

quite impossible, and they see that for themselves. I visited it all pretty thoroughly—first, the English organisations (of which Mr. Birse is Hon. Sec.).

"(1) They have a soup kitchen at one of the railway stations where refugees are arriving daily. This is all done out of doors with an Army Field Kitchen; a good many of the refugees come with jugs and basins and fetch their portion away, others eat it there. They have the choice of soups—fast-soups or meat soups—and a hunk of black bread. It means enormous devotion to go on doing this day after day in the bitter weather we have had. I think the English people who do it are much to be admired; I almost froze to the ground the short time I was there. After the refugees have taken away the soup in jugs, the ones who are waiting there are fed. There are a few wooden tables standing on the snow, and they stand round and eat. The day I was there it was about 20 degs. below zero (F.) and a bitter wind.

"(2) A convalescent home, so called, but it means more of a hospital for medical cases for women and children. This is a joint concern between the English organization and the Moscow Municipal Council, and they seem to work very well together.

"(3) The Log-house, a sort of feeding station for refugees in a different part of Moscow. The paper I sent you will give you fuller details about all these.

#### "MOSCOW MUNICIPAL COUNCIL.

"This finds a roof over the heads of the refugees when they come and is, of course, much the biggest of all organizations. I visited tenements, doss-houses, barracks where the refugees were living, isolation hospitals, infants' hospitals, children's hospital, and lunatic asylum for refugees. Some of these latter were in an asylum in places where the Germans took the town—and they were

moved here—in other cases, people went mad from the strain and the want of food. There were about 100 mental patients there. The refugees in the doss-houses and tenements were very badly housed indeed, and the Moscow people know it and are doing their best to alter things. The doss-houses are where the refugee men sleep. There are wooden shelves back to back all down the centre of the room, and they each have a wooden pillow, no mattress, blanket or rug, so that the shelves are easily cleaned and disinfected. There is a stove in the room, so they are not cold. About 250 sleep in one room. The

tenements are where the families are—they are many of them old public-houses, filthy, damp and overcrowded—three or four families in one room. The baraki are large sheds on the plan of the one here which I described to you.

"The Municipal Town Council have now built a beautiful model village about two miles out of Moscow which will hold about 4,500 refugees. When I was there about 500 refugees had already arrived; the place is not quite finished yet. It is all of wood, and built in pavilions. The pavilions are divided into cubicles, each family has a cubicle; there is a common dining-room in the middle where they can prepare their breakfast and tea, and which acts as a sitting-room. There is a

special pavilion for old men. I went into that—the youngest is 80; the oldest refugee is an old man of 105. They also have three large kitchens where their mid-day meal is supplied to them, a school for the children, baths, and a hospital. The hospital comprises (1) General Hospital, (2) Out-Patient Department, (3) Maternity Hospital. It is in this building that they think we might be of use. They are going to talk it over at their next committee and then write. What they would really like would be two or three very good English Sisters to intro-



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[previous page](#)

[next page](#)