

was the bounden duty of honourable men and good citizens to exert themselves as far as they could to redress the inequalities which pressed so cruelly on the working poor; and in supporting hospitals they were bringing to an urgent and popular need the best satisfaction possible in one important direction.

The new wing of the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, built at a cost of £45,000, has been opened by the Lord Mayor, Alderman H. J. Sayer. The new block, which comprises three storeys, has new wards for men, women, and children, and already contains 60 patients, while there is accommodation for more when the finances of the hospital permit. There is also a new dispensary and waiting-hall, in addition to extended accommodation for the nursing staff, and a variety of offices. A new chapel has also been built, and amongst a number of valuable improvements to this building has been the erection and equipment of a new operating theatre. A departure of considerable interest is the roof ward for open-air treatment, which is the first attempt in Europe to deal with acute diseases in the open air.

At a quarterly meeting of the General Committee of the Walsall and District Hospital, Mr. F. J. Cotterell presiding, Mr. G. Gill, on behalf of the Executive Committee, presented an illuminated address to Mr. E. J. Brookes, the late chairman of the hospital, in recognition of his valuable services during a period of thirty-seven years. Mr. Brookes was elected chairman of the hospital in 1890, and has taken a leading part in the extension of the hospital and the great development of its work. He was closely associated with Sister Dora until her death in 1878. Mr. Brookes, in expressing his appreciation of the gift, stated that in what he had done for the hospital he had merely carried out a promise which he made to Sister Dora on her death-bed.

The suggested municipalisation of Bradford hospitals was discussed at the quarterly meeting of the Bradford Hospital Fund (Incorporated), held at the Royal Infirmary last week. Mr. David Wade presided, and there was a good attendance of delegates. After discussion the opinion of the meeting was taken, and the Chairman declared the vote to be unanimously against the idea of municipalisation.

The Londonderry Cottage Hospital has been handed over by Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest to the Machynlleth Nursing Association.

THE NURSES' MISSIONARY LEAGUE.

Under the auspices of the Nurses' Missionary League, the Rev. J. P. R. S. Gibson, who is shortly proceeding to Kandy, will give a lecture on Tuesday, November 10th, at 7.45 p.m., at 67, Guilford Street, W.C., on "The Psychology of Love and Suffering as shown in the Atonement." Guilford Street is only two minutes' walk from Russell Square Tube Station.

The Sick Poor in a Rural District.

AN EXPERIENCE IN THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE NURSE.

The following experience which befel me some two years ago is absolutely true in every particular, though it is difficult to bring one's mind to grasp the fact; that such a state of affairs could exist in Christian England in twentieth century.

I happened at that time to be private nursing on the East Coast of England, and on this particular day in December was waiting for a case to turn up, and hoping in a forlorn way for something "interesting." I had just left a delightful case, and missed my patient very much.

About 5 p.m. the relieving officer called to see if I would go to a case of typhoid, a child, in a village some nine or ten miles distant—a cottage case.

I understood him to say that arrangements had been made for me to sleep and eat in another cottage. Of course I said I would go, and we arranged he should call for me with a cab about 6 p.m. Well, the cab and R.O. turned up at 6 sharp. I saw the man get on the box, and was consequently astonished when we arrived at the village, and the driver got down and asked me, "which house," and, in answer to my inquiry, told me the R.O. was not on the box, he (the driver) thought he was inside with me. I told the man to drive to the inn, where I asked the landlord which house the "fever" was in. He pointed to one of a row close at hand, and remarked: "You ain't going to nurse there; you can't do it—it ain't fit for pigs."

I walked to the house, and knocked at the door. When it was opened, down went my heart into my boots, deep. I saw a wretchedly squalid, dirty room, full of smoke from a very wretched fire, and lighted by an evil-smelling candle. In front of the fire was a table with dirty dishes, and odds and ends of food; on one side of the fireplace was the framework of an old couch covered with sacking. On this lay a girl of about fourteen, looking very ill and frightened; on the other side, on a broken chair, was a bright-looking little girl of eight or nine.

The mother looked quite frightened when I announced I had come to nurse her little girl, and kept saying: "You can't never nurse here; we don't want you to nurse here." "But," I said, "the doctor told you he was going to send you a nurse, didn't he?" "Not like you, he said he would send some one to help me." Eventually I found out the girl on the couch was not the only patient;

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)