

floorcloth and go down on my hands and knees and wash the floor every day, whether I was feeling well or ill! I should not, on coming back from breakfast at 9.30 and having a dose of cod liver oil, proceed *immediately* to wash and whiten the doorstep (or sweep up quantities of tuberculous dust), or scrub out the bath and clean the taps and wash the bathroom floor or polish the corridors with the antiquated heavy implement known as a polisher, first going on my hands and knees to rub the oil on, and only stopping at 10 to drink a glass of milk, and continue working strenuously! (That the breakfast, the oil, and the milk remain down at all, is quite surprising!) I should not—a quarter-of-an-hour after dinner—seize a hoe and hack at an iron-hard path for an hour and three-quarters in the very hottest part of the day. I should not have breakfast at 9, dinner at 2, and tea at 4.45 and supper at 7.15; and I should make supper a substantial meal, as it is 14 hours until breakfast time, instead of having both tea and supper light meals only. The latter has consisted of porridge, or bread and milk, or soup, and has never varied since I have been in the sanatorium. I do not know what would happen in an ordinary household if things were done like that—and consumptives are supposed to have erratic appetites! I may add that throat cases, who are warned on leaving that they must use separate crockery, &c., come down to the dining-room and use the things that we all use.

"Of the two nurses, besides myself, who arrived in the working-block, one went home at the end of the three months, because she was beginning to lose weight, and did not feel well, and the other was re-transferred to the nursing-block with haemorrhage, after having been on the highest grade of work—polishing with the polisher in the mornings and digging in the afternoons. She went home at the end of five months, having coloured sputum at intervals until the very day before she left.

"These are a few of the reasons why nurses do not benefit as much as they ought to do in these places. The treatment is entirely unsuitable.

"On the other hand, I have been very thankful to have a room to myself, and quiet at night. The little rooms are quite delightful. The grounds are also very beautiful. The doctors were very friendly and amiable to all the patients, and I liked the Sister-in-Charge of my block very much. I think that the directors and governors and the other people who are giving their money and their time, and their interest, to such institutions, are doing a very good work that is sorely needed; and that it is a thousand pities that the disease of tuberculosis is so little understood in Britain."

The Duke of Northumberland, in his address as President of the Royal Sanitary Institute Congress at Newcastle-on-Tyne, spoke of the tendency for Local Authorities to become more and more under the control of those engaged in manual labour, and aroused cheers when he said that this end was in every way laudable.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"MR. WU."*

This wonderful story of Chinese life deserves to be widely read. Those who have seen the play bearing the same title will no doubt eagerly seize the opportunity to read the book and those who had not that opportunity will wish they had not missed that most interesting play on which the story is built up.

Mr. Wu was a Chinese gentleman of wealth and position and also of immense influence. He had received a European education in his childhood from his tutor and subsequently went to England to complete his studies at school and Oxford.

Prior to his departure for Europe, he, at the age of ten years was married to a babe of a few months' old at the house of her parents. It is a charming description that is given of the espousals, and is typical of the many other delightful passages with which the book abounds.

"It was love at first sight. The bride crowed at the bridegroom, and he forgot his grave new dignity, and his ceremonial robes, and clapped his little yellow hands and danced with delight.

"She was as fat as butter but not nearly so yellow as Devon butter when creamed from kine that feed on buttercups and clover there. Her tints were more the colour of a pale tea rose. She had bewitching dimples and the exquisitely lovely eyes that are the Chinese birthright."

The picture of the little boy seated on little Mrs. Wu's nursery floor and nursing his baby bride is a very sweet one.

We cannot follow young Wu in the years of his subsequent education, though we could quote alluring passages from every page. His disgust at the Chinese Legation furnished from Tottenham Court Road, where he spent five years, his intense boredom and home sickness on the long day at Kew, where he was called upon to admire the shrubs and flowers "To his angry young eyes the expatriated lotus plants seemed little better than weeds." Another humiliation was the cutting of his hair and the donning of European clothes. "It was a tragedy indeed and almost broke his affectionate homesick heart."

But at last, his European phase was over and he returned to his own land. He was by this time, twenty-four years old.

Of course the first thing that he took in hand was the homecoming of his young bride and the ceremonial attending this is another most realistic piece of writing.

At last they were alone.

Gently carefully he led her into an inner room, and there he lifted her red veil and looked into her face.

After a long moment she lifted her pretty almond eyes and looked into his—two gorgeous

*By Louise Jordan Miln. London: Cassell & Co.

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