

a child with the words, 'Do this, there's a dear,' having regard to the great evil of that kind of rule and authority, he metaphorically, pedagogically, and hyperbolically wished that the Nurse had a millstone round her neck and was plunged into the depths of the sea. And what applied to Nurses applied also to mothers." This is "pike-staff" speaking with a vengeance.

ANOTHER little "frivolous" piece I give here, particularly as Nurses from time to time write me saying that they appreciate such. I need hardly say it had its origin in America:—"Anxious mother: 'I wish, Susan, that when you give baby a bath you would use the thermometer, so as to ascertain whether the water is at the proper temperature.' Susan: 'Oh, don't you worry about that, ma'am; I don't need no 'mometers. If the little 'un turns red, the water's too hot; if it turns blue, it's too cold; and that's all there is about it.'" It is not perhaps really so very far off the mark after all.

MISS LIZZIE MARTIN, the successful candidate in the *fifth* Post Card Examination, has chosen for her prize Tennyson's "May Queen" and "Wordsworth's Pastoral Poems." I would respectfully draw my readers' attention to the Examination Question in this issue.

THE EAST LONDON NURSING SOCIETY, which was founded in 1868 for the purpose of sending trained Nurses to the sick poor of East London in their own homes, and which in 1889 nursed 3,645 patients, and recorded 82,389 visits, is making an appeal for funds. I hope that all the rich lay readers of the *Nursing Record* (and we have a number of them) will send something to Mr. A. W. Lacey, the Secretary, Swiss Cottage, Dacre Park, Lee, S.E., to help continue this important and noble work. H.R.H. Princess Christian is the President.

THE "grim old bachelor," as is not unknown to Nurses and others who have much to do with him, has many oddities and queer fancies, begotten in all probability of the single pair of eyes through which he has the misfortune to view the world and its inhabitants. But at a certain remote village of South Africa, named Cathcart, there exists in the flesh a "grim old bachelor," whose peculiarities ought to afford amusement and instruction to a larger body of readers than is likely to be reached by that village's local organ, the *Farmers' Chronicle*. The village in question is not far away from the town of Queenstown, where is situated the Frontier Hospital, the

Matron of which is Sister Alice, of whose work I lately had occasion to speak.

I AM given to understand that the Visiting Medical Officers of this Hospital suggested some little time ago to the Managers that, with a view to making the Hospital as widely useful as possible, a limited number of medical men, within a certain range, should be attached to the Institution as Honorary Medical Officers. The Managers agreed, and, after forming a few bye-laws for the guidance of all concerned, offered the appointments to certain Practitioners. One of these bye-laws set forth that Honorary Medical Officers, when visiting the Hospital, would be expected to announce themselves to the Matron or Nurse-in-Charge, who would either herself accompany the visitor around the Wards, or depute some member of the Nursing Staff to do so. Clearly a judicious provision intended as a mark of courtesy to the Honorary Officer.

THE provision, however, appears to have been variously regarded, for in a newspaper published in one of the largest towns in South Africa, there forthwith appeared an article of some length reflecting severely on the managers' proposals and their bye-laws, in the course of which article appears the following:—"In rule No. 4 it is laid down that no honorary medical officer shall be permitted to go round the Hospital unless accompanied by a Nurse or a Matron. This is not only absurd, but contains an inference that any right-thinking medical man would repel with indignation. One member of the profession (a grim old bachelor, we believe) has scouted the underlying insinuation and declined the offer."

THIS, of itself, is very funny; but, with that miraculous inapprehensiveness which characterises so many village newspapers, the *Farmers' Chronicle*, in taking over the article from its very contemporary, says, in large type: "We need hardly say that the *grim old bachelor* is our respected District Surgeon, Dr. Wheatley Hart." I am inclined to go further than the *Chronicle*, which stops at identifying the G.O.B. with the local Gideon Gray; for there seems no escape from the conclusion that the medical gentleman in question himself published the facts of his grimness and his bachelorhood.

BUT what is the influence that any right-thinking medical man would repel with indignation, what the underlying insinuation to be "scouted"? I confess I can see no evidence of malice in the very proper and innocent bye-law; and I am shut up to this one explanation of the "grim old

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