

repulsive to me to see the modern Nurse—so gentle of manner, so refined in appearance, and so daintily clad—swallowing the foaming “bitter,” when a tumbler of creamy milk would be infinitely more wholesome and nourishing. Do our modern Nurses learn the habit of swallowing this coarse and heady liquid in the modern training school?

Surely the custom is a barbaric relic of the far-distant days of “Gamp.” I feel sure that at the table of the upper middle classes—from which so many modern Nurses are recruited—that malt liquor is not consumed. If a young woman requires sustaining with alcohol, surely she is not a fit subject for Hospital work, and it appears to me that the girl who cannot perform her duties without this fictitious support, should not be passed as physically suitable for Nursing work.

Yours,

London.

MARIA MASTERS.

To the Editor of “The Nursing Record.”

DEAR MADAM,—I am sure you will be pleased to hear about the pleasant holidays I have had this year. I want to try to tell you about all just as it happened along the route.

I left Liverpool on September 24th, by s.s. *Aurania*, arriving in New York on October 2nd; we called at Queens-town and took on about 400 passengers, amongst whom were three old Irish women, leaving Ireland for the first time in their lives; their ages were 103, 93 and 80 years. They wore the Irish peasant dress, looking so clean and nice. The officers at once took their bundles and led the old women away and made them as comfortable as possible. I learned they were very good sailors and arrived in New York quite well. I, too, proved a good sailor and enjoyed the voyage thoroughly.

On board we had George Edward's Operatic Company; they sat in a group on deck and sang for us every evening; it sounded so pretty and made the time pass very pleasantly. We had two concerts on board in aid of the Seamen's Orphan Homes, for which a nice little sum was collected. We landed about 4 p.m.; I went direct to the Abingdon Hotel. In the evening I went with a party of twelve to the Fifth Avenue Theatre, saw Nat Goodwin in “A Gilded Fool.” I thought him very like Arthur Roberts.

The next day I started for Toronto at 6 p.m. I travelled by the Hudson River Railway, which runs in a direct line to Niagara Falls, by way of the Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley. I did not take a sleeping berth, but sat up watching the lovely scenery by moonlight; early in the morning everywhere grew more lovely. The splendour of the autumn foliage, in its various reds and yellows of all possible varieties, must be seen to be believed. We arrived at Niagara Falls about 8 a.m., where I breakfasted.

I only saw the Rapids as I could not stay long enough. After leaving Niagara the aspect quite changed, the country looked so wild I sometimes thought I was flying from civilization. The houses, built of wood, were few and far between; only wooden fences divided the fields, hedges are very rarely seen. Shortly before reaching Toronto we travelled alongside Lake Ontario; it is 40 miles across. An island could be seen about four miles out. It is three miles long and only half a mile wide. This island is much frequented during the summer months by the people of Toronto. Steamers run regularly across the Bay. Toronto is a very quiet city. There are some very fine public buildings and it is rich in churches. The Non-conformists are a very strong body. The Presbyterians alone have 30 churches built of stone. On Sundays the street cars do not run, and public opinion is so strong that people have not the courage to ride a bicycle.

The general Hospital stands in a nice lot of ground, prettily laid out in flower beds, and is enclosed by an iron fence. The Hospital has been enlarged from time to time, so the inside arrangements are not quite modernised.

The Lady Superintendent was out, so her assistant very kindly showed me through the wards. They can take in 200 patients; at that time they were full up. I was told they had between 50 and 60 cases of typhoid then in the Hospital. There is a very pretty Children's Hospital. In the summer all the little ones are taken across to the island, where there is a large Home. They are kept there all through the hot weather and then brought back to the City as soon as the days begin to get cool. I stayed in Toronto four weeks, then I had to start for home again. I left by the afternoon train for New York, travelling over the same route as before, reaching New York at 10 a.m. next morning. This time I took a sleeping berth and got up at 6 a.m., but the morning was so foggy I could not see anything. I dined and breakfasted on the train. The menus were excellent and abundant; for my breakfast I had a pickled lamb's tongue, which really was delicious. I again went to the Abingdon Hotel, where everybody was most obliging and directed me to the various places I wished to visit, sometimes sending out a man to put me into the right car. I visited the New York Hospital, with which I was charmed. It is beautifully built, with every accommodation; every ward has two little rooms, one for the linen, the other for the ward supply; also a Nurses' Sick Room, a patients' dining room and a cooking kitchen, which is very nicely fitted up. There is a small lift to carry the dinners up from the principal kitchen, the joints and vegetables are then put into the hot plate arrangement and kept beautifully hot. Each patient has a tray and table napkin. The patients' tea-table was laid and I noticed the pretty, thin cups and saucers.

At the far end of each ward is a bath room; the bath is of solid marble also the screen fixture which surrounded it. The washhand basins were arranged in a long row with hot and cold water over each, and this long stand had a marble top; there were four enamelled pans with hot and cold water over them for washing bandages, &c. also a rack for pans. The wards are lighted by electric light, and are very lofty and bright.

The Nurses looked very nice in their blue print dresses, the aprons had no bibs, but they wore large hem-stitched kerchiefs, the front ends were fastened into the band of the apron. This kerchief takes the place of the stiff collar in America. It is becoming, comfortable and does not cut the dresses.

Sister in O ward told me there were some operations going on that afternoon and sent me down to the secretary, who kindly gave me a pass to the Operating Room. Here the Nurses wear brown holland overalls and their sleeves tucked up above the elbows.

There is a special porter for the operation room. He rolls the patients in and out, does all the lifting, adjusts the tables &c., and remains in the room all the time, making himself useful; he is dressed very smartly, his white shirt sleeves are well tucked up and he wears a white apron. It is his duty to keep the operating room and everything in it clean. The hot water pipes for heating the room are of brass or copper (I don't know which), they shine like gold.

I cannot close this long letter without saying how very kindly I was received by the Nurses, and indeed I was greatly struck by the uniform courtesy of all the Hospital officials—so different to what a Nurse often finds upon visiting a Hospital at home.

I came back in the *Lucania*. We had rather a rough time, but I kept on deck as much as possible.

Now I am back again at work, and I have many pleasant things to think about.

Thanks to the Registered Nurses' Society I have been able to afford this nice holiday.

I feel sure it is money well spent to take a complete change and I hope many of my fellow Nurses will be able to take a similar change during their well-earned holidays.

Believe me, dear madam,

Yours faithfully,

C. L. C., R.N.S.

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