

few shillings in his purse, and borrowed all the money the nurse had in her possession, amounting to about two pounds. He then went to a chemist's, where, apparently, he disappeared, when the nurse found that the pseudo doctor was unknown to the chemist, and that the case was a fictitious one. Finally, she was compelled to borrow half-a-crown from the driver of the carriage, with which to return to New Cavendish Street, and to communicate with the police, to endeavour to regain her lost property.

The following day the same deception was successfully played upon the Wigmore Institute, in Weymouth Street. The impostor had an interview with the lady superintendent, and engaged a nurse to go to Tooting, whose portmanteau he professed to forward from Portland Road Station. The nurse then drove off in the brougham with the man, first to a chemist's in Sloane Street, and after he had borrowed ten shillings from her, to Adelphi Chambers, Strand, and finally she was induced to wait at an "A.B.C." shop in Oxford Street, while her guide professed to visit the Apothecaries' Hall in Berners Street, to fetch some surgical instruments. After waiting for two hours the nurse took counsel with the cabman, only to discover that he knew nothing of his client, but had lent him seven shillings. Finally it was discovered that the case at Tooting was a hoax, and that they were the victims of a deliberate plot.

We have much pleasure in drawing attention to these cases, of which the morals are, we think:—(1) That it is unwise for nurses to start off to cases in company with strange men; it is much better that they should follow alone; and (2) that it is unadvisable to lend money, on any pretext whatsoever, to a stranger. We hope that this ruffian may be brought to justice, and receive his deserts, for robbing working women of both money and property. Apparently, nurses should be specially on their guard just now, for we heard of another nurse who was recently relieved of a purse, containing £7, at Baker Street Station.

ARE PERQUISITES PROFESSIONAL?

WE notice in a contemporary an article upon nurses and their earnings, and the writer—a medical man—gives some interesting details as to the "perquisites" which,

within his own knowledge, have been received by nurses. We must say our own experience does not coincide with that of this gentleman, in his statement with regard to the presents received by private nurses, when he says: "Fees to the value of £2 to £5—presented in addition to the ordinary payment of £2 or so, weekly—are given, almost as a matter of routine, in many well-to-do districts, when the nurse leaves her case." That rich and grateful patients are occasionally lavish in the remuneration they bestow on their nurses we are aware, but that this is a "matter of routine," we take the liberty of doubting. In many houses, even in well-to-do districts, the drain on the family exchequer, caused by the illness and convalescence of a patient, the long doctor's bill, the nurse's fees, as well as the expense of an extra person in the house for some weeks, tells very heavily, and extra money can be ill afforded, as a mark of gratitude to the nurse. We feel sure that few nurses, under these circumstances, would desire that their patients should feel constrained, as "a matter of routine" to add a further gift to the fees which they have earned, and that many, fearing that such a tradition should be established, prefer to make it known that they do not receive any monetary gifts. We must confess, that this is a point of view with which we have much sympathy, and, in our opinion, nurses who do so, act in a more strictly professional manner than those who accept an addition to their fees. At the same time, we are not prepared to say that this should never be done, as at present this would be a "counsel of perfection," which we should not expect to see carried into universal practice, even if it were laid down as a hard-and-fast rule.

"TUCK."

WHY is it that nurses are so fond of rich and indigestible fare? We wonder if Buszard's counter one day last week, at about a quarter to four, is a fair sample of what takes place there each day at the same time. Enter nurse number one, who proceeded to attack a piece of the compound of plum-pudding and pastry known as Scotch bun. Enter nurses two and three; these selected two large slices of the richest cake they could find in the pile before them. "Is this wedding cake?" they inquired, and, being answered in the affirmative, they plodded steadily

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)