


## Reflections.

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.



According to the report of the Committee of the National Association for the Establishment and Maintenance of Sanatoria for Workers suffering from Tuberculosis it appears that since the foundation-stone of the first sanatorium at Benenden, Kent, was laid on June 19th considerable progress has been made with the erection of the building, and it is anticipated that the eastern wing will be ready for the reception of patients early in January. Fifty-two beds have already been taken by the various societies, and it is expected that when the building is finished and ready for inspection other beds will be endowed. It is hoped that sufficient funds will be forthcoming to enable the Committee to complete the work early in 1907.

The London Medical Exhibition organised by "The British and Colonial Druggist" was opened at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on Monday last. We shall have something to say about it next week.

The inauguration of the new Institute for the experimental investigation of cancer took place on September 25th at Heidelberg. The Institute owes its existence to the initiative of Professor Czerny. It has been established for the treatment of cancer patients and for the scientific investigation of the disease. The Institute consists of two main departments, a surgical hospital and a scientific Institute in connection with Heidelberg University for the study of all cancerous diseases.

At the International Conference held at Frankfurt-on-Main, a proposal to found an International Society to combat cancer was unanimously approved.

The Committee of the Hospital Sunday Fund are this year faced with a considerable decrease in their income. Last year they distributed £71,466 among the hospitals; this year they have been able to distribute only £57,510. The falling-off in contributions is attributed by the secretary of the fund, "solely to the growing popularity of the week-end habit, which takes the people who can afford to give away from town."

Amongst the eminent medical men who were recipients of the LL.D of the Aberdeen University at the opening of the new buildings by the King, was the popular Director-General of the Army Medical Service, Surgeon-General Sir Alfred Keogh.

The Manchester Royal Infirmary is an institution that has an interest far wider than the city and the county. Anything concerning its welfare is of importance to the inhabitants of many counties between Tweed and Trent. They will be glad to hear that the new Infirmary in Stanley Grove is growing rapidly, and that there is no fear that it will not be ready in the appointed time.

## Our Foreign Letter.

A FEW DAYS IN DENMARK.



"A few days in Denmark, and you have the temerity to sit down and write of your crude experiences. How like a journal-

list!"

That is so. I make no apologies. I take it that a true journalist, like a good nurse, must have an instinct for observation, and that her eye must be an organ with grasp—she should also have an understanding heart. Given these qualities both the nurse and the journalist will deduct the essential from the non-essential within the hour.

Thus, having spent but a few days in Denmark, I make bold to touch upon its people, their environment, and its hospitals and nurses, and with the more assurance because I never felt "abroad" on these fair islands between the North and the Baltic Seas. The majority of the Danes speak our language, they are the most English of any foreign nation in tastes and temperament, and from the moment you land at Esbjerg and hand over your bag to an upright, smiling blue-eyed man, with a glint of gold in his beard, who greets you in your mother tongue, till you sail away from these hospitable shores the sense of kinship is irresistible.

At Esbjerg, one retires to bed aboard the train, a most comfortable house on wheels, which just starts off from the sea board and walks across the whole little kingdom, stepping quite easily on to the steamers which puff across the seas from island to island, and which brings you safe and sound to the beautiful capital, Copenhagen, in time for breakfast.

Put up at the "King of Denmark" and lose no time in sampling its delicious brew of coffee, crisp rolls, and the national butter in all its pristine freshness, millions of pounds of which luxury these business-like people kindly dispatch annually to this uncultivated but exquisitely wooded land.

In Denmark you can travel for hours lost in admiration at the marvellous manner in which by cultivation the fruits of the earth are compelled to come forth from every acre for the support of man, without seeing a tree, or a green hedge, or a single flower. It is wonderful but it is wearisome—and the heart leaps with wicked improvident joy, as you imagine your nose flattened to a window pane in an express which whirls at the rate of sixty miles an hour, through the exquisite home counties in England, a gorgeously green, most beautiful flowery land, where the oak and the elm and the bonnie ash tree spread their leafy branches, and where the fact that man cannot live by bread alone is made manifest, to the far purple horizon.

But to return to Copenhagen. The enthusiastic traveller never loses an hour. Refreshed, you will

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