

We have written to the Central British Red Cross Committee and to the National Society for the Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War, asking what arrangements have been made to give Red Cross aid from this country to Japan and Russia. From both we have received the same secretarial reply—"that the matter is receiving attention, but at present he is unable to make any statement in reference thereto."

Why? The public find the money entrusted to these Societies. Why should they not know how they are preparing to spend it?

It will be recollected that during the Græco-Turkish War our newspapers collected £10,000, organised the British nursing contingent to Greece, and did all the work, whilst our National Society was giving "attention" to the matter, and, when it was no longer required, sent £1,000 to Greece. It is to be hoped, as the Central British Red Cross Committee issued a manifesto some while ago that for the future all such work would be done by the Committee, that they will hurry up and *do it*.

The Diary of a Health Lecturer.

By MRS. WESTAWAY,
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Monday, 10th.—I opened my engagement book and found it was rather a heavy week, so turned to the railway time tables and made arrangements for travelling with as little waste of time as possible. I then looked over a few points connected with the lectures, and by noon I was ready for my journey to the other side of London, where I was to address a mothers' meeting. The hall in which it was held is some distance from the station, and the way is intricate, so I called at the house of the secretary, who had kindly offered to conduct me thither. As the door opened, the smell of washing day escaped into the open air. I waited on the doorstep for "Mrs. Jellaby," and was much interested in watching the family of children ascending and descending the stairs, the descent being performed *vid* the balusters, probably with the idea of avoiding collisions. I am thankful no bones were broken while I looked on. "Mrs. Jellaby" appeared, putting on her gloves and with her bonnet awry, and after profuse apologies we set off. We arrived late, and found the mothers assembled and being regaled with penny buns and tea in thick cups. I accepted the invitation to join them, and the ice of formality was broken thereby, so that when I commenced my lecture I addressed a very attentive audience. I lectured on infectious diseases, and dwelt specially on the importance of isolation and disinfection. Nothing unusual occurred, and when I had finished I came away leav-

ing the mothers paying their small subscriptions to the various funds organised for their benefit.

Tuesday, 11th.—My work to-day took me among the lovely Surrey hills, to a parish which is remote from the railway station. I had an early lunch and started off with my small travelling-bag. How I wished it were summer-time; but people are deaf to health teaching during bright weather. My railway journey ended, I entered the ark on wheels which awaited me, and endured with patience the crawling of Dobbin, the Arab steed, which covered the distance in rather more time than a sharp walker would have required. On reaching the schoolroom, which the scholars had just vacated—but which was not yet cleared of their dust and smell—I donned my cap and apron, for my subject was "Home Nursing." The audience was composed of "ladies" and "mothers," and there is a sharp line of demarcation between them, although attentiveness is a common property. My lecture closed with a practical demonstration, which required the attendance of a small boy with two nightshirts. The nightshirts were clean, but small—small even for the boy at night, but extra small for the boy in his wearing apparel. I just managed to show how a nightshirt might be changed without disturbing a patient, but the operation was very suggestive of skinning a rabbit. I dined and slept at the house of the bachelor vicar's "right hand," and marvelled at the old lady's extraordinary powers of organisation in small details of housekeeping as also in larger matters of parochial administration. The house would make a good scene for a novel, for it is charmingly old-fashioned, and filled with relics of a bygone age. The funereal four-post bedstead looks as though it might be haunted.

Wednesday, 12th.—How can I lecture again on the evils of feather beds after my good night's rest? The morning was glorious after yesterday's rain, with bright sun, and with briskness in the air. After a hearty country breakfast, my hostess and I attended the short daily service in the curious old church. Two others made up the total congregation to four in number. We returned to the house, and, shortly afterwards, Dobbin, in front of an open fly, drew up. Dobbin's oats are evidently kept near the railway station, for he strove to emulate a motor car. A railway journey of seven miles, and a smart drive of another three, landed me in time for lunch at the house of a lady who is organising a course of lectures on health. There was a large and appreciative audience, who listened to a discussion on the subject of food which followed my lecture on the same subject. Back again to London, but before crossing it for home I sought out a club which occupies the premises formerly used as a thieves' kitchen. The good fairy of the club greeted me, and, as the sounds of splashing and washing subsided, a small but friskily washed

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