

or lodge porter; but he is a responsible and paid official of the institution. If the duty is to be entrusted to a pauper inmate, the ultimate power controlling the entries would, no doubt, be the power of the purse. We are glad that, acting on the suggestion of the Superintendent Nurse, the Guardians have decided that a Register for the use of the nurses and their visitors shall be kept in the Nurses' Home, which will be in the custody of the Superintendent Nurse. The experiment is to be tried in the first instance for six months.

The nurses and patients at the Aston Workhouse Infirmary are at present undergoing an unpleasant ordeal in the presence of a plague of rats. The infirmary is a comparatively new one, and the nuisance has probably been caused by the removal of a quantity of *débris* from under one of the wards. The rats must have been located there in enormous numbers—thousands it is estimated. They now invade the wards and leap on the patients' beds and lockers, while some parts of the building are so infested that the nurses are afraid to enter them.

The Matron of the Bromsgrove, Droitwich, and Redditch Joint Hospital has done good service by reporting the condition in which she found the Woodgate temporary small-pox hospital on a recent visit. The linen was lying about the kitchen, in an outhouse and in the coach-house, some of it being so damp that it stuck to the floor. The stoves were red with rust, and the kitchen floor was thick with mildew. One of the beds appeared to have been left just as the patient vacated it, and the others were covered with bedclothes; the outer wall of a bath room had fallen in, and the tent was being devoured by rats; the hospital was not fit for a patient to be sent into.

Dr. Kidd, the medical officer, said he believed the beds had been slept in since the Committee discharged the last patient, when they were all packed away.

It appears that a caretaker was paid 2s. 6d. a week to look after the building, and it was decided to institute an inquiry.

Dr. Kidd said that the institution should be in a condition to receive a patient at twenty-four hours' notice.

The belief seems to be extant that the L.O.S. certificate gained by a mother descends to her daughter if the evidence tendered at a recent inquest at Stepney, concerning the death of a child, is to be relied on. A woman who attended mother and infant stated that she was "an L.O.S." Her mother belonged to it, and she valued it and kept it in wadding. She believed the letters L.O.S. meant Licentiate of the Society of Observation. She did the work she asserted, and the doctors got the money! Her statement caused considerable merriment.

Mr. M. C. Walshe, who has been endeavouring to

form a Central Bureau for the Employment of Asylum Workers, reports amongst others, the receipt of the following application.

Sir,—Will you be kind enough to tell me if am eligible for employment as an Asylum attendant—in an insane asylum. Please reply by return of post as I have served in the Army and I have a first class character.

I may say that I am employed at present as an undertaker's man, and as such have a lot of experience in cutting up the bodies of dead people in the mortuary for the doctors, and therefore have a good knowledge of the business.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant to command, Mr. C. D.

What business?

A member of the Leicester Infirmary Nurses' League, in her League Journal, gives an interesting account of the hospital of which she is in charge at Acca, in Galilee, ten miles north of Mount Carmel. The hospital is supposed to accommodate eleven patients, but the average number for a period of six months was sixteen. She writes:—

Nearly all our cases are admitted for operations or bad accidents. We have a great number of eye operations in Palestine, especially trichiasis, and our cases include amputations, excision of hip, elbow, and knee, lithotomy, strangulated hernia, fractured skulls, a great deal of diseased bone, and bad ulcers, also many gunshot wounds; we have had as many as six of the last in together.

Our patients comprise Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, with a few Christians of sounder views. The infidels are mostly Moslems, but some are Druses, with a strange secret religion, and others Babs who are Persians and followers of Abbas Effendi. This gentleman is an exile now living in Acca, who professes to be a Divine Incarnation, and not only has a million followers in Persia, but, unfortunately, several hundred Americans, who come over to do him homage.

Humanly speaking, many of our cases owe their lives to the hospital, and they are duly grateful. One man fell among thieves, and was found in the sand the third day after, and was happily brought straight to us; he was stabbed in thirty-six places, all his ribs were broken on the right side, he was badly kicked, and, of course, was unconscious—after six weeks he went out well, only rather fuddled, but that may have been his nature.

I had better add that we scrub our premises well and often, and boil everything we can, and that our patients do very well on the whole. We always expect healing by first intention.

The hospital is now being moved to Galt, a large town on the east of the Jordan.

The writer of the article pleads for additional workers, and says:—"I will guarantee that any who come out in the right spirit will never regret it, for I think it is one of the happiest lives that can be spent."

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