

nection with the terrible white scourge.

To start with the Upper Sanatorium, I give the ground plan of the building, as it is shown in the charming little booklet issued by the "East Anglian Sanatorium Company," from which the accompanying illustrations are taken. The house has been planned by a mind versed in the detail required for this particular work and was built, as every hospital should be built, for this special purpose. Some may consider this a counsel of perfection. To me it is a *sine qua non*.

Nerve patients, as well as consumptives in the earlier—though by no means the earliest—stages invariably are received. Each occupies a separate little white room, with charmingly unexpected bits of old furniture, picked up in all parts of England by Dr. Jane Walker, the head and front of the work here.

And—for she tempts one unceasingly to digressions, by reason of her varied interests, her quick sympathy, and her sterling goodness—I must admit that my first impression of the place had nothing whatever to do with patients or with illness. It was simply the feeling of delight in getting inside the big white dining-room and finding there a set of forty dear old Chippendale chairs and a good "old antique" carving table.

How many pictures the Editor will allow me to my article, it is beyond me to guess. I should like you to see the plan of the building, the dining-room, the rose garden, the sun garden, the patients' rooms, the building itself, besides several other views. But the hard-heartedness of Editors is proverbial! Still, you will know that I have sent them all, and that it is not my fault.

Open air, rest, and good and varied feeding, without over-alimentation, are the key-notes of Dr. Walker's success. And—digression again—I honestly confess that the first found in myself personally a very poor supporter. I am quite aware that I ought to love draughts, but the unregenerate woman in me hates to be blown at from both sides at once, detests being compelled to over-eat on all the heat and energy-producing foods, in order to keep—comparatively—warm. The moral of it is, of course, that one should practically double one's ordinary supply of clothing. But, whether from some vainitous dislike to wearing the squat appearance of the Eskimo, or to some other equally evil motive, I had only about half as much clothing as I needed, and yet I was warmly clad.

The open air is, of course, a necessity for the treatment to be followed. In the dining-room, where such patients as could be allowed

downstairs, the staff, and the visitors all met, windows were open throughout. The passages and private rooms were the same. Indeed, I never but once saw closed windows, and that was on Christmas night, when dire necessity, in the shape of the candles on the baby Christmas trees, which decorated the dinner tables, compelled.

With her usual sterling commonsense, Miss Walker has solved the question of the infectiousness of Phthisis in the earlier stages. Here all mix freely, and no case of infection has occurred since the Sanatorium opened. Every utensil for food—plates, cups, knives, forks, and every other thing whatsoever—is boiled in the pantry by a steam-jet immediately on coming from the dining-room. Each room is disinfected with chloros, together with everything within it, as the patient vacates it; and the fresh air and sunlight have such free entry throughout that there can be no hidden foci where the bacillus can lurk. It is almost needless to add that coughing is considered very poor manners, indeed, and there is a feeling of apology in the air on turning aside with a spitting flask.

The farm of 90 acres, with its fat, lazy, much too well-to-do looking herd of Short-horns, supplies the abundant milk required for both sanatoria, and the two gardens, under lady gardeners, find all the fruit, flowers, and vegetables required, as well as selling a considerable part of their produce. Latterly, a most interesting experiment in the intensive system of gardening, commonly known as French, has been tried, and is proving eminently successful. Here a young Frenchman from the environs of Paris, has been installed as teacher, and with true French thrift and minute attention to detail, is making it both a going and a paying concern. Pupils in gardening are taken, both male and female.

And now comes the point of cleavage between the Upper Sanatorium and the Lower. To my mind, the balance is all against the former, without possibility of gainsaying. At the Lower Sanatorium, so soon as fever has yielded to treatment and general strength permits, all patients are started upon a system of gradually progressive work, at first for half an hour, and of the lightest description, but advancing by degrees to four or five hours spade-work in the day. And, whilst some patients resent it—some patients will resent anything—the majority, apart from taking on trust that it is an actual process of cure, welcome the change from inaction and thinking about themselves. As soon as they are capable of anything above two hours of work, they

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