

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND
AVONDALE.

"OUR beloved son has passed away." So—ever mindful of others' anxiety, even in the first crushing moments of his own great loss—telegraphed the Prince of Wales, last Thursday morning. And the words, winging their way through the world, have raised a responsive echo in numberless hearts, for it is a son of England, beloved by all amongst whom he had lived and worked, and by the nations of Greater Britain, amongst whom he had travelled, who has passed away from us for ever. The sorrow is the greater because he had never known—and his people had not fully realised, until it was too late—how deep and sincere was the affection borne him by his fellow-countrymen. His career as sailor, student, and soldier had been watched with growing admiration and respect for duties dutifully done, which deepened when he came more prominently forward, and proved himself possessed of his father's courtesy, kindness, and tact, and of the high ideal of life for which his grandfather was revered. And then the piteous pathos of the end! When whole nations were uniting to express their joy at the marriage of their future King, and when wedding chimes were almost ringing, the dread decree of Heaven went forth, the future hope of England passed away, pleasure was eclipsed in sadness, and the sun in its course round the world, yesterday, followed a funeral bell. Words are empty things, and valueless to comfort or console in such affliction. But if the fact that millions feel the deepest, keenest, most respectful sympathy with the Royal Family, and that tens of thousands of true hearts literally *ache* for the Princess Victoria of Teck, and for the Princess and Prince of Wales—if such world-wide sorrow can alleviate their suffering, that measure of condolence has been freely given.

H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

We learn, with unaffected pleasure, which the whole Nursing profession throughout the British Empire will share, that Her Royal Highness, Princess Christian, has been asked, and has consented, to accept the first "Princess Helena Medal of Merit for Nurses." While this gracious act upon her part will naturally enhance the value of the medal to all its future recipients, it will be hailed by Nurses as a fitting declaration of the universally-acknowledged fact that Her Royal Highness has rendered services to the cause of Nursing, of which the value is incalculable.

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NURSING OFFICERS OF HEALTH.

THAT "the health of the people is the highest law" is a saying of great antiquity, but one which has been left for modern times to practically illustrate. We are reminded—by the fact that, this month, a new Health Act came into force for the Metropolis—of the many improvements in sanitation which have, in late years, been effected. Every district in the country now has its Medical Officers, and the value of their work to the health of the community is beyond dispute or adequate praise. Why, we would now ask, should there not be Nursing Officers of Health appointed in similar manner under the Local Government Board, to carry out officially the superintendence of Parish and District Nursing in every part of the country? Their work would be an immense assistance and an invaluable supplement to the duties now performed by the Medical Officers, and the work of District Nursing, in our judgment, has now grown to such dimensions, and is so national in its importance, that its maintenance should no longer be left entirely to the chance contributions of the benevolent and to hap-hazard supervision.

WHAT IS A SCANDAL?

WE ask this question from the public, and from our medical contemporaries, except *The British Medical Journal*. A Nurse the day after she has been operated upon, and with an open wound in her nose, is sent on duty in the Erysipelas Wards. She is taken ill at once, and dies in a few days. The House Physician arranges for a *post-mortem*. The Matron forbids it to be made, and the authorities support her. There is no *post-mortem*, and no inquest, and the affair is hurriedly "hushed up." That was the case of Nurse Pairman, at the London Hospital. We ask—Is that a scandal, or not? A Nurse suffering from a diphtheritic poisoned finger is sent out to attend on a private patient, although she is practically unable to do her duty, and has to be treated herself, until, in a week, she returns to the Hospital—to die. That was the case of Nurse Sabel, at the London Hospital. Is that a scandal or is it not? A Nurse who looks ill is considered to need change of air, and is, therefore, sent off to strangers who are kind enough to take her in. On her arrival she is found to be suffering from scarlet fever, and to be dangerously ill. That was the case of Nurse Lawson, at the London Hospital. Is such carelessness of the public health and of Nurses' lives a scandal or is it not? Eight Nurses died in two years in the London Hospital. The average at other great Institutions is one death in eight years. Is that a scandal, or is it not? The London Hospital palms off its pupils upon a trustful public, who apply to it for "thoroughly Trained Nurses," deceiving the sick, depriving its learners of the systematic instruction promised them, depriving the sick poor of their attendants, overworking those who are left in its Wards, and making a *net* profit in 1890 of nearly £1,400 out of these proceedings. Is this a scandal, or is it not? When we have obtained answers to these, we will ask some further questions concerning the London Hospital Scandals.

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