

# WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS in a LONDON HOUSE

At an International Summer School  
at Bedford College—national dress of  
Austria and Holland.



By—  
**MARY NEWELL  
MARDEN**

Greece, Latvia and  
Czechoslovakia are re-  
presented here.



LONDON is the nursing centre of the world. Nurses from Scotland, Ireland, have just come here to study public health work and the Administration of English hospitals. Similar parties come each August.

After a year of intensive training they return to their own countries fully qualified to be hospital administrators, to establish nursing schools or direct relief for victims of floods or earthquakes.

The story behind these facts was told me by Miss Nan Dorsey, Warden of the International Nursing Centre in Manchester-square, W.

The centre, which was started after the war by the League of Red Cross Societies, is dedicated to "the improvement of health, the prevention of disease, and the relief of suffering humanity."

## Must Know English

Each student must have a working knowledge of the English language and must be a graduate of outstanding ability. She is endorsed by the National Florence Nightingale Memorial Committee of her country, and if she has a position the society obtains a year's leave of absence for her.

In most cases each society pays for the tuition and travelling expenses, including a small personal allowance. Sometimes, as

in the case of India, Czechoslovakia and Siam the nurse holds a civil post and is sent here with the aid and consent of her Government.

The presence of Italian students at the centre is of special interest. Up to a few years ago all the nursing in Italy was done by one order of Catholic Sisters. Their training was more hereditary than scientific.

In 1925, however, Signor Mussolini took action. He placed all hospitals under the direction of the Italian Red Cross and demanded that every nurse take a three-year course before being qualified.

Miss Codacci-Pisanelli, who graduated last July, specialised in public health work. She has just returned to Italy, well fitted to supervise other nurses or to organise health services in city and country areas.

The keynote of the English courses is practicality. Each student brings with her a vastly different background of custom and experience. For that reason both the

lectures and the practical work are designed for the individual and not for the group.

This fact was impressed upon me by Mrs. Reid, Director of Social Studies at Bedford College, where the students are registered for the courses.

Her classes have no academic frills. Stereotyped, principles and pretty marks are not encouraged. Students are encouraged to think for themselves and to act on their own initiative. The purpose of the lectures is to develop vision and executive ability.

In addition to lectures at Bedford College and the College of Nursing, nurses attend the out-patients' department of numerous London hospitals.

They also become familiar with the routine of child welfare, pre-natal clinics and tuberculosis dispensaries. Once a week, under the leadership of Miss Olive Baggs-Lay, they visit Public Health departments (including those dealing with sanitation, housing, dpps-houses, etc.).

During the school holidays students travel to the provinces to study rural nursing and health in the open and crowded industrial areas.

rooms, chintz-covered furniture and generous bowls of scented flowers.

In one corner of the reception-room I noticed a grand piano bearing this bronze plaque: "From Old Internationals, 1925-1930."

The "Old Internationals" are nurses who have graduated from the special courses. It took them five years of careful budgeting before they could buy the piano.

The bedrooms are a feature of the house. Every country "owns" one room and furnishes it with native pictures, embroidery and bric-a-brac. To tour these bedrooms is to girdle the world.

Geographical positions are disregarded. Japan is next to Finland. Great Britain is grouped with Austria and Latvia; Canada with Italy, and so on. The mixed national colours give a vivid effect.

These nurses from overseas obtain a complete picture of English life. They attend concerts, art galleries, theatres.

Those who need to strengthen their knowledge of the language come to London two months before the term begins. They live in English homes and make many English friends.

In fourteen years graduates have distinguished themselves in forty-two countries, from Ireland to South Africa, from Siam to Poland.

The matron of the University Hospital in Berlin, with six hundred nurses under her supervision is a former student. Miss Bron-ton, an English-woman, is superintendent of the Carnegie Institute in Birmingham. The present matron of West London Hospital is an "Old International."

Leading nursing journals in Latvia, Bulgaria, Austria and New Zealand are edited by nurses who took the courses.

Many graduates are starting, in their own countries, a replica of this organisation.

## ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

### HAD TO WALK OFF BANDSTAND THROUGH INDIGESTION.

Think if you were conductor of a band and had to leave the platform before 8,000 people because your indigestion was so terrible! Wouldn't you be grateful to a treatment which cured you with one small bottle after everything else had failed?

Just read this letter from Mr. J. M. of Sheffield.

"I was suffering from indigestion and crowded



# The RESURRECTION OF CHILTON HILLS



By  
**PHILIP  
CURTISS**

I HAD a strange experience, not long ago. I had an invitation to spend a week-end in Chilton Hills, and it is quite impossible to describe the sensation it gave me. It was much as if I had been asked for a week-end in Thebes.

Twenty-five years ago, of course, Chilton Hills was probably the smartest resort in America, and a visit there was like a novel by Ouida at the height of her fame. The place had, I believe, the first eighteen-hole golf links in this country, and at one time two others were under construction. It had the best polo field away from Long Island, and in the autumn there was fox-hunting three times a week.

The North-eastern tennis championship was played there every summer, and a famous nian-about-town once remarked that it was the only place outside of New York where one could always be sure of good bridge. During a visit that I made one college vacation there was a dance every night at the country club or one of the cottages, and that year appeared the daring innovation of dancing in the afternoon.

Only vaguely, out of the kaleidoscopic haze of that momentous fortnight, do I remember a vast jumble of lesser events such as paperchases, regattas on the lake, and morning concerts by a string quartet, although I do recall that when we younger guests were starting off to play golf or ride the older members of the household would usually be seen in the art of the

in rambling fashion while Luke and I loafed at full length and smoked our cigars. Nobody came in, nobody went out, and I do not recall that the telephone rang during my entire visit.

On Saturday we strolled down to a pond in the woods, undressed in an old barn, and went in for a swim. On Sunday night we found ourselves again on the terrace with crickets chirping in a neighbouring hay-field and, over our heads, a blanket of stars. It was funny but, actually, I seemed to have forgotten that there still were stars and crickets. I had an unconscious feeling that when the movies and motorcars had come in they had gone out.

It was beautiful, it was incredibly beautiful, but it was all so different from the old Chilton Hills that I could not lose the sensation that there was some mystery about it, something that should be explained. At the same time I could see that it might easily be a tender subject, and it was only there under the stars that I found a way to make guarded inquiries.

"Luke," I asked, "have you been here ever since the old days?"

"Oh, no," answered Luke, easily, "there were eight or ten summers that the house was closed. We only came back when we heard that the country club had burned down."

"You mean," I asked, vaguely, "that you meant to rebuild it?"

"Decidedly not," replied Luke. "We came back only when we felt sure that it never would be rebuilt."

His words did not seem exactly to be making sense, and for a moment longer I floundered around.

"But what," I asked, "has become of the other people that used to be here: the Haddons—wasn't that their name?—and that polo man with the awfully pretty wife—and that brisk, breezy chap who used to be something important in steel?"

"Oh, they're still here," answered Luke. "You'd probably see them if you stayed around long enough. Most of them went away, as I did, for a while, but in the end they all came back. Of course," he added, "for a man in my circumstances it is the wildest extravagance to be living here now."

If his previous words had been somewhat mysterious, these last were a cryptogram. Luke explained.

"Oh, it isn't the cost of living. That's simple enough. It's the value of the land. Land to-day in Chilton Hills is worth five times as much as it was in the old days. If I would consent to sell this place I could get enough to live in luxury for the rest of my life."

"But Luke," I said, "what makes

woke up. Helen and I faced the situation and asked each other, 'What for?' The next summer we went to a little resort in Germany where we didn't know a soul and couldn't even speak the language and had a perfectly glorious time. It was such a success that for nine years we went abroad every summer, always seeking a place where we were absolutely unknown.

"One by one all the other old families did much the same thing. The sports and dances dropped off for lack of support, then the country club burned down, and in five years the town was flat.

"But after all," continued Luke, "home is home, and in the end we had a bright idea. When Chilton Hills was no longer smart or popular we quietly slipped back here and had the most peaceful, unbroken summer we had ever known. But the trouble was that most of the other old timers each had the same idea, and the first thing we knew the old state of affairs was threatening to start up again.

"You know, among any dozen given people, there is always some ass who is never happy unless he is organising something and very shortly someone decided to get up a bazaar for the benefit of the visiting nurse. A dozen of us who were still jumpy from the old days saw the danger and we offered to give a thousand dollars if they wouldn't have the bazaar. From that simple beginning grew one of the most remarkable organisations in the world—the Red Ticket Club."

"It sounds good," I said. "What is it?"

"Every year," replied Luke, "each household in Chilton Hills pays a hundred dollars and is given a red ticket. This exempts him from subscribing to or attending any bazaar, masquerade, treasure hunt, musicale, ball, dance, hop, or any public event of any kind whatsoever and, if he is

even asked to a private dinner and does not care to go, all he has to do is reply 'Red Ticket' and nothing more is said.

"Out of the funds thus collected are supported the church, the fire department, the library, the local Red Cross; and any surplus funds are given to foreign missions. In two years we had applications for membership from all over the United States, and you couldn't get an inch of ground in Chilton Hills for love or money. As a matter of fact, we ourselves buy up any bits of property that come on the market, and to celebrate our tenth anniversary we bought the old Chilton Arms just for the fun of seeing it rot."

"It sounds like a work of genius," I suggested, "but what are you going to do when another, more foolish generation comes along?"

"Alas," said Luke, "that is already one of our greatest worries, but the only thing we have devised so far is the Chilton Memorial. Near the centre of the town did you notice something that looks like the ruins of the old country club?"

"But isn't it the ruins of the old club?"

"Oh, goodness, no. The real chimney blew down two years after the fire and the charred beams all crumbled away, so we had a replica of the chimney made in solid concrete and false wreckage in rust-proof steel. Every Fourth of July all the children of the town are taken to look at them—not collectively, mind you, but when their parents feel good and ready. Simply and sadly they are told the story of the old Chilton Hills and then they are shown an inscription at the base of the chimney—a big rock on which is carved a modified version of Shakespeare's epitaph:

"Good friends, for Heaven's sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here;  
Blest be the man that spares the stones  
And curst be he that moves my bones!"

