

HOW TO NURSE THE PATIENT.

A real addition to nursing literature is to be found in a practical and interesting handbook entitled "How to Nurse the Patient." It is edited by J. Cowan Wilson, M.B., D.P.H.

The preface gives the names of seven nurses belonging to the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute, who have contributed articles. Dr. Wilson has revised and added to these nursing papers, the result being the up-to-date and useful book now before us. Any profits accruing from its sale are devoted to the funds of the Blantyre Cottage Hospital.

Though eminently suitable for reference either in Institution or Home Nursing, "How to Nurse the Patient" will be found of especial value in district nursing, as the writers with their experience of that branch of the nursing profession are well acquainted with its difficulties and requirements.

The first chapter deals with the sick room and its requirements, and many useful hints as to beds and bedding and patients' clothes are given in a very simple direct manner. All who are acquainted with the ingrained wish of many of the poorer patients when ill to swathe their bodies in various articles of clothing, will agree in the necessity for the following advice: "A sick person should not wear much bodily clothing. It is the greatest mistake possible to wear several articles, and to be wrapped up with shawls, etc., about the chest and neck. It only causes breathing to be more difficult because of the weight upon the chest, and to make the patient feel weaker by causing bodily heat and much perspiration."

A very helpful chapter on "Sick Diet" suggests varieties of food in different illnesses, and what will be found very useful, simple recipes are given with the proper amount of ingredients required. The preparation of beef tea, beef juice, mutton broth, cream soup, junket, eggs in various forms, etc., are all clearly explained.

Very careful directions are given as to the various medicated baths, and external applications which may be ordered by the doctors. The writers being nurses themselves enter into minute details realising what nurses really want to know and to have at hand for reference.

In a chapter devoted to "Medicines and their Administration," very special stress is laid on the great importance of always, in every case, in the first instance reading the label. How many accidents would be avoided if this very simple rule were always carried out.

In treating of "The observation of symptoms and their management," many hints are given which should be of help to the nurse in her nursing work and also in preparing her reports for the doctor.

"The results of careless nursing" and a chapter on "Emergency cases and how to render first aid" bring this decidedly practical handbook to a conclusion.

It is well illustrated, and is published by William Hodge and Co., Glasgow. Copies can be obtained 3s. 6d. net, postage 4d., from the Secretary, "How to Nurse the Patient," Blantyre, N.B.

E. B.

Our Foreign Letter.

THE HOSPICE PROTESTANT, BORDEAUX, TEN YEARS AGO.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN ENGLISH PATIENT.



I have been much interested in following in this paper the accounts of the revolution in Nursing in France

which had its origin in the little Hospice Protestant at Bordeaux, and I thought that some of the readers of the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING might be interested in a sketch of that same hospital as it was about ten years ago when I entered it as a patient suffering from pleuro-pneumonia.

I was conducted thither by Madame C., one very hot Saturday in August. Totally ignorant as I was then of the rules of hospitals, I had neglected to provide myself with a pass from my kind old Irish doctor, thinking he had already made arrangements for my admittance. We were shown into a gloomy room where an equally gloomy Matron received us and informed us with much acrimony, in spite of my twenty-five franc piece deposit, that she could not possibly take me in, especially on Saturday, as the doctor did not attend till Monday, and no private room would be available till that day. Ill, miserable, and feverish as I was, I was determined not to go back to be a burden on Madame C., but by the time we had driven to see the doctor who was out, and the chaplain, who was also not at home, I felt willing to go anywhere so long as I might find a bed in which to lie down and die. However, my luck turned just at the last, for we met the doctor on our way back, he wrote some magical words on an envelope, and we returned in triumph to rue Rosignol, Madame C. took her departure, and I was left alone to face the unknown terrors which awaited me. I was not left long in doubt as to what these were to be, but was straightway conducted to the Women's Ward and presented with a basin of greasy "bouillon," of which I partook gingerly whilst my bed was being made up. Whilst choking down my unpalatable supper, I had time to look about me and take stock of my surroundings, which were not exactly exhilarating. It was not my idea of a ward, such as I was accustomed to see in England, but merely a dull looking room containing as far as I can remember about eight beds. The patients were nearly all elderly women; I particularly noticed two who were evidently in a very advanced stage of phthisis, and I was young enough to turn with a feeling of horror and repulsion from their incessant coughing and expectoration. As I did so my glance fell upon an old, old woman in a corner of the room, who looked to my inexperienced eye as either dying or dead, she lay so still, and looked so white and withered. There might have been one or two

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