

The explanation that she did not take up nursing for a living is a very meagre excuse for her action. The motive leading a Nurse to enter a Hospital makes no difference in the discipline which she must maintain. Perhaps it is as well that Miss Vokes does not need to "make a living" by nursing, since her views as to her obligations appear to be extremely hazy. Much reform in nursing matters has been recently introduced at this Asylum, and the immediate effect of such reforms is to produce a certain amount of dissatisfaction amongst those who prefer the old *régime*.

A NEW element of a very objectionable type has crept into the Hospital Sunday Fund system of collecting subscriptions in the street. An object lesson of what is done in hospitals was accomplished two Sundays ago in the London streets, by the appearance in a Hospital Sunday procession of a man lying on "a sick bed" attended by two nurses, one of whom is said to be trained and fully qualified, the other was simply "dressed up" to represent a nurse. If this kind of Guy Fawkes element is to be introduced into the system of collections for hospitals, there will have to be some vigorous action on the part of the Directors of the Sunday Fund.

AN American physician has written indignantly to the *Lancet* complaining that he was refused admission to the practice of the out-patient department of the New Hospital for Women on the score of his masculinity. The *Lancet* retorts triumphantly that the men are amply revenged, because the Pathological Society of London has refused to admit women as members. It is surely somewhat derogatory for a leading medical paper to descend to this. And, apart from the want of courtesy, the two cases have nothing to do with one another. The New Hospital for Women was established with a view to providing an Institution where women could count on treatment by their own sex. To admit men to the out-practice would be to destroy the *raison d'être* of the Hospital. If this American gentleman, Dr. Reckitt, is so anxious to come into relation with the medical women of London, he might apply at the Royal Free Hospital, where he would no doubt be hospitably received.

AMONGST the exhibits at the Nursing Exhibition, will be found a representation of Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prig "at home;" at Mrs. Gamp's home, that is to say, which all readers of "Martin Chuzzlewit" know, in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn. Here it was that she entertained her friend Mrs. Prig (a St. Bartholomew's trained Nurse, by the way) to the spirits

"which, from motives of delicacy, she kept in a teapot," and she will be found depicted as "propoging a toast" to her "frequent pardner, Betsey Prig," which, "altering the name to Sairah Gamp," this worthy drinks, "with love and tenderness." The room is shown by Nurse Ford, of St. John's House, and the scenery has been kindly painted, expressly for the Exhibition, by Mr. Rouse, R.A. In the background is seen Mrs. Gamp's bed, of which we are told "some rusty gowns and other articles of that lady's wardrobe depended from the posts, and these had so adapted themselves by long usage to her figure, that more than one—coming in precipitately at about the time of twilight—had been for an instant stricken dumb by the supposed discovery that Mrs. Gamp had hanged herself." We may add that Mrs. Prig had left St. Bartholomew's before we were appointed as Matron there, and we have not, therefore, the privilege of a personal acquaintance with her.

WE can vouch for the accuracy of the following stories, as they all relate to persons received into the wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital:—

(1) A tracheotomy patient, when consulted as to some Christmas arrangement, wrote upon his slate—"I have no voice in the matter."

(2) The wife of a patient was informed that her husband was very seriously ill. Shortly afterwards the ward Sister received the following letter:—

Dear Sister,—Will you kindly send me a certificate of my husband's death, as he is in a burial club, and I can't get the money without. I hope he is better, but I know he can't last long.

(3) A child was received into the Hospital for an operation for cleft palate. There had been a hare-lip which had been operated on previously, and there was an unsightly scar. The visiting surgeon discussed this at his visit, and the advisability of dividing the lip, paring the edges, and getting fresh union and a better result. The little patient evidently absorbed the clinical lecture and retailed it to her family next visiting day, for shortly afterwards the following letter was put into the hands of the visiting surgeon:—

Mr. —. Dear Sir,—Mother begs that on your honour as a gentleman you won't interfere with the outside of her child. It is only the roof she wants mended.

A clerk in Martha Ward read from his notes of a patient:—"The pain extends from the right sacro-iliac region to the crest of the left ilium, she says." Whereupon Dr. Matthews Duncan interposed, with a twinkle in his eyes, "Na, she never said that!"

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