

In the new block Hindu or Mahomedan ladies are each given two rooms, a verandah and a kitchen and can be accompanied by a woman friend and servant. Each makes her own food arrangements and pays Rs. 20 per month for medical attendance, nursing, medicine and rent.

A great problem in Sanatorium work is how to provide occupation for the patients, especially for young girls with exuberance of spirits, who are *almost* well, but must lead carefully regulated lives. I am searching for some kind of work which will not only mean healthful occupation, but will help the patients to pay part of their expenses at the Sanatorium. (The encouragement of the spirit of independence is more important than the actual amount earned.) The patients have a weekly sewing meeting, the work of which is sold for some charitable object, but it would be difficult to find a market for *much* sewing, and even more difficult to ensure a high standard of work. I should be grateful for any suggestions of occupations or work from any reader of the *Nursing Journal of India*.

A CONTRIBUTION.

FROM A SALVATION ARMY OFFICER.

I have been asked to write something for the *Nursing Journal of India*. I of all people, who when there is nothing worse than a cut finger in the compound, have to screw up my courage in a way no nurse could understand, before I can go and bind it up. I have read the pages of the copy sent me and feel what an entirely different life is the life of a nurse to the life I live, and yet there are some places where we come very close together, and the first place where I always meet the nursing sisterhood, is in the ever green valley of gratitude that lies within my own heart. I never visit a zenana hospital with its devoted medical and nursing staff, when every step I take does not ring with thankfulness because it is there. Especially in this land where men let women suffer along and die rather than call a man to heal and help.

Beside their special work for the Indian people there is the assistance they render to missionaries themselves. How grateful all of us who are engaged in various kinds of work are that, if we are overtaken by sickness or get worsted in the fight, there are the women all trained and eager to come to our assistance. Certain it is that I should not be sitting here writing this but for the timely aid of a devoted nurse and dispenser who came and rescued me from a fever stricken place, in which without doubt I should otherwise have departed this life. Again, when the children in our Institutions get sick there is no need to think

what we should do if the hospitals were not there; it would be waste of brain energy, because they are there, and our responsibilities and burdens are greatly lightened because they *are*. It is because I am so grateful to all the zenana medical and nursing fraternity, that I am trying to respond to this appeal to "write something."

The letter says, "Give us an outline of your work, because our members are practical women, who take an interest in all that effects humanity."

I am writing this in the office of one of our Junior Colonies. It is a new thing, and we are trying a new system of training the girls. I am tired of flocks of sheep, following a shepherdess, who go here in a flock for food, go there in a flock for school, come here in a flock for clean clothes, go back in a flock for a bath, go in a flock for prayers, pray in a flock, with always a shepherdess to say what to do, and where to go next. So here I will not have a flock.

We have girls of all ages from three months to fifteen years. Every girl over ten years old has to cook for herself, wash her clothes herself, sew for herself and earn enough money at sewing or silk-reeling to buy all her own *masallas*, cooking oil, vegetables, hair oil, fuel, and many other small things, and buy them all for herself, and go to school long enough to learn to read and write Roman Urdu and English. We have one big shed built on to our wall, with as many *chulahs* as the girls need, where they do their own cooking in families of three. They have cubicles in which five of them live and keep all their belongings. We seldom punish a girl for stealing but if any thing is lost we punish the girl who lost it for not taking care of it. The ever present temptation to blame a girl for spite, is thus largely removed. The well is made so that even small girls can draw water and they have earthenware vessels to carry it in and also for cooking. If they break them, they renew them—I don't. It's wonderful how they last.

Of course there was much fun when they first went to bazaar. We told the woman who went with them that she was *not* to help them only take care of them, because we have learnt that there is no teacher to equal experience. Girl like, they bought sweets, fruit, doll's clothes!! and even looking glasses. "Well," I remarked when I had seen their purchases, "You have no oil to cook in and nothing to cook if you had. What are you going to eat?" "*Ari maya, khaun jane?*" said they. But we did not give them a thing and all that week they ate *roti* and *kichri* without as much as even a spoonful of *chili* chutney, and let me write to their credit, they never touched a thing in the garden or of the small children's. The following week—we pay them weekly—they bought much more practical things and have now become quite good little housekeepers, and no one enjoys the fun of the memory of their first

week's shopping, more than themselves. We told them they would have to get *khanda* for firing, "Oh no" said they, they would use *lakhari*, so we let them buy it and find out how far the money went. I seldom see the "lakhari wala" now but I regularly see the old *khanda* woman come with a load and go away with empty baskets.

At first they were not *very* interested in what they earned; they are now—keen eyes watch the silk-master as he weighs the skeins of reeled silk to see how many pices—not pice—there are more or less than last week.

Children's Institutions can never become self-supporting. A self-supporting Institution would be like a freak of nature—like a narcissus treated with ether blooming out of season. But self-reliant and self-supporting girls are possible and natural. Why should Indian girls always want a *Miss Sabiha* or a man beside them to prop them up or support them, Japanese girls don't. "Oh," gasps somebody who has lived much in open ports and other places with shameless white slave spots, "Japanese Girls!!" and they have much reason to gasp. But having worked with Japanese girls for twelve years, I know there is also much reason to wish our Indian girls were as self-reliant. But then there are no flocks of sheep in Japanese schools. There are supported girls, but when they leave school they pay back what they owe; after which they are free, and no one says, "see what we have done for them." They have paid back and they are free. By which I do not wish to convey the idea that if their shoulders were examined their wings would be found budding. But the five or six years that it takes them to earn enough to pay off their debt of honour after they leave school has a most sobering and settling down effect, they have to keep their eye on the grindstone and it is *very* good for them. It is with the object of turning out such women that we are letting these girls of ten years and above handle quite half the money it takes to keep them,—but let it be understood they *earn* it before they handle it.

If I were training ordinary school teachers, they would have no time for earning. Then I would keep account of their cost and keep that cost as low as possible. I think if School Inspectresses desired my girls to wear white *saris*, which means many *saris* and much expense for *dhobis*, I should before spending the money require an extra Government grant to cover the extra cost. I should not count up the whole cost of the Institution and then average it out and call that the expense of a girl, because that would include all the milk for the sick, all the clothes careless girls wore out or lost, and so many things that a girl who is strong enough and clever enough to go through a normal school course would not need, or want to have if she knew at the end of it the bill was coming; and on the day she received her certificate, she would also receive her bill from me.

If she then taught in my school I should pay her in full what her certificate entitled her to have and which she would be paid if any one else employed her, and then I should not consider her an honourable girl, or worthy of any respect if she did not pay me back in full, what I had spent upon her. But she would and she would grow and develop in strength of character while doing it, just as I expect the girls I am now training to grow strong and self-reliant, by managing for themselves now, and to know how to support themselves by the time they are fifteen years old. And I am expecting to *succeed*.

M. HATCHER,
Salvation Army Major.

THE PAPITA, OR POPAIYA.

By REV. N. L. ROCKEY.

ITS DIETARY VALUE.

MY first real introduction to this wonderful fruit was seeing an invalid "who could not eat anything" almost live on it. I had once before met it and tasted it with disgust, putting it down as something nauseating and to be avoided. The reason was that the lady who served it, permitted it to be "chopped into little cubes and served with sugar on it." Bah! I can feel my disgust yet. It was later that I learned the lusciousness and dietary value of the papita fresh from the tree or properly ripened off the tree. I have known very few sick who would refuse it in this state and eaten with or without a little salt, served fresh cut.

ITS CULTURE.

There are some localities where it does not seem to come to anything like perfection and needs study and coaxing, but most places where frosts come seldom or very light it can be grown, and even poor ones are welcome in the sick room if properly served.

My first venture in growing it was in Shahjahanpur from inferior bazar specimens' seed. I had trees but no fruit. I did not then know that some trees are "male" and some "female", or how to distinguish between them. Probably my fruitless trees were all male,—bearing long tasseled small flowers sprouting out far from the stem, instead of upright bell-shaped blossoms in the stem of the long leaves.

My next venture was at Sitapur where I fell heir to a large tree several years old that bore fair fruit. That cold season I visited Madras and ate there a piece of a very fine melon; my hostess told me that they came from Bangalore. I begged the seed—about a dozen in all, sent them to Sita-