

their garments vary with the taste or caste of the wearer.

At night these men sleep on the ground, quite promiscuously, both under the verandahs and outside in the garden, or "compound," as it is called; and the Night Sister, passing from one Ward to another, must walk very warily, or she is sure to step on somebody's head, or to trip suddenly over a pair of brown legs, quite invisible in the darkness. However, they don't seem to mind much. There are a large number of these coolies, for each man will only do one kind of work, on account of his "caste." So whatever one wants done the right man must be hunted up and made to do it, and very tedious it is. This alone would prevent the native Orderlies from being efficient Nurses; and, in addition, the soldiers despise them and are inclined to bully them; and not without some cause, for they are dirty and idle, and will even steal the food off the patients' lockers if they are too ill to look after it.

Any one who has been in India will be familiar with the different types of servants, but some English Nurses may be amused to know how the work is done by them. First of all, it must be realised that there is no water laid on anywhere. There are no cisterns, no taps, and no drains. Every drop of water, whether for drinking or any other purpose, is drawn from deep wells by oxen, or else in hand-buckets by half-naked "bheesties," or water carriers, each of whom fills a goat skin, and slings it on his back with the legs strapped round his neck and the neck of the skin grasped in his left hand, from which he shoots the water with great precision into each of the patients' basins, and fills up great earthenware jars for future use. The sweepers belong to the lowest caste of all, and they are the only ones who will carry out of the Ward anything that has been used; even a draw-sheet or a soiled bandage is simply dropped on the floor, and the sweeper is called in to fetch it away. The brick floors are swept with a native broom, not unlike a bundle of twigs, and the sweeper picks up the dust and carries it away in his two hands. Stains are scrubbed with a dry brick till they disappear in loose brickdust. Much water and damp is apt to cause fever, so it is forbidden by Government regulation to wash the floors with water. Then, besides the sweepers and the bheestie, nearly every separate thing is under the charge of a different coolie—one has sheets, another lamps, a third the washing up, and so on. The mugs and feeders are carried out one by one into the verandah, where the coolie squats on the ground beside them and leisurely rinses them in a little basin, and then carries them back. If he leaves them alone there, they will certainly be pounced

upon by the ever-watchful crows, and woe betide any feeder that has a little drop of milk at the bottom. These nineteenth century crows do not waste their time with dropping pebbles, like their forefather in the fable; they have adopted the much more rapid and efficacious plan of breaking the cup in two, with one blow from their strong bills, and they drink the milk as it runs out.

In every Ward there is also a "Dresser," whose business it is, under the Apothecary's orders, to do small dressings, to apply blisters and fomentations, and to make (pudding like!) poultices and other little things; and as these people are exceedingly skilful with their hands, they learn to do things fairly nicely, but they have no judgment of their own. The Dresser in the Fever Ward finds his office somewhat of a sinecure at present. He is a tall man, with the regulation turban and tunic, and profuse fluttering muslin draperies below; bare legs, of course; and a huge pair of hob-nailed shoes.

Our relations with the patients under our charge have, from the beginning, been very encouraging. The soldiers have treated us with marked friendliness, and with respect, and we have every reason to feel pleasure and satisfaction in working for them.

But what we have done already is simply nothing. We want more Sisters to start the work in fresh centres; we want some system for the training of Orderlies, who might then be useful aids to the Apothecaries in stations where Sisters are not appointed; and above all we want the medical authorities in general to understand what we mean by "good Nursing," as the Physicians and Surgeons of a London Hospital understand it.

These expect it of their own Nursing Staff—and they get it. But here the Surgeons have worked so long with scanty means to their hand, that many have ended by being quite content with what they have, and they look on any attempt at improvement as fanciful. As long as this is the case, improvement here and there will be only spasmodic and partial. Still, we have started, and that the movement just begun should grow and bear fruit is our most earnest desire.

Surely it is not too much to hope, that at some day, in the future, no soldier in India need die, *merely for want of careful nursing?*

MANNER is something with everybody, and everything with some.

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