

not fall into that foolish category of faddism which is so closely connected with propagandist vegetarianism.

It is not a Vegetarian Hospital nor connected in any way with any Vegetarian Society.

It is an attempt to utilise the latest knowledge in dietary in the treatment of disease, and to obtain still further knowledge in this direction.

The three points of great interest to nurses in the Lady Margaret Hospital are :—

- i. There is no fish, flesh, or fowl used in the Hospital by patients or by medical or nursing staff.
- ii. The out-patient department is in S.E. London, but the in-patient department is in the country—at Bromley, Kent.
- iii. There are no servants and no ward-maids, but all the work of nursing and cooking and cleaning is done by the nursing and medical staff, the manual exercise part being taken up in somewhat the same spirit in which golf and tennis are taken up by the majority of brain workers.

Nurses whose thoughts have never travelled beyond their own hospital and their own medical staff will, of course, imagine that patients *must* have meat or beef teas or jellies, and they will instance cases from their experience in which pounded muscle or mashed marrow or fresh drawn blood proved invaluable to the patient.

They forget, of course, that Nature is very bountiful and makes up her treasures in many forms, and that there is no element of nutrition in the animal world which cannot be obtained more artistically and more ready for human absorption in the world of fruits and grains and nuts and vegetables and animal products.

Science has advanced so far that preparations are on the market which look like extract of meat, smell like extract of meat, and cannot be distinguished in taste from extract of meat, and yet do not contain a particle of animal matter.

In the same way all lards and drippings and suets are replaced at the Lady Margaret Hospital by Darlene (a pure cocoanut fat) pine kernels, &c. ; cod-liver oil by a much pleasanter substitute composed of fine vegetable oils, and the meaty dishes by excellent preparations of malted nuts of various kinds.

Every patient is dieted, and the general diet of the Hospital is drawn up month by month according to what is in season.

Each day of the week has a different menu—*e.g.* :—

Monday's breakfast would be oatmeal porridge, sugar, Darlene toast, cocoa.

Tuesday's : Golden maize porridge, syrup, soaked raisins, bread and butter, coffee.

Wednesday's : Ric-rac, Force, hot milk, marmalade, and toast. Similarly the dinners are varied.

Nurses who are interested in Fruitarian cookery may attend a course of practical work in the Refectory, or may go to one of the demonstrations on reception days.

The next reception will be held on Saturday, March 10th, when Lady Margaret Rutherford and the Marchioness of Downshire will receive the visitors.

Founder's Day is fixed for June 16th, when Lord and Lady Llangattock, the Countess of Derby, and Lady Wiltshire will take part in the ceremonies.

Nurses who wish to be present may obtain tickets on application to the Hon. Secretary, and they will then be able to see for themselves what the work in a Fruitarian Hospital is like, and how the new dietary is making converts amongst all the more artistic and dainty women who have the opportunity of trying it.

Saints or Sinners ?

I often wonder if nurses will be held accountable for the half-truths or whole lies they tell.

For instance, a nurse of decidedly Radical views goes to nurse an old gentleman who is a bigoted Tory. For the whole time she is there she hears her pet politicians called everything under the sun but gentlemen. Does she stick to her colours and defend them? Oh, dear no! she agrees. It would be bad for the old gentleman to be excited, so for the time being she pretends to be a Tory.

Next she goes to a patient whose whole soul is absorbed in the reclamation of the masses. Who is an ardent teetotaller, and believes in plain living and high thinking. Well, nurse is not a teetotaller, and can enjoy the good things of this life; but does she ask for wine or a little cake? On the contrary, she says she habitually drinks cold water and likes bread and butter. The lady is delighted to meet such a sensible nurse, and would certainly have some sort of a fit if she could read nurse's letter home, in which she says, "I'm just longing for a square meal and a glass of champagne."

From there she goes to a house where she is not supposed to have a thought upon any sub-

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