

THE LAY OF THE HEALTH VISITOR.

By E. C.

Anna Maria Sophia Jones
 Was just a bundle of skin and bones—
 The sort of woman you often meet
 With knobbed fingers and large flat feet—
 Her hair was dragged behind in a bunch,
 And she had dinner when you have lunch.
 The Government Lady came to the door—
 With printed leaflets—dozens and more.
 She spoke to Maria firmly and long—
 And all that Maria did was wrong.
 She oughtn't to peel potatoes and boil them,
 To peel potatoes was only to spoil them;
 She oughtn't to waste the pods of the pea;
 She oughtn't to stew and stew her tea;
 She oughtn't to feed her baby on bread
 Before it had ever a tooth in its head;
 (Anna Sophia, mother of five,
 Three were dead, but two were alive,
 Always had given her baby bread
 Before it had ever a tooth in its head);
 She oughtn't to spend her money on drink,
 She oughtn't to stuff up the drain of the sink;
 She oughtn't to shut out air and light;
 She oughtn't to close her window at night.
 (Anna Maria Sophia Jones
 Always fastened her window-click,
 Air in a bedroom made her sick);
 She oughtn't to buy herself ready-made clothes—
 She oughtn't—she oughtn't—Oh, goodness knows.
 Before the Government Lady had ended
 Anna Sophia was highly offended.

Anna Maria Sophia Jones
 Was just a bundle of skin and bones—
 The sort of a woman you often meet
 With knobbed fingers and large flat feet—
 Her hair was dragged behind in a bunch,
 And she had dinner when you have lunch.
 But Anna Maria had spirit within her—
 The spirit that makes a saint of a sinner—
 When she saw what was right she went and did it.
 And then, if need was, afterward hid it.
 Anna Maria Sophia Jones
 Asked, in dull and colourless tones
 The Government Lady to walk inside,
 Opened the door of the passage wide,
 Took a chopper and hit her hard,
 And buried the body in the yard.

—From *The Modern Hospital*.

A MODEL VILLAGE IN SURREY.

A garden village, containing about 250 semi-detached cottages, each with a large garden attached, is to be erected at Addlestone (Surrey) by Mr. N. Cheroan, head of the Bleriot works. A large area has already been purchased, and building will shortly be commenced. The estate will provide a large communal kitchen and restaurant, with meals obtainable in the morning and evening. A spacious crèche or day nursery is also to be provided.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

“Men are polished, through act and speech, each by each,
 As pebbles are smoothed on the rolling beach.”
Trowbridge.

LETTERS FROM VERONICA.

No. II.

Nordrovo.

DEAR MARGOT,—Yesterday was the Serbian Christmas Day (thirteen days later than ours), and, as with us, one of their greatest feasts. Everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves so much that I felt rather a pilgrim and a stranger, and was just wishing I was a nursing orderly instead of a chauffeur for a day or two, when one of the Sisters invited me to her ward for Christmas. The festival begins on Christmas Eve, when the first evening star begins to shine, so I went along to the ward about five.

There were several Sisters and orderlies sitting on the empty beds waiting for the ceremony to begin. Outside, the wind howled mournfully and the tent's great sides flapped and strained; inside, the dim oil lamps were swinging from side to side, and the candles on the Christmas trees were guttering and flickering. The master of the ceremonies was an old chap, called Jovan. All the previous week he had been busy making the model of a church out of cardboard. White paper was pasted outside it, and the roof was adorned with countless golden pinnacles and domes; the inside of the church had been lined with the dark blue paper that covers the rolls of cotton wool powdered with gold paper stars. Someone had had a Christmas card sent them with a picture of the Nativity, and this was pinned up inside on the church wall. Some antedeluvian animals, supposed to represent the ox and the ass, had been manufactured out of tiny pieces of lint, stuffed with rag and coloured with chalks, and were grouped round a little wooden manger. A small china doll represented the Holy Babe. This caused the acutest joy in the ward, as you may think, it was so cleverly made, and just finished in time. Mysterious fancy dresses had also been made out of old dressing gowns, Sisters' old grey felt hats had been requisitioned, and for some time past there had been a mysterious disappearance of tow.

No one quite knew what was going to happen, but there was a feeling of being in church. We waited silently in the ward, and presently the tent flap was pulled back and the convalescents appeared, dressed as the Shepherds and the Three Wise Men, Jovan leading the way, carrying the Church with a lighted candle inside it. He set it down on the table in front of the Christmas tree, and then began to chant the story of the Holy Birth, the other patients' deep musical voices taking up the refrain every now and then. When they had finished, they marched out again in solemn procession.

One of the bed patients turned round to the wall and sobbed; it was more than he could bear, poor chap. Sister Russell told me his history afterwards. His little farm in Serbia was burnt in the first Serbian advance, and his wife and children are refugees now somewhere in Austria. It is more than two years since he heard from them, and doesn't know whether they are alive or

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