

BOOKS NURSES SHOULD POSSESS.

Those nursing schools and nurses' libraries which even now do not possess the four volumes of "A History of Nursing," by Miss M. Adelaide Nutting and Miss L. L. Dock, published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's, 24, Bedford Street, Strand; London, W.C., should secure them without delay. At the moderate outlay of £2 2s. for the four volumes, which have no less than 152 delightful illustrations, this History of Nursing from the earliest times to the present day may be possessed, and no nurse can consider her education complete who is not acquainted with the history of her own profession.

Nurses and midwives should not fail to acquaint themselves with the many admirable books connected with nursing and midwifery published by Messrs. Baillière, Tindall & Cox, 8, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C. They are the publishers of the "Index of Practical Nursing," by Dr. Basil Cook, Miss Theresa Bryan's most useful "Nurses' Complete Medical Dictionary," Mrs. Palmer's "Lessons on Massage," and many more. A specially admirable "Atlas Model of the Female Body," seventeen inches in length, and costing only 3s. 6d. net, should command a large sale. It would be most useful for teaching purposes.

It is now realised how important a part is played by diet both in the preservation and in the restoration of health, and "Foods and Dietaries," by Sir R. W. Burnet, M.D., F.R.C.P., published by Messrs. Charles Griffin & Co., Ltd., Exeter Street, Strand, is a book which should be carefully studied in connection with the feeding of the sick. The same firm publishes Dr. Archibald Donald's "Midwifery," for students and midwives, and Dr. Laurence Humphrey's ever-popular "Manual of Nursing."

A movement is on foot to establish and endow an American Ward at the London Hospital. Other hospitals will no doubt desire to follow the example thus set.

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

COFFEE TOPERS IN THE BALKANS.

By FELIX J. KOCH.

Often, in the course of the day, mothers, sisters, younger brothers, step over to the county jail of some little Turkish *sandchak* and pass a cup of coffee or two over to the beloved captive inside the bars. Katinka, the Christian maiden, as she goes on her way, spinning, will make a stop at this Kavana or that for her cup of coffee. Beside the road, little youngsters call to the traveller for a few coins for coffee, and where the big out-door oven marks a bake-shop, next the road, there, too, you may get it. The coffee habit has the south of Europe in its grip, indeed!

In these days, when our magazines and books

are filled with advertisements decrying coffee, it is refreshing to make a pilgrimage into the lands where—while the people indulge in the strongest coffee in the world—they are physically stronger than we are, and live to a great age.

The coffee-drinking belt of Europe may be said to begin with Budapest; from there it extends over the south of the continent, diminishing a bit in Montenegro, but flourishing in Bulgaria, Roumania and Servia, and reaching maximum in the Ottoman Empire, Bosnia and the Herzegovina.

You go into the post-office at Pivelje to buy a stamp. The vendor, who is incidentally telegraph agent as well, serves you a cup of coffee. You reciprocate by offering your case of cigarettes.

You call on the *pasha* of a *vilayet* or province, in Monistir, Adrianople, or Salonica, and before your mission is made known, you are served with coffee. In Sarajevo, where the government of the occupying Austro-Hungarians is every bit as modern as it is with us, licensed coffee vendors perambulate the halls of all the government buildings. You make an official visit to the *chef* of the railway department, he presses a button and enter a Slav with the coffee. Everybody is drinking coffee all the day through and it is delicious.

This, of course, is the Turkish coffee. Its



KATINKA, THE CHRISTIAN MAIDEN.

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