

WEDNESDAY.—*Dinner*—Roast joint, Yorkshire puddings; potatoes, and a second vegetable. *Supper*—Hot pot, soup (lentil), rice, blancmange, with stewed fruit.

THURSDAY.—*Dinner*—Stewed rabbit or meat-pie or pudding, roast joint; potatoes, green vegetables; fruit or jam tarts. *Supper*—Haricot meat, potatoes, barley soup.

FRIDAY.—*Dinner*—Fish, boiled, with parsley butter, or fried alternate weeks; roast joint; potatoes, peas, or beans; milk puddings. *Supper*—Fish pies, or cakes; cheese; oatmeal porridge, milk, treacle.

SATURDAY.—*Dinner*—Boiled mutton, caper or celery sauce; stewed or curried meat, rice; potatoes, turnips; boiled puddings—currant, treacle, or marmalade. *Supper*—Irish stew; remains of puddings from dinner warmed; Scotch broth.

*Breakfast*.—Bacon, boiled or fried; eggs once or twice a week; potted meat, or fish (herrings or kippers); bread and butter; tea or coffee.

*Teas*.—Bread and butter, lettuce, radishes, water cress, marmalade, jam, or cake; each once or twice a week.

*Lunch* is usually a nondescript kind of meal: cheese or butter, bread, coffee, tea, or cocoa.

The Night Nurses should have a comfortable meal upon coming off duty, corresponding to the breakfast; dinner before going on duty at night; and should have material for a comfortable meal during the night—cold meat, bacon, eggs, or fish; bread and butter.

I quite agree with the very able remarks by Miss Louisa Twining, on the Diet of Nurses in Hospitals and Infirmaries, especially upon the importance of good, nourishing food for Nurses on night duty, and I feel strongly the fact that, "to work well, they must live well."

I have seen the night shift of more than one Infirmary, come on duty, tired, hungry, and quite unrefreshed, feeling utterly unable to perform their duties with energy and interest they might have had, had they partaken of a plentiful and a properly-prepared meal. Such a state of things is certainly an excuse for the frequent use of stimulant in some form or other. Strong tea is the least pernicious of them. Too often inclination points to alcohol, or even more hurtful drugs, to satisfy the feeling of want and depression, caused by their surroundings and by an insufficient amount of nourishment.

To sit down, night after night, and carve a badly-cooked joint of roast-beef or mutton; to serve it with an accompaniment of dark-coloured, unwholesome-looking potatoes—this, followed by a most indigestible suet pudding, or a rice or sago, equally unappetising, varied once a week by

a fruit tart, the crust of which bears a close relationship to the suet pudding—these, with soiled table linen, knives, and cruets, the dishes placed anyhow upon the table—all this is not the kind of feeding to promote the health, well-being, and the general comfort of our Nurses.

I am not drawing a fanciful picture, but am speaking faithfully of what really does exist, where we have, too, a board of liberal, generous Guardians who provide a sufficiently free dietary, but which, from lack of the proper supervision and management thereof, is as bad, nay, even worse than I have stated. Where a large staff of night workers rise from such a meal as I have mentioned, they are provided with a small piece of bread, generally very stale, and are then sent on duty for thirteen hours (they are supplied with butter, tea, and sugar weekly). Upon leaving their wards in the morning, they sit down to an exceedingly dirty-looking table for breakfast. Indifferently cooked bacon, bread, tea, which they are expected to make in their wards, and carry to breakfast, complete this comfortable meal!

Of course I need scarcely say there is no supervision here; everything is left to subordinates, who are *supposed* to know their work, and, therefore, to do their duty. Little wonder it is that Nurses fall ill. They do their work, it is true; but how little heart work there is! simply because such a state of things as I have mentioned does not tend to the ennobling—to the formation of that higher level of Nurses' characters, for which we all aim.

#### HOSPITAL SKETCHES.—No. 4.

"IN THE GLOAMING."

WHY is the firelight conducive to musing? I cannot say, but the fact remains that for an hour past I have been sitting idle on the hearth-rug, in a visionary mood, a host of half-forgotten scenes flitting through my brain. I have spent a very busy, happy day, and my "poor little body," as Sister Damian calls it, is very tired. A poor, meagre little body it is, often so nerveless, listless and weary, that I heartily despise, and could hate it, if it had not been brought into tolerable subjection to my will. There are times even now when it attempts to rebel—when the head aches, and the feet are hot and swollen, and when burning, meaningless tears well up, and seem to sear the eyeballs; and it is at these times that I am very severe with it, and either gibe at or ignore its petty aches and pains with scornful indifference. It is marvellous how amenable it becomes to discipline under these treatments, and

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