

Surely there is something wrong in the organisation of a hospital when an undertaker appears at the house of the relatives before they have been notified of a patient's decease by the hospital authorities, as recently happened in Liverpool. We will assume that the undertaker had called at the hospital "in the way of business" connected with another case, and merely followed his commercial instinct, for we agree with the writer of a letter on this subject in the Press: "Surely it is not possible that certain officials are working for a commission for such information." Still, there must be time, if the arrangements are good, for the relatives to be informed of their loss by the responsible institution, and not by a touting undertaker. A nurse cannot be too careful in immediately reporting a death to the proper authorities, and thus facilitating the early information of the relatives.

During the temporary absence of the ward nurse, an aged woman suffering from senile decay and dementia, in the Marylebone Infirmary, got out of bed and fell into an open fireplace, sustaining such serious injuries from burns that she succumbed to them. Such tragic occurrences, as a rule, occur during the "temporary absence" of the nurse, but, in our view, a general ward in a training-school for nurses should never be left without a nurse either night or day.

It will be remembered that in May last the Duchess of Sutherland resigned the presidency of the Sutherland Benefit Nursing Association because the Committee refused to endorse her action in asking for the resignation of Miss Stevenson, the Superintendent, or to accept this when subsequently tendered to themselves. The Association has its headquarters in a house at Golspie owned by the Duke of Sutherland, and the local press now asserts that Miss Stevenson, who still superintends it, has recently received notice to quit. It is not conceivable, however, that this notice should be connected with the above incident. There must surely be another explanation of it. Any other assumption is inconceivable.

All the correspondents at the front with the Russian and Japanese troops are unanimous in their admiration of the bravery of the combatants on both sides, of the courage with which they endure the terrible wounds inflicted in the carnage with which the opening pages of the record of the twentieth century have been sullied, and of the stoicism with which on one occasion the Russian infantry fought, without even bread, for forty-eight hours without stopping. Surely we nurses who get occasional glimpses of the horrors of war, though no recent war has attained to the lengths of the present flood of blood sweeping over Eastern Asia, must do all in our power to hasten the day when war shall cease,

and international differences be settled by more civilised methods.

Quoting from her Note-Book, Miss E. M. Newman writes from Srinagar, Kashmir:—

"August 29th, 1904.—Yesterday a pretty young wife came in with her nose slit down for quite an inch on both sides from being pulled across the room by it by her irate mother-in-law. I sewed up her wounds, and when healed she asked for a present. I asked her what for, and she said, 'For allowing you the great pleasure of mending my nose.' 'It appears to me,' I replied, 'that you should pay something for the trouble and care of making you a decent nose again instead of leaving it like a cock's comb.' However, when the stitches were taken out, and she looked at herself in the glass, she was very pleased with her appearance, and gave me the large fee of fourpence.

"September 5th.—On Wednesday a sweet, wee girl came to the Dispensary with slightly-enlarged glands in her neck. I wished to paint them with iodine, but she was so frightened, and said to the ayah, 'Is it a sign and mark so as to know me again and run away with me?' 'Oh, no, dear child,' the ayah replied; 'it is only medicine to take away the turnips'—as glands and tumours are called by that name. The child asked if it would wash off, and would not have the iodine put on until she had found that it could be washed off. Later, a poor woman came with a swollen knee. This had to be painted with iodine. The child took deep interest in the treatment, and, before we could turn round, she had a jug of water and a rag and dashed it on the woman's knee, to see if it would really wash off. She then held her head up to be painted, saying, 'Now I know you spoke the truth'; and when I asked if she did not believe my word, she said: 'No; I thought it all lies!' Some people assert there is no gratitude in the Kashmiré; but we have been surprised at their generosity to us. In April last this new branch of work was opened in this large town. One woman, who had been very ill and cured, asked what we wanted. We said, 'Stone steps to the dispensary'; her husband was a mason, and he came and saw what was needed and gave the steps to the waiting-room. Another gave a writing table, another a medicine cupboard. So you see many are truly grateful for what has been done for them.

"I have just returned from my holiday. Before starting, many said to me, 'Will you remember us while you are away or will you forget us?' On my return one woman brought me a cup of milk as an offering, another two eggs, another a tablespoonful of sugar, another an apple, &c., and when I gave them each in return a wooden spoon costing about a halfpenny their delight was unbounded. These people are so very poor that a little to them means a great deal.

"One very old woman is very much concerned about my bicycle. She said that it was prophesied 'that when women rode on iron horses they would know the end of the world was near, and what is that thing but a wicked iron horse invented by the devil? When the lightning and thunder come, horses will fear and die; but that thing—the riders will try to escape on.' She begged me not to ride the evil thing, and nothing I can say alters her ideas."

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