

take up this photography—either for pleasure or profit—is no reason why it should be expected of the average Nurse. And it is quite certain each further addition to the curriculum in the Training Schools tends to lower the standard of health of its Nurses. It is just as much now as the average woman can stand—the “grind” of three years, with all the special knowledge of midwifery, dispensing, cooking, fever-nursing, &c., which she is expected to acquire *separately* from the training. It seems to me the time has come for us to say “Hold, enough,” and content ourselves with learning thoroughly the sufficiently hard tasks already included in our training.

Sincerely yours,
A BUSY NURSE.

MADAM,—Without expressing an opinion on the various points raised by your correspondent under the above title, will you allow me to state that on April 28th a lecture was delivered to the “Toynbee Nursing Guild” on Skiagraphy and Cryptoscopy as aids to Medical and Surgical Diagnosis, by Mr. Sydney Rowland, M.A. After a full explanation of the apparatus used, the lecturer proceeded to take several skiagraphs through common objects, which were shown during the evening on a screen by means of an oxyhydrogen lantern. Successful skiagraphs were taken of a hand in which a small bullet was suspected to exist, and was eventually found by this means; and also of a dislocated wrist. I am writing to point out that lectures on this subject, whilst of great interest to Societies such as ours, must be of even greater interest and importance to the trained professional Nurse, and would at least give her an opportunity of forming an opinion on the last point raised by your correspondent, viz., “the suitability of the study of the new photography for Nurses.”

Yours faithfully,
W. H. W.

Toynbee Hall,
28, Commercial Street, E.

COMPULSORY CHAPEL.

To the Editor of “The Nursing Record.”

MADAM,—“One who likes Fresh Scenes” has touched on what I consider the very greatest hardship in Workhouse Infirmary life. I mean the dreariness of attending the Workhouse chapel. It so gets on my nerves never to be able to escape from the sight of pauperdom and life-failure, that I often think I would rather go and work in the fields than remain any longer as an Infirmary Nurse. We are so constantly associated with the “submerged tenth,” we are surrounded with the flotsam and jetsam of the slums, we live with the wrecks and the out-casts of life. So that at the end of the week we cannot help feeling somewhat morbid and warped in our minds. We feel that the world is a vast store-house of pauperdom and ruined hopes and ambitions. We are poisoned by our associations with the worthless and dissolute. We are stifling for some good, wholesome, natural influences. We need the outside atmosphere: and we think how refreshing it would be to go to an outside church; to see some clothes but those which represent poverty and failure; to see some hopeful young life, and to hear some encouraging sermon addressed to normal, average healthy people. That is what we need, that is what would do us good, and send us back to our deary routine fortified with a little

hope and belief. Instead of that, we must go to the Workhouse Chapel. We see the rows of wretched old and young people, sitting hopelessly and drearily as those do who have nothing pleasant to remember or hopeful to look forward to. We have the same old coughs in the Chapel that we are so used to in the wards; the infirmities, the wheezings and physical horrors that it is our daily lot to alleviate; we hear a sermon specially prepared for paupers and people whose opportunities have gone by, and by the time Sunday night comes we feel thankful that it is only once a week that we have such a dreary day. On week-days we are so busy we don't notice all the horrors of pauperdom, and we should not be so terribly depressed on Sundays could we only go to an outside Church and get freshened up.

AN INFIRMARY NURSE.

WOMAN'S WORK.

To the Editor of “The Nursing Record.”

MADAM,—I am very glad to see Miss Harris has called attention to so very practical a point as the necessity of a system of training laundresses. I am an ordinary householder—not connected with hospitals—and I speak from the platform of an average woman. The terrible difficulties and trials I have gone through in striving to find a laundry where I can get the linen of my household and family, properly “got-up,” prompts me to send this letter on the subject, hoping some practical suggestions may be made which will help to straighten out the difficulty of getting trained women to undertake a “family's washing.”

Things are managed better on the Continent, especially in France, where young girls are trained from a very early age to do their work in the laundry thoroughly and artistically. What recollections one can conjure up of the dainty laces, perfect goffers and snowy whiteness of one's linen when “sent home from the wash,” in even very small French villages. It is a perfect delight to wear the summer dresses and white skirts as they are sent home by the laundresses of France. There laundry work is regarded as a trade—a calling; here it seems to be something to fall back upon when the husband dies, or takes to drink, or otherwise ceases to provide for his family. Every woman thinks she can get up linen. And it is in the hands of sloppy, muddly, incompetent persons that six-tenths of the washing of England is placed. It comes home reeking of tobacco, or with that indefinable evil odour of having been washed, dried and ironed in small rooms where large families and lodgers are huddled together promiscuously. I have tried the steam laundries—with the inevitable result of rents and holes and frayings in all my nice new linen. I have made every kind of experiment, and I am well-nigh hopeless. When I have trained Nurses in my household, as I frequently have, I look ruefully at the so-called goffers my laundress puts into their caps. Perhaps I have a particular eye, but when I go to hospitals and see the way in which the caps, gowns and aprons of the Sisters and Nurses are got up and “done for,” I say hopelessly to myself, “Is there no enterprise or capacity left in English people?” Surely it would pay educated women to go into the laundry business and conduct it on efficient and capable lines.

Truly yours,
A. H. STANLEY.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)