

Mr. Croker, the Ongar Guardians have agreed to give him extra remuneration for his work in connection with the Infant Life Protection Act. Mr. Croker explained that the Epping baby farm business had given him much to do to make sure of suitable homes to which babies from cottages and farms in the district were transferred. He was allowed 5s. per house registered.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

A remarkable offer to which we have pleasure in drawing attention has been made by the Oxo Company to send a few of their customers on a voyage of 14,000 miles to the Oxo cattle farms and back, to enable them to see for themselves the gigantic organisation which the Oxo Company have built up during the past 43 years.

This tempting offer is without precedent in the annals of modern commerce. To have the opportunity of travelling 14,000 miles in the first class saloon of one of the finest steamships in the world, and also by rail and coach for a fortnight on the beautiful Oxo cattle farms, is an offer which few people, however unimaginative, could resist.

The Oxo Company publish a little booklet, which will be sent free to any of our readers who are interested, on application to Oxo, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C. The booklet gives a vivid description of the voyage and interesting pictures of the farms, and it contains a most interesting condition, viz., that any of the persons selected to go may nominate a son or daughter to make the trip.

AN EXCELLENT FOOD.

We have much pleasure in drawing attention to an admirable little booklet, published by Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, entitled "Benger's Food and How to Use It, for Infants, Invalids, and the Aged," which nurses and midwives would find very useful, and which will be forwarded post free to any readers of this Journal. The "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants," incorporated in the book shows that though the proportion of mothers really capable of nursing their infants is decreasing it is equally true that more mothers would find nursing possible if earnest effort were made in this direction. Many fail in consequence of improper diet. In assisting and maintaining the natural supply of breast milk, Benger's Food has been proved to be a useful and valuable agent.

Further, in the hand rearing of infants, milk modified with Benger's Food is often retained when other food is rejected, and it is, therefore, one with which midwives should be acquainted. Some excellent advice is given in the booklet on the selection of food in the case of hand-fed infants, the choice of milk, the contamination of milk, how to give the food, and many other details from which it will be seen that the ground covered is wide, and the subjects dealt with of great importance. We commend the booklet to the attention of our readers, feeling sure they will find it useful. Benger's Food is a useful stand-by in the feeding of invalids, convalescents, and the aged.

Our Foreign Letter.

THE FRIENDS' HOSPITAL IN BRUMANA.

Nestling on a hillside, amongst pine and eucalyptus trees, facing Beyrout and the Mediterranean Sea, which lie beneath it, quietly rests the Friends' Hospital in Brumana, a village on Mount Lebanon. Close by it is another building, which is the Dispensary and Out-patients' Department. To the left of it is the Girls' High School, and above it is the Boys' High School, with its tennis court and football ground, as well as the "Meeting House." On the top of a neighbouring hill stands the doctor's house. All these buildings give Brumana a *cachet* of its own, and its interest is in no way diminished by an opposition facsimile carried out by the French Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul on the other side of the village. There is also a German Hotel (Hotel Saalmüller) and a French one (Villa des Chênes), so that in the summer this is the favourite resort of the Europeans from Beyrout. This, then, is the atmosphere in which the Friends' Hospital lives.

To me, this Hospital, which really originally was a small silk factory, is full of associations. I remember it some 27 or 28 years ago when it first opened, and a lady by the name of Miss Clayton, who had undergone six months' training as lady pupil at St. Mary's, Paddington, came out and took charge of it. I was a young girl in those days, in fact, still a school girl, and she used to ask me to tea with mother. Mother had a great horror of sick people, and held the theory of microbes before bacteriologists had discovered them, so these afternoon teas were somewhat of a moral herculean effort on her behalf, and I remember well her holding her handkerchief to her nose, and making me do the same, until we traversed the passage and got into Miss Clayton's sitting-room, which had a balcony, and faced the lovely view of the plain and sea.

Ten years later I valiantly walked into the operating room (a very primitive place), and witnessed my first operation. I wanted to become a nurse, and I wished to test my nerves!

Another ten years. I was Matron of St. George's Hospital in Beyrout, and had gone up to the Hotel Saalmüller with overwrought nerves, accompanied by my father and sister and our maid. My sister and I shared the same room, and I dreamt a dream. I saw two coffins, surrounded by many mountaineers, who were wailing. I heard a noise in one of them. I lifted up the lid, and an English lady with a white and bruised face sat up and said to me, "You are a nice nurse, letting these people bury me alive," and she fell back.

I woke trembling, and called to my sister, who reminded me of my nervous condition, soothed me and told me to sleep, but again I dreamt the same dream, and as I called to my sister again our maid came in saying "Oh, my ladies, get up! Such a dreadful thing has happened. The English Matron and one of the native nurses have been killed." This is what had happened. Miss Wood, the new Matron, who was a fully trained nurse,

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)