

It is not necessary to enter into the various manifestations of the malady, but there are two points about it to be borne in mind—the presence or absence of fever symptoms. In the former case true puerperal dementia must not be confounded with the delirium which is a phase of puerperal or any other fever, and can be accounted for; in fact, we look for it; but as far as my experience goes the dementia of child-birth is very difficult to account for, and equally so to deal with.

In the acute form (mania) the patient will often exhibit extravagantly high spirits—laugh, sing, and talk *incessantly*; her bright restless eye sends its wandering glance in all directions; she *looks you full in the face* whilst telling you some absurd rhodomontade or other. She is communicative, confidential, and often even effusive to her Nurse or anyone around her. During all the cerebral turmoil, that has often reminded me of a rushing mill-stream falling over a weir, the sufferer frequently lies prostrate on her bed, makes no attempt to rise from it, far less quit the room. She will take food if pressed to do so, and is tractable in that matter. *Strong* fluid nourishment, and of course milk and eggs—uncooked if they can be borne—seem to do the most good. Stimulants must only be given under medical direction; port wine in soup is sometimes allowed; drugs are not of much use, for I have seen opiates make the patient *more* restless and wandering rather than soothe her. *Fresh* air is of inestimable benefit, night and day alike. The temperature of the room should be cool—60 degs. F.; the light should be darkened out during the day by a green *holland* blind, and the bed put back to the window. Heat about the head and pain across the temples are commonly present, and should be met by the usual cooling remedies. The infant has to be taken from the breast in all cases and artificially fed.

(To be continued.)

THE *Nursing Record*, although scarcely a technical journal, is an admirable little publication devoted to Hospital and kindred interests, and in addition to hygienic and other articles, frequently contains notices of new devices, drugs, &c., useful in the healing art. The issue of January 15 has a convincing article on the subject of "The Registration of Trained Nurses."—*Invention*.

THE *Nursing Record*.—The representative organ of the Nursing profession and journal for Nurses is now issued at one penny per week, and contains many features of interest in connection with Nursing work and Hospital and Institution news.—*Kent Herald*.

NURSING ECHOES.

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AT a well and influentially attended meeting held last week at the Station Hotel, York, Earl Fitzwilliam presiding, it was resolved to establish a Yorkshire County Centre of the Rural Nursing Association, to supply Trained Nurses in the rural districts. A county Committee was formed and the officers of the Centre were chosen.



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THE *Queen* says: "In aid of the Kate Marsden Nurse Fund an exceedingly successful entertainment was given at St. George's Hall on the evening of the 13th inst. The piece was "The Golden Apple," a mythological opera written by Mr. Frank Silvester, author of "Who Stole the Tarts?" with music by Mr. Alfred M. Willis. The audience, which included Lady William Lennox and a good many distinguished people, as well as a contingent of Nurses, soon discovered that the opera was an undoubtedly charming and tuneful affair, and the applause and encores were given in an unstinting manner. The scenery, which represented first the banquetting hall of King Peleus, and afterwards Mount Ida, was highly effective, and a fine artistic effect was lent by a display of plate, furnished for the occasion by Mr. John Wells, of Oxford Street. The title supplies the subject—the ever-popular tale of the judgment of Paris and the award of the golden apple which Discord had introduced at the wedding of Peleus (Mr. Gabriel Thorp) and Thetis (Miss Jeanie Rose Brewer). Discord's part was acted and sung with much spirit by Mrs. Richard Dalton, to whose husband, by the way, not a little credit was due for the absence of those hitches and pauses which would otherwise have marked the performance of a company consisting chiefly of amateurs. Amongst the ladies, the chief share of the singing fell to Venus (Miss Maud Knox), Juno (Miss Silvester), and Minerva (Miss Sybil Bristowe). The trio looked extremely well in clinging classic draperies, and they sang very well together. The song with the refrain "Friends, you see, drop in to tea" was a great success; and Pomona's (Mrs. Fawcett) song, "Ungracious Discord's Gift," was a taking melody that lost nothing by the rendering of the well-known artist. Comus (Mr. P. H. Milne)

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