

PRACTICAL POINTS.

Substitute for a Lounge Chair.

Where a lounge chair is desirable for a patient, and not procurable, an excellent substitute may be supplied by a cheap canvas deck chair, which may be bought for as little as eighteenpence. A leg rest can be made of a long, narrow wooden box, obtainable from any grocer. It should be the height of the chair seat, and should be covered. Three pillows in loose covers will turn such a chair into a comfortable lounge, one to fill the seat, another placed on end against the back, and the third as a head pillow across the top. In chronic cases, when the supply of cushions happens to be limited, it is worth while to make day covers for pillows. Blue or pink casement cloth, if cut two inches wider on every side than the ordinary pillow-case, run up on the wrong side, turned, and pressed and then machined all round two inches from the edge, makes a cheap and pretty cover for pillows or cushions. It is also washable.

To Extract Lemon Juice.

When extracting the juice from a lemon more can be obtained if the fruit is first warmed, either by placing in the oven for five minutes, or by covering it with boiling water for two or three minutes.

Treatment of Wounds.

In a synopsis of an article in a Berlin medical journal quoted by the *American Journal of Nursing*, it is stated that the aim in dressing a wound should be to keep away further irritation from without. The tissues have certain defensive powers which aid in checking the growth of the germs at first. Nature shows us in a scab the ideal to aim for in a dressing.

To Cleanse the Hair.

It is often desirable to cleanse the hair of a patient when a wet shampoo is inadvisable. This may easily be effected by rubbing into the hair a tablespoonful of powdered orris-root (bought cheaply by the pound) and brushing it out again with a couple of clean brushes. This removes all dust and grease and leaves the hair soft and fluffy.

THE GRETNA DISASTER.

It would be difficult to transcend in horror the appalling train disaster at Gretna, near Carlisle, last Saturday, when so many of the officers and men of the 7th Territorial Battalion of the Royal Scots lost their lives. The resources of the Cumberland Infirmary, Carlisle, have been taxed to the utmost to provide for the injured, but we are sure that every possible alleviation which skilled nursing can give is at the service of those committed to the care of Miss Sylvia Parker, the Matron, and the nursing staff.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

The patient people have at last impressed the powers that be that what they need, and must have, is a National, as apart from a Party Government—they want a Committee of Public Safety and they want it soon. The women would of course, like to see a sprinkling of their sex on the Front Benches, but as presumably many legislators fear a male enemy less than a female friend—the patriotic sex *par excellence* will possess their souls in patience until after the war. Then let us hope the monstrous regiment of widows will claim power to prevent a recurrence of this abomination of desolation.

Someone of colossal brain power is always forgetting the idiosyncracies of the lesser man. "I forgot Goschen," the exclamation of Lord Randolph Churchill on the morning after his resignation, has now passed into a parliamentary proverb. Bismarck forgot Queen Louise of Denmark, when in 1866 he annexed Schleswig Holstein to the Prussian Crown. He forgot she was the mother of the loveliest and most spirited Princesses in Europe, and the potential grandmother of the future King of England, and the Emperor of All the Russias! Indeed statecraft requires a very far-seeing eye, and it cannot afford to discount the power of the eternal feminine. Queen Louise never forgave Bismarck for the dismemberment of her kingdom—neither have her imperial daughters forgotten the past, and this is well realised in the Williamstrasse.

In all the turmoil of war, someone forget the patriotic daughter of little Montenegro. Now the Triplice is no more. Italy has declared war on Austria. The crowd before the Quirinal on Saturday evening did not forget it. How should they when Queen Elena with the King, stepped on to the balcony which faces the statue of Garibaldi, and in view of 150,000 Romans, with great emotion kissed the historic standard of Rome. "Viva il re," "Viva l'Italia," "Viva Montenegro," yelled and cheered the voices below. The Queen was moved to tears, she waved her handkerchief and then dried her tears. After nine months of waiting the country of her adoption is marching to aid her native land. It is very unwise to "forget our Goschens."

The Countess Brassey writes: "On behalf of the Women's Service Bureau, I appeal for funds towards housing accommodation at Aldershot to enable a staff of voluntary women workers to serve the sixteen canteens for our 230,000 troops in the district. The Young Men's Christian Association urges us to send these workers, and to send them quickly." Viscountess Brassey has undertaken to be the treasurer of the scheme and donations, however small, will be gratefully received by her at 24, Park Lane.

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