

Our Foreign Letter.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—It is some time since I promised you "snapshots" of our surroundings, so now enclose a few. The time here passes so quickly that it is difficult to believe we have been here seven months. We started on February 15th, 1910. The work still keeps brisk and refreshingly interesting. The natives come with the most wonderful maladies, and our M.O. being a keen surgeon we get a goodly number of operations. This year our operations have been 229, and admissions to hospital 158, the greater proportion of operations to admissions being due to the fact that many small operation cases are sent home again. We have a good amount of gynaecological work and abdominal sections, in fact the ward has never been without an "abdominal" in it. In the male ward we get a good many superapubic cases for "stone" or prostatectomy, and the joy of so much work is that the healing seems abnormally good. We have been preparing skin for operations entirely with the iodine method, and results have been perfect. The eighth day from the operation, we take the dressing off to find a nice dry line of sutures rolling off if catgut, and if thread, of course, they are cut in the usual way. The natives seem to consider they are much more important and civilised after they have had an operation.

I enclose photo of a patient named "Khalo," who had carried the weight of 20½ lbs. about with him for years. His gratitude was very touching after the M.O. had successfully removed it. He came up to see us a month after he left hospital, and had got very fat and young looking. His age was 68.

We, Sister and I, still find our greatest work is in getting work rightly done without doing it ourselves. The natives seem to take most kindly to baths, clean sheets, etc. One old man we had who had previously worn the native attire of a blanket was quite injured one morning because his clean shirt had a button off the wrist, and our native laundress has a weakness for knocking them off. Our gardens have been planted with trees—fruit, oak, willow, rose, raspberry, and many flowers—and I soon expect to have tea in their shade, things grow so quickly here, and the doctor had little trees growing in boxes waiting for the new hospital for a long time previous to our coming.

We have just had our first rains and all nature

seems to respond. One can see signs of new life, leaf, and growth daily. The farmers have been in great distress for rain, cattle have been dying, and for the time things appeared at a standstill. Now, all is excitement. Seeds are being sown, ground is being dug up—even debts are promised to be settled up. For the last four weeks we have had most beautiful sights of distant grass fires. At night they look grand, and to me they resemble the "Lights of London," and at other times the sea, with harbour lights in the deep gloom of the night. The landscape, with fires behind the hills and in the valleys, fills one with a desire for town or city, but I suppose to each individual it paints a different picture. My thoughts always fly to England and its coast line, then I am no longer alone or far away, and retire to bed feeling most contented with the world.

I enclose the "snapshots" from my camera. I don't think I have mentioned that this hospital has 20 beds, two of which are reserved for Europeans, in two small wards, and they are usually occupied.

I now send my BRITISH JOURNAL to a married friend in Western Australia, who still likes to know what we are all doing, and I, with others, feel very grateful for the means it affords of keeping in touch the nursing world of Greater Britain.

Adieu, dear Editor, with many good wishes for health and strength to continue in your good work.

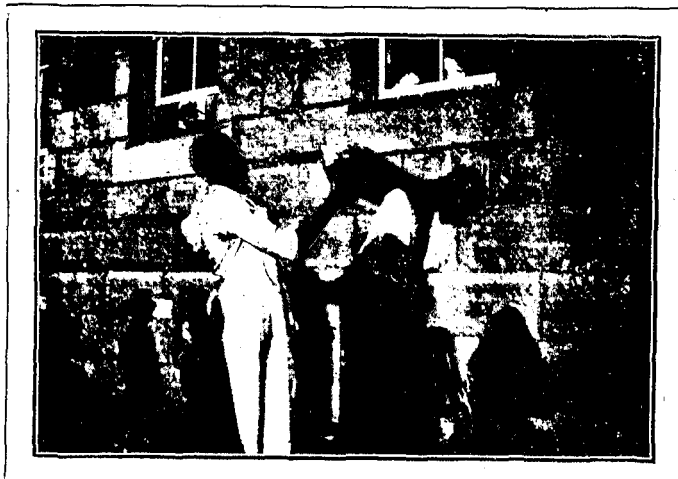
Always yours sincerely,

JEANNIE C. CHILD.

Government Hospital, Mohales Hoek, Basutoland.

The term fibroma is sometimes applied to a condition in which tubercles are formed by the white fibrous tissue of the skin.

The October issue of the *American Journal of Nursing* has been dedicated by the Directors to the memory of Isabel Hampton Robb, and space is also given to a record of the final services for Florence Nightingale, a suitable combination, for Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Robb knew and honoured each other. Many nurses will wish to possess this number containing personal recollections of Mrs. Robb in different spheres of work by those who knew her best, as well as some interesting portraits. A gracious and forceful personality the fragrance of her life remains, enriching and invigorating the lives of the members of her profession still militant here on earth.



"KHALO," A PATIENT WITH FIBROMA AT THE GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL, MOHALES HOEK.

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