

It will interest the members of the Royal British Nurses' Association to learn that Cupid has been playing pranks with their secretarial arrangements. It is reported that the "daughter of the late Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford"—for it is by this somewhat grandiloquent title that our new secretary, Miss Ada Pritchard, was always introduced to us in official reports—has been suddenly married. As Miss Ada Pritchard was only appointed secretary to the Royal British Nurses' Association in January last, we cannot approve of this responsible position being filled by ladies as a means of temporary occupation. It is altogether unjust to the interests of the Association.

The occasion, however, has now arisen for a more suitable appointment in the future selection of a secretary, for it is well known that neither Miss Pritchard or her predecessor had had any previous experience in the official duties of a secretary before they were appointed to that office in the Royal British Nurses' Association. There are numbers of earnest women well qualified by experience in secretarial work who would be able to fill this post conscientiously, and to whom the salary of £100 a year would be acceptable.

We hope our matron readers will note some of the points in relation to the education of nurses in Miss Lucy Walker's valuable paper, which we print this week—her conviction that very little further progress can be made in the reduction of working hours for nurses until they are admitted to Nursing Schools as *pupils* and not as paid servants—is true. Her plea "for well-paid teachers in every department, and systematic, progressive courses of lectures each year, by appointed salaried professors," is most hopeful, and is already in progress at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore, where the three years' course of training, in conjunction with an eight hours' day, are also being tried. The prevention of nursing progress at home by the reactionary policy of the hon. officers of the Royal British Nurses' Association becomes less serious, when we become acquainted with the progress being initiated by nurses themselves abroad, because if British nurses have not the pluck to initiate reform for themselves they will sooner or later be coerced into moving on by the force of example in the United States.

No intelligent person, who has attended the course of instruction given to probationers in the majority of our training schools, can fail to recognise the inefficiency and futility of the "twaddle" taught. Before us we have the notes taken by a probationer at the medical course of lectures which she attended at one of

our largest London hospitals (and for which the teacher receives a fee of some three guineas a lecture). They are headed "Food for Babes," and open with the sapient remark: "Patients often have restless nights—a cup of tea is very grateful early in the morning." "It is not necessary for a nurse to know the action of drugs; all she has to do is to obey medical directions. If she obeys exactly, the medicine will be given at the hour, and in the exact quantity, prescribed. Here her duty begins and ends. The clerk to the case will note the result of the drug in his notes for the senior physician." "Blind obedience is a nurse's greatest virtue—human intelligence is limited [so we should imagine], and the physical strain of a nurse's work is so severe [quite so—thirteen hours on duty—three of which spent daily in standing at attention, whilst the physician gives *sotto voce* lectures to clinical clerks not being the least trying of strains] that if she uses her brain in worrying over matters which do not concern her, a break-down in health is often the result." "Fine ladies and students are not required as nurses. Learn how to cook, and keep the platter clean, how to keep your patients comfortable and satisfied, and you may be sure that your superior officer [the medical man] will appreciate your efforts." "Man [very large M] has been ordained the head of the woman [very minute W]. The laws of Nature are immutable; be satisfied with the privilege of service—it is woman's highest sphere!!"

Many such "gems" of rhetoric are to be found in this little note book, interpolated with numerous thumb-nail sketches, which are worthy of *Punch*; and we can imagine the wicked joy with which they were dashed in, by the accomplished artist. The turmoil in the human stomach, for instance, as exhibited by X Rays, after a dose of an effervescent draught—*only instead of mixing the powders together in a tumbler, the tartaric acid and the bicarbonate of potash were given separately*—"by the nurse who was ignorant of the action of drugs"—is delightful, and only one of many humorous skits on the folly of Man (even with a big M) attempting to limit by foolish axioms the possibilities of Divine inspiration. We intend to reproduce a few of these spirited little sketches.

FROM the one hundred and third annual report of the Sunderland Infirmary, presented to the annual meeting of Governors on the 5th inst., we learn that "the question of increased accommodation for the nursing staff, referred to in last year's report, has had the careful consideration of your committee, and plans have been adopted for the erection of a suitable building at the south-east corner of the grounds. The extension of the larder in the administra-

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