

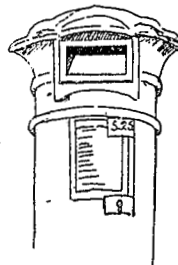
Superintendent assured me could be ready in five minutes, looked just like a very pretty bedroom. The walls (as in the bedrooms) are of an artistic tint in distemper, with a few bright pictures on them; the windows most gracefully draped with Indian muslin, with a quaint deep valance such as our grandmothers liked. The operation table itself was covered over with a counterpane in chintz and white, and had quite the appearance of a bed; a kidney-shaped instrument table, covered with a pretty printed calico cover in blue and white, on which stood a large yellow bowl with a palm in, was quite disguised; an oak corner cupboard contained all the dressings, &c., likely to be needed in any operation, and another medicine cupboard contained measures, feeders, &c. The floor was of course polished, but there was a good sized square of carpet on the centre, leaving a margin all round. An invalid couch, an operation stool, a carrying chair which looked like an ordinary comfortable arm chair (thanks to the large cushion in it), together with one or two more ordinary bedroom chairs, completed the furniture of the "operation" room—with the exception of a small polished wood case, which looks like a battery, but is in reality an electric bell. The small round "push" can be placed under the patient's pillow, the coil of covered wire left loose, and the box (which has a neat brass handle to carry it by) can be taken by the Nurse, when leaving the patient for any length of time. The dining and drawing rooms are very bright and exceptionally large, and are most comfortably furnished. The house is fitted up with unusually nice bath-rooms, &c., as they have just now been put in for the purpose; and the drains have been thoroughly overhauled—there is a certificate from the Inspector to that effect, and stating that they fulfil all modern sanitary requirements.

During the past year considerably over a hundred cases have been nursed, and it is very satisfactory to the Superintendent to be able to say that not one bad or indifferent report has been received from those employing the Nurses.

The Superintendent (Miss Edith Williamson, sister to Sister Dora, the All Saints' Nursing Sister at Scarborough, late of the Leeds General Infirmary, and of the Manchester Royal Infirmary) has always been most particular only to engage Nurses who are thoroughly trained, most of them having been trained by her sister or Sister Claire (late Sister of the Leeds Infirmary and the Manchester Royal), and on the *three* years system. All, with one or two exceptions only, are certificated. Miss Edith Williamson has, of course, had the valuable help of her sister's advice and experience, who has been in the work without intermission for the last fourteen years.

Many old friends joined them last summer for a holiday, so Miss Williamson conceived the idea that she would lay herself out to make the "Home" a house of rest for Nurses, at the lowest possible charge. Picnics are arranged and also pleasant little musical evenings, and we think none need fear having a good time at the "Scarboro' Home Hospital," or fail to derive benefit from their visit to Scarborough, with its bracing appetising air, and the lovely walks and drives, &c., round it.

CONVERSATIONAL BORES.—It might seem that the only two ends of conversation were to hear and to be heard; and, if neither of these was accomplished, it would be at an end. Yet there are people who sacrifice them both. They certainly do not hear in any true sense of the word; they are far too much absorbed in their own voices to listen with attention to those of others. Neither, after a short time, are they heard. They become so wearisome that the listeners, one after another, retire as speedily as politeness will allow, and are careful to avoid being caught in the same net in future. Thus they must meet with repeated disappointments.



### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(Notes, Queries, &c.)

*Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.*

*Communications, &c., not noticed in our present number will receive attention when space permits.*

#### A WRINKLE FOR PRIVATE NURSES.

*To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."*

Sir,—For a great many years I have found sand to be a most valuable auxiliary to me in my work in many ways, especially amongst the sick. I have, therefore, pleasure in handing you the following extract, culled from *The Christian Age*.—Yours faithfully,  
SISTER JOSEPHINE.

"USE OF A SAND-BAG.—The sand-bag is invaluable in the sick room. Get some clean fine sand and dry it thoroughly in a pan on the fire. Make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in an oven or even on top of a stove. After once using this, you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or brick. The sand holds the heat for a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them on hand ready for use at any time when needed.—*Scientific American.*"

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