

Miss Gibert mentions that "according to various hospital rules, a supplied shroud or nightdress will be put on, and, if possible, white stockings. The use of white flowers may be left to the discretion of the nurse." She also thinks that the ends of the sheet in which the body is enfolded should, for security, be tied with a bandage. A ticket with name and age of patient, and time and date of death, should be stitched on the sheet."

Miss Cross, writing of the last offices, says: "Wash the body with soap and water and some disinfectant, and guard it against exposure, in the same way as if it were conscious. . . . If the case has been contagious the body must be wrapped in a sheet wrung out of disinfectant."

We presume it is because ward nurses so seldom have any experience during their training of mortuary work that no one mentions the necessity of handing over the body, with the particulars as to name, etc., to the relatives or undertaker.

#### QUESTION FOR NEXT WEEK.

What special points would you observe in nursing a case of tuberculosis in a poor home?

### THE LEAGUE OF SCHOOL NURSES.

The subject of Dr. Thomas' lecture on Wednesday, March 6th, was "The State and the Child."

He sketched briefly the progress made since 1803, when only 1 child in 21 attended school, and touched on all the Acts of Parliament dealing with education and the welfare of children. The lecture, which was most interesting and useful, was well attended.

As this was the last but one of the lectures for this season, and as Dr. Thomas had arranged the whole series and had himself given two lectures, a vote of thanks to him for all the trouble taken and time expended was proposed, seconded, and heartily carried.

#### BE CAREFUL.

We would warn nurses that if they show articles of their own design at a Public Exhibition before they have been patented, this cannot be done afterwards, and inventions which are the result of their practical experience, skill, and ingenuity may be patented by any unscrupulous person who does not hesitate to seize upon the work of another's brain if he sees money can be made out of it.

### POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES.

By A SISTER.

There must be many probationers who are feeling now as I felt at the beginning of my training—the hopelessness of ever getting on, the impossibility of getting through the daily work, and so forth.

I can remember exactly how I felt just twenty-one years ago and what I went through, but "All's well that ends well."

I arrived, put on my uniform, and was called "Nurse." My first day was disastrous. I was sent to a female surgical ward, where the smell of iodoform pervaded the air. I helped to make the bed of a girl who had recently had resection of knee. Feeling very much for her, I was as gentle as I knew how, but she said, "You *are* rough, Nurse" (and I was as pained as she). For some reason the visiting surgeon made his round that morning and dressed the girl's knee; the bones had been fixed with two steel pins, which were left sticking out some inches for subsequent removal. That sight was too much for me, and I began to feel very ill, and, retiring to the kitchen for some water, I sat down, and realised no more until I found a spatula in my mouth and my pulse being felt. It was my first faint, and a bad one, too. I was off duty the rest of the day, taking with me the very sickly-looking wardmaid, whom my ghastly appearance had quite bowled over. As a Sister I am still sorry for the Sister of that ward.

Next day I was sent to a medical ward. In those days lights were lowered at 8 p.m., but we did not go off duty until 9 p.m. I well remember that first hour in the darkened ward. An old woman, quite yellow and all skin and bone, appeared to be pointing at me with her skinny finger (it was in reality the handle of her bed pulley). After a week, through much illness amongst the nursing staff, I was sent on night duty as a "night extra" for special cases. I may mention here that on admission I had been examined by a physician, who said I was not strong, and must return to him after a month's work. I was on night duty three weeks, and I prayed ardently that he never would pass me; I knew I should not give up myself, but hoped he might do it for me.

The second night I was sent to the Surgery, where there were two rooms for casualty cases to be watched. In one was a small boy who suffered from fits, but that night I was the sufferer. I was to watch for hæmorrhage in another patient. A third was said to be "not a nice man." A fourth was suffering from concussion, and "anything might happen," I

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)