

a matter of course you bind it up ; as a matter of common sense you leave it alone for some days. You don't fidget about the dressings, nor do you expect the wound to heal in a day, nor expose it to the air too soon. You give it *time* to heal. The umbilical scar is not a cut, but a sore that has to heal ; and the funis separates from it by a process of granulation, that may be healthy or unhealthy according to the care bestowed upon it, or unfavourable outside influence.

Amongst the Esquimaux, who live in underground dwellings, the extreme foulness of the atmosphere excites an *erysipelatous* inflammation of the navel that ends fatally to the infant. In the dark unwholesome tenements of our London slums the same danger menaces the frail infant-life, and at the best leads to a troublesome unhealthy wound.

On the third day from birth—which will be the *Wednesday* of our calendar—we will attend to the navel. It may not be *absolutely* necessary then, but it is wise and expedient, and for the first time we shall have to remove and change the belly-binder, and what is commonly called "dress the navel." To do this effectually we shall have to bath our baby. You make precisely the same preparation for this as you did at birth, and clean clothes must be put on throughout. You undress the infant in the way I have told, with as little turning about as possible.

(To be continued.)

PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITION.—XXIV.

Describe in full the amount and kind of help required in a Hospital laundry. The Hospital contains sixty-four beds; and there is a daily average of fifty-four patients. Their personal linen is not washed at the Hospital. The Staff consisting of House Surgeon, Matron, eight Nurses, and ten servants, there are about eighty Ward sheets, fourteen quilts, fourteen blankets, eighty pillow-cases, towels, &c., besides the house linen, eighty Nurses' and Servants' aprons, and, of course, a large number of collars and cuffs, to be washed each week. The servants all wear cotton dresses, but not the Nurses. The washing is not to be done by machinery.

By MRS. J. G. TAYLOR.

(Victoria Hospital for Sick Children.)

AT the present time, when women's work and women's employment hold such prominence in the leading topics of the day, and when the last years of the century come

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to be looked *back* upon with regret by some, sorrow by others, and with varied emotions by all, I cannot help thinking the "gentler sex" will and *ought* to consider they had, on the whole, a remarkably good time of it.

A generation or so back the only way in which a well-educated girl could earn her livelihood—without compromising her position and losing "caste"—was by undertaking the development of the young idea. In the ordinary middle-class life the pay of the governess was scarcely equal to that of a servant, and the duties very little higher. In the upper portion of the community it was different, certainly ; but though more was given, a very great deal more was expected in return. Between the governess and the servants naturally a great gulf was fixed, equal and yet *unequal* with the family. No wonder between the two isolating elements she frequently became a dull, miserable creature, and was obliged to assume a reserved and dignified demeanour, for example's sake, and partly to protect herself from the vulgar patronage or insolent familiarity which frequently fell to her share. With these surroundings she became morbidly sensitive, suspicious of even well-meant kindness ; unnaturally timid and retiring, until at length she *retired* completely to the shelf, where she remained an indisputable and undisguised old maid, and that at a much earlier period of life's journey than we acknowledge ourselves defeated, matrimonially speaking, in these more enlightened days.

Now all is changed. Women do not care a fig whether they are destined to single blessedness or not. If they are "old maids," they are very jolly ones ; no primness and shrinking into corners—the sensitiveness has vanished like clouds before the rays of the rising sun (the rising daughter, in fact). The maiden lady of to-day is probably an orator—a lecturer on woman's rights, usually great on all family matters, the theory of which would be different if reduced to practice.

Women have now any amount of paths open to their selection before they decide on "a profession," but it is singular to notice that, as their ideas have lowered themselves in the social scale, they have risen in another, for, however menial or *manly* the employment chosen is, it must be prefixed by one word—it must bear the hallmark—*lady*.

The cry of the day is, "Forward, Sisters, forward," and at a very good pace, as a rule. Evidently there is a change coming

"O'er the spirit of my dream."

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