

The Winter Session.

October 22nd will be a busy day at 431, Oxford Street, W., the meeting place of so many nurses' societies. At 3 p.m. there will be a meeting of the Matrons' Council, at which important business will be transacted. Tea will be at 4 p.m., and at 4.30 a meeting of the National Council of Nurses will be held, when a most satisfactory report of its first year's work will be placed on record.

The gift of the members of the International Congress of Nurses to the President, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick will then be presented by Miss Isla Stewart, in recognition of her public services to the nursing profession at large, in founding the International Council of Nurses.

A beautiful piece of antique plate, suitably inscribed, has been selected for the purpose.

What Every Woman Should Know.

Dr. James Cantlie commenced a course of lectures on Tuesday last at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, W., to prepare women students for the qualifying certificate required by those who wish to become members of the new voluntary detachments of the War Office Territorial Red Cross Scheme, by which every woman may fit herself to become a useful unit in time of invasion.

In addition to the ordinary first aid instruction the prospective members of the voluntary aid detachments who began training on Tuesday, will go through the following courses:—

Nursing Duties.

Medicines and their administration.

Observation of the sick, surgical nursing.

Management of the wards, cleanliness, ventilation, warming.

Sick Cookery.

Foods, varieties, quality, suitability for the sick.

Methods of cooking, carving, and serving.

Recipes for invalid diets.

Improvised cooking arrangements on ordinary fires and in the open.

Care of Clothing.

Sewing, mending, darning, knitting.

Clothing of the soldier, Regular and Territorial.

Hospital washing, disinfection of clothing and bedding.

Why should women wait for invasion to become efficient in the elements of home nursing, the cooking and serving of food, and the use of a needle? That the majority of girls are ignorant of these domestic arts is true, but the above curriculum should form part of every woman's practical education.

Metropolitan Convalescent Institution.

SEASIDE BRANCHES AT BEXHILL.

As fresh air becomes recognised as the real elixir of life, we are met with the fact that active hospital treatment only is very insufficient, if the best results are to be obtained for the poor town dweller, from skilled surgery and medicine. These in their place are all important, but Nature's laws must be obeyed, and also the skilled domestic arts must be at the service of a convalescing patient. Pure air, and rest, nourishing food, warmth, cheerful companionship, human, and of letters, a pipe and the needle, must all be at his service. Into this desirable environment the sick poor should be drafted, just as soon as it is safe for them to be comfortably removed from the hospital ward. It is this indispensable work of health building which the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution is carrying on so effectively in the group of beautiful country and seaside Homes at Walton, Broadstairs, and Bexhill, where in the past seventy years much has been done to restore the vitality of the 226,392 sick people who have been admitted to its hospitable board.

It was at Bexhill recently that I came in touch with this splendid bit of national work, the work of caring for patients discharged from hospitals after operations and illness, whose health and strength need building up before they are fit to go forth and battle for bread in the terribly overcrowded labour market. The story of the founding of the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution has been touchingly told by the late Rev. J. H. Gurney, Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, in pleading for its needs.

"Twenty-one years ago a medical student found a poor woman in one of the wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital crying bitterly. He inquired into the cause of her grief, and found she had just been discharged, the physician having told her that medicine could do no more for her—country air must do the rest. Country air!—her home was in London, her friends were poor as herself, means for travelling she had none, a lodging elsewhere she could not pay for—the sound of the proposed restorative was pleasant, but it did but mock her in her helplessness. The student, who bore the honoured name of Monro, the son of an eminent physician, the brother of an admirable clergyman, acted promptly on the impulse of humanity, and went to a bookseller, with the request that he would draw up an advertise-

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