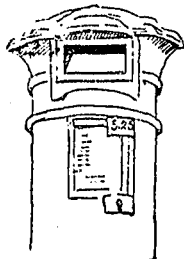


Letters to the Editor.

NOTES, QUERIES. &c.



Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in any way hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

THE DISINFECTION OF PRIVATE NURSES.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—I was in hope that the important correspondence begun some weeks ago in the RECORD, would have aroused more interest—I allude to letters dealing with the difficulty of finding places for private nurses to efficiently disinfect themselves in, in London. I have lately been nursing a case of infectious disease, which arose in a home where nurses stay between cases and for which isolated case of infection no one could account. Now upon the convalescence of the patient, I am dangerous. The former has gone to friends in the country. I am isolated in my bed room but have to go up and down the stairs to get my meals. The room has been disinfected with sulphur, but it is papered and carpeted, and after a week's airing will again be used by nurses coming and going amongst private patients nursing operation cases. Many nurses laugh at the idea of infection, but I am inclined to believe with you that a very real danger *does exist*, for two reasons. The expense of *thorough* disinfection is so great that in many cases it is not carried out—for instance, re-papering, etc., disinfecting carpets, curtains, bedding, etc., *rots* them, and costs much money. Who is to pay for all this? Certainly not the average Nursing Home proprietor, she can't afford it, and, secondly, nurses are so used to infection that they do not realise its insidious nature, and many are criminally careless in their methods of preventing it. Surely they must be amazingly ignorant of the extraordinary vitality of bacilli, that they do not realise the danger to human life which they disseminate if cursorily disinfected after attending upon infectious cases. This is specially noticeable in relation to scarlet fever and diphtheria. Hoping some steps may be taken by influential persons to organise a really reliable means by which private nurses may disinfect themselves in London.

I remain,
Yours,
"A PRIVATE NURSE."

"THE LETTERS OF A LOVE SICK LADY."

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—In my opinion, as in your reviewer's, the term "Pagan" best describes the spirit animating "An Englishwoman's Love Letters."

On laying down the book, foremost in my thoughts is one of relief that the writer and her boy-lover did *not* marry. The system of education producing so ill-balanced a mind as that which evolved the letters, supplies much food for speculation. To my mind,

most thinking women would agree with your reviewer that love should be an illuminant to a life of steadfast devotion to duty, not a tempest of emotions sweeping all work and thought for others aside. The very elements of Christianity are self-control and self-denial for others. Christian teaching too reminds us that one of the causes for which love and marriage were ordained, is the perpetuation of the race. Why is this almost invariably ignored in modern fiction? Why is probable parenthood, with its threefold responsibility, made an afterthought instead of a central thought in love between the sexes?

The letter written by "A Pagan" in your last issue is curious as an expression of opinion by a nurse. Nurses have unusual facilities for observing the natural sequence of indulgence in any passion unreasoning and undisciplined, and considering the deterrent effects of such observations, it is surprising to find a nurse defending the indulgence. "A Pagan" evidently holds the fallacious idea, which is happily becoming less general, that purity and ignorance are synonyms. In spite of increasing civilization on all other points as the centuries gather, is love always to be a barbarous child, always to be blind? I think not. It has been said many times, and truly, that love between young people is simply a matter of propinquity.

There are many women to-day, unmarried and doing noble work in this world, married and happily so, who have lived long enough to realize this, and to bless the controlling hand of their authorities, which, in early girlhood, restrained the exercise of their "pagan and pure" passion in one or more directions. The world holds too much suffering already, but this would be increased tenfold if boys and girls were encouraged to give the reins to the earliest inclinations of the unconscious primitive sexual passion which "A Pagan" admires. I have traced more than one disastrous attachment to an ardent discipleship of George Meredith. To me there is little beauty in love as embodied in these letters. Every day one sees the practical results in middle-age of such youthful effusions. Often these results are very depressing. Not only amongst the Northern peoples either—for I presume by "foreign," "A Pagan" means a *Southern* "strain" characterized the love of "An Englishwoman." Let us rather seek to emulate love as set forth in the story of "Mona MacLean," who had a comprehensive knowledge of the subject, a love which leaves the world poorer when the lovers die.

With access to the existing master-pieces on Christian art, little value will be attached to the crude criticisms of an immature girl of two-and-twenty, though she possessed unusual faculties.

The remark of a reviewer on another recent book, echoes in my mind—"Be sane, be sober-minded."

I am, Dear Madam,
Yours truly,
FINEM RESPICE.

THE BUFFALO CONGRESS.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—I have read with interest everything you have inserted about the Nurses' Congress at Buffalo, and nurses are greatly indebted to the NURSING RECORD for up-to-date information about it, and other matters. It is strange that the Nurses' real interests are so often excluded from other so-called

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