

the worst stumbling-blocks to progress, and poverty is unfortunately the rule in Ireland. Last, but by no means least, is the necessity for trained Matrons and Nurses. Let these be introduced and the standard of Irish Infirmaries will soon be brought to a level with our own.

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A shocking state of affairs was revealed at a recent meeting of the Nenagh guardians. One of the guardians (Mr. O'Brien) stated, "I knew a respectable man to die at nine o'clock at night on the Infirmary floor and remain there till morning. That was not the only case of the kind. Another man fell down stairs and broke his neck. It is horrible to think of the treatment to which the Infirmary patients have been subjected." The medical officer (Dr. Minnitt) endorsed that statement by saying patients "have been repeatedly picked up off the floors dead or dying." He added that he reported the fact, but no attention had been paid to his report. Those statements seemed to come by surprise on the guardians, and more than one stated that they had not previously been made aware of such a sad condition of affairs. As a result of the discussion it was decided to appoint paid Nurses.

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A PLEA for the appointment of Women Guardians has frequently been set forth in our pages. But it is to be hoped that few women on Boards would exhibit so much inquisitiveness and fussiness as was recently shown by one of the Guardians of Toxteth, at a meeting during which applications for the position of Nurse at the Infirmary were considered.

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It appears that there were two candidates, who, after they had been put through the usual catechism as to age, experience, testimonials, &c., were requested to withdraw from the room while the Board discussed their relative merits. Whereupon a lady guardian rose up and said it was most desirable to know whether the applicants were engaged to be married.

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Amid much laughter a male guardian, with more broad-mindedness than was shown by the woman, magnanimously remarked that the Board had no objection to a Nurse "having a young man."

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But the lady persisted in her objections, and finally the Board allowed her to interview the applicants—on the stairs, or somewhere without the precincts of the Board room. After the lapse of a few anxious moments of speculation, the officious woman guardian returned with smiling face, proud of the conscientious way in

which she was performing her duty to the ratepayers and announced that the Nurses had assured her they were "heart-whole, fancy free and unengaged." Consequently they were both regarded as eligible and as likely to remain in the service of the workhouse.

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It appears to us that the action of this lady can be only considered in the light of an impertinence. The Board was prepared to elect a Nurse, and all that it had a right to inquire into was professional capacity and personal suitability. It was prepared to pay for these and had a right to be assured that the applicant was possessed of these qualifications. But it had no right to permit one of its members to inquire into so very personal and private an affair as an engagement.

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Nurses sometimes complain of the list of questions to which they are supposed to subscribe the answers before admission into Hospital, as, for instance, their religion and the calling of their father. But if to these is to be added the number of engagements, when, how and why entered into, whether broken off or put upon a permanent basis, and how long it will be before the marriage comes off, &c., &c., we think that a "Revolt of the Nurses" will inevitably take place.

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WRITERS of fiction who are desirous of introducing medical or nursing incidents into their stories or novels, should imitate the realism of the French school and visit for a time at some Hospital or Dispensary. But if they are not prepared to go to this length, they should at least submit their productions to some professional friend who could give them "points" and prevent them from displaying their ignorance of the subject on which they write.

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In a recent story in a popular high-class weekly, the hero, a barrister, is taken ill at his chambers in the Temple. Despite the efforts of his skilled doctor and a highly trained Nurse of the conventional novel style, "who has long been inured to sights of suffering and has no trace of emotion on her features" in spite of the fact that she discovers in her patient a long-lost lover—the "only man she ever loved," whose desertion evidently led to her entering the Nursing profession—the patient dies.

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And here comes in the ignorance of the writer of the story. *Immediately* the patient is dead two "laundresses" (and to readers who know what manner of woman the Temple "laundress" often is, a gruesome vision is conjured up) appear,

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