

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in any way hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

THE MOTHER'S MEALS.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—As one who has worked among the poor for many years, and has seen the constant self-sacrifice of our working women in the interests of their husbands and their children, may I say how glad I am that the importance of proper food for the mother is becoming increasingly appreciated? True, the reason is not primarily the welfare of the mother, but of the race, for students of eugenics realize that a weary, over-worked, underfed woman cannot bear virile children, such as the nation needs; but at least it is being borne in upon the public mind that expectant mothers need nutritious food.

Speaking to me the other day of the increasing cost of living, a working woman said, "It isn't much meat we see nowadays; of course my husband must have a bit, but we can't afford it for me and the children." Yet no one needs better food than a woman upon whom a second life is dependent, and the self-sacrifice by which she deprives not only herself, but her unborn child, of nutrition, viewed in its true light is misplaced. If expectant mothers really realized the importance of regular and nutritious food they would strain every nerve in order to secure it. The feeding of mothers, just as much as the feeding of school children, is a national problem.

Yours faithfully,
SOCIAL WORKER.

NOT AN UNMIXED EVIL.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I was enquiring my way the other day in a strange town on the East Coast after dusk, and the remark of an inhabitant who kindly directed me, and indeed accompanied me part of the way for that purpose, gave me cause for thought. "It will be no good getting drunk this winter, for you can't see sober." That is apparently one of the unanticipated results of the lighting regulations which I commend to the notice of Mr. Lloyd George. If the result of our darkened streets is an increase of sobriety, I venture to think the regulations are not unmixed evils.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
DISTRICT NURSE.

THE KAISER AS ARTIST.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—It is not often we have a chance of agreeing with the German Emperor,

but in M. Paul-Louis Hervier's sketch in *La Nouvelle Revue* of the All Highest War Lord, he states that he is as autocratic domestically as he is politically; and to prove this contention, states that he prevents the Empress from hiding the grey ravages of time in her hair with convenient dyes. The last bottle she surreptitiously obtained, he disdainfully threw out of the window, and was particularly wrathful that his wife had sent to Paris to obtain the best quality! For once, I heartily sympathise with the Kaiser. No one who saw the Empress on her last visit to England, could have failed to admire her lovely white hair, which was worn *à la Pompadour*, under picturesque black hats, and was extraordinarily *chic* in a royalty—as they so rarely realise the charming effect of white hair, as the Kaiser personally does.

Yours truly,
AN ARTIST.

UNDER FIRE.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—The Bishop of London has written a letter to his diocese in which he says:—
"We must be perfectly ready to take our share of the danger. There must be a kind of glorying in London at being allowed to take our little share of danger in the Zeppelin raids. Cowardly and brutal as they are, and carried out contrary to all international law, they have this advantage. As a gallant old clergyman said after one of the raids:—

"The Zeppelin passed right over our house and was there potted by the aircraft. One of their fuses, weighing 1 lb. 5 oz., fell 6 ft. from my front door just where I had stood, and it was hot when I carried it in. It was a terrific but splendid sight, and it has had for me something exhilarating in it; for, like most old men, I have felt so selfish in being comfortably at home out of danger, and now, at any rate, one is allowed to feel that we may take our share a bit after all."

I quite sympathise with that old gentleman, and wouldn't budge out of the City of London, which is the objective of these raids for any hermit's hole.

Yours truly,
HOSPITAL SISTER.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

October 16th.—Describe the most modern method of treating Hip Disease.

October 23rd.—What is a "saline" (saline fluid); give its uses, and describe the method of giving a rectal saline?

October 30th.—State briefly what you know of the symptoms and treatment of Thrush, Snuffles and Convulsions in the newly-born.

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