

**Nursing Echoes.**

\* \* *All communications must be duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith, and should be addressed to the Editor, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.*



THE Nurses at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, are looking forward with pleasant anticipation to occupying the very nice new Nurses' Home, which is nearly complete, and is shortly to be furnished. The very able and popular Matron, Miss Cureton, has herself collected the sum of £151 19s. 6d. towards this new Home, and she and the

Building Committee are taking counsel together as to the important question of carpets, fittings and furniture.

THE growth of the Kensington District Nursing Association may be gathered from the fact that the number of visits paid by the Nurses in 1895 was 19,557. At the annual meeting the Rev. Canon Erskine Clarke spoke very highly of trained Nurses and their unselfishness. He said: If they asked their housemaid to do what these Nurses did they would be met with a month's notice to leave. But they were sometimes told that these ladies were paid, but they would get a very poor cook for the money given to these ladies of culture and refinement. These Nurses were carrying into the homes of the poor more valuable lessons in hygiene than would be done by a middle-class Nurse.

A LIVELY correspondence on medical privilege has been carried on in the *Times* since the verdict in the case of *Kitson v. Playfair*, and on Monday the following letter appeared:—

"SIR,—As your correspondents on the above subject have been so far presumably men, will you allow me as a woman to enquire what is to become of women generally if we are to begin troubling about privilege, defamation, and such troublesome subjects?

Is not the tedium of the sick-room immensely relieved by the prattle of the Sick Nurse, and monthly—lovable beings who are quite as deeply initiated into the secrets of the sick-room as the doctor, and without

any of the disagreeable fears that usually haunt him on the score of honour and consequences?

So long as we can get all the information we can possibly desire through this fertile source, and a thousand other little channels known to every female inhabitant of the globe, we can afford to see the ladies' doctor locked up under the seal of confession without finding ourselves any the worse.

In rural districts the Trained Nurse is considered a perfect godsend to the place until some busybody in high life awakens to the fact that she is the bee that carries the pollen of unrighteous gossip from door to door, and dismissal follows at the interesting moment when the dull village is converted into a lively hotbed of scandal.

To sum up, you and the law may do as you please with the doctors, but spare, oh spare us, the modern Trained Nurse.

Yours faithfully,  
GOSSIP."

THE first impulse of every Nurse, after reading this letter, will be one of indignation; and yet, can it be that there is any justification for such an indictment against us? If so, let us speedily set ourselves to refute so terrible an accusation by for the future using more circumspection in our conversation with our patients. We prate of "Gamp" and "Prig," but what can be more humiliating than to have gained the reputation of being "the bee that carries the pollen of unrighteous gossip"? Indeed, if there is any truth in this accusation, it is high time that a code of ethics was evolved for the guidance of trained Nurses; for all must deprecate most strongly this unprofessional habit of gossip concerning professional matters.

THAT most progressive paper, the *Daily Chronicle*, has recently published an interesting interview with Mrs. Bedford Fenwick on the forthcoming Nursing Exhibition. It prefaces its remarks by saying—

"The Trained Nurse is a somewhat picturesque factor in the necessities of to-day, and she has attained a peculiar prominence in our social arrangements. We have her in fiction, on the stage, and in art; Hubert Herkomer has portrayed the District Nurse in his subject picture, 'Back to Life,' for this year's Academy, and has immortalised a classic type of Nurse, as Luke Fildes has created an historic type of 'doctor.' And now the Nurses are to have an exhibition! Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, late Matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, is responsible for the idea, and means to carry it out thoroughly."

It winds up in distinctly complimentary terms:—

"The programme is extremely promising and popular. The public is interested in its Hospitals and Institutions, and has a right to know what is the actual working of them. The public is interested also in the Nurse, and at this exhibition will have an opportunity of seeing her as she is. They will see her in all the phases

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