

**Nursing Echoes.**

\* \* *All communications must be duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith, and should be addressed to the Editor, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.*



HAS the daily nurse come to stay? The general opinion expressed by the members of the St. John's House Debating Society at their meeting last week, in an animated discussion, was that she had. That at present she is little known, and that consequently the demand for her is not great, was recognised, but most of the members present thought that within the

next ten years great advances in this direction would be made. Many people who cannot afford to retain the services of a nurse entirely for themselves, or who have not the necessary accommodation, would gladly avail themselves of her skilled services for an hour or so daily. The special advantage of such services in maternity cases in the middle classes, as well as for surgical dressings, was instanced. It was thought that patients in hotels, and people living in flats, or in chambers, would gladly welcome the daily nurse.

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ST. JOHN'S HOUSE is exceptionally well situated for testing the demand for such services from a clientele of this description, and later on we shall hope to hear how the scheme has worked, in connection with this excellent institution.

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THE advisability of having a night as well as a day staff of visiting nurses was discussed, and it was considered that, before the scheme could be fully successful, this matter would have to be arranged.

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MR. JAMES BERRY has earned much popularity during his long years of earnest work in connection with St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and upon his retirement from the position of Surgical Registrar, the occasion was marked by the presentation of a testimonial from many of his colleagues and pupils. In a particularly happy speech Mr. Berry returned thanks, thanking all classes of the community. In referring to the nursing staff he said:—

"The fifth and last class that I have to mention is that of the nurses, and among them especially the sisters. No one who has not actually done the work of a registrar can realise adequately to what extent he is dependent upon the good-will of the sisters. They

can make his work in the wards pleasant, or they can make it very unpleasant for him. Now I am glad to have this opportunity of saying publicly how deep is the debt of gratitude that I owe to the sisters. One and all have striven loyally to help me in my work, and to make it pleasant for me. There are certain official duties of the sister towards the Registrar, chiefly connected with cards and numbers. I speak not of these; of course they were well done. But there are a hundred other ways in which a sister can help the Registrar, and it is for this unofficial help that I am particularly grateful. Many a time, for instance, has a sister told me some little point of interest about a case that I should otherwise have overlooked. Many a time has a sister taken the trouble to let me know that at a certain time I could get an opportunity of examining some case in which I was particularly interested. And I am afraid that the sisters have often had much to put up with from me. My best friends must admit that I am apt to be untidy, that I am often clumsy, that I am sometimes inconsiderate. Nevertheless the sisters have borne with me in a way that has earned my gratitude. Never shall I forget the mild reproachful look that a certain sister cast at me when I let a drop of ink fall on one of her snow-white counterpanes. On one occasion I caught my sleeve in an inkstand, and upset the whole thing to the floor at the very feet of another sister! I verily believe that if she had not been standing exactly between me and the doorway I should have sought refuge in flight. But a gentle "Oh, Mr. Berry!" was the only punishment that I received. Some sisters are known to be very particular about their polished floors; I believe I have been known to spill drops of water on such a floor.

Talking of polished floors, there was a certain ward in which the polish and slipperiness was usually so great, that it proved a temptation to the dressers and others of us to indulge certain boyish propensities. So the sister laid down a rule that no one, save only the Senior Surgeon, should be allowed to slide on her floor! Here was what I considered a grievance; but I do not mind telling you, now that I am no longer Registrar, and do not have to meet her daily, that I did sometimes indulge in a little slide surreptitiously, when her back was safely turned."

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"That there floor is a pictur'," as a ward maid once remarked; "and blessed if sister don't take a turn at the polishing 'erself for the sake of 'er liver, as she says, but I know better; she's one as isn't satisfied wi'out perfection."

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This craving after "perfection" might be cultivated with advantage in more than one "leading training school."

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FOR instance, we had the pleasure of going over St. George's Hospital a few weeks ago, and gladly acknowledge that many structural improvements have been made of late years. But from a sanitary point of view much yet remains to be done before "perfection" can be sighted. For instance, under each bed are still placed open-work wicker baskets, which apparently contain the patients' entire wardrobe, to say nothing of odds and ends. Imagine the condition of these receptacles after the morning's "sweep."

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