

## THE RED CROSS MACHINE

watchfulness over our welfare until it finally saw its protégés once more back in harness.

The wonder of the Red Cross has not yet faded one particle in my memory. Calm and unhurrying, it never got itself into a mess by trying to achieve the impossible, yet to its magnificent organisation, no obstacle had a moment's chance. The speed with which it worked was well evidenced in its handling of the casualties of the Vimy Ridge show, when men who were wounded just after dawn were in London hospitals late the same afternoon. It never failed and it was never too machine-like to be at all times human. When we looked back and reflected upon what must be the enormous cost of the upkeep of its vast and expensive organisation, we were possessed of a wild desire to donate every bean we had, and then rush out and hold up London at the point of a Lewis and make it disgorge every penny it had to an institution the activities of which it did not even barely comprehend.

Of the women—of the gallant girls who work their fingers to the bone and their nerves to destruction for the welfare of the British Tommy