

Reflections.

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.



The Lord Mayor has announced that at the Queen's Fête in Aid of Crippled Children, to be held at the Mansion House on June 13th, her Majesty, besides performing the opening ceremony, will receive on behalf of the undertaking purses containing not less than £20 each. Several members of the Royal Family are to be stallholders, and there will also be an American Embassy stall and a French Embassy stall. For his Crippled Children's Institute the Lord Mayor wants a site near the seaside if possible, with bungalows where the inmates may be medically and surgically treated, and with a building in which they may be taught useful crafts.

A renewed attempt has been made by a large body of the medical profession to induce the Board of Education to have hygiene and temperance systematically taught in all public elementary schools.

The new memorandum to the Board asks that facilities for the special training of teachers in hygiene and temperance should be afforded, as facilities for such instruction barely exist, and that the subjects should be specifically introduced into the curriculum of the code.

Lord Ludlow (the treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital) has received from the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths a third donation of £1,000, being a special grant made by that company in aid of the rebuilding fund.

The Evelina Hospital for Children, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E., which has been entirely closed for several months past, consequent upon considerable structural alterations and improvements, is now reopened for the admission of patients.

In its annual report the Board of Management of the Birmingham General Hospital states that the continued increase of the out-patient and casualty departments has again engaged the serious consideration of the Board, and during a large part of the year a special committee has been occupied with the question. It is felt that too much time and attention are now diverted from the more serious and important cases to those which might equally well be treated as dispensary or club patients, and an attempt is being made to devise a scheme for the separation of these two classes of cases, so that the former may have the undivided attention of the visiting staff.

Medical Notes on my Holiday.

I was on night duty. The day nurse came on at 9 a.m., and my train left at 10 a.m. Had I been an ordinary person I would have gone to bed and started for my holiday the next day; but, being a nurse, I decided to take my rest in the train. There was no time to get into "glad rags," so I travelled in uniform. At the station I bribed the guard to let me have a compartment to myself; he promised to do his best, but just as the train started a man jumped in. He had evidently had a race to catch the train, and it took him some time to settle down to his book. He was a tall man, very badly put together; his face looked as though it had been carved out with a hatchet; his eyes were pale blue, and very small; his hair was yellow, and stuck straight out all round—many times he stroked it down, but with no effect. I wondered what his mother thought of him when he was a baby; she must have consoled herself with the thought that he would grow up clever, for he never could have been pretty, and his enormous head should have held a larger share of brains than is allotted to most men.

At this point I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was dressing the yellow haired man in a silk frock and muslin pinafore; then I took him to a dainty little lady and asked if she were pleased with the result.

"Oh, no! nurse. He does not look at all pretty. Can't you do his hair?"

So I took him away and did his hair many times, but each time it looked worse than the last, so I decided to curl it. But how was I to set about it? I tried using curl rags, but it only stuck out in points instead of individual hairs. Then a brilliant thought occurred to me—why not heat a pair of forceps, and curl it that way? The first piece I tried frizzled up—evidently the forceps were too hot—so I tried them a bit cooler. I worked very hard at it for some time, until I had burnt off all the hair from one side of his head. He looked very dreadful, and I was in despair. A slackening of speed woke me up, and I found we were entering a large station, the first stop after a run of three hours. I looked at the man and was relieved to see his hair sticking out as defiantly as ever. You cannot imagine how glad I was to see it all on his head.

The man was collecting his things, and when he had finished he leaned across to me and said:

"Sister! Would you kindly tell me where the Macula Lutea is?"

I gasped! Was he a lunatic?

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)