

The greatest honour of all was conferred upon the women when a unit of the hospital was attached to the French Expeditionary Force under General Sarraill, proceeding to Salonika, and then the women began to find out what hospital work in a foreign country, with no facilities, could really be. When the unit arrived, the only place for their camp was the filthy compound of a disused silk factory, and there they set to work to get their hospital together. Even their tent poles had been stolen by the Greeks who brought their baggage up, but when the second unit arrived their tent poles arrived safely. They had been told of the disappearance of the first consignment, and, said the speaker, "They sat on theirs." No sooner had everything been put into working order than notice was received to evacuate and to return to Salonika. Here a semi-morass was assigned them for a camping ground, but, in spite of all, they succeeded in establishing a model hospital, which had remained ever since, though it had been recently removed to a better site, and increased from 300 to 500 beds. In addition, a hut hospital was established near the firing line, and three canteens were also established for the benefit of French soldiers returning from the trenches.

Continuing, the speaker dealt with the work in Servia. There had not been a more tragic nor a more gallant figure in the great war than Servia. It was not generally realised, said Mrs Abbott, that another nation beside Belgium had been overrun by the German hordes, and, moreover, that Servia had re-built and re-organised itself as a nation three times, until there was nothing left to rebuild. The first hospital of 100 surgical beds was established in 1915, under Dr. Saltaire, when the worst outbreak of typhus of modern times was raging throughout the country. There were no Red Cross, and few medical men, of whom two-thirds were British, French, or American, and the situation was desperate. In addition to the 100 surgical beds, Dr. Saltaire undertook to tend 500 fever patients. She cabled for help, and three more units were sent out. All through the summer and autumn they worked to the sound of the big guns at Belgrade, restoring the nation to health, several of them paying the price of their devotion with

their lives, but the women buried their dead and worked on. Even when the Austro-German thrust caused the evacuation, they protested that they should not be treated as mere women, but as surgeons and nurses, and should be allowed to remain with their patients. All would willingly have stayed, and finally two units were allowed to remain, in almost certain knowledge of being taken prisoner. The other units went over the Montenegrin Mountains to the sea with a strange medley, not of a retreating army, but of a nation, men, women and children, old and young. The terrible journey, of 200 miles, over mountain passes 7000 feet high, took eight long weeks to accomplish, and all that time the women, starved, scantily clad, suffering, and never knowing what the morrow would bring, tended the refugees who, weakened by the way, and, in many cases, tenderly cared for those who came into the world on that terrible journey. The safety of the nation lay over the mountains, but literally the journey was the "way of the Cross."

Dr. Hutchison's unit, which had remained behind, was captured by the Austrians, and taken to Hungary, where they were treated as common prisoners. Dr. Hutchison through all carried the flag with her, wrapped round her body, and at last, when released from captivity, she waved the Union Jack from the window of the train as it passed over the Swiss border, to the accompaniment of "God Save the King."

Dr. Elsie Inglis fell into the hands of the Germans, and she and her unit were kept tending 400 Servian sick and wounded under frightful disabilities; while some 900 wounded were waiting for treatment. It was a terrible building, with but few beds and palliasses, and the compound was in an indescribable state. Two overflowing cesspools were in its centre, and filthy heaps of rubbish, even the grisly remains from operations, lay about. The whole scene was indescribably terrible. Three young English women with Servian orderlies were set to clean the place, and they did it.

It was not womanly work, for they emptied the cesspools with hand pumps, they cleaned the compound, dug drains, and made the place into a hygienic hospital. There the unit

worked till March, 1916, when the Germans sent it back to England.

The fifth unit, under Dr. Mary Blair, a New Zealand woman, never reached its intended destination, for the roads were blocked, so they cared for the refugees who poured into Salonika, and eventually went with them to Corsica, and had there remained supervising 2000 or 3000 Servians ever since. Their work was perhaps less heroic at first sight than that of other units, but it is on the Island of Corsica that the nation was once more being built up. After the terrible exposure on the mountain roads many of the refugees were suffering from tuberculosis, and so successful had the women been in the treatment of these cases that the French Government had asked the women to establish a similar hospital in the south of France.

Soon a call came from Macedonia, where wonderful work was done in organising an ambulance corps to bring wounded down precipitous and dangerous roads at all hours of the day and night to Monastir.

Rumania asked for two field hospitals and equipment, and six weeks later they were despatched, but the only possible route was via Archangel and overland through Russia.

In the Dobrudja, the women worked often in the front lines, and under bombardment, until another retreat began. Only six bull-waggon waggon were available to get to the station the equipment which 600 had brought from it. The retreat was made through what was practically enemy territory, for the Germans had penetrated deeply into the country, and dangers were met with on every side. After the Russian collapse it became impossible to carry on the work, and the women returned after adventurous trips by widely different routes.

Mrs Abbott spoke feelingly of the gallant work of Dr. Elsie Inglis, a woman of iron will and iron body, who, after terrible privations, brought her unit to England in November last, and two days after she had landed at Newcastle, died of utter exhaustion. "I shall never see my friend again," said Mrs Abbott, "but the work which she founded must go on, so that she, although dead, may speak."

The Scottish Women's Hospitals had gone into the darkest places of the