

AN OASIS IN BETHNAL GREEN.

On Wednesday, the new Jewish Home for District Nurses, with Maternity Wards attached—inaugurated by the Sick Room Helps' Society—was opened by Mrs. Bischoffshein, at 24, Underwood Street, Bethnal Green. The new little Maternity Hospital, for the whole ground floor is given up to this good work, is the outcome of a bequest of £5,000 by the late Mrs. Ada Lewis-Hill, the kindest and most generous of women, "in memory of her mother, Sarah Davis," to whom the ward containing four free beds is dedicated. Sir Marcus Samuel has given £2,000 for equipment, and towards endowment, in memory of Louisa Sophia, Lady Goldsmid; and Mrs. Harris Gebus has furnished the institution throughout, in memory of her husband.

Underwood Street, Bethnal Green, may seem a mysterious locality to those who dwell in the West, but to those who know and love East London it is close at hand. No need, now a days, if you require change of environment to cross the Channel or travel across Europe, for here just east of Aldgate pump you may step into a foreign crowd, and find yourself in any of the Russias, Great or Little, where Yiddish is spoken. You are the foreigner in these parts—where natural surroundings count for little—affected as we are by the thought-waves of those around us!

Along the Whitechapel Road every one who is not selling is buying; bargains, bargains all the way. One man with ebony fingers and rings of brass is polishing up his tomatoes with a pocket handkerchief which has seen much service, and when we remark how beautifully they shine, he laughs back: "Ja clean, lofly—you buy?"

No we don't.

Then there is the gentleman who removes his cigarette to blow the dust off his grapes, at very close quarters; and many other appetising touches.

As you turn into Vallance Road you meet dozens of charming children, boys with pathetic eyes, and girls with their hair in double pig-tails tied with tape, wonderfully well-grown sturdy damsels. With two we talk (we do so enjoy promiscuous conversation with people in the street), attracted by the fair and rosy beauty of one.

"Are you a rosebud or a little girl," we ask little Miss Rosey Posey.

"Oh, please, a little girl," her pale companion replies, placing a protecting arm around her neck.

"Then *she* must have sixpence because she has got a sweet tooth, and *you* must have one also because you have got a sweet heart."

"Howd-yer-know, are yer a fi'ry godmother?" little Intelligence questions.

"Fi'ries have all got golden hair and mine is grey; perhaps I'm a witch," we suggest.

"Oh! no-yer-ai'nt, witches is all bad people," says Rosey Posey, and content with this delicate flattery we reluctantly pass on.

When we arrive at Underwood Street we soon find the latest acquisition to the London Ghetto,

and presently, accompanied by Miss Walter, the new superintendent of the Home, we are most courteously conducted over the whole institution. Several old houses have been demolished to make room for the Jewish Maternity Home, which runs a long way back, the ground having been utilised with the utmost ingenuity to provide by means of three courtyards an abundance of light to every room in the two-storied building. On the ground floor are the three wards, theatre and annexes, one to contain four free beds, and two, one each for paying patients. The whole scheme is white—walls, fittings and beds.

On the first floor are the kitchen and domestic offices, the superintendent's and nurses' living and bedrooms, and an isolation ward, with bath and attendance rooms complete. Nothing could be more dainty and cunningly arranged. Coloured in a pastel shade of green, all the bedrooms have fitted furniture painted white; there are hanging cupboards, drawers, dressing-tables, and washing basins fitted with hot and cold water, and the cosy little homes each nurse will make them in the future can be easily imagined. A wide verandah attaches block to block, and from this we can peep into the little back gardens of the adjoining cottages, already secured with an eye to extension, in which grows a magnificent figtree and beautiful creepers—no doubt the pride of those to whom they no longer belong.

The primary object of the Sick Room Helps' Society is "the safeguarding of the home, the mother, and the child," and it aims to inculcate a provident spirit in Jewish mothers in the East End. It has apparently secured in Miss Walter, who is a Jewish lady, an ideal superintendent. Miss Walter was trained at the London Hospital, where she also studied for the C.M.B. In District Nursing she was trained at the Brighton Branch of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute. To judge from our kindly reception, at a very busy time, we imagine Miss Walter is as well qualified personally as she is professionally to make the new Maternity Home a little oasis for poor Jewish mothers in Bethnal Green.

E. G. F.

THE TREATMENT OF SYPHILIS.

The *British Medical Journal* of September 23rd devotes much space to most valuable information on the treatment of Syphilis by salvasan, and expresses the opinion that "with the discovery by Schaudinn in March, 1905, of the origin of syphilis in a protozoön, the study of the prophylaxis and treatment of the disease entered upon a new and, it is to be hoped, a final epoch. It has now become possible by the detection of the spirochæte to obtain proof of the syphilitic nature of any venereal infection. In former years there can be little doubt that many persons were subjected to the inconvenience and distress of prolonged antisiphilitic treatment when in reality they were free from the disease."

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