

Council should take any further action in the matter so far as they were concerned. After some discussion it was agreed to thank the committee for its services and disband it, taking no further action in the matter in the meantime.

In a report to the Scottish Local Government Board on the alleged insufficiency of accommodation in the fever-house of Greenock Infirmary, Dr. Fred Dittmar, medical inspector, says that he visited all the wards in which patients, mostly children, were under treatment, and found them clean, airy, and well kept. There could be no doubt, however, that the nurses were very poorly and unsatisfactorily housed. Strictly speaking, some of their rooms were uninhabitable. They were dingy, in some cases damp, and were situated in the basement of the fever-house. He saw several of the rooms, and noted that their floors were under the level of the area outside. A suggestion of the doctor, that inquiries by parents and others at the infirmary might be made at a certain hour every day instead of on only four days of the week, has been adopted by the directors.

A regrettable accident occurred at Madras as the Princess of Wales was visiting the Victoria Gaste and Gosha Hospital. A Brahmin boy was kicked by the horse of a mounted constable near the hospital entrance just as the Princess was entering the building. Her Royal Highness was much distressed by the incident.

The boy was carried into the operating theatre, where he received immediate attention. He was kicked on the forehead, but it is expected that he will soon recover.

For some months an animated and very illuminating correspondence has been taking place between the two Australasian Nurses' Associations, between Sydney and Melbourne, and the standards for Registration of Nurses, concerning which there is a difference of opinion between the two societies, are clearly pointed out by Dr. Springthorpe, the President of the Royal Victorian Trained Nurses' Association, and in the reply thereto of Dr. C. Bickerton Blackburn, the Hon. Secretary of the Australasian Trained Nurses' Association, in this month's *Australasian Nurses' Journal*.

We sympathise sincerely with the V.T.N.A. in its high ideals and standards, and hope that the time may come when their adoption will be practicable by the States forming the Commonwealth as a whole. Perhaps

in the coming by-and-bye they may attain to them. The organisation of the profession of nursing has proved one of tremendous difficulty, primarily because the work is so extraordinarily interdependent, and so many interests are involved. If nurses, like doctors, might manage their own affairs, irrespective of hospitals and the public, difficulties would be decreased; but the nurse has so long been the servant of hospitals, doctors, and the public, that every ounce of independence is disputed with her by one or the other.

The graduates of the Orange Training School for Nurses are doing a good piece of work. Their interest in the prevention of tuberculosis has led them to an effort to assist in supporting a graduate nurse for the purpose of visiting and instructing patients suffering from this disease. One of the graduates of this school is a member of the Anti-Tuberculosis Committee, and a good portion of the salary of the visiting nurse is paid by the Orange Nurses. This generous effort to better the health of the community appears to us a very practical and public-spirited action upon the part of trained nurses.

Humours of District Nursing.

Nurse in district overhears the conversation of three little boys.

First boy: "There's the Queen's Nurse."

Second boy: "Na, its nae, it the leddie doctor."

Third boy: "Na, na, it's God's wife."

County Inspector writes: "There is a Gamp here who takes temperatures with the thermometer in its case 'for fear of smashing the tiny glass. It takes just as well,' she says, and 'it's safer.'"

—*Queen's Nurses' Magazine.*

"What does baby think of our shop?" asked a little boy, with pardonable pride. "Baby has not seen your shop yet, dear," I said. "Well, how did she come then? she must have come through the shop," he argued, wholly contemptuous at my ignorance. I was silent, and for once a woman did not have the last word.

"Do 'ee think she's going to die, nurse?" asked a mother between her sobs as she bent anxiously over the cot of her little one; "for if so, she'll be the second as I've had go off in ammonia."

"I likes to be clean, but I don't believe in none of your fancy weshin'," said an old woman, whose feet I was just starting to wash, after having with great difficulty persuaded her to allow the upper part of her body to be washed.

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