

THE Guildford Board of Guardians appear to be making excellent arrangements with regard to the Nursing staff of their new Infirmary, which is shortly to be opened.

THE committee of the Gort Board of Guardians in consultation with the Medical Officer have recommended the following scale of dietary of their Night Nurse:—Weekly—bread, 10½ lbs.; meat, 6 lbs.; milk, 10½ pints; tea, 6 oz.; sugar, 1½ lbs.; butter, ¾ lb.; potatoes, 1½ st. Vegetables daily as in season, with fuel, light, &c. And we think she will be fairly well fed, only we hope she will be allowed some pudding and cheese for a change! Also we see no provision of bacon or eggs for breakfast. We are sorry to see from the regulations "that she need not remain awake out of bed at night when there is no apparent necessity for so doing, yet at all times during the night she shall be within call of the patients." This is always an unsatisfactory system, and invariably leads to nursing abuses and neglect of the sick.

A VERY novel method of raising money was employed on behalf of the Cardiff Infirmary during the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to that town. The residents whose houses command a view of the Royal procession were asked to let their windows and devote the proceeds to the Infirmary. Many of the leading tradesmen expressed their approval of so admirable a scheme, and generously turned their windows to this charitable purpose.

It is hoped that £700, or £800, or even more, may be realised in this way. Half-a-crown was charged for a seat in the windows, and people were more willing to spend that amount when they knew their Hospital was to receive the benefit of their "good look at the Princess."

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"I see that the Urban District Council of Oldbury is in need of a Nurse at their Small-pox Hospital, and invite applications for the post. Now there are, of course, times when there are no patients at all, but the Council is desirous of having a permanent Nurse, who will reside at the Hospital and be ready for emergencies. But it surely is an unfortunate term for the Council to use, in asking candidates to send in their applications endorsed "Caretaker and Hospital Nurse."

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The Most Luscious Tea in the World.

A caretaker savours too much of a charwoman. Why do they not call her Charge Nurse? Shakespeare has said, "What's in a name?" There is a great deal in a name, and no Hospital and trained Nurse should be called a 'caretaker.'

THE Sister of a children's ward said recently: "Of course it is delightful to receive presents for the children, and we get some lovely toys; but every now and then we get a perfect epidemic of tin trumpets, whistles, and babies' rattles. And these are really *too* much. It is not entirely from the point of view of nursing staff nerves that I plead for a little more discretion, but for the benefit of the small patients themselves, for whom so much noise is not beneficial. We are told not to look gift-horses in the mouth, and as a general rule we are far too pleased when we are the recipients of presents even to think of criticism; but we really must suggest to mothers of families that they might distribute the instruments of noise which they are tired of in their own nurseries, for the benefit of sturdy youngsters in country parts. They are not suited to Hospital wards."

IN an admirably managed ward of one of our leading Children's Hospitals, the presiding Sister has a positive genius for inventing devices of an interesting and amusing kind for fretful children, and for those whose pain is of a chronic kind. "Given suitable amusements," she says, "and it is perfectly marvellous how children will forget their aches and pains and the hardships of bed. No Sister should be appointed to a children's ward unless she has a sympathetic love for children which will lead her to devise amusements and little 'treats' which mean so much to sick, small people."

Consequent on the holding of these views the good Sister's ward is a perfect paradise for her wee patients. "I have a perfect store cupboard of rice, peas and beans," she says, "and with these the children while away hours. Give a cross child a tin full of peas or rice, and two wide-mouthed bottles, with a brown paper funnel, and he will amuse himself by pouring the peas backwards and forwards unceasingly. He will play at shops, and measure and haggle with his imaginary customers with all the enthusiasm of a born financier. It makes the ward untidy? Of course it does; but"—and this is said with a fine scorn—"what is a little untidiness compared with a sick child's happiness and pleasure? I have often noticed," she concluded, "that in a *very* tidy children's ward there is a great deal of fretting and crossness."

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