

go out in the dark. Most nurses arrived in South Africa have burnt their boats behind them, and have to settle there and make the best of what they cannot get out of.

A nurse I knew very well found herself so stranded in Durban. Durban, as one knows, is at home called the "Garden of Natal" and it must have been a lovely place before there were houses and people. Even now there are parts very beautiful with landscapes of tropical foliage and extensive sea views. But I cannot imagine it a place for an English nurse and a novice to settle in. My friend who knew the ins and outs took me round to see other nurses whom she or I knew, and my heart sank within me before the squalid ugliness of their lives.

Some of them were attached to a Nursing Institute—an annexe to the G.F.S.—but like so many women's institutions it was conducted on the lines of a penitentiary and was a most depressing abode.

Others we found had hired a room in a private house—not two rooms—as at home—unless she had private means to depend on, a nurse could not afford it—[Nor do other lodgers, teachers, tutors, bank clerks and so on in Durban. Rents are too high to admit of it.]

But the majority of the nurses, I am reluctant to say, we found lodging in "tin" rooms—structures of corrugated iron built away from the house. And I cannot shake off the idea of horror the relatives of these refined English girls would feel if they could realise that their daughters were living alone and practically friendless in what at home we should describe as a tool-house at the bottom of a dingy back yard.

I have never liked Durban since then.

Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses.

Miss Blanche M. Glover has been appointed Inspector under Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses. She was appointed Queen's Nurse in July, 1894, and has held the post of Superintendent of the Lincolnshire Nursing Association since November, 1898.

Pollyta.

A preparation supplied by the Aylesbury Dairy Company, Ltd., is Pollyta, a scientifically prepared complete food containing starch, which is suitable for infants of from seven to nine months, at which age the digestive organs of a child can assimilate starch.

The Matrons' Council.

SOME NOTES FOR AN ADDRESS THAT WAS NOT DELIVERED.

By Miss M. MOLLETT, Matron, Royal South Hants and Southampton Hospital.



When I opened the discussion on Miss Stewart's able paper the other day, I had asked for and obtained permission to introduce a few notes on the position and work of a County Matron, a subject into which thirteen years of personal work have given me a fair insight, but the whole tone and trend of Miss Stewart's paper made the introduction of a foreign subject almost an impertinence. I therefore abstained, and venture to place my unspoken notes before you in writing, calling your attention to the fact that they were

written to call forth discussion.

County Hospitals.—By County Hospitals I mean hospitals ranging, as a rule, from 50 to 200 beds, kept up by local subscribers for the benefit of their poorer neighbours. The area which such a hospital taps varies; mine gathers its patients from a radius of about ten miles, relying largely on the docks and the Eastleigh railway works for its accidents. Such a hospital would have no medical school attached, perhaps the chief point that "makes for difference" in the organisation and management of a hospital and, incidentally, in the position of the Matron.

The executive and clerical staff are very limited, therefore a far larger amount of executive work falls to the Matron than is the case in a hospital where the administrative staff is larger.

My hospital is typical of hundreds of others. It has 130 beds; a non-resident Secretary who comes for a few hours daily; three young residents and myself constitute the executive staff. The Secretary has no clerks or accountants to help him, the residents no clerks or dressers, I have no steward but one Assistant Matron, who changes with kaleidoscopic rapidity from Home Sister to Housekeeper or Assistant Matron as occasion requires. The Secretary writes his own letters, posts his own books, and interviews his own grumblers. With a large out-patient department and plenty of operations the residents are kept busy all the week, and have to learn to regard the Sisters and probationers as dressers. The Matron interviews her own cook, the gardener, the engineer, the nursing staff, and everybody else who wants anything; she also has to write her own letters, make up her own accounts, return the weekly averages, order all surgical stores, domestic stores, food, &c., report or arrange for repairs, pay or cause to be paid all the household but the medical officers, visit, and superintend the wards and their nursing, and, incidentally, arrange for the education of the nursing staff and herself lecture to them. This, of course, is the merest outline, all of you can fill in the details. But

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