

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* * * All communications must be duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith, and should be addressed to the Editor, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.



The New Year ever brings with it inspiration and hope, for it is full of unknown possibilities. The past one has brought to nurses much of interest, much responsibility. What will befall us in that which has just opened we do not know; we only know that there is every prospect that it will prove one of the utmost importance to nurses. It behoves every one of us to put our shoulders to the wheel and to do everything that in us lies to help forward the organisation of the profession of our choice, and to guard its fair fame from the dishonour brought upon it by those who pose as being in it, but who are not of it.

Is it not time that the names of the nurses who went with Miss Florence Nightingale to the Crimea were rescued from oblivion? Presumably they are all to be found in the War Office archives. Most of these women have now passed to their rest; but it would be well that they should be known and held in some reverence by those who have succeeded them.

It is reported that quite recently the King and Queen had a short chat with "Nurse Langley," who preceded Miss Nightingale to the Crimea, and worked with her there. But who knows the name of this veteran? Few of us, we fear.

In 1878 one of the Women's Surgical Wards at the Manchester Royal Infirmary was in charge of Nurse Machin, a woman of strong personality and possessed of a lively wit, who was one of the band who worked at Scutari during those terrible years; and we well remember the tales "from the life" with which she would enliven a spare half-hour upon the urgent request of an insatiable probationer.

"Bless your heart," we hear her saying; "don't you go for to think nursing in that terrible old barrack was all 'eye-pie.' Not a bit of it. But I did have a good cry when I was forbidden to make a plum pudding for Christmas Day. I was always one for a bit of life, and Christmas without plum pudding did seem that unnatural, that, unbeknown to those who had forbidden it we made that pudding somehow, and enjoyed it fine."

Mrs. Machin said more than once that the nurses who had rendered national service during the Crimean War, as she and her colleagues had done, "would not have been displeased with 'Thank you' from Queen and country, but we never got it."

Miss Graham, the Superintendent Nurse at the Farnham Infirmary, recently tendered her resignation upon her approaching marriage with the Medical Officer, Dr. C. Tanner. The Board expressed regret at losing so valuable a member of their staff, and wished Miss Graham every happiness. They decided to offer a wedding gift as a token of their appreciation of her services.

The papers have teemed with letters and articles on the hospital "waste" question, set going by the Prince of Wales, and many good suggestions have come forth. One and all seem to agree that a good man of business is better for head administrator than a medical superintendent; and one "Hospital Officer" says, truly, that "the real helpers in the prevention of waste in the wards are the Sisters." To be a good Sister a woman must be a thrifty ward manager, and to have an efficient hospital administration, an element of domestic management must necessarily be found on the Committee. A hospital is a big house, and the most thorough and thrifty housekeepers are women.

We heard of two male "Nursing experts," who recently amused a Matron who accompanied their tour of inspection. "How much do you pay a yard for your sheeting Matron," one inquired. Upon hearing the price he looked wise, fingered a sheet, and then said:—"Too much, too much; at St. John's they only pay so and so; here is an opportunity for thrift."

Matron smiled. "At St. John's the sheeting is cotton, here linen is used," she replied. Of such are the kingdom of experts!

The question of female *versus* male nurses in the male wards of asylums for the insane is the subject of discussion in the *British Medical Journal*, and we quote at length our contemporary's remarks on the subject. It is quite certain, as we recognise more and more that asylums are mental hospitals, and that tact should succeed force in the management of this class of patient, that women nurses will be increasingly employed with the best results.

At the Stirling District Asylum, Dr. Robertson has employed women nurses with advantageous results. As will be seen from the quotation below, Dr. Urquhart, of Murray's Royal Asylum, Perth, has some fear of the movement, which we do not, however, think is well founded. Men will probably always find employment to some extent in hospitals, but over and over again it has been proved that, provided the right women

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