

erroneous impression. But nothing escapes the keen eye of the delegate, who knows what equipment each should have, what the medical authorities would supply, and in what way our society would best supplement the comforts. It is gratifying to see what excellent institutions have been made of the most unpromising buildings. Many were lacking in the simplest of sanitary arrangements, and had no running water above the main floor. In some hospitals you still see the convalescents carrying jugs of water up two flights of stone stairs.

In the early days of the war, when the burden of the wounded was greater than France could bear, our society was able to help in supplying essentials; now the gifts we offer come under the head of comforts. Sterilizing outfits are sometimes asked for; oilcloth coverings, surgical instruments, linen, clothing, rubber gloves. Sometimes it is the delegate who notices that the men have no extra pillows or rests for their backs; that there is not a little table between each bed, nor a proper kind of tray for meals. Compared with the up-to-date American hospital at Dijon, the best we have seen appears rudimentary; but the delegate, noting the great improvement that takes place every six months, is well satisfied.

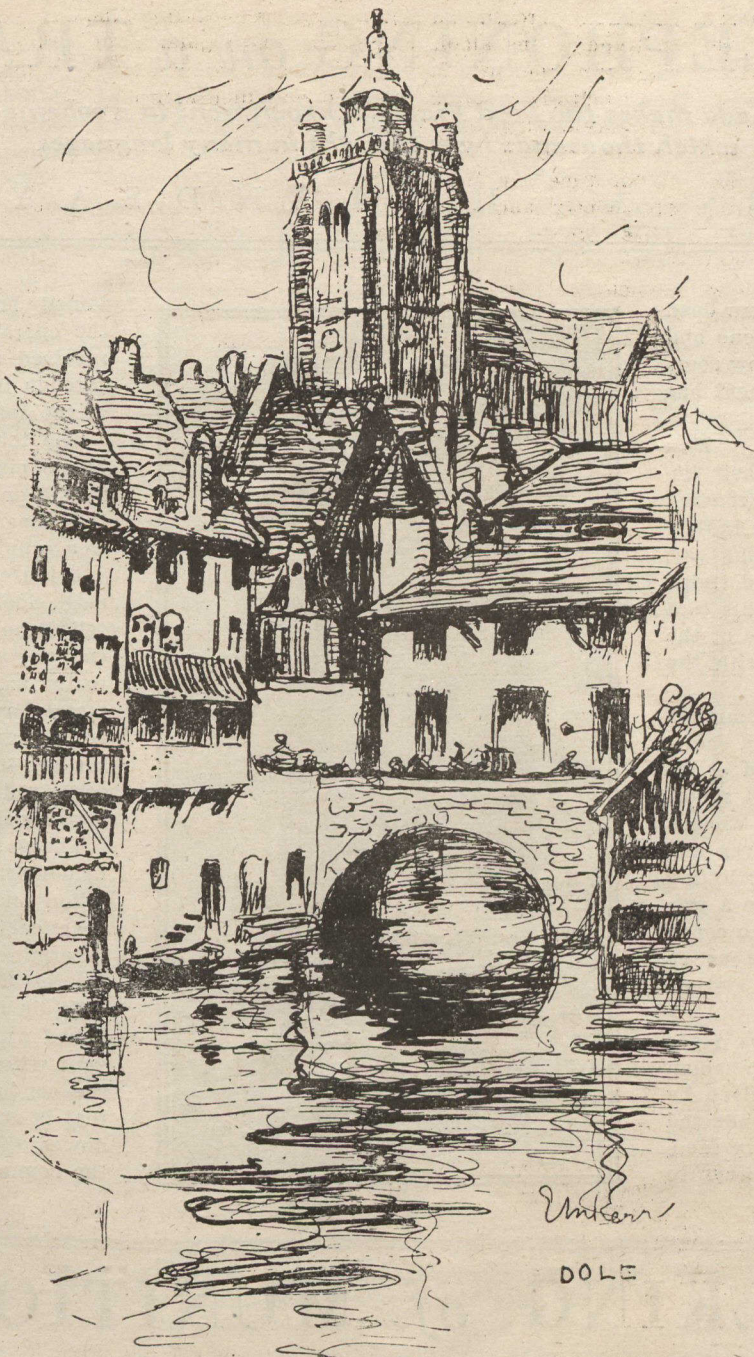
AUXONNE was the first hospital we visited, and there I remained on guard till the kind Mother Superior sent for me to come to the red-tiled kitchen for gooseberry wine and cookies. The nuns in their enormous stiff white head-dresses looked very picturesque as they stood in the arched windows of the old convent, while wounded soldiers basked in the sunshine of the courtyard.

The next hospital, at Dole, was even more attractive. Its windows overlooked a canal, which reflected an arched bridge and old tiled houses piled high above one another till they were crowned by the tall tower of the Cathedral. There were other hospitals at Dole, but none so fine. The one for tubercular patients was rather dreary, but the delegate was pleased to see the improvements that had been made since she visited it on a bleak day last September. Whitewash and bright curtains had changed the aspect of the wards, and the screens we had sent divided them and made it possible to spare the sufferers from the sight of a comrade in his death agony. The head nurse showed us their one bath—a dilapidated tin affair—and asked if it would be possible for us to extend a pipe and install a simple shower bath.

FIVE hospitals were our record for that day, and we arrived at Besancon in time for dinner. As we approached it the town looked very alluring in its valley. The high hills that surround it are topped with old Roman fortifications, and the town contains many architectural relics, while the surrounding country is almost unbelievably pretty. No wonder it was formerly a popular resort for the wealthy in search of rest, health or diversion! The Casino, with its gaily painted murals and elaborate chandeliers, is now a hospital. So is the monastery on the hill, and there the black-robed Fathers at the gate were interested in me when they heard I came from Canada—perhaps I knew their brothers in Montreal?

The next hospital was built on the hut system and here, in a private room, I found one lonely American officer. There were 50 British, he told me, at the St. Jacques, across the river, so we tried to find them. But, after crossing acres of courtyards and climbing miles of stair cases in the hope of seeing them, we were told that they were all out. It seemed as if some malign power was trying to separate them from their compatriots, for one lonely Australian nurse in that vast hospital had not been allowed to look after them, in spite of her entreaties and those of the men.

We spent an afternoon with the medical officer in charge of this district, and visited his depot where supplies are purchased, linen washed and mended, shoes repaired, and printing and lithographing done



From the windows of the hospital Jeanne d'Arc at Dole.

for all the hospitals in this extensive region. This co-operation results in a tremendous economy and the director is justly proud of his work. On this occasion I rose from the ranks of chauffeuse, and was ceremoniously escorted in an omnibus by individuals with quantities of gold braid on their caps and sleeves, and medals dangling on their breasts. It is not always thus, however. Once, when we remained at the hospital for lunch, the head nurse drew

the delegate aside and asked her if I was allowed to eat at the same table as herself. Hotel porters sometimes eye me doubtfully—should they offer to carry my bags for me, or not? Sometimes we take advantage of this attitude to endeavor to secure separate rooms instead of the one large one they always want to give us.

A heavy downpour of rain prevented us from devoting our one spare hour to the sights of Besancon, so it will always remain for me a place of mystery and enchantment. The narrow streets, flanked with old stone buildings, stirred my imagination.

AT six o'clock each morning I rise to get the car ready for our departure at nine, and so on our third morning we started for Vesont—a dull place in comparison. Our visit there was much appreciated for its hospitals are poor. One, in an old barracks, had no running water above the ground floor, and another had a particularly sad aspect, as the building was formerly a prison and the dreary courtyard seemed to echo with the steps of those who were perpetually confined within its narrow limits.

Lure, our next resting place, was also uninteresting, but there it was a pleasure to meet some of our workers who are running a canteen in a wing of the hospital. There were French, Russians and Italians amongst the patients, and those we talked to spoke very gratefully of the kind lady and charming girl who looked after them. "This is the only distraction we have," they said feelingly, and, indeed, the great barracks made a dreary hospital.

We hoped for better conditions at Plombieres and Luxeuil, for these are watering places like Aix, only on a smaller scale. The buildings are fine, having been formerly hotels; but the doctors and nurses had many requests to make, and told us that the wealthy Parisians who are staying there did not interest themselves in the hospitals at all. They seemed interested in tennis, however, and it cheered us to see a lot of pretty girls in white skirts and light-colored jerseys. They made us forget the war and the misery of it all. It was so gay in the hotel where we lunched luxuriously. Our dusty uniforms were the one blot on the

landscape.

Aix is luxurious in the same way, but here, with hundreds of American soldiers on leave, and a good sprinkling of uniforms of other nationalities, one never forgets the war for a moment. The Casino is now the headquarters of the Y. M. C. A. The wounded sit in the lovely gardens of what were formerly the most expensive hotels under the luminous grapes that dangle from the branches.

## What About the Resourceful Japs?

(Continued from page 12.)

weather it, if we want to hold a place.

There is another aspect of the question which for obvious reasons we only mention in passing. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance expires in 1921, and the decision concerning it must be made in 1920, just two years from now. History is being made so fast that we are obliged to change our outlook many times in the course of a few months, but the thought of the expiration of that Alliance remains at the back of our minds as one phase of a larger problem, the relation of Japan to the Anglo-Saxon nations.

The mental attitude of Japan toward the war has been undecided up to the present. She has done her part dutifully by Great Britain because she was in honor bound to do so, and the splendid spirit of chivalry—Bunshido—which had its birth in the ancient order of the Sunurai, binds the educated Japanese to keep his promise just as much as the unwritten law of "noblesse oblige" of the Anglo-Saxon. But when the time limit of the Alliance has expired, it remains to be seen what course Japan will pursue. Said G. Shibwata:

"The average Japanese has been unable to differ-

entiate up to now between the motives of the two great parties engaged in the present conflict, but has felt that the contest has been actuated by imperialistic policies, though he has condemned German methods and sincerely hoped for Allied victory. He is only just beginning to realize that the struggle is for the triumph of democracy, and the entry of the United States into the war has largely helped to bring about that realization. The reason they have not fallen in line of thought with the Allies is due largely to the fact that they resent the attitude of the Anglo-Saxon toward them, his policy of exclusion. They desire to be accorded equal treatment with other nations and races, for they are a proud people."

As I write these last words I can see coming in through the "Gateway to the Orient" the steamship which carries Prince Arthur of Connaught on his way home from Japan. Just what effect the diplomatic visit of the soldier-statesman may have upon our Ally remains to be seen, but it is bound to be beneficial and bring about a better and clearer understanding between the two parties of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.