

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—Would you kindly tell me when and to whom I should apply for information as to how I should go about becoming a student at the Medical School for Women, in London? I should like to know how long the course of study usually lasts, what the average cost for the whole period is, and if there is any limit as to age of candidates.—Truly yours,
ECNEROLF.

[Write to Miss Margaret M. Bagster, the New Hospital for Women, 222, Marylebone Road, London, W.—ED.]

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—I shall esteem it a favour if you will kindly inform me through your correspondence column (replies) how I can obtain information of a reliable kind as to an Institution in which females are received as Probationers, and the conditions and the course they follow, with remuneration and prospects if they are accepted.

I have a daughter who appears to have a desire to undertake the work, and would like to know all pros and cons possible.
GWENT.

[Write to Miss Close, the Lady Superintendent, the Royal Infirmary, Newcastle-on-Tyne, giving full particulars as to age, &c.—ED.]

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—(1) Can you tell me if belts are made for women for the support of the abdomen? (2) Where are they to be had? (3) What is the possible cost?—Yours truly,
NANCIE.

[(1) Yes; (2) W. H. Bailey and Son, 38, Oxford Street, W.; (3) Send for their catalogue, which gives full particulars both as to price and measurements.—ED.]

MIDWIFE V. MONTHLY NURSE.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—In your issue of August 16, a Staff Midwife states that monthly nursing is not a science. How much of science there is in it I leave to your kind correspondent, "Obstetrica," to show, and take this opportunity of thanking that lady for her papers on this most interesting but much abused department of nursing.

In a crowded station, a few days ago, I saw a regal looking lady in a uniform quite *distinguée*, and she was carrying a baby in long clothes. If the many eyes turned upon her looked surprise, at least there was one pair that looked admiration.

Dr. Matthews Duncan may not have weighed his words when delivering the admirable lecture in which he states that "A Midwife and a Monthly Nurse are precisely the same thing." Or he, as many of his conferees, may know that intellectual well-trained Monthly Nurses have many opportunities of showing how much they know of midwifery when accident compels them to act unaided in the Doctor's absence. So there is more truth in the words than at first appears. I am quite sure that neither Dr. Matthews Duncan or any other Medical gentleman would think disparagingly of women who do such good work, without whom our poorer sisters would be greatly at a loss.

I have unbounded admiration for the women who attempt to take a fellow-sister through such perilous times, amid such surroundings as Midwives too often have to work. Occasionally they are expected to deliver a patient surrounded by half-a-dozen children; or they go and find that no provision whatever has been made for the expected arrival of the infant, and the only article they can find with which to heat a little water is a coffee pot; the only thing to receive the baby in a piece of old carpet. Those who attempt to pilot their barque through such sluggish waters require a courage almost sublime.

A Norwich district visitor writes of the ignorant Midwife, and the instance she relates is no doubt only one of many. But what is to be done to turn out this woman who works unwittingly such dire mischief, and where will be found a woman of better culture who would not rather scrub Hospital floors than midwife the extreme poor unless they were in a position to do their work gratis?

The supposition that in Obstetrics and for the treatment of children "Medical men are entirely out of their sphere," is decidedly erroneous. With all due deference to such an opinion, and as one who has had long practice in the work, I may venture to state that, for the one patient whose overstrung nervous sensibilities cause her to express a wish that her Doctor would emigrate when she is restored once more to the family circle, there are thousands who pin their faith to men, and this, as most true women will agree, is perfectly natural. I admit that the presence of the Doctor is sometimes disconcerting, at least to such a patient as the one I have described, but the presence of the woman who is to assist him too often has nearly the same effect.

Your Monthly Nurse receives a telegram, on receipt of which she leaves a patient who would be glad to have her a little longer, hastily thrusts her belongings into her trunk, pays the cabman an extra coin to catch the next train, and travels a hundred miles on an empty stomach, only to find that she has left one patient at the risk of undoing all she has done, and has now to wait a fortnight or perhaps three weeks for work that she expected to begin upon at once.

Then, too, women, unless they be wives, mothers, or Nurses—I do not of course mean the Nurse of the period, who takes flight at the advent of the second baby, but the faithful Nurse, who gives the tenth child as warm a welcome as she gave the first—know less about children than is generally supposed. Indeed, it is lamentable to mark how often the maternal instinct is lacking in the bosom of women who bear the holy name of mother; whereas the bachelor Doctor may be the friend of every child in the village.

The student who does not thank any Nurse to do his dressings and whose brusque manners are almost an offence, is quite restored to favour when Nurse sees with what tenderness he lifts the poor bruised limbs of the little maidens she has in charge.

While bachelor Uncle Charlie, who has no more tears with which to water the greensward beneath which his love lies low, has love in his eyes and lips as he stoops to kiss the wee one who has a birthday every week until she be a month old, not to please his sister, but out of pure admiration, though she is as yellow as a daffodil.

NURSE MARIAN.

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