

looked about me a little. I heard a curious cluck, cluck, and saw—what do you think? Two big live chickens strutting about my room! On the floor was a big round flat basket in which the fellaheen women carry all sorts of things on their heads, even their babies. In this basket were eighty eggs, two bags of some sort of grain to make into cakes, two curious bright-coloured basket-work fans, in the centre of which a little mirror was deftly inserted, a large tray also made of basket-work, and several very fascinating bags made of leather. Im Usif took all these things out of the basket and spread them before me, saying "Minshanik, ya sittee" (For you, lady), and then she sat down and gazed at me with her dear, ugly, old eyes. She is only forty-two, but that is very old out here. Then she said, "Mabsouta yaourty?" (Are you happy, Sister?). "Are my presents pleasing to you?" They were, indeed, a great pleasure to me, especially the chickens and the eggs; it is so nice to get lots of extras for the patients, and they are so fond of hard-boiled eggs. We, too, get in the habit of eating a good number. When we ride out to the villages to see old patients in our off-duty time, who are, like all Orientals, most hospitable, they are so astonished when they ask us what we would like in the way of refreshment that we always choose hard boiled eggs; they suggest omelettes, etc., but you understand there is a certain fascination about the shell of an egg. They also remark we are very fond of fruit; there again, an orange has a rind. Wherever one goes in this country one always receives some token of gratitude from former patients, even from the very poorest, who will run after us as we are galloping back to the hospital after a ride to the villages, one with a basket of prickly pears, another with green figs or grapes, some with eggs, chickens, olives, melons, tomatoes, or even just a cucumber. All eager to send something to the "Aiyernee" (the sick people) in the hospital, which they know so well. Yesterday I rode to Zimzoo, not very far from Lydda, to see Ayesha; she is a woman who was in hospital a long time with double pneumonia, and was so grateful when she recovered that she invited me to spend a week with her at her house. I thanked her, but said I could not sleep on a mud floor, and I was afraid there would be too many fleas. She laughed good naturedly and said:—"If you will only come, Sister, we will have a frangy (European) bed for you, and there are no fleas in my village." "Not any fleas, Ayesha?" I exclaimed. "Oh! I must see this Eastern village that has no fleas." "Walla wahad, bihiyairt-el-nabi, walla wahad ya sittee"—("Not one, by the life of the Prophet; not one, my lady,") replied Ayesha. When we arrived at Yimzoo, Ayesha and her daughter came to greet us. "Alf murrahubba!" she cried, which, being interpreted, means "A thousand welcomes." Then we all sat down on the grass in front of the house. After a time she said: "You have come to stop, lady?" "Where is my room?" I asked. She put her hand

over her mouth and laughed. Then she said: "You'd sleep best by me on the earth floor, dear lady, and I'd be a screen to you all the night that no harm should come to you." "And the fleas, Ayesha?" I inquired. "Still walla wahad in your house?" She laughed again. "Fee shwy ya sittee," she reluctantly admitted; "ithnaine ou thelairthy." (There are a few, lady; just two or three.) I looked at her arms, which, from wrist to shoulder, were literally covered with flea bites. She saw I understood. "Samheeny, lady" (forgive me), said Ayesha. "I lied because I so much wanted you to stay." Soon after this we had to say good-bye. Ayesha came down the road with us a little way, and standing beside my horse she looked up at me and said: "There shall not be one flea the next time you come." Then, pressing my hand to her lips, she added: "Allah yustur áaky ya sittee." (God watch over you, lady, lit.: put a screen before you to shield you.) I found on arriving home I was obliged to go straight to my room. "A few fleas!" I counted 63 on my riding habit alone! Oh! Ayesha, Ayesha; I am glad I did not spend the night under your roof!

SISTER MARIE.

#### A COMMITTEE ON SOCIAL HYGIENE.

The following resolution was the most important bit of business agreed to at the recent meeting of the American Federation of Nurses at Minneapolis, U.S.A., and we hope that after what promises to be a most enlightening Session on this subject at our Congress on July 23rd, the nurses present will feel they owe a duty to the public in the teaching of morality in relation to health.

#### RESOLUTION.

"That the American Federation of Nurses appoint a Committee on Social Hygiene: to

1. Report on progress of legislation and enforcement of existing laws aimed at preventing prostitution and limiting the spread of venereal disease.
2. Examine and recommend literature for nurses. (a) Professional; as to the extent and dangers of venereal disease. (b) Social: methods of instructing mothers and children.
3. Recommend for training schools courses in prevention of venereal diseases.
4. To further in state and alumnæ societies the formation of similar committees.

#### THE "NURSE MAUDE CAMPS."

The "Nurse Maude Camps" in New Zealand, for consumptive working men and women, established by Miss Sybil Maude on cheap lines, are an interesting example of effective work done at a small cost. The shelters, which cost about £4 each, communicate with the nurse's cottage by means of electric bells. For five years these camps accommodated 20 men and 20 women at a time, until the Government moved, and, with the public, have opened a permanent Sanatorium.

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