

tion" (I recollect that it was all about peat, the different kinds, &c.), "and showed us way back along peat railway. Pelting, blinding rain! Five miles walk, or rather trudge; rail to Okehampton; dinner at White Hart Inn in coloured dressing-gowns." It was the first time we had had anything but bacon and eggs for many days. Yet I have seldom enjoyed a holiday more.

Then there are tramping tours in the Harz mountains to recall, with marvellous dinners in wayside inns; there are bicycle tours through shady English lanes and beautiful villages, each with its centre of interest, usually focussed in the village church with a quaint font, the tomb of some un-forgotten worthy, wonderful old glass, or well-preserved Norman arch. There is a keen remembrance of a broiling hot summer day spent in wheeling our bicycles over Salisbury Plain, with the road lost, the tracks unridable, and no water; no tea was ever half so good as that we finally obtained at a wayside inn, when we at last struck a road.

Then there is the recollection, clear and distinct, of a journey to South Africa in the early nineties, the delightful sea voyage, the long drive across the veldt (it was before the railway was built) to the mining town. Even now I can see those stars, and feel the fresh breeze, when we made our early morning start, long before dawn, when you heard the galloping horses in front on the burnt grass, and knew the white bones of the dead cattle who had died on the trek, were lying by the wayside.

Then there is the unforgettable journey to America, from historic Quebec, through Canadian towns to the falls not even side shows and advertisements can vulgarise, back through the busiest, most genial, most restless people of the earth.

More memories of other holidays, on shore and afloat, almost all delightful, all different, each with their separate charm. But every nurse can fill in for herself, each knows what she loves best, each knows which ancestral longing is strongest in her when she maps out her short and longed-for holiday.

Just as the heart knoweth its own bitterness, so it also, thank God, knows its own happiness. Only those who have felt a chain know the real inner worth of freedom, and only those who really work know the real inner worth of a holiday.

And oh! my fellow tramps, is it not delightful on some evening when work is over and a tiresome, irritating day has at last run its course, to sit quietly in your room, and see again, with that "inner eye, which is the bliss of solitude," the white roads, and forests, and moors, and seas which are your very own, and the memory of which none can take from you.

M. MOLLETT.

Practical Points.

Homing Pigeons attached to a Hospital.

The difficulty of bringing the logging camps on the coast of British Columbia into speedy communication with the hospital steamer *Columbia* has been solved by the establishment of a pigeon corps. The birds are to be distributed among the camps, and when medical aid is required a message will be sent by the homers to the hospital ship.

Ingenuity and Private Nursing.

Writing on this topic in the *American Journal of Nursing*, Miss Anna H. Ross, of Philadelphia, says that a private nurse, accustomed to modern hospital appliances, may find herself handicapped, and should not wish to put the family to the expense of getting things that will be useless afterwards. She must exercise all her ingenuity if she have not some precedents by which to be guided. Otherwise she will be in much the same position as a woman accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth left to wait upon herself.

Many things that seem small and foolish are very practical. For instance, if hot-water bottles are missing or few in number, stone beer-bottles make excellent substitutes, also bricks or smoothing-irons. One modern doctor always insists on applying heat to the abdomen by a plate, preferably of the heavy stone-ware variety.

A good substitute for a fountain syringe may be made of a funnel and a piece of rubber tubing. A stomach-tube may be made of moderately soft tubing, and glass or metal funnel. Many nurses are no doubt familiar with the method of improvising Leiter's coils. Several feet of rubber tubing may be procured at any drugstore; then, allowing about two feet or more to reach the ice-water, the remaining tubing may be coiled closely to within a foot of the end, the coils being kept in place by weaving a bandage, basket fashion, about the tubing in two or three places. The air is then exhausted by piston syringe, or where this cannot be done, the syphon may be started by drawing the water through the mouth.

A cradle for keeping clothing from the body, in fever and fracture cases may be improvised from barrel-hoops cut in half and fastened together with laths. A bonnet-box with opening cut in one side makes a very good support for clothing over a fractured ankle or injured foot.

Other problems for the private nurse are the difficulties attending the preparation of diet in apartment and lodging houses, but a little thought and ingenuity with a small gas-burner may accomplish wonders. Egg and milk dishes may always be prepared in limited space without danger of odours. One nurse prepares a very simple and delicious steamed custard by mixing thoroughly one egg, a cup of milk, nutmeg or vanilla flavouring, and one tablespoonful of sugar. The mixture is then poured into a pint mason-jar with loose cover and set in a saucepan of cold water over a gas-burner for thirty to forty minutes or until the custard begins to thicken.

With a mania for adapting and inventing there is a possibility that the private nurse will grow dissatisfied with more modern, up-to-date appliances, but the danger is not great, since there is room and need for both.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)