

## Reflections.

## FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.



All over the country memorials to the late King Edward VII. are being proposed. The Welsh National Memorial will take the form of a sanatorium for consumptives, as £150,000 of the £300,000 required has already been promised for this purpose. Newcastle-on-Tyne favours charity in opposition to a town hall or statue. The Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital will probably get a new wing. Birmingham will have both a statue and a new Children's Hospital, Carlisle will add a wing to the Cumberland Infirmary, to contain men's and children's wards, and Belfast is to have a new building for surgical and administrative purposes in connection with the Royal Victoria Hospital, an institution erected to commemorate the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, which was opened by King Edward on the occasion of his last visit to Belfast.

Brighton has before it the suggestion to erect a Home for Queen's Nurses working in the town. Recently, through the generosity of an inhabitant of Hove, a freehold house has been provided as a home for the three nurses working there, and the two nurses employed at Portslade are supported locally; but for the twenty working in Brighton, which is the administrative centre of the whole district, not only is there no proper home, but the provision made for their support is totally inadequate. The Queen's Nurses in Brighton are now housed in two separate buildings, and are working under conditions which, from a sanitary point of view, it is impossible to continue, for the sake of the patients as well as of the nurses; for in work of this character not merely ordinary, but surgical, cleanliness is a necessity.

The question arose, after the resignation of Miss Duffy, the Matron of the Hull Sanatorium, whether it would be necessary to circulate, in accordance with the resolution of the Council, the evidence taken at the private inquiry by a special Sub-committee. Means have been taken to ascertain the views of the members of the Corporation on this point, with the result that the decision of the Council will be carried out. The evidence will be circulated among the members before the adjourned meeting next week. We are relieved that the Council has summed up courage at last to acquaint itself with the truth.

For the sake of the patients, the public should not tolerate any hushing up concerning this mis-managed institution.

The Ninth International Anti-Tuberculosis Conference is to be held in Brussels from October 5th to 8th. The Conference is under the patronage of His Majesty the King of the Belgians, and the Hon. Secretary is Dr. Pannwitz, Avenue Van Volxem, 253, Forest, Brussels.

## Peregrinations.—11.

(Continued from page 234.)

Surely none can enjoy a holiday more, or indeed as much, as those who work. The delicious sensation of feeling more and more rested every day, and with it the power of enjoyment growing stronger, and the taste keener, makes one eager to make the best use of every hour that passes! There are certain elements, however, necessary to the fullest enjoyment of a summer holiday, the chief among which, of course, is *favourable weather conditions!*

To be in a place called "beautiful," where the pitiless rain falls night and day, almost without ceasing, the lovely blue sky obliterated by obscuring sullen grey clouds, and the snow-capped mountains, which one had travelled many miles to see, a thing of the imagination only, is a strain upon one's faith, and—one is but human!—the temper also. What was even worse, the sun in mockery, would scatter the clouds for a brief interval, giving us a moment's hope, and then the rain would fall again with such earnestness of purpose, that you will not wonder, gentle reader, when I tell you that it came to pass one morning at an early hour, and—oh! the irony of it! a fine morning, at least a rainless one—that two travellers arrived at the breakfast table booted and spurred for a journey, ready to run away! If it had not been for the formality of having to pay our bill we might have effected our escape even earlier. But the custom had to be complied with!

We had heard that the sun was to be found at Lugano, so we went after that elusive thing, and—Jubilate!—we found him in his fullest prodigality.

The trinity of lakes in southern Switzerland, called the Italian Lakes, has been poetically likened to a shell, with Lugano as the pearl in the centre. And verily it is a pearl of great beauty. As I write I see it in panorama before me, standing on the summit of Monte San Salvatore. The blue lake with purple shadows playing fantastically over it, lying serenely in the centre of a perfect "chaos of mountains," the town itself seen from this great height looked an exquisite mosaic set in green and blue enamel, and the little villages nestling close to the water's edge, all along the shores made beautiful patches of colour. Such scenes render the eye and mind—and shall I say the soul—insatiable. We stayed at Paradiso-Lugano, the immediate suburb, at the foot of the mountain mentioned above, being a quieter and to my mind prettier spot. The name is sufficiently suggestive. The ruddy brown-skinned children running about bare-foot, looked as if illness could not touch them; nevertheless, there is a fine newly built hospital standing on high ground on the outskirts of the town, which I resolved, if I could, to visit. Again the Fates were propitious, and without any introduction beyond my own calling card, and the announcement that I was an *infirmière*—the language had to be changed this time—I was courteously received by the Directeur.

What is most foreign to the mind of the English

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)