

HOME Hospitals have of late years sprung up in districts where medical men congregate together, and there is no doubt that to have such homes within a short distance of his own residence is an immense convenience to a busy medical man, but we are compelled to own that the proximity of a Nursing Home is not calculated to increase the value of residential property, especially as at present these institutions are subject to no local government regulations or inspection, and may or may not be managed in an orderly and decent manner.

NURSES will be interested to learn the estimation in which they, as a class, are held by a member of the medical profession. Recently a Dr. William Grady, a retired physician, aged 89, who had married his nurse who was many years younger than himself, sued his wife for the return of her engagement ring, when the following cross-examination, conducted by Mr. L. Thomas, took place:—

Am I right in supposing that you were on terms of affection with the defendant before your marriage?—There was never any affection on my part. (Laughter.)

What made you marry her?—Her blandishments and her walking after me. I would not have married her if I had known she was a nurse. I would not marry any nurse; I am too well bred for that. (Laughter.)

Did you propose to her on two separate occasions, and were you refused at first?—I do not know how many times I might have done it. (Laughter.) I have no recollection of it. All I know is I was a stupid old man to do such a thing. (Renewed laughter.) I leave her with you, and you may take her home with you. (Loud laughter.)

Did you give her this ring as an engagement ring?—Never. That is a made-up story.

I do not wish to worry you, but I must put a few questions.—Oh, you may worry me. I am not quite dead yet. I will make a good fight, and there is a good deal of blood in my body. It is good blood, too. (Laughter.)

Did you give the defendant that brooch (holding up a silver-gilt brooch)?—Yes. I have given other women brooches. (Laughter.)

Judgment was given for the defendant.

At the little town of Gheel, in Belgium, some 27 miles from Antwerp, there is probably a unique population. It is, says the *Morning Leader*, a town of fools, a town where fools dwell in peace with each other, stroll about the streets, take their noon-day refreshments at the cafés, and go about their daily routine with, perhaps, more

common sense than a great many of our own worthy citizens, who have the reputation of being healthy in mind as well as in body.

THE distinctive feature of the treatment is that it is a moral one, and the cures which are achieved amongst the "innocents," as they are called, are due to the kindness and tact of the townsfolk, who take these afflicted people—some 1,500—as lodgers in their own houses. The dangerous cases are, however, passed on to the outlying villages.

No matter how much he pays—and the fees vary from £12 to £120 per annum, according to the style of living of the patient—he is always the spoiled member of the family, for the people of Gheel understand the management of the insane better, probably, than any community in the world. The patient is given the most comfortable chair, the best seat at table, the most attention, and he so enjoys the esteem in which he is held that he makes the greatest effort to master his disease.

It is a familiar sight in this town to see dozens of children walking about hand in hand with big, robust men, and chattering to them in the most familiar manner. Also we are told that the boarder patient is often told off to take care of the baby of the household, and, as a rule, makes a most excellent nurse. Of course, many of the patients have queer delusions. Recently one of them was in a terrible way because he fancied himself a mustard seed, and said the birds were sure to swallow him. His landlord scolded him for being so foolish. "Have I not told you," he said, "that you are quite safe, because the birds only eat hempseed," and the man became quite calm and contented.

THE utter absence of restraint in the town would astonish those accustomed to the methods of ordinary asylums. We can imagine that the patients in this community are in the happiest and most congenial surroundings possible, and those interested in the care and nursing of this most afflicted class of persons can scarcely do better than to take an early opportunity of visiting this most interesting colony. Antwerp is very easy of access by sea from London, and the journey up the Scheldt to this interesting and picturesque city is most enjoyable. We have yet much to learn before our system of nursing the insane is perfected, and apparently we can gain much by observing the methods employed by the good people of Gheel.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)