

A VERANDA BEDROOM FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

BY BERTRAM SMITH.

IN the City of the Future—where there will be no place for tuberculosis; no room for “frowst” or mustiness, dirt or darkness; where every house will admit the air, and every room invite the sunshine—it is safe to predict that the veranda bedroom will have become a commonplace. For, however much our daily avocations may conspire to keep us indoors, to spend the night in the open is a boon both obvious and easy of attainment. Except under abnormal weather conditions there would seem to be little justification for sleeping indoors at all, save that of custom and convenience. Even as the night-caps and close curtains of our forefathers have had to go, it may well be that walls and windows will be found unnecessary in the time to come; and the “open-air cure” is already doing much to bring home to many besides consumptives, not only the benefit from a health point of view, but also the sheer refreshing and invigorating pleasure of nights spent beneath the stars. But we are ever loth to take a little trouble, and we have hardly yet arrived at the point where sleeping-out becomes handy and convenient. It is the triumph of the veranda bedroom that it makes sleeping-out quite as easy as sleeping-in. That excellent institution, which at present does duty in this connection—a shed, with three sides, at the foot of the garden—would be vastly more popular than it is did it not entail the necessity of turning out into the inhospitable night. With a veranda that opens off one’s bedroom, on the other hand, it is only necessary to take a few steps, throw off one’s dressing-gown, and get into bed.

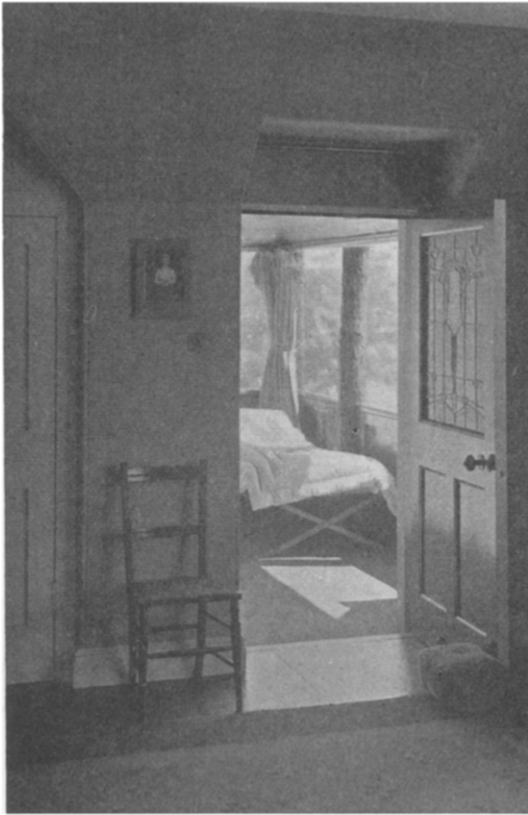
It is a question admittedly that must be considered when the house is built, and it is possible that we shall see no great development of the movement until we have a leading architect who is himself afflicted with tuberculosis, and has gained wisdom through experience; but, in the meantime, some few particulars of my own veranda may be of interest.¹

The first consideration is, of course, to deal with driven rain. In order to avoid the morning sun the veranda is best situated occupying the south-west corner of the house, and—in my neighbourhood at least—it is from the south-west that the great bulk of the rain comes, often penetrating 4 or 5 feet across the veranda floor. There is no doubt that by far the best way to get over this difficulty is to have the veranda of such width that the rain may be freely admitted with-

¹ We are indebted to the courtesy and kindness of Mr. Bertram Smith and the Editor of *Country Life* (London: 20, Tavistock Street, Strand, W.C.) for the loan of the blocks from which the accompanying illustrations have been prepared.—EDITOR, B. J. T.

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out reaching the bed. Mine does not aspire to this, but I have found a canvas screen running upon rods at top and bottom a satisfactory contrivance. A close rail, about 30 inches high, is quite sufficient to conceal the bed from view. And here I would like to emphasize the enormous advantages of having your veranda on the second floor. This not only insures a perfect privacy, and lifts one above the range of the casual tramp or prowling cat : it adds greatly to the charm

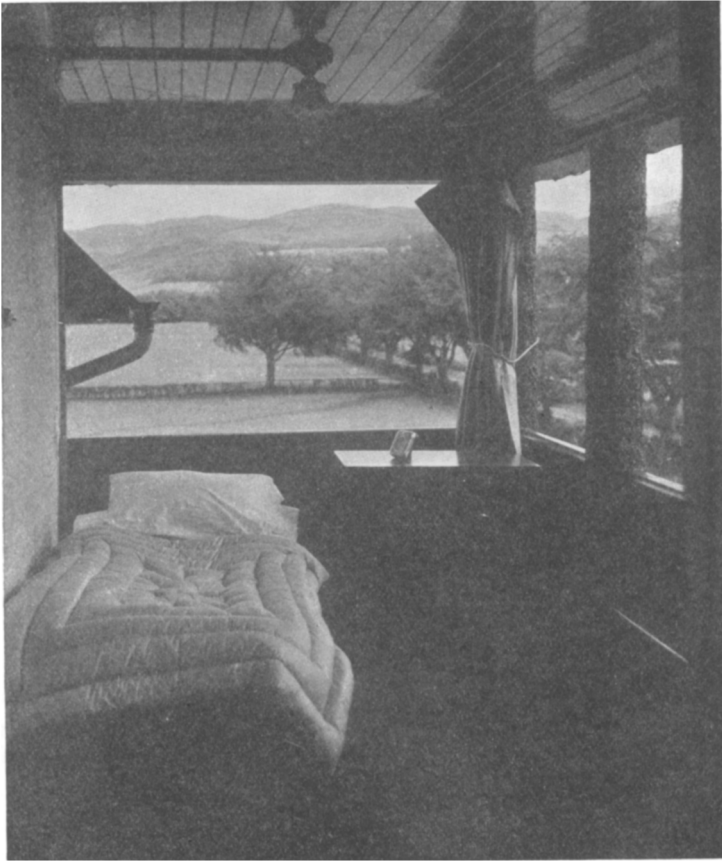


THE VERANDA OPENING OFF THE BEDROOM.

and interest of both nights and mornings by reason of the extended view. For one has only to sit up in bed to see the moon roll over the shoulder of the hill, or watch the widespread crescendo of the dawn—and that is a joy that may be regarded as the peculiar gift of sleeping-out. For the rest, my veranda has electric light—a point of great importance where wind is always stirring—and an asphalt floor slightly sloped to take the water off. Of drawbacks there is little to be said. I have slept on my veranda this winter in 20 degrees of

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frost with both comfort and profit. I slept on it last summer in the heats of August with infinite enjoyment; and I am convinced that there are not a dozen nights in the year when one need be driven to evacuate the position. There is a type of small, penetrating snow which has wonderful powers of sifting through cracks and crannies when the wind is high that is almost impossible to exclude. In the face



THE EXTENDED VIEW FROM THE VERANDA BEDROOM.

of this visitation, it is better to own oneself defeated, dismantle the bed, and seek refuge within. And one has to face a far different disability occasionally on warm summer nights in the cloud of midges that beset one's couch; but the midge's activity dies away as soon as the light goes out, and he is seldom in evidence after midnight. Is it not worth much thus, without inconvenience, to spend a third part of one's whole life in the open air?