

"stuffed" in sanatoria. I regret to say that even the statements of old patients do not always scrupulously adhere to fact. To illustrate, I knew a lady who was about to enter as a patient at Nordrach-upon-Mendip. A gentleman who had been cured there called upon her.

"I understand," he said, "that you are going to the Sanatorium on the Mendips."

She conceded the fact.

"I thought," he said, "that you would like to know something about the life there and the treatment."

The lady expressed herself grateful for his attention.

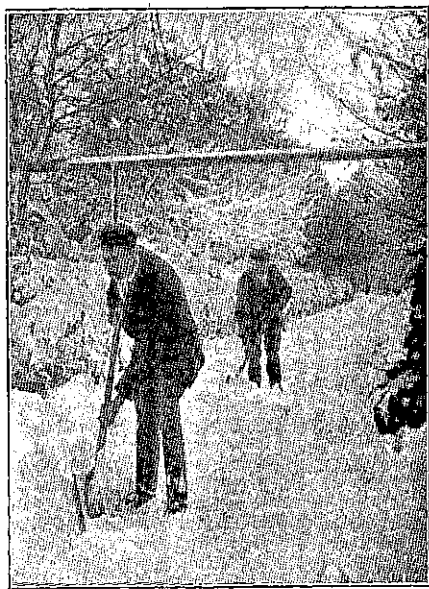
"Well," said the visitor, looking the patient-elect in the face with every appearance of candour, "the only difficulty is the feeding. At breakfast, for instance, you are compelled to eat six of whatever is provided. If it is sausages, you must eat six, if eggs six, if bacon, six rashers, if fish six ordinary helpings, in addition to ten slices of bread, and fourteen pats of butter."

The lady was alarmed and expressed doubts to her husband afterwards of the advisability of going to the Sanatorium. However, she did go, and was considerably surprised to find on sitting down to breakfast the first morning that she had to eat but one slice of bread and butter. The fact is, a patient in a consumptive sanatorium eats little more than a healthy person outside. I have often seen a man at a table d'hote dinner eat far more than a doctor would ever think of forcing upon a patient. The food may seem a huge lot to the patient himself, simply because having no appetite, all eating is distasteful to him; but he is forced to eat no more than he requires. The waste of the disease must be checked, and there is only one way of doing it—by eating. It is an extremely unpleasant way, truly. I have often sat two hours and longer at my mid-day meal, literally fighting for every mouthful; but the reward would come at the weekly

weighing, when I saw the lever go up "bump," and knew that another pound was added to my weight, another stride taken towards recovery. It is really marvellous how thin, emaciated, deathly-looking patients put on flesh after a few weeks' compulsory feeding, and, like the Hebrew boys in Babylon, become "fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children that did eat the portion of the King's meat."

The second aim of the Sanatorium treatment is to reduce the fever. This is done by proper rest.

Undoubtedly the best method of rest is to lie in bed, and this is al-



Hard Work for the Gardeners. Clearing the Snow from the Walks.

ways prescribed for a real fever case; bed for weeks and months if needful, until the temperature at least approaches normal. Semifebrile patients rest outdoors in deck chairs or hammocks, only those who have little or no fever may take exercise. When the temperature becomes normal, exercise is of course encouraged. Short walks are at first taken, always under the direction of the Doctor, and the temperature is taken immediately on returning. If it is