

desires Private Nurses to be supplied to those who can pay for their services, well and good. That is a commercial business easily undertaken and easily carried out, although we do not imagine its advocates would find it the "source of considerable profit" they appear to anticipate. Nurses nowadays are developing a rooted objection to being "sweated," whether as a source of profit to their employers or as a means of enabling some amiable—and ingenious—philanthropist to carry out some scheme of vicarious charity for his own credit, but at their expense.

But what the Committee have to do at once, and what the Bishop of Carlisle should do, as their Chairman, is quite plain. They must appeal to the public for funds, not to inaugurate a new and costly undertaking, but to carry out efficiently the care of the sick poor which the public has entrusted to them. The fads about outside work must be sunk until the Committee can show that the conditions inside the Infirmary are beyond reproach. Let them, in fact, thoroughly perform the duty they have undertaken, before burdening themselves with new responsibilities. We feel confident that it would be little satisfaction to them to feel that they had commenced a new work at the cost of neglecting the primary object which they were appointed by their fellow-townsmen to fulfil. If they will take this ground, appeal to the public for funds to make their great and most useful Institution more efficient, and throw the responsibility for future inefficiency upon those who refuse to provide the funds for which they ask, we have no doubt as to the result of their appeal.

THE ELAND, AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET.

EVERY Matron, every housekeeper, who has to face daily the vexed question, "What shall we have for dinner to-day?" will applaud the sensible letter, signed "Medical Man," which appeared lately in the *Daily Telegraph*. How often have housewives sighed for a new animal from which to order the daily joint? and, behold, here is the very thing! superior, apparently, to the ox, sheep, and pig, that have so long been our staple meat supply. It is the eland of South Africa, "whose flesh is delicious, very much resembling the best American beef, with an infusion of elk added to it." Meat that will thus be excellent, and still have a different flavour from that of the three trusty creatures with whose taste we are only too well acquainted, will, indeed, be a boon. Well may the writer say that the Englishman who shall introduce the eland into England will make his name immortal, or rather, that he will deserve to do so. For fame is fleeting, and the names of those who introduced the ox, the pig, and the sheep into Britain have long been forgotten by an ungrateful posterity. There is just one thing

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that will mitigate against the universal usefulness of this new meat in England, and that is the well-known fact, that no people are more pig-headed and conservative regarding their food than the English lower classes. The most well-meant efforts to introduce amongst them cheap food-stuffs, that are eaten with relish in other countries, have been frustrated by the stolid opposition of the British working-man and his wife. Therefore, unless the flesh of the eland could be introduced surreptitiously—say, concealed in sausages, in which form an English labourer will take any meat with the blindest faith—its use at first would have to be confined to the more cultivated classes.

WOMEN AND PAIN.

ONE virtue, at least, the most severe of woman's critics has, until now, generally allowed her, and that is patience—of being able to bear suffering and pain with fortitude. But the *savants* at Milan, strong in facts culled from the dentists, have declared that women are less sensitive to pain than men, and that the moral courage to bear suffering well which we have been taught is the heritage of woman, gained by hundreds of generations of suffering, should be considered as "insensibility to pain." A woman's whole life is made up of a series of petty woes and ills, to which the more robust male constitution is a stranger, and she learns through long years "to suffer and be still," at least, so we have always been taught; but now we are told that she simply does not feel. If so, many of the arguments against the sphere of woman's work being extended must fall to the ground, as they are generally based on the hypotheses that women are less able to stand the nervous wear and tear of hard work than men. If, however, a woman's nerves are tougher than those of her more sensitive male companion, it would certainly be only right that she should relieve him of some of the strain he has to bear. It speaks well for our English Press that most journals have, however, ridiculed this most ridiculous statement. *Savants* are notorious for being woman-haters and understanding little about them, and therefore their theoretical remarks can hardly be taken into account as possessing much practical value.

EARLY VACCINATION.

THE verdict on an infant that died the other day, and that had been vaccinated in the Kensington Infirmary, runs as follows: "That the deceased died from acute congestion of the lungs; but, in our opinion, children born in workhouses are vaccinated at too early an age." Will public opinion ratify that verdict or not? Little mites of three or four days old are frequently vaccinated in Workhouse Lying-in Wards, yet in private practice it is most rare for a medical man to vaccinate a child until it is at least two months old. Why should little paupers be so early protected from small-pox? Surely the introduction of the powerful virus into the system of a new-born babe must tend to upset its frail constitution. Or can it be that the children of the rich and poor are differently—conveniently differently—constituted?

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