

whole nursing question must be the preliminary step to the best organisation of the nursing profession. This would have been granted five years ago if the manipulators of the Royal British Nurses' Association had not feared to face it and secured high influence to oppose the demand. Sooner or later it must come, and we should advise all those persons who write to newspapers to influence their Members of Parliament to demand inquiry at an early date.

A pleasant story is told by Mr. Davies, rector of the parish of Christ Church, Spitalfields (a notorious criminal centre), which affords an effective illustration of the fact that even criminal London has a heart. The parish nurse entered a shop to give an order, and put down the bag containing her nursing implements. When she turned it was only to find that it had been stolen. She had scarcely got back to the Church House, however, before there was a ring at the door-bell, and two very rough men were found waiting there with the bag. Their story was that they had "seen a woman take up the bag and run," and thereupon chased her, and by dint of threats had recovered it. The men refused all reward, which goes to prove that when, as in the case of district nursing, the lowest criminals are approached from a human standpoint, and receive practical kindness which they can understand, not for merit, but because of their need, they respond in a most unexpected way.

Three of the nursing staff in one of the principal hospitals in North London are suffering from enteric fever, contracted, it is alleged, from the insanitary condition of a portion of the building.

At a conversazione recently given by Dr. C. W. Iliffe, Medical Officer of the Coventry Workhouse Infirmary, to the *Guardians*, an interesting paper, dealing with the qualifications of nurses, was read by Miss Whale, Superintendent Nurse. Miss Whale emphasised the necessity for a love of suffering humanity, the power of self-sacrifice, and a sense of duty to the sick poor as essential qualifications in those who contemplate entering the arduous profession of nursing; otherwise only discontent and disappointment were, she said, before them. The desire for still higher attainments as years went on was characteristic of the true nurse.

Under a heading of "Clearing away the Rubbish," the Swansea press has had much to say on the action of a new nurse at the workhouse who interpreted certain instructions in too literal a manner. Like the proverbial broom, this energetic nurse in clearing away the rubbish in the wards removed shawls and turnovers used by the old women for sitting up in bed, thus reducing the poor old dears to tears for the loss of their "comforts"; and it is reported that in clearing out the

lockers (badly needed, we have no doubt) the lady with the broom swept away nutmeg graters and even Bibles!

The *Guardians*, in considering complaints, pleaded for common sense and humanity, and deprecated actions reminiscent of Bumbledom, but the Master of the workhouse defended the steps taken by the nurse on the ground that they were necessary. He was bound to say that the present nurse's predecessor had neglected her duty, and as a result a tremendous amount of rubbish had accumulated in the inmates' lockers. With regard to the taking away of the turnovers, the said shawls were being used for a very dirty purpose, and the doctor had ordered the substitution of flannelette jackets for the turnovers.

We own that our sympathies are with the nurse in her desire to make the wards clean and wholesome, always, of course, presuming that clean wraps were substituted for the soiled shawls removed, and in this connection well remember in our youthful ardour, when newly appointed a Sister of the Charlotte Wards at the "London," making a clean sweep of all the accumulated dust, dirt, and Bibles secreted in various nooks and corners apparently for ages.

We pitched everything dirty—willy-nilly—into a clothes-basket, conveyed it into the lobby, and fed the fire with it. Just as a glorious *auto-da-fé* of Holy Writ was blazing up the chimney, who should walk in but the Chaplain! We had "words," which resulted in his rushing off to the House Governor to report the destruction of hospital property, after which "Stacey" politely requested our presence at the office. Postponing the pleasure for five minutes, we hurled the last armful of microbious literature on to the fire, and descended.

Best draw a veil over that interview. Those who recollect the old House Governor in the seventies remember that he never said an unkind word to a Sister in his long and honourable career. He was a great administrator and a philosopher. *The Bibles were burnt.*

"Well, well, Sister, don't do it again," he said, smiling, after listening to reasons. "Certainly not," we answered, heartily. So we got nice new clean Bibles and books for the patients, and it was not until after many years' further experience of life that we realised the audacity and efficacy of the proceeding.

The nurses of the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute working in Edinburgh and Leith have, during the twelve months ending October 31st, 1902, paid 103,475 visits to 5,053 patients, an increase of 10,686 visits on the previous year.

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