

become entitled to a small remuneration, an added incentive. Honestly speaking, if it were possible to introduce the graduated system of work amongst the wealthier class of patients, the gain would be great. I do not despair of seeing it become a necessary part of the curriculum of cure, and I am quite sure that already a proportion of them would be thankful for the opportunity.

You will see, too, that by this another object is gained, the sending back of the patient to his working life, in readiness to meet with

nurses, and some of the nurses have been former patients. No doubt there are many reasons for this. But, believing as I do, that special nursing of every class, whether fever, mental, tuberculous, ophthalmic, or any other cases, should be the complement of trained nursing, and that general training is a necessity as a foundation for all other training, I cannot pass by unnoticed what seems to me the one grave error in an otherwise excellent administration.

A. L. B.



VIEW FROM THE SUN GARDENS.

and face his daily work—no soft, semi-invalid, but a man amongst his fellow-men.

I wish I had time to introduce you properly to the Lower Sanatorium, with its adapted farmhouse, its dining hall, once an immense barn, its pantry, and carpenter's shop, formerly an outhouse, its dispensary, the farm kitchen, and its bungalows of recent structure, where rain and snow and sun and wind pour in, and nothing is the worse. But the sand in my hour-glass runs low.

There is a fault, to my mind, and a serious one at both sanatoria, which I do not like to pass over, because as a trained nurse one should be faithful to one's beliefs—the nursing is not carried on by thoroughly-trained

The British bluejackets are winning golden opinions at Messina for their kindness to the sick and wounded. Tiny children who have been cared for by them have, on being sent to hospitals ashore, cried to go back to the "sailor men," and a British naval officer on board the cruiser *Euryalus* has received the following message from a mother and daughter, "On our dying day we shall bless England and her gallant sailors."

The same officer, in a letter published in the *Daily Chronicle*, says:—"What an awful thing it is! Last night I awoke thinking I could hear the cries of the women in my ears. But they are wonderfully good, magnificently brave; yet I think most of them are dazed."

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