

informed her there was "nothing to do," "the orderlies do everything," and so she found, even to ordering up a patient with peritonitis to roll up his kit and prepare to depart to Durban. Remonstrance with the Ward Master proved equally unavailing. "Those are my orders, Sister; he has to go with the rest." I told him it would kill the man. "Can't help it, Sister—they's my orders, you see." He spoke in a kindlier tone because I suppose he saw how horrified I was, and he was, after all, only another fool! I was determined if I could to save this man, but I was merely hurling myself against a brick wall. Neither the Sister Superintendent nor the doctor (who was officer on duty) were able to prevent it. The "order" had gone forth and go he had to. It was better he should die, apparently, than that the "order" should be infringed! We were all helpless, and the civilian doctor had practically no more power on this occasion than my humble self."

It must have been heart-breaking work to one who understood what good nursing could do to mitigate suffering and to save valuable lives, to be hampered on all sides by the red tape of a pitiless system.

Take the plague of bugs, dealt with after repeated appeals to authority by a "fatigue party"—the case of an appendicitis patient ordered up by the orderly on duty to sweep the ward because the civilian doctor had omitted to mark "bed down" on his board—the fresh milk poured into dirty bowls. "I can't drink this milk, sister," says a long-suffering patient, "it's quite sour." "Orderly, why is this milk sour?" "Can't be sour," he replies, "just this minute poured in." "Don't you know when milk is sour?" I said hopelessly one day. "It's nothing to do with me, Sister," said my noble helper, "that's what the corporal gave me to give round—you'd better make yer complaints to the Ward Master if yer 'ave any." (Open skirmish follows.)

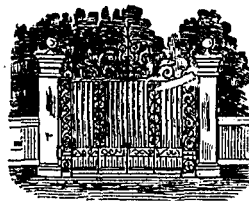
Then read the description of the orderlies on night duty, two hours on and four hours off. "We can't see the wisdom of it, as they sleep just the same, and rarely hand down the orders they get to their successor." Read that of "pay-day"—a day of "thirst riots;" think of the officer with enteric at Intombi shunted on to a siding on his arrival from Ladysmith; and there left till he walked to the hospital, of the bed sores due to lumpy mattresses and ill-made beds; of the food for sick officers placed on the floor by an orderly, clouds of dust being swept over it daily; read of the way in which sick patients were "sluiced." And yet on the spot were trained women eager to do the work, with their hands tied in every direction by the "system." Even now it makes one's blood boil. What must it have been to a true nurse in the midst of it all?

A bright spot seems to have been the Irish Hospital at Pretoria, and here is the reason: "Matron has great authority here, and this hospital is really very well run and splendidly organised, the result of its being under the sole direction of the Matron." Let us hope the lesson has been learnt. We hope the book will be read by every War Office official.

We are indebted to Mr. John Murray for permission to publish the accompanying illustration.

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Mr. Pickersgill has asked the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether his attention has been drawn to the report of the medical officer of Birmingham Prison for last year, that no fewer than sixty-eight babies at

the breast with their mothers were admitted to the prison during the year, and that in the case of these babies, the recently established crèche was found very beneficial; whether a crèche exists in other prisons which have a similar proportion of babies among their inmates; and if not, will he consider the desirability of establishing crèches in all prisons in which a considerable number of babies are received.

Mr. Gladstone replied that crèches had been established at prisons where more than fifty babies were received during the year, with the exception of Manchester, where the work is in progress.

On our recent visit to "Holloway" we found the crèche the happiest department of the prison.

Miss Emily Penrose, Principal of the Royal Holloway College, has been appointed Principal of Somerville College, Oxford, and the Council of Bedford College for Women, London, have appointed Miss M. J. Tuke, M.A. (Dublin), Tutor to the Women Students and Lecturer in French, University College, Bristol, to be Principal of the College.

The noisy behaviour of a number of students at Liverpool University led to the abandonment of a lecture on "The Constitutional Basis of Woman's Suffrage," which was to have been delivered by Mrs. Carmichael Stopes, authoress of "British Free-women." The conduct of the students throughout was of the most plebeian order.

If there are any of our readers who have not yet enjoyed the delightful "Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill"—let them procure and read this work of a most fascinating little lady. We specially appreciate as an animal lover, the epitaph written by "Bob" Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke), for a little cemetery arranged for all Lady Dorothy's dead favourites—dogs and horses, which she desired "should rest in dignified peace." It ran as follows:—

"Soft lie the turf on those who find their rest
Upon our common Mother's ample breast;
Unstained by meanness, avarice, and pride,
They never cheated and they never lied.
No gluttonous excess their slumbers broke,
No burning alcohol nor stifling smoke;
They ne'er intrigued a rival to displace;
They ran, but never betted on a race.
Content with harmless sport and temperate food,
Boundless in love and faith and gratitude.
Happy the man, if there be any such,
Of whom his epitaph can say as much."

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