

rectors and vicars depend very largely for locomotion on these most convenient wheels.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—

"Some mention was made in a recent number of the RECORD of a suggestion made by a French physician for the determination of the causes of indigestion. To this end he proposes that patients suffering from gastric trouble or weak digestion should be given a 'test meal' of a light character, consisting of tea and toast, or coffee and roll, and that the diagnosis should be made by the character of the symptoms, or by the nature of the pain produced in the process of digestion.

Dr. Kellogg, of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Mich., U.S.A., has for many years been guided in his treatment of dyspeptics somewhat on the suggested French plan. But Dr. Kellogg insists that the 'test meal' shall be breakfast, arguing that it is easier to conduct such a delicate experiment on a perfectly empty stomach. And he goes to a greater length in determining the cause and the particular variety of the gastric incompleteness, by inducing vomiting half an hour or so after the test meal, so that he can both ocularly and chemically test the contents of the stomach, and thus arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to the actual deficiencies and shortcomings generally of the gastric juices."

THE following advertisements would surely be answered by the ladies on the roll of Burdett's Directory:—

WANTED in a physician's house, a young woman as HOUSE-PARLOURMAID, and to assist with Sick-Nursing.

Presumably this "physician" takes private patients whose care is to devolve on the "House-Parlourmaid."

The next advertisement emanates from a somewhat well-known so-called "Nursing Institute," and, curiously enough, the institute is not ashamed to proclaim its own deceptive tendencies to the world. It unblushingly heads the advertisement with its full name and address.

—NURSING INSTITUTE.—Required (immediately) a young person with slight Hospital experience. Private Nursing.—Apply (by letter) Lady Superintendent.

THE Parisians have "gone one better" than Slater's female detectives. To them belongs the glory of having discovered that it would be a paying business to dress up women burglars as Hospital Nurses, and thus gain entry to rich and fashionable houses. The burglar-Nurse, dressed with the super-attention to detail which always characterises the sham article, goes on duty, and is not at all particular about how many hours she remains on duty, "has no objection to sitting up at night" after being in close attendance in the sick-room by day.

In the "still small hours," when the household is at rest, and the patient put to sleep with a draught which is as much the stock in trade of the burglar-Nurse as the crowbar and jemmy are to her professional brother, the "night-watcher"—in more senses than one—begins to look after her own interests.

A window softly opened, a door gently unfastened, and her male confederate gains an easy entry. Any slight sound made during the process rouses no suspicion on the part of the household, who have been warned by the Nurse that she shall "prepare her coffee in the kitchen," or that she "shall need hot water for poultices and bottles." The patient, soundly asleep from the morphia with which he has been drugged, has his watch taken from under his pillow, his rings, and all the valuables available in the house are thrust into a capacious black bag, and the two partners in crime depart. The man rigged out in gentlemanly attire, and the woman protected by her Hospital uniform, attract no inquiry, and the bag is unquestioned by the police. If any attention should be aroused, the couple easily pose as doctor and Nurse suddenly called upon to render their professional skill to some sufferer, and so, when arrest *should* be the "order of the night," escape is made easy by the respectful admiration of the whole police force, who are impressed with the seeming haste to do good which is apparently actuating the guilty couple.

"Set a thief to catch a thief" is the old motto, but in the light of this novel system of detection of crime, we must invent a new one—"Set a Slater's female detective in full Hospital rig to catch the Nurse-burglar."

THE suggestion that a memorial to the late Mr. Corney Grain should take the form of a cot bearing his name in the Hospital for Sick Children is charming, and one which would give the kindly entertainer the greatest pleasure could he only know of the project. All the members of the Royal British Nurses' Association who have been present at the Conversations in the Grafton Galleries when Mr. Grain so generously gave his services, and placed his many talents at their disposal, will have learnt of his death with much regret.

IN a recently published volume of poems the following charming little tribute to Father Damien, the leper's friend, appears:—

"O God, the cleanest offering
Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing to Thy feet we bring
A leper white as snow."

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)