

But to return to my town, twenty miles from London. In mentioning matters of the most stirring nature to the "womenfolk" of this place, I find, in the great majority of cases that quite educated women look somewhat blank, and then they offer as an excuse, "Well, you see, my husband takes the paper to town with him, and in the evening I do not see it, so I cannot keep up with what is going on in the world." And it never occurs to these dreary souls that the women who know nothing of the progress of the world are not fit to be the mothers of the race. One of the consequences of this apathy and ignorance on the part of women, is that their young sons—and even their young daughters sometimes—soon acquire a pitying tolerance for their mothers, and say when they receive any maternal advice, "What does mother know of these things?" And she does not. No woman who does not read the newspapers can be a companion to her husband or a sensible adviser of her children.

Truly yours,
A NEWSPAPER READER.

THE HOSPITALS IN NEW YORK.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—One of your correspondents has forestalled me in describing the New York Hospital. I, too, have just had my vacation, and visited New York for the first time. I paid a flying visit to the New York Hospital, and was so charmed by all I saw that I determined to write you an account of it, when lo! another Nurse has "been and gone and done it" ever so much better than I could. Of course I owe her a grudge, unless she will let me add that I remember some things she did not describe. I only visited one adult ward, and there (as I suppose, in others too) the ward was not dependent altogether on its windows for ventilation. Under each bed is a shining brass-capped ventilator, through which fresh air is sent by fans which are continually in motion, and are, I think, under the floor. Over the wash-hand basins in the bath room the water-taps close automatically, so that there is no possibility, as sometimes happens, of a patient leaving water running, and I believe the basins will empty themselves, but of that I am not sure.

But the best of all was the lofty and bright room where convalescent patients could sit and lounge, both men and women. This large room is divided down the centre by a mass of great healthy looking plants, trees almost, very high and green. One side is for females, the other for males. The rooms are entered by different doors, and it was into the men's room that I was taken. At the far end were some small aquariums, where some hideous crocodiles, creatures and sleepy looking turtles lived; there were also some little animals, guinea-pigs, I think, and some gentle doves cooing softly to each other. The whole place was quiet and restful and so fresh it seemed like being out of doors. In the babies' ward there were several coloured babies, all had rickets, and I did wonder how the Nurses could tell when the babies looked sick!

From the New York Hospital I went to the Bellevue, and was struck by the number of sick men it appeared to contain, and the large number of male Nurses. I will maintain that the female Nurses looked

best in their neat dresses, caps and aprons. I did not like the male Nurses, some were in their shirt sleeves, and the shape of their aprons was "butchery;" they ought to have more "Nurse" looking aprons which are not hung round their necks. The medicine cupboards are a marvel of elegance and neatness, and seem to make medicine a most desirable thing.

I also visited the City Hospital on Blackwell's Island, and had the great pleasure and honour of being introduced to Miss Louise Darche, the Superintendent. She kindly sent a Nurse to show me over the Hospital and Nurses' Home. The Hospital is a city charity, and is beautifully kept and appointed, and the Nurses have a lovely Home with a smooth lawn reaching to the water's edge.

There is a library in the Home to which the Nurses pay a subscription of a few cents to belong; this money helps to pay for new books, small as the amount is. The idea was Miss Darche's and the Nurses appreciate it hugely.

I cannot help relating a little incident which I witnessed in one Hospital in New York.

I was speaking to a Superintendent in her room, when a male Nurse entered, wearing a white linen jacket with an outside breast pocket, rather shallow; his face wore an aggrieved expression. "What is it, S—?" asked the Superintendent. "I've broken a thermometer." How careless of you! How did it happen?" "Oh"—and the male Nurse looked mulish—"I put it into my pocket, and when I stooped down it fell out." Superintendent expressed her opinion about the advisability of putting things in such a dangerous place, and exchanged the broken article for a new one which she abstracted from a full box on the table.

I have no doubt many Nurses will sympathise with S—, thermometers will break and they *always* break themselves.

I wish I could tell you of my holidays, how I lost—I mean how my trunk lost me, and left me safely, sweetly waiting in a three-dollar room at the Murray Hill Hotel until after midnight, while the check which would have brought it to me instantly, calmly reposed in my pocket book; and how, when the trunk finally arrived, a carpenter had to be found to open it, because the lock had got a jam somewhere; but no, I will not terrify Nurses who wish to travel, only never again will I forget to show my check to the hotel porters *immediately* on my arrival. I have been in Boston a long while, am here now, and if any of my sister Nurses want to know where to sleep and eat when they come, I will show them with much pleasure, but I cannot manage baggage.

Faithfully yours,
E. A. B., M.R.B.N.A.

Boston, U.S.A.

[We are interested to find that in America, as at home, the first place visited by Nurses on vacation is the Hospital. When a Sister at a London Hospital, all our half-days were thus spent, until I had been over every Institution of importance in the metropolis.—ED.]

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