

Private Nursing Homes will be no longer "maximum work for a minimum wage," but a fair wage for a fair amount of work."

C. L.

[There is much in our valued correspondent's letter with which we cordially sympathize. We would be grateful if he would give us the names and places to which he refers, for our own information, not for this journal. But we must dissent from him as to the "two years' training. For the sake of the public and of the nurses themselves, a three years' standard is the very lowest minimum.—ED.]

"BIG EYES."

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR EDITOR,—Your "Social Problem" set me thinking—as something in the NURSING RECORD does every week—and no doubt you will agree with me, that it is not only the poor little starved waifs of our streets, who, in flattening their noses against the attractive shop windows, suffer from the insidious demoralization of "Big Eyes." Turn the corner of Oxford Circus faced by the great drapery emporium of Peter Robinson, and what a sight is there! Dozens of women of all classes—half a dozen deep—with their noses glued to each window pane, or craning their necks one over the other, to catch a glimpse of the showy goods exposed to view. Watch the faces of those women of all ages, and then deny the cry of the Preacher—"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!"—if you can. What can one hope for a sex, whose whole soul is absorbed, for the time being, by the most fragile *chiffon* of the hour? The ambitions of poor little Billy—longing for "sojers," "cracks," and "roaring lions"—compares very favourably with the aspirations of the average middle-class woman, as represented before a bonnet shop. And one can realize the truth of the brutal masculine accusation, "that a new bonnet is, more often than not, the price of a woman's virtue." Is it reasonable to expect that men will take women seriously, and give us a share in the government of the State, so long as the "average woman" remains the passionate slave of folly and frippery? Let the most hopeful M.P. wander in the wake of "the season's sales," and I fear our chance of enfranchisement will evaporate into thin air.

Yours truly,

SAD EYES.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—Will you allow me to say how pleased I was to see the article on "Social Questions" in the NURSING RECORD last week. I hope it is the first of a series, and not a solitary one. It puts into words what so many people feel, and feel, I believe, strongly. For myself, I cannot avoid the conclusion that money is a gift for which, one day, we shall have to give account as for all others. Surely immense sums of money are entrusted to individuals to use for the good of the human race, and, if they spend them lavishly on needless and useless luxuries, it amounts to a misappropriation of trust-money. Of course, it is not easy to say exactly where one should draw the line. Probably, what would appear needful and legitimate expenditure to me would seem luxury to

"Billy Big Eyes," and the same would apply to myself and those who have been accustomed to a much larger income than I have. But, at least, I am convinced that we need to aim at *simplicity*, at the reduction rather than the multiplication of our wants, and that ostentation, lavish display, straining after effects, and kindred vulgarities, are by all means to be avoided. One so seldom sees these questions touched upon, however, that I was delighted to read the article in last week's RECORD. It would seem, indeed, to be a crime—still demanding punishment in the fiery furnace, though the furnace nowadays, perhaps, takes the form of ostracism, persecution, and misrepresentation—not to fall down and worship the golden image which has surely assumed much more gigantic proportions since the days of Nebuchadnezzar.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,  
A GRATEFUL READER.

THE BANANA CURE.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—Perhaps a few words on bananas as food for nervous and anæmic persons would be permissible in your excellent journal. As I have tried them, and find them most nourishing and sustaining, might I be permitted to quote from Mr. Crichton Campbell's letter to the *New York Sun*; he writes:—

"Bestow a boon on humanity and help to popularize the baked banana as an article of food for rich and poor, especially the poor. One cent will buy a good-sized banana, which, when baked in its skin in an oven for fifteen or twenty minutes, until it is quite soft and bursts open, alone makes a full meal. I say, from personal experience, that three bananas, weighing one pound, are, when baked, equal in nourishment to twenty-six pounds of bread.

"Bananas should never be eaten raw. They are full of animal germs and very indigestible.

"Baked bananas are also the ideal food for nervous persons and anæemics, also for brain workers. I learned their great power to sustain mental effort in India. I am as hard a brain worker as any person in New York, and I have subsisted for years entirely on baked bananas. When I see lean, poor-blooded persons, I advise them to eat baked bananas, and after adopting the diet they unfailingly build up and gain flesh.

"This subject—which might not inappropriately be called the 'banana cure,' because many diseases can be cured by eating baked bananas—merits the closest investigation. The introduction of the potato was a great boon to the people, but I predict that the spreading of the above facts over this country will prove of still greater benefit."

Since living in England, I have constantly noticed resulting biliousness in people who eat raw bananas. Let them try them baked—they will find them a most valuable addition to the usual diet.

AMERICAN NURSE.

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