

horrible still. Besides, I say to myself: 'Patient, thou hast much to be thankful for. Here, in thy extremity and thy impecuniosity, thou art well housed, delicately fed, considerably treated, tenderly nursed; thou hast, moreover, the advantage of the best advice and most masterly science available even for the millionaire—and all this without money and without price. Content thee; and for such few more years as thou mayest have allotted to thee, be not unmindful that, humanly speaking, thou art indebted to the generous efforts of those who minister unto thee, and the benevolence of such of your fellow men who, out of their superfluity, some out of their mere sufficiency, support the institution which is the asylum of the afflicted needy.'

"I have not been able to avoid some comparison between my case and that of a criminal left for execution, presenting, as they do, so many points in common. Involuntarily I am reminded also of the care taken of the appointed victims of the priests of Montezuma preparatory to their being led to the sacrificial altars.

"Rising here at the usual hour of 5.15 a.m., everything proceeds as usual on this eventful day. The simple breakfast despatched, the last cigarette for many days smoked, the letters written in case I may have drawn the fatal number in the one in ten chances of the lottery, my toilet commenced by the barber removing beard and moustache, so that the free action of the knife may not be impeded, continued by a warm bath, and completed by the costume which is *de rigueur* for the occasion.

"All this is well in advance. It only remains to place me on the tumbril to carry the illusion out, when I shall be wheeled to the theatre, laid out on the table, put under anæsthetic influence, and then—

"But however curious I may be as to the 'then,' it is certain that only in the one case shall I know what has happened!"

THE perennial subject of nurses' uniforms has been forced prominently upon our attention upon several occasions recently, the latest being a walk from which we have just returned, when we saw, in the neighbourhood of Regent Circus, a person in uniform, the said uniform consisting of a black alpaca dress; a short blue cloth cape, all awry, and a bonnet with a long and bedraggled veil. Anything more unprofessional or more unlike the neat and sensible uniforms which, in former years, nurses were proud to don, it would be difficult to imagine. Again, at the recent meeting held at St. Martin's Town Hall, convened by the Members' Rights Defence Committee of the Royal British Nurses' Association, the number of nurses who were present out of uniform was a matter of general comment. Many nurses, it is well known, have now discarded outdoor uniform, unless on duty with a patient, or while working for an institution where the wearing of outdoor uniform is compulsory, the reasons given being that, as so-called uniforms are being widely adopted by nursemaids because their mistresses think them smarter in this garb, by the maidservants on their evenings off because it is "fashionable," and by

less respectable women for purposes of their own, the idea that a nurse's uniform is any protection to the wearer in the streets of London is nearly obsolete, and nurses for the most part prefer to wear private clothes when off duty. Only recently a person in uniform was seen standing late at night in the doorway of a public-house in the Euston Road, talking and laughing with the men who hung about. Is it any wonder, then, that nurses are discarding a dress which is certainly no longer a distinguishing mark of the profession?

THE members of the Indian Army Nursing Service, as Government servants, are not encouraged to communicate details of their work to the press, and those nurses who have left England on plague duty, have been distinctly told not to "write to the papers." In deference, therefore, to the wishes of the nurses in India who wish to conform loyally to this decree, we have not been able to share with our readers many delightful details of the work and lives of those who went out in the spring, at our suggestion, to attend to the plague-stricken in India.

FROM a friend, however, we learn that the English Nursing Sisters have been everywhere received with joy by the people, and have speedily by their skill and kindness won their confidence. In outlying districts the sisters have not only been called upon to nurse, but have been surgeon, physician, registrar, steward, and veterinary surgeon in one, horses and camels, as well as the natives, requiring treatment and care. Some of the sisters are now camping out in the jungle, "where no white woman has ever been before," and go on camels in search parties to other villages, where the inhabitants would not allow men to examine their women. Now that the monsoon is over, the sisters find this free life delightful; the compounder (a sort of native dispenser) and the dhroo, the head man of a village, usually speak a little English, so that matters can be arranged.

THE villagers have shown themselves quite devoted to the mem sahibs, and bring palm leaves and all sorts of curious things with which to decorate their tents—the expression of opinion that even the very ignorant natives of the jungle are not half so stupid as the clodhoppers of English country districts, is sad reading for us at home—we are told they have so much natural courtesy and *good feeling*, and are very grateful. In return for the sisters' kindness, the natives become most friendly, sit outside their tents, and amongst other services cut pens out of long sticks of bamboo, for them to use in writing to their friends "at home."

THE natives have a low opinion of Christians; they look upon them as cruel because they eat meat, and

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