

THE RED CROSS MACHINE

round by the orderlies, and nurses flitted round tending to the more serious cases.

At 11 o'clock the long train glided over the Thames by the Charing Cross Bridge and slid gently in under the great glass domed roof of Charing Cross station. The second the train came to a standstill an alert official of the St. John's Ambulance Society stepped into the coach and produced a large book of canvas pages possessing slits, each slit containing a paper slip onto which by some occult means had been described the case and name of each officer in the coach. We had all thought ourselves rather *blasé* about the remarkable stunts the machine pulled off; but this last one completely took the wind out of our sails, and as someone remarked: "It was blooming weird!"

The St. John's official then worked like lightning with the walking cases. He asked each officer his name, consulted his book, produced a slip which he gave to the officer, and then handed him over to a waiting myrmidon, who led him away out of the coach. Outside were parked vast quantities of ambulances, and near the rear of the train a long line of limousines.