

A MEMORIAL OF THE LATE MR. CORNEY GRAIN.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—I see it has been proposed to endow a cot as a memorial of the late Mr. Corney Grain in the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. I think if every Nurse and Probationer who had the great pleasure of hearing him sing and amuse us at our annual conversaziones in the Grafton Galleries (those services being given quite gratuitously), would each subscribe one shilling, we should soon arrive at the summit of our ambition, viz., a "Corney Grain cot." I have great pleasure in sending my mite. Nothing in my opinion could be more suitable as a memorial of a man who devoted the whole of his life in the endeavour to make other people forget their troubles, by his well-intentioned fun and good-natured sarcasm.

I remain, dear Madam, yours faithfully,

C. M. BEACHCROFT, Reg. Nurse,
Matron and Supt. of Nursing, County Hosp., Lincoln,
Vice-Chairman of the Matrons' Council.

[The Manager, NURSING RECORD Offices, 11, Adam Street, Strand, will be glad to receive and acknowledge in the RECORD any subscriptions sent towards this laudable purpose.—ED.]

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—This week's number of the NURSING RECORD seems to me an ideal copy, and I cannot help feeling glad that so many Nurses have written against the suggestion of "Chiffons."

The extra pages this week are admirably filled. "The Cry of Ishmael" to me was deeply interesting, though it suggests a problem to be solved by cleverer heads than mine. Still, though my head is not arranged for the working out of problems, it is capable of interesting itself in those who can, and do, work them out. And there are many "burning questions" which might be discussed, before we begin upon frills and furbelows. If "Chiffons" stands in need of refreshment, what could be nicer than the history of "An Old Physic Garden" at Chelsea? I have never heard of it before, but should like to make its acquaintance, after the interesting description given.

Professor Shuttleworth's School of Jollity is another good thing to read about.

I am watching with great interest (as no doubt we all are) the advance of the Nursing Education question, and wondering how it is to affect private Nurses who have been trained perhaps years ago, and been considered qualified Nurses, also for years.

Passing on, I rather agree with "Another Registered Nurse," and think we are too much given to gloating over our miseries. I have done a good deal of private Nursing, and the majority of my cases have been pleasant.

A short while ago it was my great good fortune to have to nurse at Newnham College, and of all my experiences, I think that may count as one of the most pleasant. I entered upon my duties there with mixed feelings of awe and trepidation, feeling convinced that the learned ladies would show me how to do my own work. But I was speedily set at ease, and able to laugh with my patients at my own fears. I had many patients—in every hall, on every floor—a grand mixture of dons, students and servants, and no end of running about, but very few disagreeables. I was invited out to tea-parties, "coffees" and "cocoas" in the students' rooms; to political meetings, debates, dances and concerts. I seldom took a walk alone, there was always some kind friend to take me round and introduce me to all that was interesting in Cambridge. I dined in "hall," which was always cheerful, and exceedingly noisy; and, by the way, I had no idea how much noise it was possible for a number of women to make, until I went to Newnham. To hear the cheering during a Newnham and Girton hockey match acted as a tonic on the unfortunate patients who were unable to join.

I was fortunate in being there for the Commemoration Festival, which was very interesting and pretty to see. The big hall, painted white, showed up to perfection the pretty evening dresses, and the absence of men only heightened the effect. The after-dinner speeches were clever and witty, and dancing on such a perfect floor could not be other than enjoyable.

My patients were all nursed in their own rooms—that does not sound very awful, but indeed I groaned over these rooms more than I did over anything else. They were charmingly pretty, most of them (bed-sitting rooms) crammed full with books, writing materials, nick-nacks and cups and saucers. The bed was a thing to be stowed away as much out of sight as possible; and the washstand (a tiny shut-up arrangement with no room for anything on it) must not be seen at all. To "clear out all unnecessary articles" is very nice theory, but would have been quite impossible there. I had to make the best of it, and though I worked hard from morning to night the dust *would* accumulate, and the Nurse and her duster only got laughed at for trying to cope with such an enemy.

I finished up by giving a tea-party myself, to a good many of my old patients, and I hope that any other Nurse who may go to Newnham will be able to tell of as enjoyable a time as I had.

I do not write all this for publication, unless you may think there is another protest needed against the fashion column. That was my object in writing, but I thought you might like too to know that Nurses do sometimes get kindly treatment.

I apologise for taking up so much of your time.

Yours faithfully,

A. M. NEWELL,
Registered Nurse.

ANOTHER PROTEST.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—May I enter a protest against the suggestion of "Chiffons"? The NURSING RECORD now claims our admiration and respect as a paper for Nurses which sets before them, with unceasing endeavour, the attainment of the highest perfection as the only worthy goal of their professional efforts. With liberal wisdom the NURSING RECORD already embraces so many topics of general interest that we may surely be satisfied without asking it to descend to "fashions," especially as the papers devoted to that subject are legion and within the financial reach of all. They offer a facile choice to "Chiffons" of opportunity to revel in the full fascination of the "frivolity and fashion of the hour."

Yours faithfully,

SOBERSIDES.

["Chiffons" is now crumpled.—ED.]

COLLARS AND COMFORT.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—I have just been reading an article in your last week's NURSING RECORD entitled "Over the Hospital Teacups," where a new collar for the use of Nurses is suggested, in preference to the old hard and "scrubby" style. Curiously enough, I have lately invented a new collar, which combines comfort with the necessary "professional stiffness." The manufacturers are now making a sample one for my inspection and will shortly bring it out in their catalogue. I shall feel obliged if you will insert this letter in your paper, and should Nurses who read it wish for further particulars I shall be pleased to write again to you later on when the collar is ready for the public.

I am, Madam,

Yours faithfully,

SISTER CONSTANCE.

[Further particulars of this collar will doubtless be found in due course in our advertisement columns.—ED.]

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