

Inventions, New Preparations, etc.

CAPTOL.

It is stated that this preparation was suggested by Dr. Eichhoff, the well known authority on skin diseases. It is a compound of tannin and chloral, and possesses, therefore, the valuable qualities of both, being, like the former, an effective astringent, and, like the latter, a most useful antiparasitic and sedative. Employed as a 1 or 2 per cent. alcoholic solution of the drug, it has been proved to be a most efficient hair wash, rapidly removing scurf from the scalp, reducing the secretion of the sebaceous glands and so preventing the loss of hair and strengthening its growth. We have, therefore, confidence in recommending it to the notice of nurses, believing that they will find it not only useful for their patients, but also agreeable to them—a quality in which too many hair washes are deficient. "Captol" is not supplied separately as a chemical agent, but only in the form of a Hair tonic bearing this name. It can be obtained through any chemist, or direct from the well-known perfumers, Ferd. Mühlens, 62, New Bond Street, W.

HYGIENIC UNDERCLOTHING.

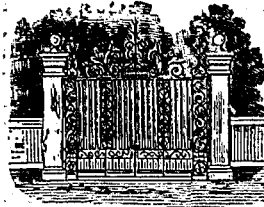
A NEW and very valuable material has recently been introduced into this country, under the title of Dr. Thomalla's Hygienic Underclothing. It is of double texture, the outside of which is made of Wool and Cotton, both well deprived of their oils, while the inside texture, with somewhat larger meshes, is manufactured of raw Cotton not deprived of its oil. The latter, therefore, does not take up the perspiration of the body, but allows it to pass through into the outer texture, which absorbs it. At the same time, it is important to remember that the outer texture comes in contact with the body only through the meshes of the inner texture, without, however, actually touching the skin. So, when perspiration takes place, it is taken up by the absorbing outer material, whilst the inner texture of the garment, which is in direct contact with the skin, remains dry. The surface of the body is therefore kept not only dry, but always warm. These are the ideal results to be obtained from any underclothing; and consequently we have much pleasure in drawing the attention of nurses and the public to this specially hygienic material. It can be obtained through any hosier or outfitter, but if any difficulty is experienced, the name of a local agent can be obtained on application to R. Löwen, 8, Love Lane, London, E.C.



Outside the Gates.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

"THE TASTE OF BLOOD."



THE attempt to assassinate the King of the Hellenes sent a thrill of horror and indignation throughout the world. Wars and rumours of wars, with their attendant horrors—murder—starvation, and barbarous demoralization—have not yet convinced the "civilized world" that "the taste of blood" creates a tigerish thirst.

"After Larissa," threats to kill King George were not whispered in secret places, but boldly spoken in the light of day. The Greek people—inflammable as tinder—tumbled into war to the sound of penny trumpets, with no thought of to-morrow, and when out-numbered and undone the Athenian mob—far beyond the range of fire—like its prototype at Paris, expended its futile rage and wounded vanity on Crowned Scapegoats. So that the King was not seen much outside the Palace in those days.

I had the pleasure during my visit to Greece, of seeing him once, and this was "after Domokos" and the *débacle*. The circumstances were somewhat coincidental and pathetic.

Travelling by train from the Piræus to the capital one morning, I chanced to sit opposite a lady dressed with some elegance, in black, her face half hidden by a pale gauze veil. The pose of head, the marked straight slant of eyebrow—how unmistakable and familiar to those with memories of the sixties—Eugénie, Empress of the French, once the most regal of women, the centre of mid-century romance! Who that had once seen her pass through the old Tuileries Gates in her coach of crystal, in billowy gown, blue—blue as forget-me-nots grow—and crowned by nature with a halo of golden hair, will forget the vision? And to meet her thus, travelling bourgeois fashion—quite unknown, childless widow, crownless Queen—stirred sombre memories of France "after Sedan"—piteous France manured with men.

And I seeing her again felt pitifully towards her, and in rising to leave the carriage made my curtsy quite involuntarily.

At luncheon a sprig—and a very charming sprig—of the diplomatic service, informed me that I must have seen a ghost, as the Empress Eugénie was at the moment in London. Budding diplomacy expresses definite opinions. The mellowed *diplomate* has none.

In the evening of the same day, when seated in the vestibule of the Hotel D'Angleterre, a sullen crowd was seen gathering in the street outside. Someone remarked, "the Royal Family are coming to pay a visit to the Empress Eugénie. She arrived here to-day." And in a few minutes the King's carriage, a most unostentatious barouche, drew up before the hotel, and

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