

ABOVE THE BATTLE

Four minutes after the train stopped another officer and I were seated inside a huge Rolls Royce limousine—lent, of course, to the Red Cross for this kind of work. The chauffeur was handed another slip indicating our destination, and we slid smoothly and expensively from the station. In the courtyard outside was a great cheering, singing mob, who crowded round each car as it came out and thrust great bunches of flowers—the costly blooms of the affluent and the humble meadow flowers of the poor—and huge boxes of chocolates into the car, laughing and crying and cheering madly. . . .

Our destination proved to be a small private hospital in the West End, where we were once more expected and all our wants anticipated. Our hostess, like hundreds—no, thousands—of ladies all over Britain, was living in a small section of her great house, while the rest of it had been fitted up as a hospital. So we were at last Home! The machine had pursued its well oiled running and had delivered us safely into the heart of England, and even there it still exerted a constant