

well known as a journalist, and a writer of many books. What the "self-elected expert" means, if indeed he means anything at all, it is difficult to understand. The idea of Mr. Editor having once been "SHE who must be obeyed," is at any rate simply paralysing to the members of his staff. To the rest of his circle of literary and social friends it is excruciatingly funny. But everyone is wondering whether the "self-elected expert" has a bee in his bonnet, or if not, what on earth he means. We have not quite recovered yet from his announcement that Private Nurses have always to be in bed with "their patient and their patient's nearest relative," and now this new flash of rhetoric has fallen on us. Has no one any control over the self-elected one?

MORE Guardians' blunders! Will they ever cease? Hope Hospital, Salford, has been established just seven years, and has had five Matrons during that period. It is likely to have another soon, judging from the particulars which reach me. Someone—senseless and mischievous—placed some rats into the Matron's bed. Our facetious contemporary treats the matter lightly, and with all its rich sense of delicate humour—see its last issue but one thereon. It was thought that some of the Nurses had been guilty of this idiotic piece of work; and the Guardians, therefore, called for the resignation of the whole Staff, on the clean-sweep-to-find-the-right-one principle. When an enquiry was made, it was discovered that the guilty party—who ought to have been "tanked" for the trouble caused—was not a Nurse after all, but a patient. If I were a Salford ratepayer, I should agitate at once for the immediate dismissal of the whole of the Guardians for incompetence, particularly when—according to the Chairman's own admission—the history of the place "has been a tissue of scandals and inquiries."

THE Atcham (Shrewsbury) Board of Guardians have been deliberating upon the question of appointing Nurses for the Union's Hospital, and have decided to employ—that is, of course, providing they can get them—a thoroughly efficient trained Head Nurse at £30, rising £1 per year up to £40, which is an increase at the munificent rate of 4½d. per week per annum, and two Assistant Nurses at £15, with the same increments, and, of course, uniforms, rations, and washing. These are just about the wages I pay my cook and kitchen-maid. Indeed, when I recently offered £15 to the latter when applying for the vacancy, she responded, with a rather contemptuous toss of her head, "Lor, bless you, mem; but hi never goes hout hany where hunder heighteen

pounds!" and I took her, bad grammar and familiarity and everything included, and she's turned out pretty well as it happens.

To continue the subject, *re* Boards of Guardians, I may have something to say pretty lengthily, and tolerably emphatic, concerning the doings of those gentlemen in charge of affairs at the Dover Union. I quite think that the Local Government Board ought to move and act in the scandalous procedures which it has of late been my painful duty to chronicle.

It is a remarkable sign of the times, and the great importance of the subject, when one hears of Young Women's Guilds and Associations taking up Nursing. I see that Miss Cleghorn, of Manchester, has recently given the first of a series of lectures to the Ashton Young Women's Guild. Miss Bertha Mason, of Ashton, presided, and the lecture was of a thoroughly practical character, and evidently very greatly appreciated.

THAT very useful Institution, the National Health Society, has done a very wise thing in securing the services of Miss Annesley Kenealy by appointing that energetic lady as one of its lecturers. Miss Kenealy gives the first course of lectures next week at Chiselhurst, whilst others will be delivered the following week at Edenbridge, Kent; and her efforts should prove of considerable advantage to both the Society and the audiences she will address. We heartily wish Miss Kenealy success in her new branch of work.

OUR facetious contemporary, which I order now from my newsagents instead of *Punch*, in the "Everybody's Page" of its last issue, proceeds gravely to remark that "'Oil on the troubled waters' is not a mere phrase, but the statement of a practical fact, and some sailors are *taking* cans of oil, to be used to prevent the buffeting of the waves in storms." Poor sailors!

THOSE of our readers who are acquainted with the picturesque little town of Marlow, on the Thames, will be greatly interested to hear that a small Cottage Hospital has recently been opened there. The house selected for the purpose is a detached one, situated in the north part of the town, and contains six beds. The parish Nurse, who is a Trained Nurse from the Royal Berkshire Hospital, is in charge. The Hospital will take cases from the surrounding parishes, and it is likely to prove a great benefit to them. As it is supported by voluntary contributions only, it is earnestly hoped that the funds will enable the committee to continue the work. The Hospital

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