

# YANKEE NURSES ARE KEPT BUSY

## How American Lassies Fare on the French Front.

### THEIR WORK IS APPRECIATED

Wounded Soldiers Deeply Grateful for Services Rendered by These Heroic Women—Nurses Live in Corrugated Iron Huts Heated by Stoves—One Says, "Horrible, Everything, of Course; Yet Intensely Interesting."

How fares it these days with American Red Cross nurses serving with the French and British armies? They live in corrugated iron huts heated with little pot-bellied stoves, and to be comfortably warm the women wear layers of woolen garments so that, as one girl wrote to her folks, "we look like Teddy bears."

Busy days and nights they are, with these American lassies in the British hospitals just back of the lines in Flanders, and vastly interesting, too.

"I am too tired this morning, after twelve hours of night duty, to write much," says a recent letter. "It has been unusually cold, and nearly the whole night I went from patient to patient, removing bandages and rubbing cold feet and legs with hot oil. The job wears me out, but the poor lads are so utterly grateful for the service that I feel well repaid."

#### Hears Tales of War.

In another letter the same young woman wrote:

"For at least half my time on duty today I've sat beside the stove in a group of Tommies and Jocks (English and Scotch soldiers), able to sit up and tell stories.

"I've been in spirit up in the trenches and over the top. I've seen deserters

across No Man's Land, with hands up, crying, 'Kamerad! Kamerad!' I've been at the Dardanelles, seeing good soldiers die of dysentery like flies, and their bodies heaped in piles and burned.

"Then I've stood by, observing the battalion doctor looking over the men; giving one with a sprained ankle 'medicine and duty,' telling another he's shirking, and then an hour later finding his lifeless body in the bathhouse.

"I've been across in bonnie Scotland and watched the mothers of lads who will never return flocking around the one who has come back, asking for information about 'last words,' the burial, etc., and have heard the braw Scotch lad lie manfully about the graves of his lost comrades.

"I've admired the photos of fat babies, huggable youngsters, two or three years old, and sad-looking wives and mothers. The wives are always sad and worn-looking. Today almost every story was tragic. Yesterday it was all comedy.

#### The Mystery of It.

"Horrible, everything, of course; yet intensely interesting. It is a great mystery to me how some men can go through what they do without a bump. Many of them have been in the war since the beginning, and have gone over the top many times, yet they've escaped even so much as a scratch from wire entanglements.

"Two days ago we received from the American Red Cross a big, fluffy, bright red comfort for each patient's bed. You cannot imagine how much the lively color helped to brighten the wards and make the men cheery. The gift was as effective as a whole week of 'sunshiny days'—and in this part of the world we don't know what a sunny day looks like during the winter season."