

strain of perpetually trying to sooth her patient, and coaxing her to do the things necessary for the treatment.

I heartily wish some of the doctors I work for would employ this method too!

Yours faithfully,

M. E. W.

A TRAINED NURSE.

12, Pembroke Villas,
Southfields, S.W.
July 26th, 1896.

HOSPITAL MORTUARIES.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—Once more the RECORD has proved its usefulness in drawing attention to the necessity for reform in the construction and management of Hospital Mortuaries. There are few Nurses who have ever visited these departments in our Hospitals who can approve of their arrangement. In this (a county Hospital) Institution the Mortuary is very gruesome—a sort of vault-like room, with white-washed stone walls, and a row of flat stone slabs, raised two feet from the floor, on which the corpses are placed just covered with a coarse, crash sheet. The shrouds are terrible things, made of a sort of dressed muslin paper, and crimped round the throat and wrists—like Punch's dog. I have often shuddered at the idea of dying in the Hospital and being placed in this gruesome place. One almost fancies one would arise and escape somehow. Since seeing the lovely embroidered Mortuary linen at the Nursing Exhibition used at the Liverpool Royal Infirmary, we Nurses are collecting a sum amongst our friends with which to obtain some fine linen, which we intend to have embroidered and to present to the Hospital, as it is a very poor Institution, and extravagancies cannot be permitted. I fear we shall have to draw the line at the candles, as they have a savour of "popery" which would never be permitted in this very Protestant Institution.

Yours faithfully,

M. S. S.

Dublin.

WARD PLANTS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—If "Sister," who writes in RECORD, July 11th, on the lacking of greenery for Hospital wards, would care for a plant in pot, which keeps green foliage on most of the year, I should be pleased to forward a "Madiera Vine," which twines on rods into whatever shape one wishes to train it. It does well on a centre table with plenty of light and a moderate amount of heat. I have had one two feet high and one and a-half wide—each way, trained on a sort of double cross at right angles, which gave a nice side of green to all patients, and was the admiration of all and everybody. If this lady cares for trying this plant, and gives address, I will be happy to send her one, and then she will soon have many more, as young ones grow up at parent root, and can easily be transferred to other pots where they grow rapidly, so that there would "never no more" be lack of green for the wards.

"IDA."

Laurel Cottages, Trinity Street,
Barnstaple,
July 20th, 1896.

LAVENDER BAGS FOR HOSPITALS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—I am what is known in common parlance as "an old maid." I live in a small village very remote from what is called "civilisation," and my sphere of action is decidedly small, and my outlook narrow. All my life I have longed for a busy career in the thick of everything that is inspiring to good work; and all my life small but obvious duties relating to domestic affairs have kept me ever moving in a narrow and circumscribed circle, so that ambition and personal desire have—as so often happens in the lives of women—counted for nothing. And to the outside observer I should probably appear as a somewhat dull and uneventful person, because I have never "done anything," have had "no career," and have never been heard of. But let that pass. I will only say that I have always tried to keep in sympathy with the larger and broader issues of the world, and I have done what little I could to make the way easier for those who are fortunate enough to be working hard amid the scenes of suffering and wretchedness, and who have the privilege (as it seems to me) of being brought face to face with the stern realities of life. There must be many "old maids" like myself who are anxious to do something, and yet have means too narrow to allow of contributing much to charity. For my part, I can do very little; but I have a large garden, and I make a speciality of cultivating flowers which will bear a journey by rail or by post, and these I send to City Hospitals. I also set apart a special plot for fruit and vegetables, to be devoted to Hospital use.

Now, at this season of the year there is a sweet little service which we old-fashioned women can perform. In my beautiful old garden there are lavender bushes in profusion, whose sweet-smelling blossoms take us back to the times of our grandmothers, when it was customary always for the household linen to be packed away with lavender bags between the piles of snowy sheets and dainty pillow-cases. Now, in these long summer days I find plenty of time to make hundreds of lavender bags for Hospitals. These I send to several friends of mine, who are ward Sisters, and it is a nice fancy for an old woman who can do little else to think afterwards of the fragrance and sweetness she has carried by so simple a means to, perhaps, hundreds of sick beds. The "Sisters" tell me the lavender-scented sheets are a source of infinite pleasure to the patients, many of whom have known such things in an early country life. I preferably send the lavender bags to women's wards, as women care more for these dainty and subtle things than do men. Apologies are due to you, madam, for the length of this letter, but it seemed to me there must be a good many simple, lonely women who might be glad to help, even in such a homely way as this, in the great and splendid work which is going on in our Hospitals.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

SWEET LAVENDER.

DELICIOUS MAZAWATTEE TEAS.
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DELICIOUS MAZAWATTEE TEAS.
DELICIOUS MAZAWATTEE TEAS.

Recalls the Delicious Tea of Thirty Years Ago.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)