

down to the address given me, expecting to find culture and refinement combined with such abject poverty and sensitiveness that I studied much how to offer my services and wares without giving offence or wounding sensitive souls who had already had much to bear.

I found them in a "furnished flat" with plush furniture, and with filth and squalor that exceeded anything that I had encountered in the tenement house districts. The man had a sinister leer, and laziness was written in every dirty fold of fat, with the remains of every bill-of-fare on his light suit and greasy old toe-slippers in which he scuffed around in his dirty stockings falling down.

His wife had, like Cassius, "a lean and hungry look," and was carrying upon her person all of the real estate she possessed.

The baby had no clothes on but a slip, and lay on a pillow without a cover, in a plush chair, the condition of which only those familiar with a baby's habits can imagine. In spite of my fondness for babies, I could not have touched that one without bathing it at once, for the poor little specimen looked and smelled as if it had not had a good bath since it arrived, and was "very sore and fretful."

I asked if I might help them by bathing the baby for them, and was told that I might if I would come the next day and bring with me everything that I would need. I asked what they were feeding it on and they told me "Pettijohn Breakfastfood," and it had lived ten weeks! A good advertisement for Pettijohn! All of the other children had light yellow hair too long for short hair and too short to braid nicely, and it hung in ropes matted and dirty. The next morning I went armed with towels, soap, scissors, comb, baby-food, ointments and tonics, etc., and found things as dirty as, or even worse than, the day before.

The mother in bed with neither sheets nor pillow cases looked sadly neglected.

When I asked for a bowl, or tub, or pan, to wash the baby in, I was given a wash-bowl very greasy inside, but so thick with grease and dirt outside that it looked like a badly smoked camp-kettle, and twelve-year-old Victoria informed me that "the water did that." I tried to show her how to gain a victory over dirt and so be more worthy of her name. In passing through the second bed-room, I heard a chain rattle under the bed and an undefinable "yaller dorg" whom they called "a cowlie," appeared, covered with bleeding sores. He resembled the rest of the family with his long yellow hair and sick and starved look.

I wrote the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of his sorry condition and tried to inculcate a few principles of cleanliness into the family, but found it useless.

(To be continued.)

## Women and War.

THE article which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, under the title of "Fights for the Flag," is this month especially interesting to nurses and women, as it refers to "The Lady with the Lamp," and demonstrates in the most undeniable manner that women in general—and Miss Florence Nightingale in particular—possess certain attributes of mind, and a grasp of the elements of domestic science, which is rare in man, who is, or should be, a creature of action.

The article opens with the words :

"Two figures emerge with a nimbus of glory from the tragedy of the Crimean War. One is that of the great Russian engineer, Todleben, with powerful brow, and face of iron sternness, and eyes that flash as with the keen sparkle of a sword. The other is the slender, modest figure of an English lady, with downcast eyes and pensive brow, and the dress of a nurse. It is Florence Nightingale, whose woman's brain and hand added an element so gracious to the memory of those sad days. And of these two figures, who will doubt that 'the angel of the hospitals,' as she was called, won a finer and more enduring fame than the hero of the trenches?"

Far from drawing such an opposite picture of the day-spring of genius between the great engineer, and the "modest figure of an English lady," we claim that both had their birth in the fathomless cradle of science, Florence Nightingale did not attack disease and death with "downcast eyes and pensive brow," she attacked them with combinations rare in an English lady forty years ago—a sound knowledge of the laws of sanitation and domestic science, added to a broad and liberal general education and culture, to be obtained only in the class into which she was born. And we venture to assert that had Miss Florence Nightingale not been thus favoured by rare good fortune, the magnificent work which she effected for the benefit of her country, and demonstrated for the everlasting good of her sex, would never have been accomplished. Her birth, early associations, and liberal classical education—for Mr. Fitch brings out the fact that "Miss Nightingale spoke French, German, Italian, was a good classic, and had all the social gifts of her order"—added to the heroic quality of her mind fitted, "The Lady of the Lamp," for the great part she had to play in her nation's history, and is conclusive evidence of our contention that "Nursing" is not, and never can be a profession for women of uncultured and undeveloped minds. We find here also another argument for so organising the educational curriculum for the profession of nursing, that the "family failure," the "dull daughter," and the uncultured woman, will have no chance of entering its ranks.

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