

practice. The object is to convert the starch into dextrin, giving the starch its first step in digestion and that agreeable flavour that is noticeable in the crusts of bread. This can only be done by subjecting the bread to a high temperature after it has been thoroughly dried.

It also makes mastication absolutely necessary, which is a great advantage, especially to invalids and children.

If the bread is browned at once on the outside, the moisture is shut in the middle of the slice, which will prevent it from reaching a higher temperature than 212 deg. Fahr., whereas a temperature of about 400 deg. Fahr. is necessary to change it to dextrine.

Toast must, therefore, be crisp to the very centre, and a golden brown. When properly made it can be easily broken, and is quickly moistened by the saliva.

The way to make it is as follows:—

Cut the bread (preferably a day or so old) into even slices, one-fourth to one-half inch in thickness, remove the crust (or not, as desired).

Thoroughly dry in a moderate heat, either in the oven (leaving the door open) or on a broiler, or on an asbestos mat on top of the stove. Then increase the heat by means of a direct flame or by closing the oven door, until it quickly becomes a golden brown (to the very centre). Serve warm. It is then crisp and easily eaten.

Soups.—The principles of soup-making are clearly explained. Stocks are the foundation of many soups and sauces, and should always be on hand. They are easily made, and will keep in a cold place at least three or four days. White stocks are made from chicken, veal, or both. Brown stocks are made from beef, mutton, or both. From these may be made an almost endless variety of soups.

Gruels and mushes and hygienic griddle cakes form the subject of further chapters.

The theory of cooking eggs is explained in detail, and a variety of recipes are given.

The preparation of sweetbreads, almost invariably an acceptable dish to a convalescent if properly prepared, is also described. Many nurses know that sweetbreads, however cooked, subsequently should be parboiled, but there are also many who do not understand how this is done. They will find full directions in the book under consideration.

Kumiss is a drink which is often prescribed for patients. When properly prepared it is delicious, very nutritious, and usually relished. With some, however, the author points out, it is an acquired taste, so if the first glass is a disappointment the next one will probably be a pleasure.

Soluble Saccharin, to which reference has already been made, is, we are informed, not a food, as is sugar, but purely a condiment or flavouring material of intense sweetening power. One pound of this agent is equal in effect to 450 to 500 pounds of cane-sugar. It can only be used when dissolved in a liquid. If too strong a solution be used, or too much is taken, the taste changes from sweet to bitter. Every dish should be tasted before being served, and if not perfectly satisfactory, discarded, and another prepared. The slightest mistake may give distasteful results, which, to say the least, would probably prejudice the patient.

It will be seen that the book contains much information of use to nurses, to whose attention we cordially commend it.

Our Foreign Letter.

Nikiosia, Cyprus.

DEAR MADAM,—I think perhaps that news of this part of the world may be of interest to the readers of

the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING, but please remember we are somewhat out of the world here. We have no trains (though we hear we are



really going to have a railway) to take us from one part of the island to the other, or trams to run down into the town (we should have to pull the town down and build it up very differently if we had), so news travels slowly and is always taken with a big pinch of salt, but for all this I love this out-of-the-world corner of the Levant, its diligos and dust, its primitive ways, and its touch of East and West.

The native life in the country is so quaint, no different from hundreds of years ago. There are the oxen treading out the corn in the summer months as they did in olden times, and the plough, centuries old, is clung to tenaciously, nothing modern appeals to the Cypriot. They are lazy mostly and won't be taught, what did for their great-grandfathers will do for them.

Ramazan (the Mohamedan fast) is nearly over, and last night I had the privilege of witnessing, from a small gallery, one of the big services (night) in Sante Sophia, the big mosque that was once a catholic church.

The service was most interesting, the prostration to the ground, the rapid rising and casting down, and then the weird chants of the people in that vast building, so strange and uncanny. It was brilliantly illuminated with huge glass candelabra, and it was a wonderful sight to see the well-dressed, gentlemanly Turk in European dress (except for the fez), the prosperous merchant or official in handsome Galibeah, and the numerous poor—the needy but persistent beggar. They were all there, as fervid as only Moslems can be.

The pause that followed the prayer that sent all that vast congregation to their knees with heads to the ground was very impressive. The back view, which I got, of well-clothed, rags and tatters, brilliant hose and bare feet was most striking, also the smells that assaulted my nostrils.

After my experience in Egypt (of which if you wish I will tell you anon), this is only half east to me, there is such a big European element, but the country life is interesting.

Cairo, with its wonderful bazaars, its masses of native life, the brilliant costumes, the wealth of the place, all was most fascinating, but I loved the desert, and for my holidays preferred to get away into it with our camels and dragomen, to forget the town. The solitude and vastness was so immense, the rest so absolute, but perhaps this would not have appealed to many.

I am forgetting this is not Egypt, or even Syria, but poor, little, inconvenient, ungetatable Cyprus—and it has its charms. The rains are beginning and the country getting green after seven months of drought.

FROSA.

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