

sordid commonplaceness of it in Hospital they would hit harder, men stand contempt and ridicule much worse than they do harder blows. I remember a man in an accident ward once who had recovered from an attack of D.T.s., and was most virtuously indignant with the language and general foolishness of another man who was just beginning them. Finally a nurse said "Well, you need not talk, you were quite as bad."

"I, nurse," he said, "I—was I like that?"

"Ten times worse," answered the nurse tersely.

The shame of that man when he realised what he had been like was something extraordinary.

If one once began telling nursing anecdotes, one would never see the end of it. Strange little tales, recollections, and "Don't you remember that" stories, would soon make one garrulous before one's time. As a matter of fact I have never yet met a book that to my mind really reflected Hospital life, let alone the romance of it. I read a book of verses once, I have forgotten its name, that came very near it, and that is all. I have met heaps of anecdotes told for effect, and novels acting partly in wards, written with a laborious attempt at accuracy of detail, that was singularly unconvincing, and that missed the real spirit by yards.

Then there are those awful stories that make one positively squirm with their silliness, where there is a noble commanding potentate of an omnipotent doctor, who rescues a humble, deserving Pro from the tyranny of a Sister, who insists on having her brasses cleaned, and the worse tyranny of a Matron who enforces punctuality, and ends on his knees before her (the Pro, not the Matron), stories which are only a shade more trying than those of the heroine of the flowing cloak and veil, with a red cross, the size of a tea-plate, on her arm, who incessantly finds her lover on various battlefields, in various parts of the world, and in various magazines.

No, the romance of a nurse's life, the true romance does not concern herself, nor is she the heroine, it lies in the life that surrounds her. It has not yet been written, but some day it will be, and it will be worth reading.

#### METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.

When the council of the Hospital Sunday Fund met at the Mansion House on Tuesday afternoon, the Lord Mayor presiding, it was decided to distribute this fund, amounting to £44,534, between 142 hospitals and fifty-four dispensaries, except 5 per cent, of the total, which would be set apart to purchase surgical appliances in monthly proportions during the ensuing year.

## 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.*



Surgeon-General Jameson, the late Director General of the Army Medical Service, was entertained by friends at dinner upon his retirement from office, and when one reads that this kindly gentleman is still of opinion that our soldiers were well done by during the South African War, one grasps how impossible it is for some medical men to realise that trained nursing exists. General Jameson said: "Those who had witnessed other wars had all borne testimony to the fact that in no other war had the sick and wounded been so well looked after on the whole. He believed that in years to come that would be the verdict of history."

Because the ghastly horrors, the result of total ignorance and neglect which makes one, after half a century of time, shudder at the word "Crimea," have been mitigated, that is no reason for congratulation. No, the old "system" of nursing in the Army or lack of it is doomed. We believe Mr. Brodrick realises that in the drastic reform of the Army Medical and Nursing Services he has the chance of a life-time, and we think he will see it through.

We are glad to learn that the Probationers at the Walsall Infirmary have sent a petition to the Guardians to have the decision rescinded, that the cook and laundress are to be provided with nursing uniform. Anything more outrageous has seldom been accepted by a sane Board of Guardians, upon the suggestion of a Master of a Workhouse. The Local Government Board seems strangely apathetic of late, and we fear is inclined to be very reactionary on nursing questions. Somebody has got to poke it up. Can we hope it will be the medical press?

It is a relief to know that the Infirmary Committee have approved the action of the Medical Superintendent of the Woolwich Infirmary, in dismissing a nurse found guilty of beating a defenceless child with a cane. A Guardian, of course, was found thirsting after a precedent, "for an officer being dismissed in this per-

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