

More about Mortuaries.

THE article in our last number on Hospital Mortuaries has roused extreme interest in the subject. As a further contribution to "Mortuary literature," the *Daily Chronicle* of the 14th inst. says:—

"The griefs of the jurymen are seldom long mute, and one of the number who was called for service on a coroner's jury in Lambeth last week has some very severe and apparently well-deserved strictures to pass upon the condition of the mortuary, forming part of the premises attached to St. Thomas's Hospital, where the inquest in question was held. The jury of course had to visit this place, and, says our correspondent:—

'We found that the mortuary contained something like a dozen or more coffins, each presumably with a dead body. These were apparently placed without proper arrangement, and some short time elapsed before the attendants—a man and woman—could point out those we came to see, the lids of these being partially removed. The odour was sickening, and the female attendant—accustomed as she was to the horribly offensive smell—had her handkerchief over nose and mouth. On passing one coffin, blood was noticed on the floor. To my mind, the looking at corpses that the jury have no means of identifying is a farce. But if it be a form that must be carried out, surely the time has arrived when dead persons on whom inquests are necessary should be temporarily placed in metal receptacles with glass covers, so made as to prevent smell, and thereby enable a jury to do this unpleasant duty without being nauseated.'

We quite agree with our correspondent, for although it may be impossible to spare coroners' juries revolting sights, there is no reason why the mortuary chambers should not be decently kept and properly disinfected."

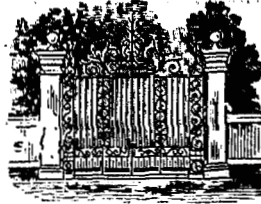
Now that so important a daily as is the *Chronicle* has joined in our protest against the mortuary system of the average Hospital, we feel sure that this important matter will be brought before the attention of Hospital Committees. It is difficult to persuade the friends of patients who are brought into relation with the horrors of some mortuaries, that there are not equal abuses in other departments of the Institution.

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WOMEN.



THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA has written a poem in the Scottish dialect on Burns, and forwarded it to Dumfries for recitation at the centenary celebration on the 21st inst.

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker—who, it will be remembered, acted as hostess for her brother, Lord Crewe, when Viceroy of Ireland—has accepted the post of President of the Society of Women Journalists, Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") having retired at the expiration of her year of office.

The Marchioness of Londonderry held a Council of the Irish Industries Association at Londonderry House on Saturday, when it was determined to organise a combined sale of Irish work in Brighton in November.

It is rather interesting to contrast the wife of the outgoing President of the United States, Mrs. Cleveland, with the lady who is almost sure to occupy the position of hostess of the White House after the next Presidential election, Mrs. McKinley.

Mrs. Cleveland is of the domestic and housekeeping type. She superintends the nursery, trims many of her own bonnets, troubles herself very little with public affairs, and has never identified herself with "movements" of any kind. She is strong, healthy, and apparently common-place.

Mrs. McKinley is a different type of woman. She had an advanced and sensible father, a banker, who held that every woman should not only know how to earn her living, but should do it. So at a time when it was unusual for women of her class to go to business, he put her in his bank as a cashier, and it was through the bank window Mr. McKinley first saw her. She was the first woman in America to become a bank cashier. She was thoroughly trained, and did her work well. Her early business career has stamped itself on her character, and she is able to follow her husband's career, and to enter into his plans and ambitions with a practical sympathy which creates a splendid bond of friendship between them. Unfortunately, her delicate health makes it impossible for her to enter as fully into a public life as her tastes and capacities fit her for. She has been practically an invalid since the loss of her two children. She has adopted a little girl, whom she calls her "baby sweet-heart."

Another industry open to women and one in which one woman at least has proved that she can be a success, is that of the fire insurance business. The idea, of course, originated in the Western States of America, where a woman has established and is managing a splendid business of this kind, and has thus opened up a way for other women to follow.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)