

For the future the "cottage helps" attached to the Ipswich Nurses' Home, sent out to those who cannot afford a private nurse, are to be known as "home nurses." Is this fair, either to the poorer patients or the trained members of the staff? Not in our opinion. Surely it is high time lay Committees running Nursing Associations realised that it is the severity of the illness and not the fatness of the purse which should decide the standard of nursing required. Let us hope the new Ministry of Health will go carefully into nursing conditions so far as the poor are concerned, and evolve a co-operative scheme for providing a high standard of nursing for all classes. And do not let us forget there is or ought not to be any "class" distinction in sickness.

In lamenting the death of Queen's Nurse Sowerbutts, who for five and a half years had laboured with so much devotion for the sick at Haywards Heath, the chairman, Mrs. Holgate, said the Association will have the greatest difficulty in filling her place. Mrs. Holgate states that rich and poor alike shared the benefit of her willing service, and she pleads for a Nurses' Home, whence nurses of various qualifications could deal with the needs of the surrounding neighbourhood. We hope this does not mean that there is to be one standard of nursing for the poor—and another for the rich! Indeed, we strongly disapprove of Queen's Nurses being used by persons who can well afford to pay for their service, just because they give a trifling subscription to the charity. This is often done without the well-to-do paying anything like the cost of skilled service. But in any scheme for raising the health of the community generally, co-operative nursing for the middle classes will have to find its place.

Arrangements are being made at Lincoln to form a district nursing association, to be operated from the Bromhead Institute, for the benefit of Lincoln and Boultham.

The monthly meeting of the Committee of the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses, Rutland Square, Dublin, showed the extraordinary amount of work done by the nurses in visiting the sick poor in their own homes during this awful epidemic of influenza. In the month of October six nurses visited 317 cases, and paid 3,444 visits—269 of these cases were influenza and pneumonia. Two of the nurses contracted the epidemic, leaving the burden still heavier on the remainder of the staff. The only outside help was from two

V.A.D.'s, who came to their assistance. St. Lawrence's Home should have a staff of twelve nurses at least, but want of funds has obliged the Committee to reduce the number to six. If only the public would give more help to the Committee, the work could be extended indefinitely to the great advantage of the poor of the city.

Let us hope when we have a Ministry of Health all such work will be co-ordinated and subsidised by the State.

The Scottish Nurses' Club will be formally launched on Saturday, December 14th, when the opening ceremony will be performed by the Right Honourable the Lord Provost of Glasgow, at three o'clock. The President and Trustees of the Club have issued invitations for this function, and we much regret that our engagements do not permit of our accepting that with which we have been honoured.

Miss H. Hawkins' letter in a recent issue, headed the "Deep Sighing of the Poor," in which she referred to the scandal that large numbers of dead in the East End of London were left unburied for an unseemly length of time, has aroused much indignation, as well it may.

Miss Mary L. Breay writes in this connection:—

"Miss Hawkins' letter about the dead lying unburied in the houses of the poor of London fills one with horror and indignation. May I suggest that if the Government and local bodies are so callous as to neglect this imperative duty of burying the dead, that a mortuary chapel should be built in every parish, and that the names of those who have laid down their lives for their country should be recorded in plain letters on the walls. Thus the chapel would be a memorial of the war and serve the dead and the living at the same time. And let the chapel be the most beautiful that can be built. Whoever has seen the lovely little chapel at Compton, near Guildford, designed by the late Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., will know how beautiful it might be. The chapel outside is in the form of a cross inside a circle; the latter represents eternity.

I believe all the villagers made a stone and laid it in this building. Inside, the chapel is perfectly round and opposite the entrance door is the holy table with the symbol of our faith upon it. The walls are one mass of glowing colour, which entirely dissipates all thought of gloom and dreariness connected with death. Round the walls in artistic colouring are the words, "The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God." The centre of the chapel is empty, but there are benches of artistic design placed against the walls. The whole effect is beautiful and nothing can give one a better idea of the triumph of "life over death"—or rather the "continuity of life."

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