

then placed on the sulphur, the door closed and pasted up, and the room left for some hours. After it is again opened, the paper must be stripped from the wall, and the floor, wood-work, and ceiling thoroughly cleansed. All books and toys must be burnt, or better still, sent to amuse the patients of a Fever Hospital.

(To be continued.)

A VEINLESS DOG.

ONE of the crew of *The Castor*, a vessel employed in the suppression of the slave trade in Zanzibar waters, had been taken ill, and as there was no medical man on board, some of the officers took upon themselves the office of volunteer surgeons. Emetics had been freely administered, without reference, of course, to their fitness for the sick man's case, and at length it was decided to bleed him.

There was a consultation of officers and men on this proposition. All thought he ought to be bled; *but who could do it?* No one was sufficiently confident in his skill to be willing to attempt it. It was at last decided that Campbell and Albert (two of the officers) should practise on Castor.

Now Castor was a young dog of four or five months old, who never could be in better health than he was at that time; and, besides, when referred to on the subject, he expressed, in the most decided terms he was master of, his objection to be operated on. But might was right; and Master Castor being secured, in spite of all his struggling and entreaties, was first examined to ascertain if he had any veins, and if so, where they were to be found. But after being punctured here and there with a penknife with a questionable point, he was pronounced "veinless."—*Capt. Sullivan's "Dhow Chasing in Zanzibar Waters."*

NURSING ECHOES.

\*\*\* Communications (duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith) are specially invited for these columns.

WHAT a flutter of excitement the Washing-tub article in the *British Medical Journal*, a fortnight ago, has created in Medical and Nursing circles. Doctors are wondering what on earth the organ of their Association will write about next, now that the editorial pen has been dabbled so freely in soap-suds. Nurses are naturally indignant that such a domestic matter should be discussed in a public paper. For my part, I cannot believe it was written by the editor of the journal, who is known as a shrewd man and

clever writer. But what most people cannot understand is, what connection can possibly exist between the National Pension Fund, and the Washing of the Nurses at the London Hospital.

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HOWEVER, the following facts, which I have upon good authority, quite explains the little mystery. It seems that the Nurses at this Institution were all called together some weeks ago, to their naturally great surprise, to hear a lecture upon the subject of the Fund from Mr. Burdett, its promoter, and ever since then the greatest pressure has been put upon them individually to join the Fund. However, despite this grossly unwarrantable coercion, most of the Nurses would not, simply because they could not, pay anything for an annuity. It was then actually proposed that the Hospital should pay for their washing in order that the Nurses should subscribe the amount they thus saved towards the Fund!

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How delightfully simple! in many more ways than one, as any one who knew anything of Nurses could have told the authoress of this brilliant suggestion. But into what sad straits the poor Pension Fund must have fallen to be obliged to become a supplicant for Nurses' "washing-money." I presume that the porters and "other Hospital officials" will next be implored to support the scheme with their "beer-money." These touching details naturally suggest some poetic reflections.

The Problem is solved. The "Fund is secure"  
From "wrecking" so far. The Founder is sure  
Its "success is assured," for, however men jeer,  
'Tis destined to float upon Washing and Beer!  
Washing and Beer! Washing and Beer!  
Could anything founder in Washing and Beer?

Let Nurses rejoice. The good times have come.  
There are Pensions for all, and Sick-pay for some,  
And, lest payments for "Pensions" should seem rather  
queer,  
The Premiums are wrung out of Washing and Beer!  
Washing and Beer! Washing and Beer!  
Those real benefactors—Washing and Beer!

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A CORRESPONDENT sends me the paper called *Home Work* for March 3rd and 24th, and asks me to comment upon the article in the former, by J. Law, and a letter in the latter number, from Mr. Lushington, the well-known treasurer of Guy's Hospital. The article is upon "Hospital Nurses," and forms, apparently, one of a series upon "Out-Door Employment for Women," though how nursing the sick can possibly be an "out-door employment" is a decided enigma. Perhaps the writer, however, is muddling up the Hospital, with the Domestic, Nurse, and imagines that it is the chief duty of the former to take her patients out in perambulators! She states that paying Probationers are called "guinea-pigs," and that they are "mistrusted" by doctors, and much

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