

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE INSTITUTE FOR NURSES.

EXAMINATION FOR THE ROLL OF QUEEN'S NURSES,
SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1919.

1. How do continuous dry weather and heat affect the health of children in cities and crowded areas. What advice would you give to the Mothers as to Preventive Care?
2. You are asked by the doctor to go to a case of Haematemesis late at night to put the patient comfortable and to give instructions to the friends as to how to act in your absence. State in detail what you would do.
3. What are the chief points to be attended when nursing cases of Measles in a district? How long does the patient remain infectious?
4. What reasons would you give to a mother when persuading her not to allow her baby a dummy or comforter?
5. What mid-day meal would you advise for girls working in a factory or some sedentary occupation—give reasons for your advice?
- 6a. What points should be taken into consideration in arranging the order in which you would visit your patients (a) on a morning round (b) on an evening round?
- 6b. How can a district nurse co-operate effectually with other health agencies in an urban area?

STRIKE STORIES. KNIGHT ERRANT.

The train from the North was crammed in every corner, and I counted myself lucky to obtain a seat in the corridor, on a dressing case on end. From this point of vantage, near an open window, I was studying human nature at Preston when a smiling face appeared at the window, and a persuasive voice said, "Will you give something here to the collection I am making for the guards and drivers of the train? They are taking us up to London at considerable risk to themselves, and I think they thoroughly deserve it. Anything you put into the kettle will be divided between them. I am Lord Knutsford."

Forthwith a tin kettle, substantial and lidless, was handed into the compartment and "circulated genially around."

"Will you change a note for me," I asked, "out of the kettle"

"Oh, I can't do that. It would never do for me to be putting my hand into it. Oh yes, I know you, don't I? Never mind, I'll let you off this time." However, the last thing I wished was to be "let off," and dropped a coin into the extemporised collecting box.

A passenger in the compartment who got out on to the platform, and returned rather crestfallen, was subject to some good humoured chaff. "Wot 'ev you been doin' of?" "I offered to take the kettle round for 'im, and 'e would'nt

let me hev' it. Said 'he did'nt much like the look of me'" was the reply.

At Wigan we again had a visit. "Did you subscribe here to the collection for the guards and drivers?" said Lord Knutsford genially. "I've got £12, and there are six of them, so that will be a nice little help, won't it?"

"Oo's that" asked a passenger.

"'Im? it's the bloke wot was rushing about wiv a kettle at Preston" replied another.

By the time Euston was reached the collection had swelled to £20, and the passengers by that train must count themselves happy that amongst their number was the "King of Beggars," who first interpreted their unspoken wish, and then placed his organising genius at their disposal to translate it into terms of pounds, shillings, and pence.

But that was not the end of my personal indebtedness to Lord Knutsford that day. In the dimly lighted station at Euston I was "standing by" waiting until the mail bags should be cleared away, and there would be a chance of rescuing a missing suit case from the luggage van, when someone said "Is anybody helping you?" and there was Lord Knutsford. The problem of a porter was solved by the luggage being placed with his own on a barrow from the hotel, where it would be easier to get a taxi. "What address?" "431, Oxford Street," I replied with a smile. "Ah! I have heard that address before."

As we passed along the platform in the wake of the red capped porter, once and again came the question "Is anybody helping you?" and by the time we reached the hotel a few more of us were collected. "Women don't get any help at these times," remarked Lord Knutsford. "It's a good thing to have a brother a director of the Company. They take me for him." At the hotel a taxi was secured, a bargain made with the driver to drop me at the notorious 431, Oxford Street, and take some other travellers on to Peckham, and all difficulties were removed.

Certainly, when Lord Knutsford at last rested from his labours that night his position was far removed from that of the boy scout who, in order to fulfil his obligation to do at least one kind deed during the day, jumped out of bed and gave the canary to the cat. He had many kind deeds to his credit.

Let me here record my indebtedness. M. B.

IRISH NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

The Reports of the Irish Nurses' Association and the Irish Matrons' Association for the year ending March, 1919, are to hand. They show that the members of these Associations have continued their steady work for the benefit of professional nursing and midwifery and massage in Ireland.

The Irish Nurses' Association reports its affiliation with the Royal British Nurses' Association

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