

of Pensions, was "The After-Care of Discharged Disabled Soldiers and Sailors"—a national question of first importance.

### IN A RUSSIAN DISPENSARY.

The time is 8 a.m., the day Friday, the market day of the large Russian village where the English doctor and nurse are in sole charge of a district of 60,000 people; in area about the size of Wales. The season is winter, consequently the outside temperature is well below zero, and inside, thanks to the splendid Russian stoves, of a warmth and comfort utterly unknown in England, where we still live under the delusion that our climate is a mild one.

The nurse looks out through the living-room window and notices that already a long string of sledges drawn by small, shaggy horses, whose coats are white with hoar-frost, are waiting outside the dispensary. Market day is our busiest time. Everyone, sick or well, who comes in to buy and sell makes it a point of etiquette to go and see the English doctor and try and wheedle from him some much-coveted "mās" (ointment) or "kaple" (drops), while we shrewdly suspect that our waiting room is made the dumping ground for the old grannies and grandpas whose relatives want to get rid of them while they do their business elsewhere. We live in a wooden house, surrounded by blocks of buildings, one of which is our hospital, another the Aptek or dispensary. They are all about 100 yards from the house, and it is necessary to put on high felt boots, a sheepskin coat, and a thick shawl over one's cap to run even that short distance in the icy cold.

In the dispensary there is already a crowd of moujiks similarly clad. The Austrian dispenser has been giving out tickets in rotation, with a sharp eye on the bright boys of the village, who are shrewd enough to arrive very early for tickets and then sell their places to late-comers at a handsome profit!

The doctor and nurse by now have picked up sufficient Russian to cope with the patients without an interpreter, and enough experience to tell, as they survey the crowd, that, as usual, they fall into three classes—the chronics, the certificate hunters and the really ill. The last-named are the smallest, and, in the eyes of the other patients, the most negligible class. The Russian peasants firmly believe that a headache of 30 years' standing (and they will tell you quite seriously that they have had one continuously for that period) is far more worthy of attention than a high fever of only three days' duration.

But let us begin work, and see some typical instances of the three classes for ourselves. A little Polish refugee girl named Dunia is our door-keeper, a by no means easy post. Directly she unbolts the portal that separates the doctor's little room from the waiting-room a noise rather like a menageric assails our ears, and the call of

"Number One" is a signal for Nos. 8, 19 and 40 to try and push their way in. Dunia valiantly forces them back, and repeats the call for "No. 1." This time No. 10 comes forward triumphantly, certain that he will be entirely acceptable. "Where is No. 1?" repeats our handmaid firmly. "She has gone out to the market, but I am her uncle, I will do as well; I can tell you all about her," remarks a peasant hopefully. Much surprised is he when his helpful offer is refused and No. 2 is called. Enter No. 2 supporting an aged grandma on one arm and in the other carrying a stout infant, two children clinging to the skirts of her sheepskin coat. With a quick sleight-of-hand movement she drops one ticket into the bowl placed for the purpose and faces us with a guileless smile. "Four more tickets, please," says the doctor, well versed by now in the wiles by which many a woman has endeavoured, under only one ticket, to obtain advice and medicine for an entire family, some of whom were not even present! "I don't understand," replies the culprit innocently. But this excuse will not wash. "Well thou understandest, thou," retorts the stern Dunia, and the protesting family retires to obtain the needful tickets from the Austrian dispenser. G. T. W.

### OUR ROLL OF HONOUR.

DIED.

Ross, Sister A. J., Can. Nursing Service.

### STAR OF MONS.

Some of those entitled to the Star of Mons have now received it, as well as the ribbon which has already been widely distributed, so we may hope, shortly, to see nurses wearing this much-coveted emblem.

### A TRUE TALE WITH A MORAL.

"I COULD ILL SPARE IT."

*District Nurse visiting house of very poor patient.*  
*Patient* (cheerfully): "Oh! nurse, I've given a shilling to your Fund."

*Nurse* (puzzled): "My Fund! What do you mean, Mrs. Smith?"

*Patient*: "Why the Fund that they are collecting for the nurses, wot you will have some of."

*Nurse*: "Oh! you mean the Nation's Fund for Nurses, I expect. No; I don't approve of the way that it is raised at all. I shall have none of it, and I am quite sure you have many other things to do with your money."

*Patient* (crestfallen): "Oh! nurse, I would never have given to it if I'd 'ave known. I could do very well with that shilling. But you've been rare and good to me, and you would never have anything off of me, and I thought it was a chanst to give you somethin'. But I'd never have given it if I hadn't have thought you'd get some of it, for I could ill spare it."

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