

Appointments.

LADY SUPERINTENDENT.

Miss Alice Green has been appointed Lady Superintendent of the Cotswold Convalescent Home, Cleeve Hill, near Cheltenham. She was trained at St. Thomas's Hospital, London, and has held the position of Sister at the York County Hospital, and the Wolverhampton General Hospital, and of Matron at Bradfield Sanatorium, and at the Homes of St. Barnabas, East Grinstead. She has also had experience in private and district nursing.

MATRONS.

Miss Lilly Bentley has been appointed Nurse Matron at St. Pancras Infirmary (South). She was trained at the Fuschill Hospital, Carlisle, and at St. Olave's Infirmary, Southwark, where she subsequently held the position of Charge Nurse and of first and second Assistant Matron.

Miss Dora Lush has been appointed Nurse Matron at the Cottage Hospital, Westbury, Wilts. She was trained at the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford, and has worked in connection with the Trained Nurses' Home at Bath, and the Cottage Hospital, and the District Nursing Institution at Brixham, Devonshire.

SISTERS.

Miss Edith Brown has been appointed Sister at the Victoria Hospital, Blackpool. She was trained at The Hospital, Burton-on-Trent, and has held the position as Staff Nurse at the Chelsea Hospital for Women, and at the Royal Infirmary, Sheffield.

Miss Frances H. Brettell has been appointed Home Sister at the Workhouse Infirmary, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham. She was trained at the Mill Road Infirmary, Liverpool, and afterwards held the position of Night Superintendent at the West Ham Infirmary.

SUPERINTENDENT NURSE.

Miss M. A. Jackson, of Ardleigh, formerly of the Birmingham Workhouse Infirmary, has been appointed Superintendent Nurse at the Sudbury Workhouse Infirmary.

CHARGE NURSE.

Miss K. H. Wheatley has been appointed Charge Nurse at the Manchester Consumption Hospital, Bowdon. She was trained at the Lambeth Infirmary, and has held the positions of Sister at the Hospital, Rotherham, Sister at the Retreat, York, and Sister at the Royal Chest Hospital, City Road, E.C.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S IMPERIAL MILITARY NURSING SERVICE.

The undermentioned Staff Nurses are confirmed in their appointments, their periods of provisional service having expired:—Miss H. M. Drage, Miss L. M. Toller.

Staff Nurse Miss A. S. Wyatt resigns her appointment.

The Hygiene of the Home.

By A. J. BACON.

(Continued from p. 186.)

IV.—HOW IT SHOULD BE WARMED.—THE VALUE OF COOL AIR.

Has the reader ever stopped at home, perhaps for reasons of health, on a bright January day of uninterrupted sunshine, when the thermometer has been in the neighbourhood of 30 deg., and there has been "a bite" in the air? The rest of the household have been out all the morning, and the luncheon hour is near. Presently they have burst in upon you like an avalanche, full of unwonted spirits, rosy-cheeked, hearty, even boisterous! What can have happened? The men of the party move about with active strides and mount the stairs three steps at a time; the girls are full of glee and talk incessantly. "Where do you think we have been? Why, all the way to Whitchurch and back!" says one, and adds the wonderful piece of information—for Whitchurch is five miles away as the crow flies, and this young lady usually thinks seven furlongs a fatiguing walk—"and I don't feel a bit tired!" Then you hear that Tommy, who is eight, ran every step of the way, and that Nelly, *et*as seven next birthday, kept up beautifully. Luncheon appears, and in the midst of continuous and merry chatter, the hot foods disappear like lightning; there are not nearly enough to-day and resource is had to the cold meats set out upon the sideboard, dishes, which, as a rule, are there for ornament simply. The little ones start whimpering, when they are told that they have had enough, and yet it was only this morning that they had to be coaxed with a spoonful of jam to swallow their cupful of porridge! Did you ask what has happened? These young people have been bathing in God's sunlight, have been gorging on a concentrated essence of His fresh air!

It is summer, and once more you are alone in the house. The weather is sultry and sunny, and once more the same party return from a walk. They come up the garden path listlessly, looking out of temper and querulous. As they enter the room, each one flops into the nearest seat with a "Phew!" and an evident disinclination to stir. The men wipe their faces with their handkerchiefs and the girls fan themselves with the first thing at hand. At lunch they merely play with their food, and some refuse altogether to touch it. "A glass of iced claret and water and a biscuit; nothing else, please, for I could not touch it!" declares one member of the party. If asked to do the slightest thing, the reply is something like this: "Oh, bother! do you really want it at once? You must know I feel fagged to death!" And yet this time they have not been to Whitchurch; they have only sauntered as far as farmer Gopsall's field at the

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