

my balance on the narrow paths now slippery in the evening frost. Standing at the door of the *salle d'attente* are two ambulances, the drivers with grave faces holding lanterns, while stretcher bearers gently lift or help the wounded out of the cars. Two, four, six, seven—they are all in now.

I follow them into the long room round which, from lanterns, dim, black-framed slices of light move unsteadily. Three men, variously bandaged, stand facing me, smiling "Good-evening." On stretchers on the floor are four shapeless heaps.

A second—to check a wave of sick apprehension at sight of them.

Whose need is the most pressing? We unwrap the blankets, lift them one by one on to beds. But here is one who cannot be moved. He seems unconscious. The left trouser has been split open to the top leaving bare a leg, the knee a little raised, mottled blue by gunpowder. It lies queerly zigzag on the stretcher, in an un-leglike way. The right leg is bandaged, as are also the whole right arm and hand, of which