

A Manchester reader writes: "There has been a lively correspondence going on in a local paper for and against nurses, whose vices and virtues appear to afford a never-ceasing flow to the pen of the ready writer. One patient, a gentleman of seventy, thanks the nurses (under the blessing of God) for good health, the result of good nursing. Of his nurse he says: 'She was most attentive to her patient and her other duties, worked from early morning until late at night, and was always bright, pleasant, and obliging.'"

Dear, devoted thing! One wonders for how many years her nervous system will stand the strain—before the breakdown comes from over-work and she develops into one of the double-dyed demons with whom the majority of those taking part in the discussion seem so sadly familiar.

The party of Members of Parliament who visited the congested districts of Ireland during the summer vacation have been deeply impressed with the value of the work of Lady Dudley's nurses in these districts. They say that the elevating and refining influences of such devoted women cannot be overstated, and they are rewarded by the gratitude and affection of the people to whom they minister. As the result of their visit these Members of Parliament appeal for financial aid and state that "for the extension of the work it is absolutely necessary to secure the support of many who do not know by personal experience of the terrible conditions of life in the West of Ireland. Subscriptions and donations may be sent to Miss Keyes, the Castle, Dublin. The work is worthy of all support, for Lady Dudley has wisely provided that the nurses employed under her scheme to serve the poor people in these districts shall have as high qualifications as are demanded in nurses for the rich, a fact which will commend the scheme to all who have the welfare of the sick at heart.

The Assistance Publique is about to build on vacant land near the Salpêtrière a school for nurses, in which young women of good character and education will be trained on the English plan. The training will last three years. Almost next door to this institution will be built the new hospital of La Pitié, so that the student-nurses will have a field of labour close at hand. Seventy-five probationers will be received each year, and, for the first two years, residence in the school will be required. The experiment is the outcome of visits paid by French doctors to England, who are enthusiastic over the devotion and skill of the British nurse.

On Friday last week, Miss H. Brewerton, Matron of the Zanzibar Hospital, with Miss A. Goffe, one of the nursing staff, left Charing Cross, *en route* for Marseilles, to join the French mail for the East. Amongst those who were on the platform to wish her well were the Rev. Duncan Travers, and Mr. C. J. Viner, Secretaries of the Universities Mission to Central Africa, Miss M. Breay, Hon. Secretary of the Matrons' Council, quite a number of "brown" nurses, members of the League of St. John's House Nurses, and the Rev. E. F. Russell, Chaplain of the Guild of St. Barnabas, with all of which Societies Miss Brewerton is connected. Dr. Mackinnon, C.M.G., who has recently returned from Zanzibar, was also there to add his good wishes.

In a recent letter Dr. J. H. Cook, of Mengo, Uganda, gave the following account of a novel use to which he put a bacteriological incubator:—

"In hospital last week we had premature and very weakly twins born. They only weighed 2 lbs. 10 oz. and 2 lbs. 11½ oz. respectively. The former was a girl, the latter a boy. The girl was so weakly that it seemed impossible to rear her. It was many minutes before even the first struggling breath could be aroused, and for half an hour the battle for life seemed a hopeless one. Whilst active measures to help the little one were being carried out, I got down our bacteriological incubator—fortunately empty of germs at the time!—and leaving the glass door slightly ajar, for ventilation purposes, we popped the weakly infant in, and kept it constantly at a temperature of 90 deg. Fahr. From that day she has steadily thriven. The twin brother, far the stronger at birth, got gradually weaker and began to peak, and his skin wrinkled and fell in folds till we put him also on a shelf in the incubator just above his sister. The two are now doing splendidly, and will in all probability develop into strong children. My own conviction is they would have died without the incubator! Many visitors came in to see the wonderful box in which babies can be reared, and its fame has spread far and wide. One or two small contretemps have occurred. Thus, the incubator being a bacteriological one is almost hermetically sealed when the inner glass door is closed and latched, and although the temperature can never rise over 96 deg. F, yet the children might easily be asphyxiated if we did not leave the door just ajar. Twice we have found that foolish native assistants, not realising the danger, had closed the inner door, and once both doors. Fortunately the error was seen and corrected in time, though on one occasion the infants were boxed up in closed doors for over an hour! They were not much the worse for this accident. They are only removed from the incubator to be fed, and in the middle of the night I telephone down to a boy on duty when the time has come to take them to their mother for a meal."

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)