

hand a permanent wooden building, one part of which is used as a cooking kitchen, and the other part as a bath-room for patients discharged cured. There have been fourteen cases treated, and no deaths, and there has been no admission since 1903. The Medical Officer (Dr. Scholefield) gives it as his opinion that: "The tent hospital was in every way a success, being warm and comfortable in the worst of the winter weather, and in my opinion was very much to be preferred to any other kind of temporary hospital. All the patients did well, and in no case were there any complications." The Council appear to be fortunate in the officers they have secured in Dr. Scholefield and the Matron, Miss Pick, both of whom are keenly interested in the maintenance of a high standard of efficiency.

The trustees of Noble's Estate, Isle of Man, have generously placed at the disposal of the Noble's Hospital Committee a sum of £20,000 for the erection of a new hospital, and a further sum of £1,500 for the refurnishing of the hospital.

Lord Brassey presided last week at a meeting of the Governors of the Hastings, St. Leonards, and East Sussex Hospital, convened with the object of confirming the acceptance of the offer of £20,000 for the present hospital situated on the sea front, opposite the pier. Only one Governor, a lady, spoke against the proposal, and the decision to accept the offer, which is made by a French syndicate desirous of erecting a kursaal and winter gardens, was practically unanimous.

Several of the agencies at work in Bradford for the collection of funds for the local charities are being combined and placed upon a new footing. A company has been registered under the style of the Bradford Hospital Fund (Incorporated), the number of members being fixed at not more than 1,000, each of whom will be liable for £1 in the event of winding up, and by licence of the Board of Trade the word "limited" is omitted from the title. The object of the new company is to take over the societies known as the Bradford Joint Hospital Fund Committee, the Workpeople's Joint Hospital Fund Committee, and the Bradford and West Riding Galas Committee, and to raise, collect, and receive money for the Bradford Royal Infirmary, the Bradford Eye and Ear Hospital, the Bradford Children's Hospital, and the Bradford St. Catharine's Home.

Dr. John Russell, of the Post Graduate Hospital, New York, strongly advocates the employment of vegetable juices in the treatment of consumption. His theory is that the disease is largely due to malnutrition, and he has worked with the object of finding the precise diet required to develop blood corpuscles which would successfully combat the tubercle bacilli. At last he came to the conclusion that the juices of most vegetables found in the market, which can be prepared at home by the patient if necessary, give successful results. Equal parts of raw vegetables are taken, and after being cleansed are mixed and chopped, and then ground to pulp by a machine. The juices are finally expressed through muslin. The vegetables used by him are ordinary market garden produce. The dose is two ounces twice daily after meals. In other respects the treatment is that usually followed in consumption cases: suitable diet, rest, and fresh air.

Our Foreign Letter.

OFF DUTY HOURS AMONG THE KAFFIRS.

People who do out-of-the-way things are apt to forget how the narration of them may interest less



fortunate individuals who have not the same chances. This is especially so with nurses. They have the good fortune to see many more interesting

things and places than most people, but alas! very often they do not trouble to tell even their fellow nurses the strange things they may have done. To avoid this fault, let me here give an account of the way I used to spend my leisure moments whilst working in a little railway hospital in the veldt up in Rhodesia. It really was in the veldt, too! No town within 300 miles on either side of us. No village, no station, no anything but just our little Railway Hospital.

It can easily be imagined how hard we nurses had to work sometimes in a place often called "The white man's grave." It spelt fever often, death, alas! too frequently, to those living and working at the extension of Empire, as practically demonstrated by making of a railway from Beira to Umtali. I had been working very hard, and now that we were slack, by way of change and recreation, made up my mind to spend my very next day off in a kraal and try to forget as much as possible the heavy cares and responsibilities resting upon me. Wishing to get as much as I could into my holiday, I gave orders to be called early. At 5 o'clock in the morning, therefore, I was roused by the gentle tapping of my own "boy," who was about thirty years old and called "Cum-cum," which means rain. "Goodie morning missus, go walkie. Kchana (long way). Kaffirs have a curious way of emphasising a superlative by a long-drawn note on some particular letter in the word. If they say "Kchana" short like that, it means just a short way, but if they drawl it out like Kchã-nã-, it means far far away. Up I got and dressed myself in the lightest cotton frock I possessed, my kodak slung on my back, a revolver and hunting knife at my side. This may sound a trifle absurd to English ears, but in a place where you are as likely to run against wild beasts as not it is a very necessary precaution to have some means of defence. At worst they give one a sense of protection and independence. I had resolved to take the boy Cum-cum with me to parley with the natives, as I was not sure that my limited stock of kitchen Kaffir would be much good in these remote wilds. Cum-cum laughed when we started out, I could not imagine why, and there was not a boy of our forty on the place who did not come out to see us start. Amid peals of laughter and guttural exclamations at the "stellacia" (strong) missie, we sallied forth. Soon, however, we lost sight of the hospital as utterly as though no building were there at all, and then began my first mishap. Being so gloriously fine overhead, I had not realised it would be possible to get wet, but I very soon found out my mistake. We were plodding through a patch of mealies, and the grass at least ten or twelve feet high.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)