

better than Christianity? The people who say these things are products of Christianity—owe everything they are, every humane instinct they have, to Christianity.

I heard a preacher in St. Paul not long ago say that there was only one sin—I hadn't been listening to a word he had been saying, but that sentence caught my attention—I knew before he spoke the word—it was "selfishness." I'd never thought of it—everything is traceable to it.

Many of you can't go. I know it. Some of you maybe can. Do you think it would be interesting? Don't you think it would be worth while? If you do, look into it. Come over into Macedonia and help us.

Ninety-Nine, or Life in a Sanatorium.

BY "ONE WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH IT."

(Concluded from page 265.)

Dr. Williams looked in after I had despatched a heavy dinner. Of course, good food being a great item in fighting tuberculosis one makes a great point of the meals at these sanatoria. The Doctor had a long talk with me, in which he made extensive inquiries into my past antecedents and my family. In fact, he was gathering materials for the "history" of my case. He gave me particulars about the régime to be followed at his establishment, in which the amusement of the patient was not neglected. He suggested that I should get a daily paper, and told me some of the other patients would come and see me the following day. He hoped to make a complete cure of my case.

In spite of being in the open air and the strangeness of the surroundings, I slept very comfortably. I had a complete feeling of rest and freedom from all care and anxiety. This was partly induced by the fact that I was ordered not to bother about anything.

Well, there is nothing special to chronicle in the daily routine of a small sanatorium. The time passed wonderfully quickly, and, strange to say, quite pleasantly and free from ennui. One lives the simple life with a vengeance. I was kept in bed for two months and a half. During that period my day passed as follows: Wakened at 7.45. A glass of milk. Bath and toilet. Breakfast at 8.30 a.m. Daily paper. Glass of milk at 11 a.m. Lunch at 1 p.m. Sleep from 2 p.m. to 3 p.m. Glass of milk at 3 p.m. Afternoon tea at 4.30 p.m. Dinner at 7 p.m. Glass of milk at 9.30 p.m. Lights out at 10 p.m.

A monotonous day one would say, but it is

extraordinary how one gets used to a life of routine, and although there is hardly any active enjoyment about such an existence, yet it is quite pleasant. Again, there are different little occupations and distractions that help to pass the time. One reads the newspaper, writes letters, plays chess, draughts, picquet, bridge, etc., or chats with the other patients. Then one can play patience, or indulge in a little mild betting on horses by the aid of one's daily paper, a sporting paper, and the services of an obliging "booky." This latter occupation adds a little excitement to an otherwise colourless existence, and gives a new zest to the reading of the newspaper.

There was one sportsman at the "San," who amused himself by joining a Correspondence Club which was advertised in some journal. He was assigned some lady with whom to exchange sweet nothings on paper. He had great fun out of it, until the fair correspondent became too curious, and wished to know his means and see his photo. He then thought it advisable to cease his literary effusions.

I was weighed and examined once a week, and steady progress both in weight and lungs made me feel cheerful. One is always looking forward, and takes more of an interest in life as one gets better and better. There was quite a keen rivalry between the different patients as to the amount of food consumed, the amount of weight put on, and in fact with regard to the general improvement made. There used to be the keenest excitement after the weights were out on one's "Examination Day," which occurred once a week when the Doctor came on his visit armed with his stethoscope. Three pounds was my performance for the first week, and this was considered very creditable, but I have known of one case where a patient put on 12 lbs.—this was the record. Of course, it all depended on how run down the individual was before he was admitted, and the old stagers found great difficulty in increasing their weight. After a certain period at the "San," which varied in different cases, one arrived at one's maximum weight on which it was impossible to improve. At one period we used to have sweepstakes for the greatest gain per week, and great efforts would be made during the week in the food line in order to pull off the important event.

After my two and a half months of bed I was allowed to get up. At first, for only a few minutes, then this daily period was gradually lengthened till I spent quite a normal day, rising after breakfast, and not going to bed until 10 p.m. The "up-patients" used to go for long walks, and took their meals with the Doctor. One would never imagine if one hap-

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