

## FRANCE IN THE SECOND YEAR OF WAR 385

wounded. We grew despondent, and meditated putting Dante's lines, "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate" over our portals. It seemed sheer waste of beauty and enjoyment, of sunshine and flowers, when no convalescent sailors could profit by the loveliness about us. At last, to our joy, we found that we could be useful to Queen Mary's Convalescent Home, and gradually others than our staff had pleasure in Liserb.

Now, "Sister Alice" (as we called Miss Willoughby) was an ardent and enthusiastic nurse. She literally pined for prey, and had ecstatic visions of desperately wounded recovering entirely through her skilful ministrations. I believe she dreamt of typhus and delirium, of incubations and invasions, of hæmorrhages and germicides, of arteries and capillaries, pressure points and tourniquets. At all events, she put nursing before all else in important war work, and was as devoted an adherent of the Red Cross as I was of the White. Many an amicable battle royal did we have over our respective orders, and one day, to tease her, I wrote the following verses :

### THE RED CROSS ENTHUSIAST

*Dedicated to Miss Willoughby.*

[I said that in this awful War  
Women had worked as ne'er before,  
Had knitted, sewn, and garments sent,  
To anxious wives had courage lent,  
For khaki folk provision made,  
Consoled in ruthless German raid.