

We were passing through a Nursing Home street in Marylebone this week, and saw at a first-floor window what appeared to be Venus arising from the foam. Anyway it was a woman, comparatively naked, with a frou-frou of lace somewhere about her waist, apparently exchanging amenities with a personage peeping behind the curtains over the way. We would advise the proprietress of the first-mentioned house to restrain the generosity in the exhibition of her anatomy of the young woman aforesaid—before the police rat-a-tat on the door.

MORAL.—An Act for the control of Nursing Homes. We know the proprietors of those well managed would welcome such legislation.

There is very little doubt that outside the training schools there are a vast number of women engaged in nursing the sick who have neither the knowledge nor heart to qualify them for such work. A week seldom passes that we do not hear of some "nursing atrocity."

Listen to this.

A little boy of five—of somewhat highly strung temperament, and never before separated from his Mummie or Nannie—was received into a Nursing Home for removal of tonsils, and recovery from the disagreeable nausea of the chloroform was somewhat prolonged. This passed away, however, and on the third day, whilst his mother was sitting by, a nurse burst into the room with a pillow in her hand and said: "Has anyone a soft pillow here?" and she proceeded to forcibly drag the pillow from under the little patient's head. This done, she ripped off the pillow slip and put on a clean one, and upon the remonstrance of the mother, stuffed a dirty pillow she had brought into the room under the child's head. He immediately began to heave and complain of the "nasty smell," and upon his mother removing the pillow she found it reeked of chloroform and was soiled with vomit!! It had apparently been brought straight from the operating room.

To talk of feathers flying, or wigs on the green, would be superfluous. The child's surgeon happened to be in the house, and there and then removed his little patient to his home in his car!

Other tales, equally barbaric, we could recount if we were not too busy helping to define a Syllabus of Nursing Education and to carry out the provisions of the State Registration Act.

Is the position of Hospital Matron increasing in popularity? We fear not. The work and

worry of such a position does not decrease, owing to the type of probationer, often encouraged to "take up nursing" owing to short hours and high pay—girls excellent, no doubt, in some ways, but who have no real love of the work.

We heard a probationer say the other day: "I resent people being sick. I have the animal instinct to run away and hide when I am ill, and it seems to me quite indecent for people to indulge in such publicity when they are diseased. They ought to be ashamed of it."

This is quite a prehistoric instinct by no means singular, and, if one traces it to its source, not altogether reprehensible. Purity, cleanliness, strength, courage are associated with physical perfection; their loss is a tragedy not only to the sufferer but to the world at large, and we have known human beings whose Spartan will power has enabled them to suffer tortures rather than rank as diseased. That true "Princess Royal," later Empress Frederick, was fully dressed and seated in her chair calmly conversing till the hour of her death.

All the same, we advised that probationer to adopt a less "human" profession than that of nursing. Many women are devoid of sympathy, especially the younger generation. Let such find occupation outside the sick room.

J. Mace Andrews, in *Modern Medicine*, advises school nurses to ask themselves the following questions about each child under their care:—(1) Does he breathe well? (2) Are his teeth in good condition? (3) Is he too pale? (4) Has he a persistent cough? (5) Has he a running nose or running at the ears? (6) Has he any skin trouble? (8) Has he any swelling about the neck? (8) Are his sight and hearing normal? (9) What is being done to interest him in forming good health habits?

The Scottish Nurses' Club, 205, Bath Street, Glasgow, has been a success, and met a great need from its inception. The Nurses take a great interest in it themselves and have contributed generously to its foundation. They are now greatly interested in the extension of the Club—the house next door having been acquired—and the success met with at the Sale held last year has encouraged the friends of the Club to make an even greater effort this year. A Sale of Work is to be held on October 8th next, and flowers, fruit, vegetables, game, cakes, sweets and preserves will also be accepted with gratitude. Donations and contributions will be acknowledged by the Secretary.

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