

THE ROYAL SANITARY INSTITUTE.

90, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, S.W.1.

The Royal Sanitary Institute is an organisation which, through years of sound organisation and administration, has grown into a really national institution, and its prospectus for the autumn term, 1923, gives very valuable information of an excellent Syllabus of lectures and demonstrations.

The Introductory Lecture will be given by Prof. H. R. Kenwood, C.M.G., M.B., D.P.H., F.R.S.E., Deputy Chairman of the Council, on Monday, September 24th, at 5.30 p.m. Admission free.

The Sanitary Officers' Course of Lectures begins on September 25th; for Meat and Food Inspectors on October 5th; for Health Visitors, School Nurses, Maternity and Child Welfare Workers, on Monday, October 1st.

The latter Courses are of particular interest just now, when so many educated women are being appointed on the staff of Public Health Authorities, and the demand for trained women appears to be increasing.

The training not only includes Lectures, but Practical Demonstrations in the museums and Child Welfare Centres, visits to public works, and other places of sanitary interest, and the use of a reference library, lending library, and reading room.

The lectures are followed by the standard examinations of the Institute, which are recognised in all parts of the British Empire.

All information from the Director and Secretary, Mr. E. White Wallis, F.S.S., at 90, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

LEGACIES TO NURSES.

Dame Emily Morgan, of Dracott Place, Chelsea, left £500 to St. Olave's and Bermondsey District Nursing Association; her piano to that Association for the use of the nurses; £50 each to Miss Shalders and Miss Hasted, nurses there; and an annuity of £60 to Nurse Helen Matilda Crisp.

Miss Louise Maude Ottaway, of The Close, Salisbury, bequeathed £300 each to Fanny Doel and Jane Lawrence (formerly nurses to her father).

Mr. Arthur Edmund Spender, The Limes, Bellevue, Shrewsbury, left £50 to Jessie Frances Roof, "my faithful nurse and the family's best companion."

WHERE TO BUY INEXPENSIVE BOOKS.

We have recently received from Messrs. W. & G. Foyle, of 121-125, Charing Cross Road, W.C., a copy of their new edition of their Catalogue No. 9, of Nursing and Medical Books, &c., new and second-hand. This catalogue contains a list of books which would form the nucleus of quite an excellent little library, and will be sent post free upon request to any Nurse who applies for it. Many of the best nursing works are on sale, and works in every department of medicine. We suggest a call.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A SILVER LINING.*

"A little book of cheer for the Invalid," with the above heading, comes to us commended by Mr. George Frankland, who says it is written by an invalid out of her experience, and in the hope of cheering other invalids.

"Sometimes," he writes, "a book may be wanted to lift an invalid out of unhappy thoughts, and to show that life may still be worth while. I think 'A Silver Lining' may prove to be such a book." With this estimate we agree.

Its author, G. H. A. Ryves, writes, as an introduction, "to those who are handicapped in the race of life, as is the writer, by physical infirmity—whether through accident, cruel war, or any other cause—this little book is sent.

"Although deprived of many pleasures, much remains for us to enjoy. In the human life around us, in the world of nature, in the power of memory by which we can revive past happiness, and in the vast world of thought wherein we always are free to roam, we may find joys of which in our more active days we never dreamed.

"The writer's father, when a little boy, naughty and disobedient, was on one occasion deprived by his mother of his favourite toy. He was quite calm about it, and merely remarked: 'You may take away all my toys, but you can't take away my thoughts.'"

THE CAPTIVE'S HOLIDAY.

In the first chapter the author shows us how, though chained to her chair, she is yet able to enjoy a holiday which is a real refreshment.

"A wild wind is blowing; rollicking in the branches, chasing cloud shadows across the waving corn. Rooks are battling against it in their flight; children are shouting in their play.

"It is the holiday season, and everyone is going away somewhere. Wheel me into the open, where my eyes at least can travel over far distances. But, oh, it is not enough to gaze at the unmoving view! A wandering spirit has taken hold on me, and I must be on the move. Mount me on your winged Pegasus, O memory, and let us away—away from to-day and here—away and away over the years, over the old yesterdays!

"I close my eyes, and, lo, in the flash of a moment we are off! Swiftly, swiftly we pass the years, the months, the weeks and days—we cannot see them in our headlong rush. A strong wind is blowing against us—the wild joyous wind of the sea! It forces us to stop. The waves are leaping up to greet me; white-crested green-bright waves. Now I am with the seagulls in their whirling flight—with boats that rise and fall over the wave crests. I am plunging with the bathers, swimming with the swimmers—I am a child running bare-legged over the sands—I am gathering shells, pink and purple and opal shells, that sparkle in the sun—I

* By G. H. A. Ryves. (W. J. Bryce, 69, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.)

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