

"It never seems to me more 'worth while' to be a nurse than when it is in my power to do anything, however small, to abate the class prejudice which checks and hinders the amelioration of the conditions of life among the poor. By class prejudice I do not mean feelings of jealousy, rancour, and hatred on one side, and oppression, grudging, and malice on the other. Except in the fiery imagination of demagogues, and the nervous obsessions of retired fossils, I do not believe that these conditions of mind can be found in any degree that need excite alarm or distress. I mean mutual ignorance, suspicion, and mistrust, more especially those forms of it which are so sadly familiar to the district nurse."

Miss Loane thinks that "Nothing but regular intercourse with more cultivated minds and the steady influence of an unhesitating, un-self-conscious maintenance of a bolder, more independent standard can ever change such ingrained, instinctive habits for more reasoned social conduct. The District Nurse should be an ambassador from the poor to the rich, as well as from the rich to the poor." Miss Loane writes:—"There are few workers for whom less sympathy is felt than for young Council School teachers, and perhaps none who need it more, not only on account of the inevitable difficulties of their work, but because they begin it unaided by social knowledge, and often without adequate guidance in matters which lie partly outside school routine, and yet are inextricably connected with it."

Several good stories are recounted in this connection. For instance:—"Paying a morning visit to one poor mother, I found her simmering with wrath, only kept from boiling over by laying the flattering unction to her soul that she 'had had the best of it.' While I was bandaging her foot, she suddenly broke out, 'Whad'you-'spose that imp'dent young teacher went and done?' It was merely a rhetorical question, and I hazarded no answer. 'She sent a message as I was to send my boy to school cleaner! I juss sent Milly to the corner shop for writin' paper—they'll let you have it for a farden—and I juss write to her, 'My boy ain't a rose. Don't smell 'un. Teach 'un.' You know, nurse, 'tis on'y top dirt, so what call has she to say such things?' After full justice had been done to her *bon mot*, we discussed the subject at some length, and finally agreed that there was no great harm in occasionally washing boys' clothes."

Miss Loane evidently thinks it is "worth while" if one is a District Nurse.

League News.

We are informed by Miss Cox-Davies, Matron of the Royal Free Hospital, London, that it is proposed to form a League of Nurses trained at that hospital, and that she will be very pleased to hear from those nurses whose addresses she has not got, and with whom she is therefore unable to communicate. A meeting will be held in the Nurses' Home of the Royal Free Hospital on Saturday, the 8th of October, and invitations will be sent to all those who are interested in the matter, and express a wish to be present. Experience proves that self-governing Leagues of nurses are a source of the greatest happiness to the members, producing as they do an increased sense of professional responsibility and personal sympathy, not only between nurses trained in the same hospital, but towards their colleagues far and wide. We wish the new League every success, and have no doubt that with the experienced guidance of the Matron nothing but success can result.

Some Charities in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

BY MACK ALL.

IV.

INSTITUTION FOR CRIPPLED AND INVALID CHILDREN.

It has been said by a lady well qualified to give an opinion on such matters that there is no town in England where so many crippled, under-sized, and deformed children are to be found as in Leeds.

When we come to deal with institutions for the prevention of illness, we may say something about the causes of this, but in this paper we shall only deal with the societies which are helping those already crippled or invalided.

The City Council have a school for crippled and invalid children in Leeds. It is situated in a pleasant garden, and has its class rooms all so arranged as to allow as much fresh air and sunshine as possible to the children during lessons.

On the morning that I visited the school there were about 80 pupils present, and these were in all stages of deformity from the frail girl, unable to keep pace with the average child in the Council Schools, to the little dwarfed mannikin in his teens, no taller than a three-year-old child, and with every limb deformed.

A nurse is attached to the school, and is kept very busy. In the morning she accompanies

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