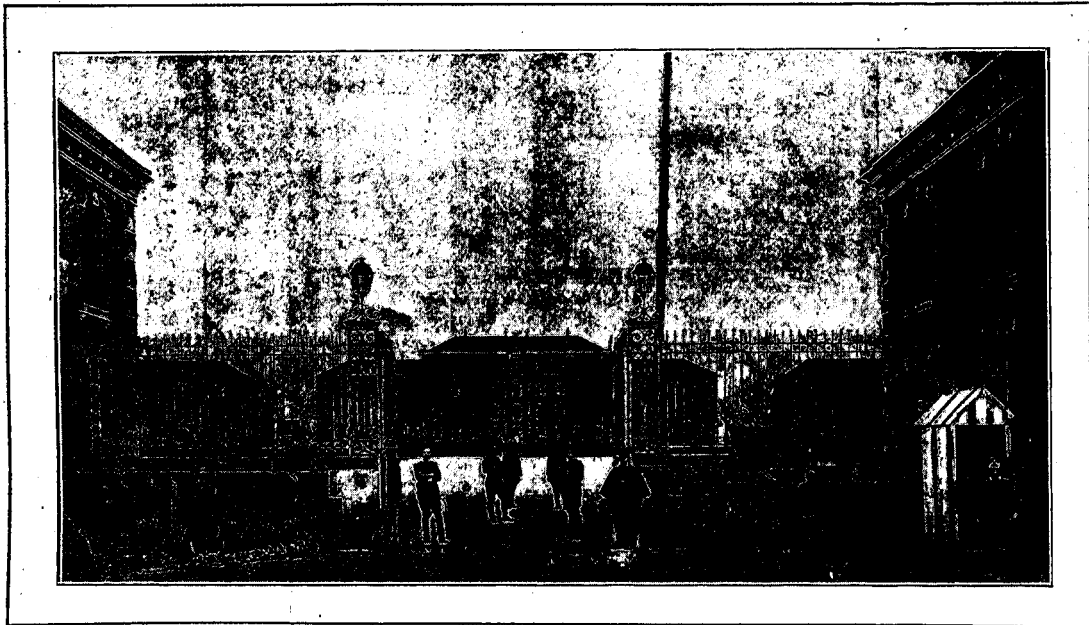


A FEW DAYS IN THE WAR ZONE.

The War is in its fourth year, and there are still many "Fronts" (our East Coast and Metropolis may certainly be counted amongst them), but the furore of patriotism, by which every nurse expressed herself inspired in the scamper to "the front" in the early days of the war, has now subsided, and steady, really heroic work is being done by thousands of women, whose patriotism has been tested, and has been proved to be far above rubies. It is now upwards of three years ago since the first unit of the F.F.N.C. left London for Rouen, and two of its members are still work-

V.A.D., that one regrets that, owing to quite unnecessary restrictions in high places, the French nation has had a limited experience of the wonderful skill and qualities of the trained English nurse, together with her Scottish and Irish colleagues. Where the best of their kind (and we know how good that can be) have been available, French doctors and nurses have greatly appreciated their trained skill and untiring devotion, and have been lavish in praise and gratitude.

During a recent visit to France, by the courtesy of the French military authorities, we had permission to visit the Sisters of the French Flag Nursing Corps in the Zone of the Armies, where they have been at work in many



QUARTIER DE CAVALERIE, EPERNAY.

ing devotedly for our French Allies, in spite of almost insurmountable difficulties. We often smile when we think of that venture into the unknown (the "heroines" soon returned home or flitted away to less heroic tasks), and, indeed, when the comic history of the war—for even war has its saving grace of humour—comes to be written, as in the halcyon days of peace it may be, we could add a chapter or two on "Fronts, fogies, and flirts," "A Chastened Pioneer," "Grannie and Girlie in the Trenches," "My, My, I, I,," and many other phases of the foibles of humanity.

So much has been written of nursing in France, the happy hunting ground of society girls and grannies, the semi-trained, and the

centres for the past three years, close to the firing line.

You know how near it brings you to the heart of things to sit quietly at a great London station, and watch our lion-hearted, gallant men, burdened with their kit, entrain for the Front; and yet between this our England and the British trenches the deep and subtle waters flow.

* * *

It is different at the Gare de l'Est at Paris. Here quite early in the morning, carrying your own baggage, you pass the barrier with all sorts and conditions of warriors, in whose train you are privileged to travel. Grim, trim old Generals, glinting with galons and medals;

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