

YANKEE NURSES SHOW METTLE

Girls Behind the Men Behind the
Guns Are Doing Great
Work.

OVER 12,000 NOW THERE

They Know They Have a Man-Sized
Job and They Are Tackling It in a
Man's Way—Morale Is
Perfect.

London.—America has poured a veritable army of her womanhood into war-torn Europe. To date over 12,000 American nurses have been sent over. Within the year there will be right here on the ground more than 24,000 of these American "girls behind the men behind the guns."

This is the estimate of Miss Carrie M. Hall of Boston, head of all American-Red Cross nurses in Great Britain.

Of the 12,000 now here, between 600 and 700 are working in Great Britain in the dozen or more American hospitals that have sprung into being within the past six months. The remainder are staffing hospitals behind the lines in France.

With the arrival of American soldiers at Vladivostok came a contingent of nurses from the American Red Cross unit at Tokio, Japan. As hostilities and American casualties began there more United States army regular nurses probably will be sent to Russia.

All Highly Trained.

All women sent over so far are highly trained graduate nurses, bacteriologists, dietitians and college trained hygiene experts. The war department in Washington has ruled that only these trained women may be sent over for the time being, at least.

For this reason General Pershing's recent call for 5,000 girl workers with

the American army in France will be filled by British instead of American girls. England's women's army, the "Waves" (Women's Army Auxiliary Corps) is now conducting a nationwide recruiting campaign here for these British girl volunteers for duty as clerks, chauffeurs, typists, orderlies, telephonists, etc., with the American army.

Practically every troop convoy from the United States brings scores more of these women experts. From peace loving American homes that have not yet felt the grim hand of war these blue-clad Yankee girls, like their big brothers, are plunging into this maelstrom of war with a determination and efficiency that has won for them already the unstinted praise of all the allies.

They know they've got a man-sized job before them, stripped of all the so-called glamour of war, and they're tackling it in a man's way. Up in the field and base hospitals under shell-fire and valiantly braving air raid terrors, they're "carrying on" unfiringly, night and day, working unceasingly to save the lives of our boys.

Miss Hall, who was one of the first American nurses to arrive in France immediately after the United States decided to jump into this job of winding up the watch on the Rhine, was witness of the sterling quality of American womanhood in this war under fire.

Morale Is Perfect.

"I was one of the first to come over with the Harvard Base hospital unit. No sooner were we landed than we were attached to the British and hurried up near the first line to staff a little tented hospital city near Camiers. There were two other American field hospitals near us.

"It was a bright moonlight night. Our tents were shown up like a silver city. At midnight the alarm sounded. We leaped from our beds. There was no panic. The hum of the Boche machine guns was plainly audible. Suddenly five deafening explosions told us they had gotten our camp. It only lasted about five minutes, but in that short time their five bombs dropped in a straight line had nearly demolished our camp.

"Tents containing American wounded were ripped to shreds, temporary hospital buildings mowed down like a pack of cards. Six soldier patients

jured. The morale of the nurses and doctors was wonderful. Forgetting self, they plunged into the work of rescue.

"One girl, Eva Parmalee of Boston was on duty in one of the tents most badly hit. One bomb fell so near her clothing was ripped and torn by bits of flying debris and pieces of sand lodged in the flesh of her face. Undaunted, she carried on through it all, rushing here and there aiding wounded and assisting in the work of rescue. Not until it was all over did she notice the state of her clothes or the bits of sand in her face."
