

The progress of the Association is considered on the whole quite satisfactory.

The *Chelsea Infirmary Nurses' Journal* continues to be well produced and up-to-date; and helps, we have no doubt, to keep up the *esprit de corps* of the League. A cheerful tone permeates its well-printed pages, and much interesting information is therein contained. Sister Freeman, Lady Minto's Indian Nursing Service, writing to the journal, from Naini Tal, gives a graphic account of mishaps in bringing a patient and her family from the hills:

Such a procession as we were, three tongas, two native carts, and about a dozen native ponies. We had several mishaps on the road, luggage fell off and sometimes one of the servants, and we had to stop and fix them on again. Then the baby dropped her bottle, smashed, of course, and the mother said: "Oh! Sister, what shall I do; we have not got another?" I suggested that as she was a year old she could learn to drink out of a cup. I was called "heartless." Next thing Charlie got his head wedged between two boxes, and we had another stop to put him right. The greatest excitement of all was when the "beasu," who came in to make tea for us, let all the methylated spirit run over the floor and catch fire. I snatched up the baby, and put it in the bath room. With water and rugs we managed to put the fire out, but oh! the mess and discomfort! I was not exactly sorry when I had to change at a junction, the last thing that happened being nothing less than a custard pudding falling on my head from the rack as I got out from the carriage. There were wails from the two small children, "Oh! Sister, that was our supper." I was sorry for them, but more so for myself, it felt distinctly uncomfortable. This place, Naini Tal, is named after the Goddess Naini, or Lady of the Lake. There is a very pretty custom of ringing her to sleep every night, and bells ring a sort of tune for about half-an-hour every evening at 7 o'clock. There is a temple on the edge of the lake where her image is kept—of course nobody but the Hindus are allowed to go in.

The Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital, at Nice, opens for the season on November 1st. It now contains fifty beds—two-thirds of which are free to necessitous cases of English and American nationality. As the result of a conference between the Nice doctors and the committee, the hospital has undertaken to supply highly trained English nurses, and the doctors have agreed to call in to their cases only nurses from the hospital.

It is announced that the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital is now the only recognised institution at Nice doing this work, and the

committee have made such complete arrangements for the ensuing season that English and American visitors, not only at Nice and Monte Carlo, but in any other part of the Riviera can rely upon the services of the English hospital's nurses.

That the services of efficient English nurses should be available along the Riviera is good, but how about the terms upon which the nurses work. Is it to be on the co-operative principle, or are they to be farmed out for the benefit of the hospital? If the latter arrangement is to be enforced it is distinctly unfair of the medical profession at Nice to lend themselves to a system of exploitation of nursing work. They would resent such treatment themselves. We hope they will look carefully into the agreement between the hospital committee and the private nursing staff. We sorely need some well-defined ethical standards between the medical and nursing professions.

One of the most famous hospitals in Italy is the Innocenti Hospital, Florence, in the Piazza of the Annunciata, founded in 1421, by Leonardo Aretino, for the succour and shelter of destitute children. Italy is a country in which all children receive affection, and when Aretino founded his hospital, money and gifts were generously bestowed upon it. More than that, famous men helped the project: Brunelleschi designed the arches, and Della Robbia enhanced their beauty by adding the medallions of infants, which are famed far and wide, and which are regarded by many people as some of his best work.

In an interesting description of the institution, a contemporary says that, within the walls of the Innocenti, everything is as up-to-date and scientific as the exterior of the building is quaint and mediæval, and the freezing atmosphere of formality, that so often chills the visitor to similar institutions at home, is conspicuous by its absence, and the young foster mothers in their white dresses come forward with the greatest friendliness to claim the attention of the visitors to their charges. In the day nursery is a huge blanketed table, on which, from early morning till dewy eve, numerous little squirming bodies are undergoing the mysterious binding and swathings that constitute the toilet of babies in Italy. At every stage of the operation—so complicated to us, so simple to Italians one can see the living counterpart of Della Robbia's little blue and white babies outside. Swaddled, half-swaddled, quite naked, the little brown bodies lie on the table.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)