

done. And while they are here they are a danger to themselves and to us if no one looks after them. That's speaking callously, too. It's a job the army has no particular resource for. It's a job, too, wanting, frankly, rather more tact than an army is apt to bestow. For, after all, it is these people's own country which, with the best intentions in the world, we are making desolate. Except for the honour and glory of national existence, the Germans wouldn't do them much more harm if they took care to behave themselves, and so they must feel. We owe the Belgians a bit.

I. We're paying it to some of them, one way and another, in good hard cash.

M.P.F. Yes, to some of them. But it does no harm to be paying them this way, too, with a little extra kindness and care and no self-interest in much of what we do.

I. Come, you don't want typhoid, for your own sakes.

M.P.F. And they don't want it either, for their own. And this is where the Red Cross ought to come in, doing the job that officially is bound to get left undone, because they haven't time at Headquarters to lay down all the rules. Don't you think so?

I. Oh, yes. I'm only grumbling to draw you out.

M.P.F. We've turned from one thing to another here all these nine months. If the army has got a big job on, we've ambulances to spare them. They'd sooner have a man unofficially carted in than officially left lying another hour or two. In the bad times at Ypres we had a dressing