

A Story of a Summer's Experiment, or Life in a Tent Colony for Tubercular Poor, Glencoe, Ill.

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"Of all the incidents of human life, we remember most distinctly and with greatest reverence those which furnish inspiration to a flow of human kindness; to a feeling of brotherhood of man and man without distinction as to any artificial classification made by man himself." This I quote from Dr. Theodore Sachs, a tower of strength in his earnest work and counsel to the workers in Glencoe Tent Colony last summer. That spirit of human kindness he brought to us always—in that lies his strength. To the poor consumptive, Glencoe meant the fulfilling of his hopes of recovery—the chance to fight the battle equally. To me was given the privilege of serving Miss Fulmer in the working out of this plan. To her untiring devotion to this cause is due its success and any merit which may be mine in the faithfulness to my charge is cancelled by the contentment and happiness which came to me as its result.

In the daily rounds of the district the visiting nurse comes into close contact with the tubercular poor. Unlike most cases visited by her, there is little real nursing care to be given in these homes. Her duty lies in another and perhaps even more important direction. The patient, up and about his home, too often ignorant of the true cause of his illness, must be taught his responsibility towards himself and his neighbour. He must be persuaded to change his method of living in many ways, and must be encouraged always in the belief that he may again be well. Herein are found the duties of the nurse. The grave problem of how best she can serve these cases has haunted us all, I know. The much talked of fresh air and sunshine has seemed far away, indeed, only something to be promised for the future. Something to cause the dull eyes to sparkle and the tired body to long for, but where has there been such a haven for our consumptive? And one day the news came—glad—joyous—a boon to us all. Take the sick, discouraged wage-earner out of the sordid surroundings, out of the congestion of the city, out of the harrowing problems of trying to live in these conditions—take them to the country—into God's air and sunshine—take them to Glencoe! On a beautiful bluff, over-looking the lake, sheltered by

friendly trees, there waited our tent colony to give rest and peace and new life to the man and woman worn and tired. Through this article may I thank those whose generous help made the work possible. I regret that to them was not given the real happiness which came to us in dispensing their generosity.

"Rest, wholesome food, and fresh air"—this is the consumptive's trinity—to this we add, trustfulness, helpfulness, and kindness, the greatest of these being kindness. That the consumptive needs more kindness and thought than any other sufferer has been demonstrated. In overcoming the disease he must overcome his greatest obstacle—himself—and through kindness, charity, brotherhood, this is done.

We were a small colony—only six tents—where twenty brave men and women battled with disease, patiently teaching every day a lesson in self-control. To the stranger who came within our gate we must have seemed a happy family, for the spirit of loving service was everywhere. To each one was given the light work about the camp. The morning not half over showed the tents in excellent order, cots were arranged under the trees for the weaker patients, and in the kitchen work was well under way for the noon meal. Believing that to be busy is to be content, I encouraged the interest shown by the patients in their work, watching carefully the while, that their strength was not overtaxed. As the days and weeks passed it was most gratifying to see the white, wan faces fill out; the gradual disappearance of the cough and other distressing symptoms; to know that the boy of twenty who came to us weak and stooped would go back to the working world to take his place again as a wage-earner, not perhaps in the heavy indoor work which broke down his too feeble body, but in some light work where the building up of strength might go on. To look each day into the face of the earnest girl, the sole support of her mother, and see the result of being lifted out of the quicksand of disease and put upon the firm road to recovery. The face told the story more than the mere physical restoration, and I shall always be glad that her nature was known to me.

These excellent results of the work done, we saw day by day, but even more than this was accomplished, for with the intelligent acceptance and application of instruction given by Dr. Sachs, Miss Fulmer and myself, this small army has taken its place in the crusade against tuberculosis.

I cannot bring this story to a close without some mention of my children. They came to me—these children of the poor—to learn the

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