

tyrannical husband will not give her any money for sanitation or improvements. She goes to London to make a special plea to him for the sufferers in the epidemic, but in vain. He will not give her a penny. She does the only thing left her; gives her own services.

When she gets to the spot, there of course she discovers the preacher who had so moved her. . . . It is not fair upon the author to pursue the story further.  
G. M. R.

### True Culture.

The highest culture is to speak no ill;  
The best reformer is the man whose eyes  
Are quick to see all beauty and all worth;  
And by his own discreet well-ordered life,  
Alone reproves the erring.

When thy gaze  
Turns it on thine own soul, be most severe,  
But when it falls upon a fellow man  
Let kindness control it, and refrain  
From that belittling censure that springs forth  
From common lips like weeds from marshy soil.

M. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX in  
"Poems of Life."

### What to Read.

"A Millionaire's Courtship: a Story of the Far East. By Mrs. Archibald Little. Author of "Round About my Peking Garden."

### Coming Events.

April 28th.—Annual Meeting of the Hospital Saturday Fund at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor in the chair.

April 30th.—The Duchess of Albany attends a reception at the Mansion House in connection with the Royal Waterloo Hospital Bazaar and Floral Fête, to be held in June.

May 4th.—Annual Meeting of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses at the Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, London, W. 3 p.m.

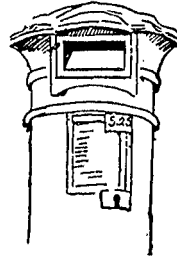
May 15th.—Annual Meeting of the Governors of The Chelsea Hospital for Women, the President, The Lord Glenshek, in the chair.

### A Word for the Week.

The world would be brighter and better if our teachers would dwell on the Duty of Happiness as well as on the Happiness of Duty, for we ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others. Life must be measured by thought and action, not by time. It certainly may be, and ought to be, bright, interesting, and happy; and according to the Italian proverb, "if all cannot live on the Piazza every one may feel the sun."—Sir John Lubbock.

## 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 NEURASTHENIC NURSE.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—Your correspondent is raising a very important question in speaking about the lack in the training of nurses with regard to the nervous system, its diseases and treatment. But the fundamental fault lies, not in the deficiency of nursing training, but from the higher professional point of view, that of English medical men, who seem to have devoted less time to it than their confrères across the Channel. I do not think there is a single large hospital in France where special wards are not allotted for the treatment of "nervous diseases." At the Salpêtrière in Paris, which contains forty-four blocks of buildings and 4,000 patients, and is entirely devoted to the aged (from seventy years upwards), to chronic cases and the insane, they have not only special wards, but entire blocks of buildings, "*pour les maladies nerveuses*," and it is in one of its immense lecture halls that special lectures are given to the students of Paris on the subject. In this huge hall is an immense picture with life-size figures, painted by a master whose name escapes my memory, of the beginning of last century, showing how the insane and mentally afflicted were treated in those days—chained, beaten, and ill-treated by brutal attendants.

We nurses are, perhaps, not as violent and openly brutal, but when I hear nurses talking of their patients, with a look over the shoulder, and telling me, "You know, she's neurotic," as much as to say, "Take her cries of pain with a grain of salt"; or, "You know, she suffers with a big H" (meaning, I suppose, hysteria), I wonder whether the modern nurse is not being as morally brutal as the coarse male and female attendants of a century ago.

Then, again, the famous Dr. Bourneville (who struck the first blow for secularisation in Paris) has a school for children at this same Salpêtrière for girls, and one for boys at Bicêtre (Bicêtre is a derivation of Winchester, and used to be a big château belonging to the Bishop of Winchester, the illegitimate brother of Henry IV. of England, who, it is to be remembered, owned and conquered the North of France). These children are either idiots, imbeciles, or mentally undeveloped, and Dr. Bourneville's method of treating them scientifically, each according to a certain classification, has caused some of Europe's greatest men to go to Paris and study his methods. I never was more struck than by the faces of the attendants and teachers he has chosen

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)