

above obtained, shall be published in the journal. Each copy of that issue shall contain a slip of paper, so that each purchaser of that number will be able to vote for one of the cases on this list by writing her name thereon, and forwarding it by post to the Editor. The following issue of the journal shall contain the number of votes polled for each case, and that one which receives the largest number of proxies, will be adopted as the next case to be relieved by the Fund; and the readers of this journal will then be advised as to the method which seems most suitable for helping that particular case, and asked to unite in securing its speedy success.

CASE I.

Mrs. Sarah Duyck, aged 47, a widow. Has broken her leg so badly, that she will probably be a cripple for the rest of her life. Dislocated one shoulder some years ago, so that she is even unable to use her crutches for long at a time.

Proposed Method of Assistance.—To obtain an annuity of £20 a year from the British Home for Incurables. To do this at least 1,000 votes must be procured from subscribers to the Institution. Lists of subscribers can be obtained by sending eight stamps to the offices, 73, Cheapside, E.C.

Will every reader of this journal do what she or he can to obtain votes for this sad case—to assist, in however small a measure, to bear another's burden? Such help will be gratefully welcomed by the Editor, *Nursing Record*, St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, London, E.C., and all subscriptions, &c., will be duly acknowledged.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Notes, Queries, &c.)

. We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by Correspondents. Brevity and conciseness will have first consideration. See Notices.

NURSING UNIFORMS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—I take the opportunity of thanking your correspondent, Miss Dannatt, for her article on "Nursing Uniforms," in your issue of November 22nd.

I certainly think that Private Nurses ought to dress with good taste, seeing the patients have nothing to do but to look about them. Nothing could look neater than cuffs; but how they are to be worn, like the writer of the article, I fail to see, and certainly no obstetrical Nurse could wear them. I myself always wear elbow sleeves, edged with good lace; these I find most convenient. I am not ashamed of my bared arms, which are muscular if not white and shapely. I have a total detestation of fancy caps and aprons, or indeed anything fanciful at all while on duty. Oatmeal cloth at ninepence per yard makes excellent washing dresses, which, with care, only require to be changed once a week, though they should be washed oftener if needed.

I cannot speak too highly of the wear of the material. The skirts made full and plain just to clear the ground, with a bodice pointed back and front, high-standing collar and elbow sleeves, makes a costume which has been much admired, when covered with a large white linen apron, with bib and shoulder straps.

I suppose the whole of the British Nurses' Association, of which I am proud to say I am a life member, will raise their hands and eyes in horrified deprecation when I aver that I neither wear caps nor agree to the use of them, except for those who are so unfortunate as not to possess a good head of hair, or to be the victims of neuralgia. Old ladies may look lovely in them, the middle-aged look comely, young ladies look coquettish, but I cordially hate the inventor of caps.

In the first place, they overheat the brain:

Secondly, they are never got up decently when the washing is done at home, as it mostly is in these parts, and thirdly, it is a great loss of time having to arrange them.

Moreover, if God through Nature has given a woman a good head of hair, which St. Paul calls the glory of the woman, why should it be tossed up anyhow and hidden away under a cap, which, in nine cases out of ten, looks hideous? Why should not the poor sick patient be blessed with a sight of the glory? "Move the curtain, Nurse; I always like to watch you dress your hair!" says my good patient, and I smile at her through the mirror, which reflects the long golden fibres struggling with the stern bristles of a rapidly-moving brush.

Of course, I have my own dressing-room, but I think the time spent in bathing is quite long enough to be away from a nervous patient.

As I sat in church the last time I had the good fortune to get there, my gaze kept wandering to a Nurse whose Matron has recently put her staff into outdoor uniform. I observed that Nurse sat with one leg resting upon the other, just as I was sitting—a vulgar attitude perhaps, but restful. I thought how proud she ought to be to be able to display her vocation.

How comfortable she must feel in that loose black cloak! How the white round collar gleamed like satin! How clean the tiny coil of plaited hair looked under the black straw bonnet! I was just wondering whether the velvet trimming did not sometimes get spoiled, and whether I should be able to get all my hair under such a bonnet, when Nurse moved ever so slightly, and I found that the face was short; that the nose, as much of it as I could see, did not seem at right angle with the forehead; that there was a clean white silk bow under the chin, which looked as though it were made ready, and only needed a single pin when the bonnet was adjusted. I guessed there was a white front under that bonnet, and that the forehead was low and narrow. No, certainly not narrow, to judge from the heavy upper maxillary bones.

When presently Nurse turned yet a little more my way, and oh, how I wish she had not; for listen, O Nursing Sisters, plain was the face, and low was the forehead, and the face was made plainer, and the dimensions of the forehead decreased, by reason of a hideous fringe.

If any Nursing reader is wearing a fringe, I hope for the sake of common decency and her Sisters in the profession, she will put it away forthwith. How

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