

the contagion of typhus, and hold to the direct inhalation theory.

We reproduce from the *Sphere* the accompanying illustration of a British nurse in working dress, which considering the conditions under which the nurses work in Serbia, will be realised to be practical and hygienic.

The *Daily Telegraph* publishes the following interesting letter sent to a friend, from Dr. Beatrice McGregor of Wimbledon, who is in charge of one of the Scottish Women's hospitals in Serbia. By now it is an echo of the past:—

"Violent storms are at times encountered. In an incredibly short time the ground is a slippery morass, and it is an edifying spectacle to see ten or twelve of us all hanging for dear life to the ropes of a tent to keep it up while the patients are being rescued and placed in safety. After half an hour or so of that, when every hairpin has fled, after you have sat down in the mud half a dozen times and blistered your hands on tent-ropes, before you have time to realise that the rain has ceased, out comes the sun to laugh at your discomfiture and to reveal the havoc to your toilet.

A LOYAL LITTLE AUSTRIAN.

"Our two-ten beds are always full, and lately I have had very serious cases. The Serbian soldier is a delightfully simple and grateful patient, most uncomplaining. There is a good deal of typhoid fever. The men are very keen to get leave of absence home after being dismissed from hospital; they are so devoted to their wives and children. We have but one little non-military patient here—a wee man of nine years, a little Austrian refugee, whose parents are dead, and who is destitute. We are keeping him altogether. As an 'orderly' he flatters his little self, and quite a useful fellow he is. He loves to wear a soldier's cap. His heart is very loyal to Austria. Lately the men in his ward were teasing him by telling him his Emperor was 'No dobrah,' which means 'Not good.' Young Ivan swelled with rage, seized a stick belonging to a patient, and belaboured his chief tormentor till the sister of the ward flew to the rescue, when the poor boy bolted into his own tent, buried his head in the sister's lap, and howled.

"There are fourteen sisters here now, nineteen of a personnel, three being doctors. We have a big mess-tent, which I had laid with a good

wooden floor, so that the sisters can dance. The national dance is the 'Kola,' in which they all join hands—any number can join in—and the music is a strange, wild, often pathetic type. It seems to be irresistible to Serbians; officers and men dance together quite freely. They are like brothers and yet the soldier never forgets soldierly discipline.

PRISONER ORDERLIES.

"We are served by Austrian prisoners—nice fellows, most of them, some quite superior. We feel it must be trying for them to be our housemaids. Still, they have a very easy time. No threat is so severe as to tell them that they will be sent to commando. We don't starve here. Our cook is an Austrian, who has been a chef and a waiter at the Trocadero in London. Sugar is sold

a lb. and often not to be had.

We had a generous gift of sugar from Sir Ralph Paget, so we have not suffered yet. We have lots of beef to make soup, and lots of pears to stew, and we buy and fatten pigs, lambs, and fowls whenever we can. My great principle is to give the nurses as much as they can eat, so as to fortify them against illness. We are fortunate to be able to say that we have had no illness at all.

"The nights are getting cold. I have chosen to accept for winter quarters some new wooden sheds on the hill opposite rather than go into any building here or in any town. We may be cold, but we will be on a healthy site, and must try to keep it so

"I allow women and children to come for treatment here, but do not encourage them, as we are short of drugs, and we have no ward for serious cases. I hope to open a ward for women and children in

our new buildings, so that we can deal with the more serious cases. It is very quaint to be rewarded for one's professional efforts by the gift of an egg or three apples and a corn-cob, or a bunch of grapes, or a small coin of the value of a few pence. The women begin to arrive quite early, and sit on the grass knitting or spinning with little spindles, waiting for any length of time."

In an appeal in the Press for the British hospital at Arc-en-Barrois for French soldiers, the writer states that the hospital is one of those which serves the army of the Argonne, which has been kept so busy by the continuous fighting that an auxiliary hospital of seventy beds, used for convalescents, is now to be taken over for seriously



BRITISH NURSE IN WORKING DRESS IN SERBIA.

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