

devout worshippers on Sunday morning is often horrible. It would be rather interesting to examine bacteriologically a sample of the atmosphere of one of these closed-up churches on the morning of the seventh day.

The public has been awaiting with interest an explanation of the internal trouble which has arisen at the Golden Square Throat Hospital. Subscribers to this charity have a right to know why three important members of the Committee have resigned, especially as the President, the late Chairman of the Committee, and Dr. Macdonald, wrote a joint notice that they had done so to the public papers, without at the same time assigning the reasons for their action.

Consequently our energetic contemporary, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, sent an inquirer to whom the Secretary detailed his version of the case with a frankness quite refreshing in a Hospital official, from its very unusual plainness of speech. The Duke of Sutherland, he said, had "never set his foot inside the Hospital," and "his resignation is not a terribly important matter."

Mr. Welch was for twelve years the Chairman of the Committee, "but he was not the sort of man" the Secretary considered for that position—an opinion which he apparently based on the statement that Mr. Welch had "never given sixpence" to the charity. The Secretary further stated that the Committee of Management elected by the subscribers last April, included a gentleman to whom Dr. Macdonald objected; and this Committee then chose another Chairman instead of Mr. Welch—to which that gentleman not unnaturally objected; and so both Dr. Macdonald and Mr. Welch resigned their connection with the Hospital. So far the Secretary. Now the other side has to be heard.

The feeling is often expressed that the very poor are tolerably well looked after, and that a great deal of suffering results to people of a better class—the pathetic "shabby genteel," just because their needs are apt to be overlooked, and also because they hesitate to avail themselves of the charity they so often stand in need of. The new Yarrow Home—called after its generous founder, Mr. A. F. Yarrow—which was recently opened at Broadstairs, is a convalescent home for children, and is designed to meet the wants of the families of people of very limited means, who are at the same time highly respectable. At this seaside home there will be accommodation for fifty boys and fifty girls, and much good will accrue to the class of people for whom it is intended, who are often much

too sensitive about their position to allow their sufferings to be known.

The number of cases of small-pox in the Metropolis continues on the increase, and some difficulty is being experienced in finding accommodation for them. The Metropolitan Asylums Board has been authorised to spend a considerable sum of money for the erection and fitting of the Fountain temporary Hospital.

Notes from the Quarantine Camp at El Tor.

I TRIED ordinary camel-riding to-day for the first time. To the quite uninitiated it must be an alarming experience. The driver first prevails on the camel to kneel down by assailing it with a peculiar guttural sound which is, for an Englishman, almost impossible. The trouble now begins. The ordinarily placid, good-tempered looking animal at once changes into what is apparently a ferocious wild beast. He roars like a small lion, and in every possible way shows his dislike and disgust at having to bring his body to the ground, for he well knows that position to be only preliminary to receiving a load.

The poor beast having at last been persuaded, the driver places his foot on the doubled-up foreleg of the camel to prevent its premature rising, and then you scramble into the saddle. On announcing your readiness, *i.e.*, having firmly grasped the wooden pegs which stick up from the pommel and cantle of the saddle, the driver removes his foot from the foreleg, and you then "look out for squalls."

The camel first regains his hind feet with a tremendous lurch forwards which, if you are unprepared, will certainly propel you yards over the animal's head. Then comes a double backward lurch which, though not quite so violent as the forward movement, is quite sufficient to unseat the inexperienced. All the time this performance is proceeding, the camel continues to express his disgust at the whole affair by really quite distressing roars.

When at last you are *en route*, and have a saddle well padded and a good rug and blanket, the peculiar motion of camel riding is rather pleasant than otherwise.

QUARRELS.

Thursday.—To-day we have had a series of little "bêtises" to settle; just one of these "affairs" may, perhaps, be worth recording. Our soldiers having no right of entry of a section without written permission, took it on themselves to break this useful rule and forcibly close one of the shops on the ground that the shopkeeper was using false weights. The contractor for the stores immediately sent in a protest to us. Now jealousy between the civil and military *employés* of the quarantine is liable to grow fast, hence a prompt inquiry had to be held.

A commission was formed of myself, the *chef de commis*, and the Greek interpreter and chief *Garde Sanitaire*. After due inspection and inquiry it turned out that, instead of metal weights, stone counterpoises had been used, and these on being weighed were found to be accurate. This is an illustration of the many small disputes we have to settle. Coolness, a

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