

and usefulness of the Register?—because there is absolutely none given in the pamphlet itself. And then, on the other hand, we would point to all the other Registers which are, and have, for longer or shorter times, been in existence, and recognised universally as of public utility; and we would ask whether they have deteriorated? Had we been criticising the argument of any one whom we did not personally respect—as we, and all who are acquainted with his work, are forced to respect Mr. Bonham-Carter—we should have used different, and much shorter, arguments to those we have employed, and shall still use, in discussing this pamphlet. But we have now dissected the second argument raised therein, and once more, we believe, fulfilled our original promise to show that, so examined, it will not hold water for a single second.

### ARMY NURSING IN INDIA.

By MISS C. J. LOCH,

*Sister Superintendent of Nursing, Indian Army Medical Department.*

WE have been at work here just three months and a-half, and we are beginning to feel settled among our new surroundings. I think our deep interest in our work out here grows every day with our increasing knowledge of all connected with it, and especially as we become familiar with the wants of these poor, sick lads, who, even in a splendidly healthy station like this one, are frequently stricken down at a day's notice by severe, and often fatal, attacks of fever.

We have reason to feel sincerely grateful for the manner in which we have been received here, for the confidence placed in us, and for the support accorded to us by the Medical Officers, thanks to which we have been enabled to start our work on a satisfactory footing. But as yet we are but a speck in the ocean. If we are able to nurse in one Hospital, and to bring some help and comfort to the sick men there, it is certainly something as a beginning, but it only makes one realize more effectually how much is needed in every direction, for out here real Nursing simply does not exist; as for night-work, the general Wards are left entirely to themselves, and even where there are Orderlies on duty the advantage is uncertain, for an Orderly frequently, if not generally, sleeps far sounder than his patients.

On arrival at Rawal Pindi we found ourselves not only in a new country, and surrounded by a strange race of people, whose language had to be learnt as soon as possible, but also under an

entirely different system of Hospital management and discipline to anything we had known before, though very likely many of the regulations, which were new to us civilians, will be familiar to some of my readers.

Before we had been in the Hospital at all I was told by a competent Medical authority—"You will find in the Wards a limited number of English Orderlies who know nothing, and who are of very little good, and a large number of native coolies and Ward-servants who are of no good whatever." As to the Apothecaries, it seemed the universal opinion that they would resent our introduction, and would thwart and oppose us by every means in their power.

Let me describe the Station Hospital at this place. It consists of a number of long, narrow buildings, each consisting of one Ward only; they are placed corner to corner, so that they surround several squares, or parts of squares, which are planted as gardens. Along both sides of every Ward, and connecting the several buildings at the corners, are substantial brick verandahs, and inside these, as a further protection against the intense heat of the sun, is an inner verandah, like a broad passage, with whitewashed walls; these inner verandahs are supplied with beds when the Wards are full. The Wards themselves are long and lofty; the tiled roof is supported by rafters of dark wood, among which the sparrows build their nests in hundreds, noisily chattering and fluttering all day long, and frequently dropping their eggs or half-dead and unfledged young ones on to the floor, or on to the beds. The floors are brick, and the walls whitewashed; but there are a good many nice pictures, and the general effect is bright and pleasant. For the rest, like in all Indian houses, there are no windows, only ventilators near the roof, which open and shut with long cords; but there are many half-glazed double doors, opening through the two verandahs. These are all thrown open at night, but, during the heat of the day, with the thermometer ranging from one hundred and ten to one hundred and fifteen in the shade, it is necessary to shut out the burning air, and by dint of punkahs and wet tallies to keep the temperature of the Ward, if possible, below one hundred.

Broadly speaking, the Hospital is divided into the "right" and "left" divisions, and the Fever Ward, which last lies in the centre, and into which the Medical Officers of both divisions are in the habit of sending or removing their bad cases. I do not like this system, which appears to me to be open to many objections; but I have no doubt that, hitherto, a greater amount of careful supervision and Nursing has been rendered possible, by concentrating all serious cases within

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