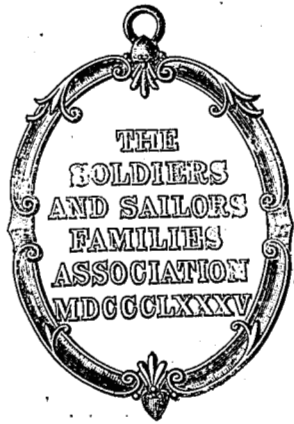


## Alexandra Nurses.

THE nurses who enjoy the honour of being called "Alexandra" nurses are those belonging to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. The Association was formed in 1885, with the object of aiding the wives and families of men of all branches of the land and sea forces of the United Kingdom. The nursing branch of the Association was established in 1892 in order to provide properly qualified nurses to attend and look after the wives and families of soldiers and sailors in large garrison and seaport towns (where no such provision at present exists), as well as to instruct them in matters of health and hygiene. The nurses wear a special uniform, the cloak being of dark blue with regulation gilt buttons, and the bonnet is trimmed with blue and red ribbon. They work for eight hours daily, attending only on cases authorized by the Committee, and they



OBVERSE.



REVERSE.

are required to keep a Register which is at all times open to the inspection of any member of the Committee. They are not allowed to act as midwives, but, on the authority of the Committee or Medical Attendant, may attend cases after child-birth where skilled nursing is considered necessary. They are strictly forbidden to proselytize.

The badge, a picture of which by the kindness of Colonel Gildea, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, we are able to present to our readers, has, with the uniform, been approved by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, President of the Council, and is always worn with the uniform. For the first three years of service the badge worn is a bronze one, which, at the end of this period, is exchanged for one made in silver. The silver badge, on the completion of five years continuous service, becomes the sole property of the nurse.

## Patients—of Sorts.

*From a Nurse's Point of View.*

MY box was strapped, the hansom at the door, and I settled down comfortably for a three miles' drive, so that there was ample time for a prolonged reverie. What would my new patient be like? And then I mused on the patients I had nursed, many of whom I now count amongst my friends, and they rose up before me somewhat in this fashion.

### THE MONOSYLLABIC PATIENT.

He is a difficult patient to deal with. It is so hard to know what he really wants, or when he is comfortable. You perhaps wash him, make his bed, carry out the nursing treatment, and put his room ship-shape without eliciting a word from him. At first you think it is "his way," but, as the days go on, and he becomes evidently more and more enveloped in the depths of gloom, you begin to be seriously concerned. Is he unhappy? Is there anything he does not like which could be rectified? What is it? At last you decide upon a direct question. "Have you everything you want?" "Yes." "But I am afraid you are not quite happy. Is there anything that can be altered?" "It doesn't matter." And then, having actually uttered a sentence of three words in length, he turns his face to the wall once more, manifestly demonstrating that he would like a rest after so unusual an exertion.

### THE NEUROTIC PATIENT.

She (or he) has the idiosyncrasy of not being able to take any medicine. At least, so she thinks, and you are driven to all kinds of expedients to administer it without her knowledge, but you manage it somehow, and it has the desired effect, and then she triumphantly relates how she recovered because she absolutely refused to take any drugs. This patient also, as a rule, objects to being washed. She "always understood it was not a safe thing to do when out of sorts," and when you carry the day, she attributes her continued illness to this fact alone.

### THE INJURED PATIENT.

This patient prides himself on not giving any trouble. You are on duty, perhaps, with several patients, and close at hand, but you cannot be in his room all the time. You go in to him. "Oh, nurse, I have wanted you so, and you never came," is the greeting. "I am sorry, but why didn't you ring your bell" (the bell being at his bed-side. "I should have been here in a minute." "Oh, I shouldn't think of it. I hope I'm not exacting. I've never rung the bell yet, but I did think that you would have come."

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)