

is that—on the whole and as a general rule—the Nursing performed by Nuns is bad. And the various religious Orders must either recognise the spirit of the times—move with them, and put their devotees through the prescribed nursing course, or they must retire altogether from the Hospital field. The *South African Catholic Magazine* protests against the “members of religious Orders being on a sudden put to an additional outside test, as if they were solitary persons who have no connection with a Nursing body.” But it seems to lose sight of the fact that Nursing in Hospitals is done by “solitary persons.”

A “Nursing body” does not give the medicines, prepare the poultices, or make the beds. It is done by “solitary persons,” and these solitary individuals cannot be allowed to merge their responsibility into a “Nursing body,” or shield their ignorance behind an Order. Each Nun must stand or fall on her own merits and training. If she cannot do this, religious Nursing in Hospitals must be abolished and skilful lay help summoned to the rescue of the sick from unqualified hands.

Inventions, Preparations, &c.

A FOOT-WARMER.

SHIRLEY'S Hecla Foot-Warmer and Bed-Airer is deservedly called the “Nurse's Friend,” in that it retains the heat of the water so long that the foot-warmer does not need filling frequently. We might suggest that it could be further named the “Invalid's Friend,” as its size and shape render it so very convenient for packing when travelling. It is of a cylindrical shape, and is supplied complete, with natural wool covering, at very modest prices, ranging from 3s. 6d. for tinned steel, to 6s. 6d. in copper or brass. It can be obtained, carriage paid, from W. Shirley and Co., 117, Lord Street, Wolverhampton.

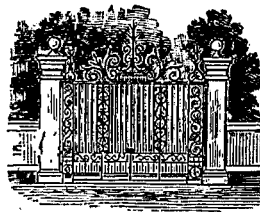
AN ENEMA CLIP.

THE Basin Enema Clip of Messrs. Reynolds and Branson has attained a very wide popularity. All Nurses have experienced the difficulty, when administering an enema or douche, of preventing the tail of the syringe from rising in the basin of liquid, and so resulting in the admission of air into the tube and the consequent injection of it into the rectum or vagina. This ingenious little clip firmly holds the tail of the syringe at the bottom of the basin, beneath the liquid, so that the entrance of air is an absolute impossibility. The Clip also acts as a rest for the bone pipe after the enema has been given, so that it, in this way, prevents the possible wetting of bed or body linen. Practical experience of the invention has conclusively satisfied us that it is a real necessity for the ward or sick room, and the small price of 6d., or post free 7d., at which it is sold, puts it within the reach of every Nurse.

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.

“WHITE KAFFIRS.”



WE have noticed with regret that it is not unusual to find Nurses who never read the newspaper—by read, we mean that in taking up a daily paper (the most liberal educator extant) they skim over the personal parts, and merely cast the eye down those

long columns brimming over with the history of the world, and the brilliant leading articles thereon. As a Probationer in a Nursing School containing 100 Nurses, the writer found herself the one exception who took in the daily paper, and we remember with what pleasure we looked forward to the tea hour, and bed time, when we were able to read the same.

All *apropos*, dear readers, of a suggestion received, that one column of our RECORD should be devoted weekly to the great public events of the week, events which, like Jameson's raid—we would rather write Jameson's quixotic race for liberty—make history, and compel us women, voteless Uitlanders as we are, to dwell more upon imperial matters. Here at home in our tight little island—mother of nations, may be—is it not possible that in consequence of that insular prejudice and narrowness for which we Britishers are proverbial, that this great South African trouble has come upon us a shock—when it was our duty to be well-informed of its inception? Is it possible that the suzerainty of Great Britain over the Transvaal—which apparently has not inspired us with any sense of responsibility for the rights and freedom of our own people—is not recognised by those people as a very real and tangible thing. Rather can it not be grasped that the attitude of their mind towards our shadowy and wholly self-interested existence is perhaps not altogether one of filial devotion and admiration?

How different are the phases of life on the broad expanse of the *veldt* under the glow of African skies, to that which we live here, cooped up like moulting fowls in our narrow conventional pen. The grievances of these well-named Uitlanders are not less real, although apparently they have been in the past so coolly disdained in Downing Street; and we are of opinion that it is only we British women—disfranchised and yet inexorably taxed—who can truly sympathise with the “White Kaffirs” in the Transvaal,—men maddened by the boorish tyranny of an inferior race, who prefer death rather than a prolongation of a brute's life under the cutting lash of a degradation which the lack of self-respect inevitably entails. The laws of Nations must submit to the laws of Nature, and the suzeraine must compel the Boer to grant justice to the Uitlander, or the Uitlander must buy that justice for himself with “blood and iron.” Here is our woman's lesson for the week if we mean to win our vote.

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