

which should be protected by a mackintosh and then covered with a sheet or towel." After describing the method of giving a hot douche the writer continues:—"Should the above methods fail in arresting the hæmorrhage, and the doctor has not arrived, as a last resource the vagina should be plugged. For this purpose strips of wool or gauze are cut, and boiled so as to render them sterile. The hands are then thoroughly cleansed. The perineum is hooked back and the vagina is firmly packed with the strips of sterile gauze by means of the forefinger, care being taken to well pack the cavity at the top of the vagina each side of the neck of the uterus. The last layer of plugging should project outside the vulva, which is also well packed. A T bandage is then firmly fixed on. It is also found advantageous to apply a firm binder to the abdomen.

"If it is a case of a pregnant uterus, on no account should a nurse take upon herself to pack the vagina, as this is likely to bring on labour."

Miss Mills mentions that "in a case of profuse hæmorrhage the patient should be very lightly covered and movement of any kind avoided. All food and drink should be given cold." Treatment by drugs should only be given under medical direction. The writer omits (inadvertently, no doubt) to mention that medical assistance should be summoned.

Miss Cameron states that the main points to be observed in cases of this kind are:—(1) To send immediately for medical aid, stating the reason; (2) strict attention to rigid asepsis throughout; (3) the reassuring of the patient; (4) the prompt treatment of present or consequent shock or collapse; (5) to obtain intelligent assistance, remembering the absolute importance of keeping at least one hand and forearm aseptic."

#### QUESTION FOR NEXT WEEK.

Give the recipes of six simple dishes for night nurses which could easily be made in the ward kitchen.

### THE NURSES OF INDIA AND THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL.

We are very glad to learn that the formal application of the Trained Nurses' Association of India for affiliation with the International Council of Nurses has been received at the Central Office. The work being done in our Indian Empire by trained and educated women in the prevention and care of disease is in the very highest degree of imperial value and importance. When the contingent of the Nurses

of India are formally federated to the sound of our inspiring National Anthem at Cologne, it will be a thrilling moment for those of their colleagues who helped to found this great sisterhood of healing in London in 1899.

The Trained Nurses' Association of India have nominated as their representatives at the Meeting of the International Council:—Miss L. M. Tippetts, President of the "Nursing Superintendents' Association of India," Matron of the Marlborough House Nursing Home at Lahore and Simla. Miss G. Tindall, President of the "Trained Nurses' Association of India," Matron of the Cama Hospital, Bombay. Mrs. Klosz, Editor of the *Nursing Journal of India*; and Miss C. R. Mill, Vice-President for India of the International Council of Nurses, and Matron of St. George's Hospital, Bombay.

### REAL INCIDENT COMPETITION.

#### THE SALVATION OF MURPHY.

BY THE HON. ALBINIA BRODRICK.

It was an unhappy home. Murphy, once the kindest and best of husbands, had taken to drinking. The wife was miserable and childless. Year after year her hopes failed. Seven premature and stillborn babies and a drunken husband filled her with despair. Yet, being a woman of rare courage and insight, she determined to make one last stand. "If he had the child," she said, "we could hold him, the two of us."

When I knew her first she was in a maternity hospital waiting for the onset of labour—a contracted pelvis. There had been some miscalculation, and day after day she sat there, a pathetic, cheery little soul, looking forward anxiously yet hopefully to the Cæsarian section upon which she had staked all her hopes. It was for her literally the *last* hope. If that failed, if she was never to bear a living child, she might as well lie under the sod. And so she sat and sewed day after day, with the far-off look in her eyes, whilst the days drew into weeks, very weary of the town, but always unwavering in her constant courage. It was for her husband's soul she fought.

And when at last her time came she hailed it as her crown of joy. Her pain, her death were nothing. "If only he had the child!"

There was no happier woman in Ireland than pale, exhausted little Mrs. Murphy in her hospital bed, alone amongst strangers, when the beautiful truth came home to her that she was the mother of a living child.

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