

### THE ONE NEW HAT.

Economy in all things is the keynote of life just now to every patriotic woman, but a certain amount of expenditure is essential. Most women, for instance, members of the nursing profession included, will not get through the coming season without purchasing one new hat. The question is, where to do so, so as to combine economy with taste. The problem is solved for those who deal with Mills, Ltd., 296, Regent Street, W. The partners in this firm, Mesdames Ida Mills and Annette Venner, were for many years with Mme. Emelie, of 246, Regent Street. They are now showing their spring and early summer model hats, and we are not surprised to learn that amongst their clientèle are many well-known members of the nursing profession, for their models are charming, their prices most moderate, and they make a point of suiting the style of individual customers. Their establishment is on the Portland Place side of Oxford Circus, next to the Regent Street Post Office. We recommend an early visit.

### WHAT FOODS FEED US.

Now that the appeal of the Food Controller to the nation to ration itself voluntarily has brought home to us the urgent necessity for economy in dealing with the food supply, the problem of re-arranging the dietary of both patients and staff in hospitals, infirmaries, and other institutions is one causing anxious consideration to Matrons and Home Sisters. To keep within the limit, and yet to build up the debilitated bodies of the sick, and to maintain the staff in health, is one which requires not only organization and the prevention of waste—through which much can be achieved—but a knowledge of food values. This we are sorry to admit is not a branch of study which has been pursued to any great extent by the majority of nurses. They will therefore do well to make up for lost time, and we should advise them to procure and study some of the literature supplied by Mr. Eustace Miles, a specialist on this question. His advice is "Do not give up meat and eat the rest. Begin rightly." Having regard to the seriousness of the issues involved, we can scarcely take too much pains to do so. A line to Mr. Eustace Miles at 40, Chandos Street, Charing Cross, W.C., mentioning this JOURNAL, and enclosing 2d. for postage, will bring a free leaflet on "The Most Successful Meat Substitutes" and "The Most Successful Quick and Easy Recipes," which we feel sure will be found helpful.

### HOW TO HELP THE B.J.N.

1. Get new subscribers.
2. Send news and marked newspapers.
3. Secure new advertisers.
4. Read the advertisements.
5. Patronize the advertisers.
6. Tell the advertiser where you saw the advertisement.

### "A STUDENT IN ARMS."

In "A Student in Arms," a book of rare literary merit, whose author, Mr. Donald Hankey, was, alas! killed in action in October last, the author gives his experience of hospital life when invalidated home from the Front.

"One can only speak from personal observation. One place differs from another. But from what the writer has seen and experienced, he judges that the one thing which a wounded soldier cannot expect is to be treated as a man. He is sent to 'Blighty.' He arrives at a hospital. His chief pleasure, oddly enough, lies in the prospect of seeing something of his relations and friends. He is surprised and indignant when he finds that he is only allowed to see visitors of his own choice, two at a time, for two hours, twice a week. On the other five days he has to put up with the licensed visitors of the hospital. They may be very elevating and amiable people; but he feels no considerable interest in them. He is still further dismayed when he discovers that, under no circumstances may he visit his home while he is a patient. He may go to tea with Lady Snooks, or the Duchess of Downshire, but not with his wife and mother. The writer's neighbour in the hospital ward was a case in point. He was a man of about thirty, who, at the outbreak of war, was holding a responsible position in Sydney. He had all the self-respect which is typical of the Colonial of even a few years' standing. He was receiving ten minutes' electrical treatment per diem, with a view to restoring sensation to one of his hands; otherwise, he was able-bodied. His father lived within twenty minutes' walk of the hospital, but not only was he not allowed to live at home and attend as an out-patient, he was not even allowed to visit his home. He was told that the treatment would be continued for six months, and meanwhile he must be a prisoner in the hospital. At the V.A.D. Convalescent Home, to which the writer was subsequently transferred and which was regulated from the hospital, there were several married men whose homes were within reach. They were absolutely forbidden to visit them. When we did leave the grounds, it had to be in the conspicuous garb of a military convalescent, that all men might stare, and under the escort of a nurse. Many a quiet sensible fellow preferred not to go out at all."

Many people regret that they cannot do more for the men at the Front. Here is a note of the pleasure given by a small deed of kindness regularly performed:—

"Every week there used to come to the writer an envelope containing a gift most exquisitely subtle—a soft handkerchief wrapped round a sprig of verbena or of lavender. It was so out of keeping with the circumstances of one's life, so like a breath of fragrance from another world, that its preciousness was exquisite—unspeakable. It brought with it memories of the deep quiet of old

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