

The Council consider that the first and chief work of the House is to give relief in sickness through the aid of Nursing, and that therefore they are hardly justified in expending funds intended for that purpose in supplying nourishment instead, and thereby crippling their own especial work.

WITH reference to the Pension Fund, the Council report the death of Nurse Hubbard, who was one of the Nurses in receipt of a pension, and give the following financial statement. "During 1888 the amount of income arising from investments was £104 12s. 6d., while the donations and subscriptions were £57 7s. 6d., making a total of £162. The amount paid away in pensions was £166 11s. 8d., a margin which, although certainly diminutive, errs at any rate on the side of generosity. The list of pensioners now comprises Nurses Farmer, Blackman, Hitchman, Wybrow, Silvey, Martin, Leckie, Spong. The pension paid to a Nurse who has served twelve years, and is declared on the report of the two Physicians to be disabled and unfit for duty, is fifteen pounds. For every year of service above twelve years an additional eighteen shillings is given for each such additional year until the pension reaches twenty-four pounds, beyond which there is no increase." I sincerely hope that many subscriptions will be received to the Fund this year and in future, for this is verily a Pension Fund, giving reward for service worthily rendered, not a mere commercial undertaking.

OUR weakly institutional contemporary has actually outdone itself at last. It has kept the few members of the Nursing profession who read it in a continual titter, which latterly has extended into un-suppressed laughter. No one has yet forgotten its exquisite amateur instruction to Nurses to clear a tracheotomy tube in a patient by "blowing violently down it." Quite lately it has been publishing letters advising Nurses to have dirty nails! But all its Nursing vagaries pale into insignificance before the following, which will be read with bated breath by our own readers all over the world. An annotation on air space asserts that "an indignant Nurse" lately told an Examiner that she didn't consider air space had anything to do with Nursing! So our contemporary proceeds to prove that it is a very important matter, and amongst other things makes this astounding assertion, which I give literally, word for word.

"IN Private Nursing a Nurse should remember that though there is only one bed in the room, it may constantly be occupied by three persons;

*herself, her patient, and the patient's nearest relative*, so that air space should be allowed for three people." The italics, of course, are my own. Is it not an awful picture? However can a woman be found brave enough to undertake such a life—sent hither and thither to perfect strangers, and at every house she enters being obliged to stay in bed all day long with her patient, and, as if that was not bad enough, her patient's nearest relative must be "constantly occupying" the bed also. An eagerly anxious world waits for our contemporary to raise the veil a little further, and now that we know how the bed is occupied, to tell us how the Private Nurse and her patient, and the patient's nearest relative, constantly occupy themselves. And, by the way, what sized bed does our contemporary recommend?

OUR influential contemporary, the *Lancet*, last week contained an important annotation upon the dangerous outbursts to which epileptics are liable, which all Nurses would do well to read, and to remember should they ever be in attendance on such cases. It appears that into a Hospital, near Ghent, a Belgian was recently admitted suffering from epilepsy.

"HE was allowed to associate in a common hall with old men mostly incurables, and little boys hopelessly rachitic, the surveillance of this motley assemblage being entrusted to some Sisters of Charity. How unequal these good ladies were to their task is evident from this—that notwithstanding his having shown symptoms of aggressiveness, notwithstanding that he had given vent to the strangest illusions, asserting that Brussels was in flames, that the king had been banished, that at Antwerp he had himself seen carts laden with bombs, and had added, 'They have given me lion's flesh to eat; I feel my blood boiling with it,' he was left pretty much to himself, and actually entrusted with a razor to shave himself with!"

"ON the night between the 29th and 30th ult., he rushed, armed with this weapon, into the hall, which, a sitting and dining-room by day, was a dormitory by night, and began at once to deal murderous strokes at the sleeping inmates. He had already wounded several of the old men and children, who were too weak or too dazed to defend themselves, when the shrieks and general tumult brought the Sisters to the scene. In vain they tried to disarm him. They only succeeded in getting gravely wounded themselves. Meanwhile one of them sounded the alarm bell, and the madman was shortly thereafter overpowered

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