

into yards of net for ladies' veils (I have never liked the sight of a chenille veil since then). This man and the veils and the wife and baby all shared the same bed! The veiling might well account for some cases of tuberculosis.

In England, we have not yet been able to make the poor around us realise how dangerous and contagious tuberculosis is; I explain this by the following two reasons: First, they are slow to understand; second, they are not nervous. This is in striking contrast to the Syrians, who, from the richest to the poorest, treat it exactly as Moses and the Israelites treated leprosy. I have had a husband refuse to take back his wife from the hospital, and a mother her boy. I have known a Syrian doctor isolate his sister in a room on the top of the house, and compel her to let down a basket with a rope for her food, and after the death of such patients every vestige of furniture is burnt and destroyed.

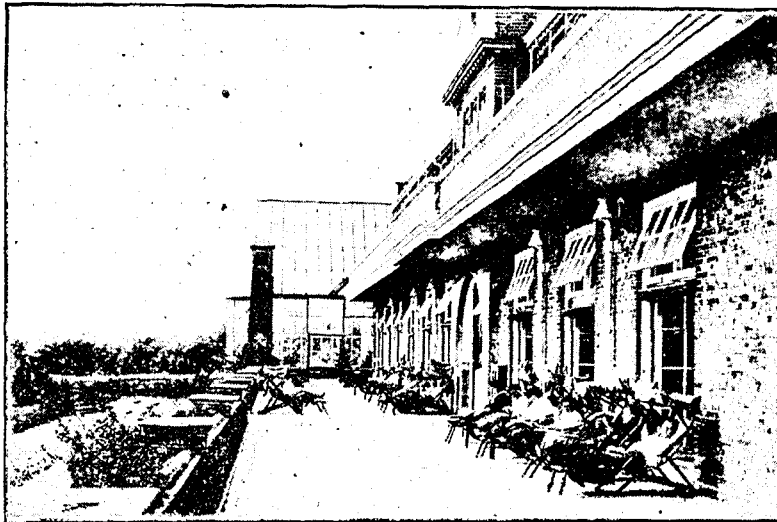
They are talking of starting a Sanatorium in Syria, but I very much doubt whether they will get any Syrian nurses to nurse their afflicted compatriots. But this is a digression. Our next visit was to the block constituting the Nurses' Home. A home it really was, for in no way from the delightful dining room and charming sitting rooms, to the beautiful bedrooms commanding lovely views did it differ from any of the well kept houses in Northwood, except that it had no kitchen, as the food is cooked in the kitchen which forms yet another block, with walls of immaculate white tiles and an immaculate cook and kitchen maids. But this was nothing to the fascinating laundry. I do not understand anything about the practical workings of a laundry, but I am a fairly good judge of linen, nicely got up, and this was done to perfection, as beau-

tifully as the handiwork of any French laundress. And all this was accomplished by five young, rosy-looking girls, whom Miss Donaldson herself had trained!

There was only one place more to be seen, and that was the Chapel. It was getting late and my brain was not in a sufficiently elastic condition (a quality which Miss Stewart told us at the Paris Conference all Matrons ought to possess) to enable me to transfer my thoughts from practical to spiritual things. So Miss Donaldson and I stood in the stillness of the twilight, surrounded by beautiful scenery, discussing State Registration.

Before leaving, Miss Donaldson asked me to sign my name in the "Visitors' Book." In the space left for "Remarks" I filled in the sincere words, "I was charmed with the place, and its tone."

There is much to be learnt in a hospital for consumptives, and candidates who have to defer entering a general training school might profitably begin their nursing career in such a hospital as that at Northwood, where pains



WOMEN'S CORRIDOR, MOUNT VERNON HOSPITAL, NORTHWOOD.

are taken to select girls of good education. The pupils begin their nursing career in healthful country surroundings, and are taught to appreciate the value of order and discipline. Lectures are given by the resident medical officer, and the subsequent examinations by the visiting staff are a real test of knowledge. The experience has proved a valuable one to those who have received it when they begin their training in a general hospital in less favourable surroundings, and with harder and more trying work. A knowledge of hospital routine and etiquette is a valuable asset to a new probationer, and is greatly appreciated in her by busy ward sisters.

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