

establishment of such a Home. Under her will, the hospital acquired as part of the residue of her estate, the house and grounds of Muirfield, forming a site for a Home for Convalescent Children which it is believed could not easily be surpassed. The existing house has been used for this purpose, and during the time it has been occupied convalescent children have derived the greatest benefit from their stay there.

A large sum has been subscribed towards an endowment fund, and it is to be hoped the £20,000 required for building and up-keep will soon be secured. Towards the furnishing fund the Nursing Staff made £222 by a sale of work. A heart would be hardly human that failed to pity suffering children, and that did not realise the blessing of lessening their pain.

### Reflections.

#### FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.

The Southwark Borough Council recently passed a resolution in favour of the compulsory notification of persons suffering from consumption, after vigorous protest by the Progressives, who urged that such a register would be nothing less than a black list, and would cause people to be shunned and turned out of their employment.

The most important outcome of the "Gouttes de Lait" Congress is, says the *Lancet*, the formation of the "International Union for the Protection of Infant Life." This organisation, which will probably play an important part in the movement for the prevention of infant mortality, has elected Dr. Escherich, of Vienna, as its President, and the Secretary is Dr. Eugene Lust, of Brussels. The Union, which has its permanent bureau in Brussels, is controlled by a committee of 50 members, including the following representatives from Great Britain:—Councillor W. F. Anderson, of Glasgow; Alderman Broadbent and Dr. Moore, of Huddersfield; and Dr. G. F. McCleary, of Hampstead.

The next meeting of the Congress will be held in 1910, in Berlin.

Mr. G. G. W. Forest, C.I.E., in an article in the October *Blackwood* on the plague in India, supplies some startling statistics. After being free from the disease for 184 years, Bombay was attacked with plague in epidemic form in September, 1896, and in seven months it slew 11,000. Each year there has been a recrudescence. During 11 years the number of victims of plague in India exceeds 5½ millions, but the mind staggers when we learn that of the 5½ millions 4½ millions died during the last five years and four months. The population of London is 4,536,541. What would be our thoughts if 4,500,000 deaths occurred in London in five years, and the vast city was left with 36,000 inhabitants?

### Mathematics versus Chicken Broth.

I am not one of those girls who always long for a different life from that evidently planned for them. I never wanted to go on the stage or to be a nurse, or regretted that I was not a man.

So I think it was really unkind of Grandma to be ill when I was staying with her, thus turning me into a nurse and a cook. She was very ill, and had the doctor to see her. I did not like him, he made me feel a worm—why, I do not know. He said that Grandma was the cleverest and most astute woman he had ever met; he also said that it would be possible for me to live with her for months and never find out how clever she was. Was that because he thinks me very dense, or himself very clever, or is cleverness in a woman a very difficult thing to recognise? He also told me to put a poultice on her chest, a linseed poultice, and to give her some chicken broth; so when he had gone I looked up "poultice" in the dictionary, and found that they are made by mixing boiling water and linseed meal together, and spreading the mixture on old rag.

I then went to interview Rhoda, our one and only servant.

"Rhoda!" I said. "Have you ever made a linseed poultice?"

"Not that I knows on, Miss."

"Ever seen one made?"

"No, Miss, but there is some stuff to make poultices of in the cupboard; the Missis had it in to poultice the pig when it were ill."

"But, Rhoda!" I remonstrated, "pig poultice won't do for Granny!"

"But it never was used, Miss, for the pig took and died fust. It had ploomoniar, Miss."

"Pneumonia, I suppose you mean, Rhoda."

"Yes, Miss, that's what I said. Shall I get the linseed for you, Miss?"

"Yes, please, and some boiling water, a big basin, and some old rag."

"Yes, Miss. What will you do with the old rag?"

"Spread the poultice on it."

"Missis always uses muslin; there's a lot of old curtains saved up for it."

"Oh, very well! I will have muslin, then."

I think that poultice was a very good one, but the muslin was a mistake. I tried to carry it upstairs by the four corners, and the muslin split, and that very good poultice spread itself out on the stair carpet. It was

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