

Nursing Echoes.

* * All communications must be duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith, and should be addressed to the Editor, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.



With the object of forming a branch of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for Nurses in Harrogate, a meeting of ladies interested, including the Mayoress of Harrogate, was held last week at the residence of Miss Lawson, Springfield Avenue. Miss Amy Hughes, from the memorial headquarters, gave an interesting address and dealt at some length with the scheme.

Miss Harriet Fulmer tells this pleasant little story in the *National Hospital Record* :—

"Now, doctor," said the trained nurse to the great physician, "what do I owe you?"

The wear and tear of her calling had begun to tell, and the nurse had taken her turn at playing patient. After a dozen visits she had come to pay her bill.

The specialist looked at her a moment gravely. Then he said: "You know I charge 17.50 dols. for a prescription."

The nurse gave a little involuntary gasp of alarm. "Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, "you mean for each prescription? Why, I've been here—"

Then it flashed upon her that the high-priced specialist might be joking.

"Yes," he resumed, with a suspicion of a smile, "you must pay me 17.50 dols. for each prescription, or nothing."

There was no mistaking his meaning now.

"But, doctor," said the nurse. "that doesn't seem quite fair. Here I've been coming week after week to see you and get your advice. You are so busy, and with so many demands on your leisure that you scarcely have time to eat. Oh, I know, as outsiders do not, how precious every minute is to you."

"But I do eat," returned the redoubtable M.D., "and at regular hours. And I do manage to put in a good night's sleep as a rule. Now, how do I manage to do this? Because of the trained nurse. Do you think I've forgotten the old days before she came? Don't I know very well that without her the physician's work would be a dog's work? If I get the rest that I need and can eat without interruption, it's due to her."

"It's good of you to say so, doctor."

"It's only decent that I should bear it in mind. How can I forget the times when, night after night, I would be called from my bed to visit some patient who didn't need me at all; some sick child, perhaps, who was doing finely, if the mother had only known it? That is all changed since the nurse is on watch and shares the responsibility. I'm only too glad to have

been of some service to you in return for all you have done for me in the past."

Many eminent medical men on "this side" also appreciate the value of leaving trained eyes and skilled hands at the bedside of bad cases, and we are glad to learn that they are beginning to realise that the "reciprocity," as the Irishman has it, "should not be all on one side," but that the skilled labour of this devoted class of women workers deserves legal definition and protection.

We understand that the question of lectures for the nurses at the Leicester Workhouse Infirmary has been under the consideration of a Committee, which has formulated rules under which it is suggested that the lectures should be conducted. A copy of these rules has been submitted to Dr. Bryan for his observations upon them, so it is to be hoped that the lectures may be continued under conditions which are satisfactory to all concerned.

The Superintendent and Assistant Nurse and the Industrial Trainer at the Bideford Workhouse recently complained, in writing, to the Bideford Guardians that the meat supplied to them for the past twelve months had been so tough that they had, on several occasions, had to buy other fit to eat at their own expense. They hoped the Guardians would either allow them to get the meat themselves or ensure the allowance being of better quality. The Guardians in solemn conclave investigated the complaint. The Master stated that each of the officers in question was allowed 5 lb. of meat each week. They always had the best cuts. The complainants said that they could manage the mutton, but the beef was so tough they could not eat it. The trouble was once mentioned to Mrs. Heywood, who advised them to put the meat into pies—they could not live on pies.

Without either seeing or tasting the meat, the Guardians unanimously passed a resolution to the effect that "the meat supplied by the contractors had been in accordance with the terms of the contract, and that there was no fault to be found with the quality."

We think if the Guardians would ensure a variety of diet, and see that the meat is well cooked and appetisingly served, they would have less complaint as to its quality. Most people who were provided with a slab of raw meat to last the week round would be apt to be critical as to its quality, while unless the nurses are expert cooks it is certainly possible that it becomes tough during the cooking process.

The male nurse at the Poole Union recently wrote to the Guardians complaining of 2s. 5d. being deducted from his salary towards his superannua-

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