

A SCOTCH Nurse in London writes:—

"So many thanks for drawing my attention to the 'Bonnie Brier Bush,' I have so greatly enjoyed reading it.

The most delightful of the sketches is that entitled 'A Practitioner of the old School.' Doctors and their work figure too little in fiction, and one wonders why, considering the picturesque possibilities of their daily rounds. In the sketch in question Ian Maclaren has done for the doctor in literature what Luke Fildes did in art, when he painted that most notable of pictures 'The Doctor.'

The amateur Nurse and the effect of the 'doleful neighbour' in the sick-room is also brought into the 'Bonnie Brier Bush,' which is one of the most delightful novels which has appeared for many a year. Kirsty, the 'neighbor' who was always so 'waeful,' is a splendid character sketch. 'Kirsty had a "way" in sick visiting, consisting in a certain cadence of the voice and arrangement of the face which was felt to be soothing and complimentary.'

The grave-digger is also a clever conception: 'Ye can hae little rael pleasure in a merridge,' explained our grave-digger, in whom the serious side had been, perhaps, abnormally developed, 'for ye never ken hoo it will end, but there's nae risk about a beerial.'

A MEDICAL Student writes:—

"I noticed in a recent number of the NURSING RECORD a pathetic appeal from a country private Nurse for advice as to whether or no she should accede to the request of her asthmatic old patient, that she should smoke cigarettes for his relief. As none of her professional sisters have come to the relief of this lady in the distress of such a dilemma, I hope she will not mind a *brother* professional venturing on the solution of the difficulty.

To start with, it would have seemed to the male mind, that the 'new woman' would have revelled in the opportunity of limitless 'cigs' with so good an excuse to back her. But the lady in question appears to rate highly the honour of her cloth, which she fears might suffer, were that same cloth to be odorous of birdseye or Richmond Gem.

Now my suggestion is this. There must be lots of medical students in the neighbourhood who would be delighted to come and 'smoke' the old gentleman to his heart's content, provided he will supply an unlimited quantity of good brand cigarettes. And if he will further add a glass or so of unimpeachable claret or sound old port, I will warrant that his only difficulty will be in limiting the number of young gentlemen who will apply for the post of cigarette-smokers in Ordinary to 'His Asthmatic Highness!'

Is the scallop—that very delightful of shell-fish—doomed to share the very evil reputation which the oyster has recently been getting unto himself? A case came under our notice a few days since, indicating severe and serious symptoms of acute poisoning after the eating of three scallops. The indications were all those of typical copper-

poisoning, with prolonged vomiting and diarrhoea to such an extent as almost to border on collapse. Fortunately, although the scallops had been most invitingly and daintily prepared, being bread-crumbed, buttered, and "browned to a turn," only three were eaten, otherwise the result might have been much more serious than it was.

A LONG article might be devoted by the District Nurse to the "humours of poultices." Among every class the making and the application of poultices is an art which is not "understanded of the people." A small bronchitic baby was lately paid a visit of condolence and sympathy. "Poor little thing, his chest are that stuffy and 'e do catch 'is breath so 'ard," said the mother. A suspicion crossed the mind of the visitor, whose professional instincts were keen. Removing the poultice, that weighed on its chest in every sense of the word, the mixture of oatmeal and its attendant flannels and "wrops," when placed upon the scale, just tilted the weight at 3½lbs. So the mother's complaint that "he do catch 'is breath so 'ard" was fully justified!

In a cabman's shelter during the time that influenza was wreaking its worst vengeance on humanity at large, a broad red-faced cabby, who had just descended from his four-wheel box, and who entered the shelter somewhat asthmatic and spluttery as to his breath, uttering wheezy sounds as of the inner mechanism of a musical box badly in need of oiling, was observed to undo his coat and woolly waistcoat, unbutton his flannel shirt and divest himself of a thick, substantial, stodgy-looking "linseeder," which he held before the large cheerful fire provided for cabby's comfort. As the linseed browned and heated and cooked his face expanded genially; finally clapping it on his chest and buttoning up, he beamed triumphantly round at the interested company and said, "That 'ud do my old missus' 'eart good to see me a re-cooking of her beautiful poultice."

OUR American contemporary, the *Nursing World*, is wisely defining a definite Nursing policy, and we feel we must congratulate our contemporary upon this wise and progressive step, especially as in so doing it recognises the benefit which has been bestowed upon British Nurses by our Association. We are heartily in sympathy with the opinion expressed in the *Nursing World*, that "the Nurses themselves must take the initiative."

"Before trained Nursing can become a fixed and clearly-defined profession, recognized as such by all classes of society, it is necessary that all graduated

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