

A MODEL SCHEME FOR THE TREATMENT OF TUBERCULOSIS.

The State Sickness Insurance Committee of the British Medical Association has drawn up a model scheme for the treatment of tuberculosis, which has been framed to enlist to the fullest extent the services of the general practitioner. The opinion is held in the profession that the more medical men there are who are interested in the treatment of tuberculosis the better, and that the system of multiplying officials will have a bad effect on the calibre of the profession as a whole.

TUBERCULOSIS NURSES.

In this connection we are of opinion that if the demands of insured persons are to be efficiently met in so far as sanatoria benefit is concerned, the nursing profession must take a much more intelligent and active part in preparing itself to do its part. We hear sometimes of the Tuberculosis Nurse, and just a few good women are qualifying themselves for this special branch of nursing. In the near future we must not only hear of her, but see her actively engaged throughout the country, thoroughly equipped by special instruction and training for this special bit of warfare with disease. We are not forgetting the fine work done by our Queen's Nurses in this connection, but we want to see certain nurses set apart—Tuberculosis Nurses—to give expert help in the coming campaign which must aim at stamping out the disease altogether.

FRAUDS ON NURSING HOMES BY BOGUS DOCTOR.

Some cruel deceptions have recently been practised on nursing homes in the West End and Chelsea, by a middle-aged man, posing as a doctor, who first makes arrangement by telephone for the admission of an operation case for a leading surgeon, and subsequently calls to give minute instructions as to the arrangements. Incidentally, he speaks of the rescue work he is doing on the Embankment, and secures a donation from the Matron. Next day he telephones, to say the patient is dead, and that the room will not be required. It is easy to say that this swindler is a bogus doctor, as the fact can be verified by reference to the Medical Register. There is no similar remedy when nurses are personated.

"NOT FIT TO BE A NURSE."

This was the conclusion of Mr. Bros, who, at the Clerkenwell Police Court, on October 11th, sentenced Florence Goulding, of Park Street, Camden Town, to 21 days' imprisonment for stealing a purse containing 25s. from a bedroom in a house where she was employed as a nurse. The patient was the prosecutrix. It was proved that the accused pocketed the purse, sent out

for a shilling's worth of brandy and drank it, then lay on the bed and slept so soundly that she could not be wakened. Next morning she took more brandy and was ordered out of the house by the doctor. No evidence as to training or credentials appears to have been offered, and, as there is no State Register of Trained Nurses, this woman will no doubt be able to victimise the sick once more when she has served her sentence.

SURGERY IN THE FIFTIES.

The October issue of *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal* contains some interesting recollections by Dr. J. S. Edye of the Hospital during the "fifties," by Mr. K. Macfarlane Walker, and opens with the very true sentence that "there is always something of fascination and of interest in the memories of bygone days." To nurses such reminiscences are peculiarly fascinating, as their profession is yet of such modern growth that many of us can recollect the age of "atrocities."

Dr. Edye remembers many interesting things about the great surgeons and teachers of the past, and stories of Lawrence Skey, Paget, Holden, Savory, Tom Smith, and others, are no doubt very characteristic.

Dr. Edye, at work in a room nearly behind the Anatomy Theatre, could hear things that did not reach the ears of the ordinary student. Skey was accustomed to prepare himself carefully for the ordeal of lecturing in anatomy. A few minutes before entering the theatre a voice was always heard in the passage . . . the words were few, and they never varied. They were spoken in the same tone and at the same hour: "Smith, bring me *that*!" Smith was the old dissecting-room porter.

"*That*" was a glass of port."

Sir William Lawrence had earned quite a reputation in St. Bartholomew's circle for his cold, unemotional temperament. Nothing had ever been known to disturb the tranquillity of his outward bearing, or to ruffle the calm that habitually reigned within. Stories were told that gave ample proof of his imperturbability. On one occasion he was making his round when his colleague Stanley, who happened to be in the same ward at the time, was taken suddenly ill. Lawrence was just on the point of leaving the ward when he was called back by some excited students, who implored him to come and lend assistance to Mr. Stanley. Complying with their request he carefully examined his colleague, the students crowding anxiously around. At the end of his examination he addressed himself to those who were anxiously awaiting his verdict: "Gentlemen," said he, "Mr. Stanley is dead; we will now proceed with the next case."

Sir William Lawrence delivered his lectures in the evening; the hour was not popular. Once the rowdy element present in the gallery prevented the more serious-minded of the audience

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