

of the bodies approved by the Local Government Board under the Health Visitors' (London) Order, 1909, *i.e.*, the Royal Sanitary Institute, the Royal Institute of Public Health, the National Health Society, or the Battersea Polytechnic.

The position, therefore, may be that a woman with a Sanitary Inspectors' certificate alone, can take precedence of a woman with a Sanitary Inspectors' certificate plus three years' Hospital Training, a situation foreshadowing a grave injustice to a Professional section of the Public Health Service.

MAUDE MACCALLUM,  
*Hon. Secretary.*

### A NEW HANDBOOK ON HOSPITAL SOCIAL SERVICE.

The *Alumnae Magazine* of the Johns Hopkins Hospital Nurses at Baltimore—edited entirely, of course, by a Publication Committee of Graduates—is a very high-class journal, and one of our exchanges we read carefully. The August issue is full of good things, and draws our attention to a new handbook of "Organisation and Method in Hospital Social Service," by Margaret S. Brogden, Chief of Social Service, Johns Hopkins Hospital.

Miss Ruth Brewster Sherman writes of this work:—

This fine book which Miss Brogden has just published is the kind of work that we are most glad to see coming from the Johns Hopkins Hospital and especially from a Johns Hopkins nurse. It is a remarkable and regrettable fact that there have been very few books written by Hopkins nurses, but the value and importance of this one does much to atone for this deficiency. It is constructive, showing by text, diagram and illustrations how the Social Service Department has been built up and conducted since its beginning: it is so simply and personally applicable in its teachings that even long-graduated nurses can take from it some valuable hints for their dealings with doctors and patients: it holds up a high ideal of Social Service; and its most business-like and concise directions for workers are filled with a tactful humane sympathy that shows a love of the work and of the people worked for.

The ideal of the Department is set forth on p. 76 in the words of Dr. Canby Robinson, Physician in Chief of the J. H. H. "It should be the outspoken ideal of every hospital and all connected with it, to endeavour to have every patient who enters its doors leave the institution a better man, woman, or child—not only physically, but also intellectually and spiritually. In the period of transition when the doctor more or less withdraws, the social worker should take his place; and the transition should be accomplished with intimate co-operation, so that gradually the patient is transferred from the medical to the social service, rather than being discharged from the hospital."

On p. 30 are words which we take to be Miss Brogden's own, which are with the notice of nurses who have to keep special charts: "There is a certain natural tendency in most of us, to exalt the record as an end in itself, a tendency to feel that something has actually been accomplished when a statement appears in black and white. . . . A record is only a tool, to be made sharp and kept available for use. . . . A record should not be used to stand as a justification for the worker. . . . It stands for the establishment of definite human relationships. It grows and takes new force as, because of these relationships, things happen."

The preface to this book is a poem by Florence Van Cleave which gives the point of view of all-too-many patients in our beloved Hospital.

The doctor smiled, and said, "You may go home To-morrow"; and he looked surprised when I Returned no answering smile. How should he know The sudden shrinking of my tortured flesh From all that "going Home" implies to me? I am so tired—so tired! And when I think Of taking up the burdens that I dropped When sickness brought to me a breathing space— The grimy ousherous clothes, so hard to rub;

The food that must be bought, prepared and cooked; The constant struggle to keep up the rent;—

Then is it strange that I should weakly cling To this white cot, this atmosphere of rest, Where I may sleep?

I almost hoped this pain would end all pain; But no; the verdict's "Life!"—I must "go home!"

Two memories came back with the reading of these lines. Long before there was a social service in the hospital, there was in Ward G, for nearly a year a little crippled girl ten years old, observant, intelligent and adaptable, who eagerly absorbed all that was best in her ward. Finally she was discharged and a nurse sent with her to show the parents how to manage the appliances. "Wouldn't you suppose," she said afterward, "that Annie would be glad to go home after so long? When she got home she gave one look all around and exclaimed 'Oh Mother,—how little and dirty everything is here!'" The other memory is of a long trip, partly on foot, through the Tennessee mountains and into many of the cabins of the mountaineers. "I'd like to come down and live among these people," said the visitor, "and teach them and work with them and help them: but I'm a nurse and they don't need *nursing*." "No," answered her host, "they don't need nursing, they need *Social Service*."

Miss Brogden's book is published in Baltimore by the firm of Norman-Remington, at the price of \$2.50.

### IRISH WOMEN'S EQUAL RIGHTS.

Amongst the Articles of the Irish Constitution already carried is one declaring "That men and women have equal political rights." Congratulations to the Dail.

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