

commit themselves as much as they did in the past. Mr. Richardson said that he relied on herbal treatment for venereal diseases, he was not conversant with the results that had been obtained by the use of salvarsan, nor was he familiar with the Wasserman test, which he said he had not used because he had not found it of importance. With regard to syphilis he said that if there were no manifestations after a course of treatment, say, of three or four months he would conclude that there were no disease germs in the body.

The *Times* Berlin correspondent reports that the Imperial Office of Health is reported so far to have yielded to pressure on the subject as to undertake a careful inquiry into the alleged danger to life involved in the administration of salvarsan. A Berlin police doctor has presented a memorandum which recommends that prescriptions of salvarsan should be liable to the same restrictions as other preparations of arsenic.

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

NURSING IN THE PURDAH.

(Concluded from page 215.)

The following day we were taken to a most luxurious house, every room of which had Brussels carpets on the floor, beautiful pictures and furniture, large looking-glasses in the dressing-rooms, and servants by the dozen to wait on us. This dwelling house was about half a mile from the "Purdah," so a motor car was placed at our disposal. We took our meals only at our own house and were served in great style. What I disliked very much was that every dish was highly spiced and scented. We, however, got this altered. The aerated waters were brought from the city on a camel's back every morning to the door. The food was of the richest, and we had choice wines whenever we wanted them.

Dogs called "pariahs" abound in this land of the Hindoo, and used to take up their abode both by day and night in our little house. We managed to drive them out by day, but this was impossible by night; they would come in, whether we would or nay.

I cannot say whether it was joy or fright, but our patient's temperature kept normal for the twenty-eight days we were there, and you may be sure we had a good look around. All medicine bottles sent in were sealed, and this seal was broken in the room by a responsible person.

Dear me, there was nothing we did, whether on duty or off, that was not carried back to the great ones in "Purdah"!

After ten days the patient was permitted a drive. With her aunts and relatives she used to go out in a big motor-car. We both used to accompany them, but were given the option to sit in the same car, which was quite closed up, the few windows having red and blue curtains. We of course preferred the open car. However, we were once tempted to sit in the "Purdah car,"

being promised an interview with one of the former Rajah's widows. We arrived at her bungalow—or shall we say prison gates? The first gate was guarded by stalwart African men with daggers at their waists and heavy sticks in their hands. There were seven such gates; you went from one gate to a courtyard, and so on. At last we had to climb up a staircase and entered a low, dark, ill-ventilated room smelling of attar (native scent), and on a low wooden bed was seated the lady we had come to see. She was fairly young and was very pleased to see us. She chatted away in Hindustani. At the close of our visit she garlanded us. I can assure you I was pleased to disappear, as the high walls and close atmosphere made one feel in a dungeon.

Our return back in the "Purdah motor" was the most eventful of any of our drives. When in the heart of the city a puncture occurred, which necessitated a stop. There were five in the car. Immediately the "Purdah" ladies insisted that the glass windows should be raised. The road permitted of only two carriages abreast, and on either side were low, flat-roofed houses. In an instant every house-top, door, window and the sides of the car were surrounded by natives. There was no chance of our rescue unless someone either informed those at the Palace or someone who could assist passed by. The air in the car was stifling, and we began to feel sick and faint. At last we managed to get the glass windows half down, but the curtain had to remain. It by good chance happened that the Dewan, or Prime Minister, drove down, and all at once all the people were driven indoors and we got out. The Princesses, however, had to stay in the car till a messenger went to the Palace and sent another car to the rescue.

All day and night, according to our duties, we were in the "Purdah house," except when for an outing. These folk were so simple, and it was amusing to hear some of their love tales. They are not allowed to see their fiancé before marriage, so all they do is to work their imagination up to a high pitch. They are not allowed to have their photos taken, so I could not get a snap-shot. Their costumes are pretty and vary in colour. They are fond of painting their eyes black and shaping their eyebrows. One of them, when I rolled up my sleeve, exclaimed: "Oh! how white! How did you become so?" I replied, "I have always used Pears' soap, and if you do so perhaps you will also stand a chance." Next day, to my amusement, I saw this girl rubbing her face with Pears' soap! The whole time I was there I never saw them look at a magazine or read a book. All local information is brought to them by the women attendants. Having little contact with the outside world, they are quite happy and content with their lot. I quite enjoyed my trip to X, as we could not term it anything else but a holiday. I was sorry when it came to a close. Our patient was also sorry to lose us. We had been treated with the greatest kindness.

AMELIA BURKE.

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