

known character of these ladies all ideas of mercenary motives may be summarily abolished. Their lives are devoted to practical philanthropy. These ladies are sought for by those who might object, for reasons best known to themselves, to avail themselves of the constant attendance of ladies either of the Roman Catholic or High Anglican Sisterhoods. This may be a weak side to the question, but it exists, and will continue to exist so long as religious differences exist, which we may safely assume will be until the end of all time. In this Nurses' Home of the Cape General Mission, we read of no feeling being extant than that of the broadest sympathy for suffering humanity. Is there no possibility of a Nurses' Home in Port Elizabeth? How many cases of sickness spring up in families in this town wherein under medical sanction a skilled Nurse would be invaluable? In emergency at present the ladies of the household are taxed to their utmost resources, and may, as likely as not, use, with the best intentions, means and remedies which the trained Nurse would pronounce mistaken and imprudent. If an institution similar to that which is so surely working its way into public favour and personal value in Cape Town were established in Port Elizabeth, we believe several ladies would enter upon a course of training as professional Nurses. We have the ladies and gentlemen qualified for the inauguration of some such scheme, and when did Port Elizabeth fail in finding the money for institutions of practical value to the community and ultimate benefit to the sick and suffering? What Cape Town has done in this respect Port Elizabeth can do. The need is existent equally here as there, and we trust the suggestion thus thrown out may be taken up by those ladies and gentlemen whose names are already associated with so many good works in connection with the community in which they live, and of which they form a part.

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In reference to my recent remarks on Nursing in Scotland, an eminent medical man writes that he quite agrees with the views expressed, and encloses the following cutting from the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, of September last, as evidence of the opinion in which Nursing is now held by medical men in that city:—

The latter half of the nineteenth century may certainly be credited with the honour of witnessing a vast progress in the whole subject of the care of the sick. Florence Nightingale's work in the Hospitals of the East, and Dickens's satire in the slums of London, awakened the conscience of the practical Briton, and the managers of the great Hospitals saw that Nursing must be elevated from being the last resource of an aged and drunken charwoman, to be a profession which would engage the energies of many an idle lady, and give an honest and creditable living to the best of the young women of the middle-classes. The Queen's most wise dedication of her jubilee gift from the women of Britain to foster the progress of district Nursing in the homes of the sick poor has been a splendid impetus to the spread of this most noble form of charity. Nursing, intelligent and devoted, is now an essential in every hospital, parish, and home, and it must have its own literature, which is immense in quantity and most varied in quality.

S. G.

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A Fortnight in a Private Hospital.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A TIMID BACHELOR.

AN operation! a Private Hospital, doctor! I, who have never spent more than my allotted seven hours in bed (with the exception of when I have been lazy—a frequently occurring exception), to spend fourteen days in bed; ten days you say, but I know that a doctor's ten days mean thirteen at least. Lady Nurses! worse and worse; a confirmed hermit like myself, to be nursed by women, ladies or no ladies; no, thank you. I will have a male attendant.

But the doctor awakened my latent sense of discipline, by reminding me that as he was to operate, it was only fair that the ordering should be left to him. There was no gainsaying this, so blushing at the thought of lady Nurses, I assented.

Lady Nurses. What! a stern—well, I cannot exactly say aged, bachelor, but at any rate—bachelor of age, accustomed to make *détours* of miles to avoid acquaintances of the opposite sex, to be confined to a room, seeing no one but women, dependent upon them for every necessity; no difference to me, if they be ladies. So much the worse. I shall have to try and behave like a civilized being.

The prospect would have turned me into an "albino" had there been time, but the time was short indeed. This was Friday; Sunday I was to enter the abode of sickness. I tried to think of a reason for shirking the operation—something which would not brand me as a coward—trying to escape the inevitable; but nothing came to my rescue. The doctor had peremptorily declined to recognise business engagements as an excuse.

Well, this must be treated in the light of a new experience. A proverb says experience must be paid for—and heavily paid for, it has to be sometimes, with little prospect of benefit to the disburser. But I must nerve myself for the trial; and after all, what is it that shocks me, that sends a cold shiver down my back at the thought of a private Hospital and lady Nurses? I cannot define it, for I do not know myself; all I am able to say is that I feel like running away from an imaginary terror, knowing it to be more or less imaginary. As I am condemned to the mercies of the opposite sex for thirteen days, I will try to be more disagreeable than even nature has made me. I will create imaginary wants: doors shall creak, windows shall rattle, the food shall be burnt. I will be too

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