

A COAL FRAGMENT.

AMID the fields of snow and ice
Which block the passage to the pole,
Mysterious lands which still entice
The adventurous modern soul,

This fragment of a softer clime,
Of some dead summer-world, was found,
The unburied relic of a time
That slumbers in its mound :

A black coal fragment marked with ferns,
No thing of beauty—yet to me
A dream of life that darkly burns
Beneath the arctic sea.

G. E. Montgomery.

A NEW PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

THE stranger in New York who may chance to visit the east side of the city in the neighborhood of Twenty-sixth street will have his attention called to a long, grayish, four-story prison-like structure, with a wing, situated in a block which extends to the East River, and inclosed by a high, forbidding stone wall. This is Bellevue Hospital, the chief free public institution of the kind in New York. For many years it has been famous for the high medical and surgical skill of which it is the theater, its faculty embracing many leading members of the profession in the city. For many years to come it is likely to be popularly associated with another high development of the curative arts,—the results of the founding, in 1873, of the Bellevue Training-school for Nurses, and of a new profession for women in America.

Not long ago, a lady living in the suburbs of one of our eastern cities, whose daughter was ill with fever, was urged by her physician to employ a professional nurse. She was loth to do this, but, as the malady increased in virulence, she finally yielded. The following morning the servant announced "the nurse." To the mother's imagination—overwrought as it was by lack of rest and by unremitting watching—the words called up the most disagreeable anticipations of a careless and disorderly person, and perhaps even a dark reminiscence of Sairey Gamp scolding trembling invalids, removing their pillows, or drinking copiously from black bottles, while grim-visaged Betsey Prig looked on with unconcern. With these pictures of the professional nurse before her, she descended to the hall. There, to her surprise, she found a young woman of intelligent face, neat apparel, and quiet demeanor.

"You are ——"

"The nurse, madam."

Saying which, the stranger exhibited a badge inscribed with the words "Bellevue Hospital Training-school for Nurses," and decorated with a stork, the emblem of watchfulness.

The physician now appearing, the nurse listened attentively to his instructions. Her movements, while preparing for duty, inspired with confidence both mother and patient. Her skillful hand prepared the food, her watchful eye anticipated every want. She was calm, patient, and sympathizing; but, though eager to please and cheer the invalid, she did not stoop to simulate an affection she did not feel, nor to express hopes of recovery that could not be realized. The exaction, the impatience incident to illness, seemed but to incite her to renewed effort in behalf of her charge. She met every emergency with knowledge and unruffled spirit. To the physician she proved an invaluable assistant, executing his orders intelligently, and recording accurately the various symptoms as they were developed. She watched the temperature of the room as closely as she did that of the patient, and, while always polite and obliging, was never obsequious. The mother had doubtless heard indirectly of the school of which her efficient nurse was a graduate, but she was, as many others are, unfamiliar with its work and aims.

To understand the almost revolutionary progress that, through the instrumentality of this school, has been made in the system of nursing the sick, let us look for a moment at the previous condition of this great hospital. The present building was constructed about

sixty years ago, by the poor-house authorities; for thirty years it was an almshouse, and since then it has been used exclusively for hospital purposes. So unenlightened was the general view of the obligations of a city toward its sick and injured in those days, that for years the only nursing was done by convicts of the Female Penitentiary. The profanity, drunkenness, theft, and profligacy of these attendants were soon too scandalous to be ignored, and in 1848 this system was abolished, and "hired nurses, selected from among poor women of reputable character and decent habits," were employed in all the wards.* The advance from no nursing to poor nursing told sensibly on the death-rate, which, however, owing to poor hospital supplies, bad ventilation and beds, defects of heating and cleanliness, and the general indifference to the welfare of the patients, still continued large; the best medical skill was useless against incompetence and neglect.

So matters continued until the year 1872, when the attention of the Local Visiting Committee of the New York State Charities Aid Association† was called to Bellevue. This committee was composed of sixty members, chiefly ladies of high social position and intelligence, two visitors being assigned to each ward. Their duties were to visit the hospital weekly, and to report its actual condition to the Association. They found in the building nine hundred patients, most of them in want, many in positive distress. The men's wards were so crowded that three patients would have to sleep on two beds and five on three. Others were forced to sleep on the floor without blankets or pillows, as there was no supply of extra clothing, except what could be obtained from the stock belonging to deceased patients. A few of the "hired nurses" were still there, and they seemed to have learned nothing by experience, save indifference to suffering. There were no night nurses, and only three night watchmen for six hundred patients. They sometimes drugged the patients with morphine to keep them quiet, and drank the stimulants that had been prescribed. In the kitchen it was ascertained that tea and soup were frequently made in the same boiler; the coffee was nauseous, and the beef dry and hard. "Special diet" existed only in name, and, even if ordered and provided, it had little chance of reaching the patients or even the nurses, being confiscated on the way up from the kitchen by the work-house women, who had been committed for drunkenness or dis-

orderly conduct, and had been transferred to Bellevue as "helpers."

Judging from these inspections, the committee became convinced that no improvement could be hoped for in the management of the hospital until a complete reform of the nursing should be effected; and, inspired by the example and success of similar work in England by Florence Nightingale, the founder of the modern system of nursing, they set themselves to this task with resolution, tact, and intelligence. At first they met with little encouragement from the medical profession, but now their staunchest supporters are found within it. One distinguished physician said, "I do not believe in the success of a training-school for nurses at Bellevue. The patients are of a class so difficult to deal with, and the service is so laborious, that the conscientious, intelligent women you are looking for will lose heart and hope long before the two years of training are over."* A clergyman well acquainted with the hospital echoed this opinion, and thought it was "not a proper place for ladies to visit." One or two physicians thought the lives of such people not worth saving. Other grades of opposition or indifference presented themselves—political, social and professional. The experiment was a new one, and the theory on which it was undertaken ran counter to the traditions of those employed in the hospital. Before such obstacles, stout hearts might well have hesitated, but the courageous and intelligent managers were only thereby the more firmly convinced of the necessity of patient and persistent effort.

The first step was to learn how to organize the school in the best way, and for this end Dr. W. Gill Wylie, of New York, volunteered to go to Europe at his own expense, to study the foreign systems. Upon his return he brought a cordial letter from Miss Nightingale, in which she set forth the principles upon which the management of the school has been based. Chief of these is the entire subordination of the nursing corps to the medical staff, the nurses being under the discipline of a superintendent, or matron, whose duty it is to see that the work is performed to the satisfaction of the physicians. To her report the head-nurses, who have a surveillance of both the day and night nurses. The position assigned to the matron, by which she is made solely responsible for the effi-

* Exceptions to the general attitude were found in the cordial cooperation of the late Dr. James R. Wood, Dr. Austin Flint, and Dr. Stephen Smith, who were fast friends of the enterprise from the start, and have been of the greatest aid as advisers to the Board of Management.

*Address of Dr. Reese.

† See "A Great Charity Reform," in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for July, 1882.

ciency of the nursing corps, is one of the most important features. The tact and judgment displayed by the training-school managers in the practical application of these sensible ideas of the function of nursing, have saved a vast amount of friction, and won for the school the friendship of many physicians who were naturally prejudiced against it, and might easily have been forced into opposition by any encroachment upon their rights.

The boundaries of the nurses' duties having been laid down with circumspection, voluntary subscriptions were called for and made to the amount of \$23,000, and a house was rented near the hospital, in which the nurses should lodge and board.

To find a person capable of taking charge of such an institution proved a difficult task. Miss Bowden, otherwise known as "Sister Helen, of All Saints," then of Baltimore, but formerly of the well-known school at University College, London, was finally selected. Equal difficulty was experienced in procuring assistants for her. Advertisements were inserted in the journals, and physicians were applied to; but such was the scarcity of educated nurses in this country at that time, that, after a search of many months, and after the most liberal offers, only four were found who were in any wise capable, one of whom proved inefficient. Later on, Sister Helen, compelled to return to England, was succeeded by Miss Perkins, of Norwich, Conn., under whose management the school has continued to increase in numbers and usefulness. At first but six pupils were obtained. The scheme adopted—that developed by Miss Nightingale—demanded in the applicant a combination of requisites the mere enumeration of which appalled many who had been encouraged to seek admission to the school. These are: Good education, strong constitution, freedom from physical defects, including those of sight and hearing, and unexceptionable references. The course of training consists in dressing wounds, applying fomentations, bathing and care of helpless patients, making beds, and managing positions. Then follow the preparation and application of bandages, making rollers and linings of splints. The nurse must also learn how to prepare, cook, and serve delicacies for the invalid. Instruction is given in the best practical methods of supplying fresh air, and of warming and ventilating the sick-room. In order to remain through the two years' course and obtain a diploma, still more is required, viz.: Exemplary deportment, patience, industry, and obedience. The first year's experience was far from satisfactory. Among seventy-three applicants, hailing from the various States, only twenty-nine were found

that gave promise of ability to fulfill the conditions. Of these, ten were dismissed for various causes before the expiration of the first nine months. To serve medicine to the patients in the wards of a great public hospital smacks not a little of novelty and of romance, and goes far, at first, to compensate for a hospital's unpleasant surroundings and its odor of disinfectants; but a short period of wound-dressing and night-watching is sufficient to dispel such illusions. Every year, young women whose abilities warranted their admittance at the commencement of the course have been permitted to depart before its completion, owing to an evident distaste on their part for the duties imposed upon them. But the managers, though surprised at the result of their first efforts, were not discouraged. As time went by, the number of applicants increased, and, though the high standard first established was not departed from, the proportion of those capable of fulfilling the requirements multiplied. Some applicants, who did not seem especially adapted to the work, proved most efficient, and on this topic the managers say that, after their long experience, they have found that the fitness of an applicant can be determined only by absolute trial.

The nurses at the Bellevue school may be divided into two classes: those who study the art of nursing with a view to gaining a livelihood or supporting their families, and those who look forward to a life of usefulness among the poor sick. All are lodged and boarded free of charge during the two years' course, and are paid a small sum monthly, while in the school, to defray their actual necessary expenses, and, in order to avoid all distinction between rich and poor, every nurse is expected to receive this pay.

The "Nurses' Home," the head-quarters of the school, is No. 426 East Twenty-sixth street, a large and handsome building, erected for the purpose and given to the school by Mrs. W. H. Osborn. From the outside of this building the tastefully arranged curtains and polished panes of its several chambers present a striking contrast to the somber, frowning walls of the great charity hospital opposite. Besides studying from text-books, and attending a systematic course of lectures, the pupils are occupied by the care of the patients in the hospital, and in the general management of the wards. The nurses are taught how to make accurate observations and reports of symptoms for the physicians' use, such as state of pulse, temperature, appetite, intelligence, delirium or stupor, breathing, sleep, condition of wounds, effect of diet, medicine, or stimulant. This instruction is given by the visiting and resident physicians and surgeons of Bellevue, at the bedside

of the patients, and by the superintendent and head-nurse. At first, only the female wards were supplied; but, as illness makes no distinction of sex, it was found impossible to complete the nurse's education without practice among sick men, and early in the career of the institution some of the male wards were included, until now 14 wards of from 16 to 20 beds each are under the supervision of the new system. There is no reason,

after a *mêlée* in which he was shot through the chest. His face wears a puzzled expression as the nurse quietly and skillfully dresses the wound; such kind attention is a revelation to him. In the next cot is a man who has been run over, while intoxicated, by a truck. His injuries are serious, and require the almost undivided attention of a skilled nurse; if she had not been at hand, the surgeon would be obliged to amputate the leg that now swings

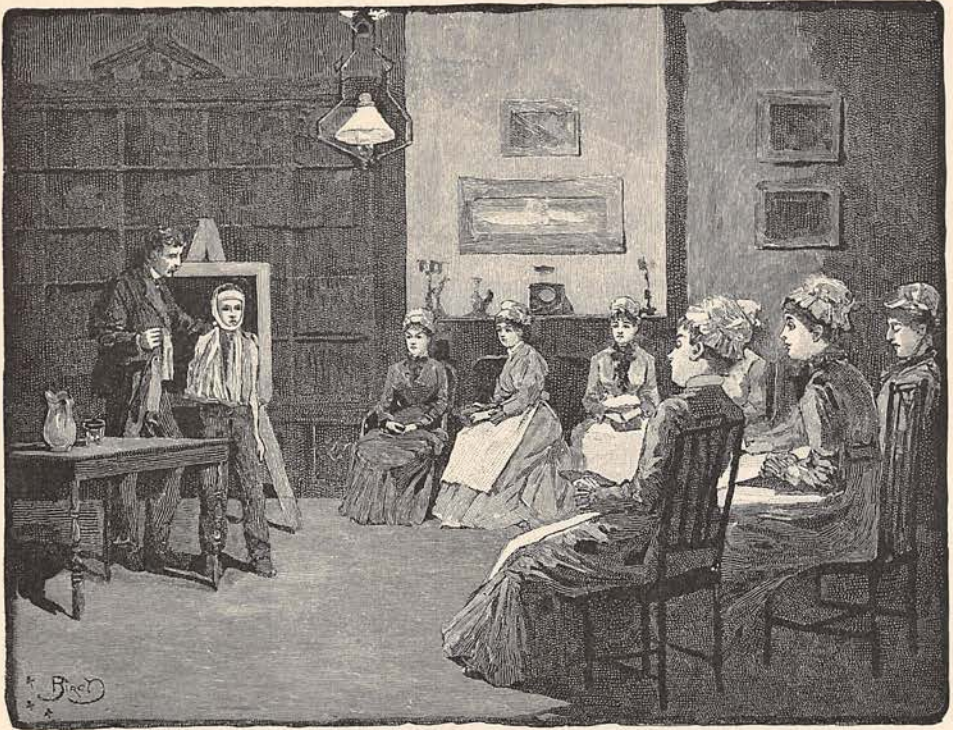


BELLEVUE HOSPITAL AND GROUNDS.

except the want of money, why this system should not be extended to the entire hospital.

Look in at the male surgical ward. These young women in white caps and aprons and blue-and-white striped seersucker dresses seem to have had something of the training of the soldier added to that of the nurse. There is little talking and no laughing. When they do speak, it is in subdued tones. Each seems to understand her duties. One of the house physicians enters, and, beckoning to a nurse, gives her directions regarding a particular patient recently visited. She listens attentively makes no reply, and turns at once to obey. A soldier, pausing in his rounds, presenting arms to his superior officer and listening respectfully for orders, would not have exhibited a more perfect discipline. On either hand the patients lie on their cots, in the various stages of relapse or recovery. As a rule, these are hard-featured, ill-favored men. Some are only waiting here until the healing of their wounds to be tried for felonious assault, house-breaking, or murder. One is a bar-keeper, brought in the previous night in an ambulance,

easily upon the strap-support. On the opposite side of the ward, stretched upon a cot near the door, is a workman who has been injured by falling from a scaffold. He has a careworn, anxious expression, that proceeds not from physical, but mental troubles. He has just told the nurse that his wife is very ill, and that there is no one to look after her and the children. He does not know, but will soon learn, that another young woman with even more experience than the one sitting near him, is already on her way to his wife, the number of his house having been ascertained from the hospital entry-book on the ground floor. In another division of this ward are gathered the most complicated cases. The labors of the nurse must here be unremitting; yet little medicine is required. Some of these poor fellows who lie in rows are, doubtless, beyond the influence of that, but the world is still sweet to them, and the spark of life that fitfully lights up their wan, colorless faces may, if carefully tended, still be kept aglow. One patient is undergoing an operation, though not a dangerous one. The nurse stands by,



A DEMONSTRATION IN BANDAGING.

supporting his head and shoulders. Ether is not required, but the man has been already broken down with his malady; his face twitches with pain, his hands open and shut convulsively, and a groan escapes him, deep, prolonged, and expressive not only of present pain, but of the weary months of suffering that he has experienced. Now the surgeon's work is done, and the poor fellow, before sinking back again upon his pillow, murmurs a stuttering apology to the nurse for having shown what he takes to be weakness while under the lancet.

In the female wards the work of the trained nurses is employed to better purpose probably than elsewhere within the walls of the institution. The old and the young hobble about on crutches, or lie on their cots with blanched, careworn faces, and deep-sunken eyes. A kindly faced nurse is feeding an old woman from a bowl. Whatever it contains, it causes a smile to light up what before had been sullen and frigid features. Another is carefully bandaging a wounded arm, striving, meanwhile, to argue away from the sufferer the specter that haunts her. The most uninviting and wretched tenement-houses do not reveal a class more in need of help and sympathy than the patients in the female wards of Bellevue.

The bell of an ambulance which has just arrived strikes three startling strokes, the signal for the medical division. A few minutes pass, and two men bring in a stretcher, on which rests the form of a woman clad in genteel but much-worn apparel. Two nurses lift the motionless form upon a bed, and examine the card made out for each patient upon her arrival. It is superscribed "No Friends," and a careful examination of the small leather bag tightly clasped in her hand fails to furnish additional intelligence. She was found lying insensible upon the pavement, and, though she regained consciousness for a few minutes previous to the arrival of the ambulance, she stubbornly refused to answer questions, to give her name, or tell what ailed her. But the nurses soon discovered this trouble. The woman was starving—had been starving herself purposely. She had had some misfortune, of which she refused to speak. Her first words upon recovering consciousness were of regret that she had not been permitted to die. Later on, however, she was encouraged to partake of nourishing food. With this and good nursing, her spirits to a certain extent revived, until, upon her departure, she had, to all appearance, ceased to reflect upon that which had caused her distress.

Upon the completion of their labors in the

Training-School, and after passing a satisfactory examination, the nurses, furnished with diplomas, signed by the managers and the examining board of the hospital, begin their several careers. Some are called to superintend state and city hospitals, a continually increasing number seek private practice, or rather are sought by it, while not a few, as has already been said, devote themselves to the sick among the poor.

The value of the service performed by these noble women cannot be adequately estimated

tages of a nurse's training, would fail signally where she would succeed. For the mere attendance on the invalid is not the whole of the service performed by the visiting nurse. She sweeps and cleans the rooms, cooks the food, does the washing, if necessary, goes upon errands—in short, takes the place of the mother, if she be ill. All this has been learned at the training-school. Neither illness nor death itself can appall her: she has served a long novitiate in nursing the one, and the other has long since lost its terrors.



TENEMENT-HOUSE WORK.

without visiting the tenement-house district wherein it is performed. They lodge in a house provided for the purpose by the Woman's Branch of the City Missions, by which they are supported, and are to New York what the "District Nurses" are to London. From early morning until evening they endure fatigue, heat, cold, and storm, in their efforts to relieve the distressed. Neither the gruff responses, nor the ingratitude of those for whom they toil, have, in a single known instance, forced them to cease their work. An equally zealous person, without the advan-

Here is the substance of an account given by one of these charitable women, of a typical day's work.

"I heard that a young man was dying of consumption in a tenement-house on the east side. After searching for some time, I found the house, squeezed in between two larger and equally dilapidated structures, in the rear of those facing the street. It had no door, and, like such houses generally, was so dark, even in broad daylight, that I had to grope my way to the upper chambers by aid of the stair-rail. A woman in the yard told me that the



THE PATIENT.

man I wished to see lodged, she thought, on the top floor. Upon my arrival I knocked for some time at the doors of the front chambers, but no one answered. Then I tried the back hall-room. 'Who's there?' a man's voice roughly demanded. 'I want to speak with you,' I answered. 'Well, who are you?' I said that I would explain my business, if he would open the door, and, after a few moments, it was opened just a few inches. The face of a little, weazened old man appeared. 'What do you want?' he demanded, scowlingly. 'I heard there was an invalid here, and I want to try and do something for him.' 'Well, he doesn't want anything.' 'But,' I persisted, 'can't I see him for a moment?' 'No, you can't.' He would have slammed the door in my face, but I had caught sight of the poor fellow, his son, who was crouched in one corner. I beckoned to him, and he unwillingly came toward the door in time to prevent its being closed. 'Don't you like beef-tea?'

I asked. 'No, I don't,' he returned. 'But I have some here that you will like. I'm sure it's different from what you've seen. Let me make some for you. You needn't take it, if you don't like it.' 'I don't know,' he said. 'I might.' And, despite the scowls of the father, who was opposed to my entrance, I sat down by the stove, gathered some pieces of wood from a pile in the corner, and made a fire warm enough to heat the beef-tea. The young man was in the last stages of consumption, and said he had not eaten anything for some time, though I saw some bits of dry bread and pork upon an adjoining shelf. He had no sooner tasted the tea I made for him than he smacked his lips with evident surprise and pleasure, and declared it very good. It seemed to warm him up mentally as well as physically, seeing which, I plied him with questions regarding his illness and means of support,—questions which, notwithstanding the evident displeasure of his father, he an-



THE NURSE.

swered courteously and intelligently. Before my departure I put the room in order, and brought to the invalid and his father sufficient good food for a few days, and showed them how to prepare it.

"My next visit was to a little boy who had been run over while playing in the street. He was dead when I reached him, and his mother, worn out alike by mental and physical exhaustion, for she had not slept at all, and had eaten but little for several days, was lying moaning upon a bed. Another child lay in an adjoining room, quite ill with malarial fever. This is so prevalent among tenement-house children in warm weather, that we usually carry with us something to relieve them. So I did what I could for her, and then began to arrange the rooms and prepare the dinner. The mother appeared indifferent to what was taking place; but the father, a truck-driver by profession, who sat silent at the window, seemed much pleased with my efforts. The rooms were close and the atmosphere was permeated with bad air coming from the lower halls. The back windows looked into those of ill-kept, tumble-down structures across a court, the odors of which were alike offensive. The family clothes were suspended upon some of the ropes that formed a sort of cobweb between the adjoining buildings. They had remained hanging there for nearly a week, and after serving the dinner, I set about taking them in. This was no easy matter. While tugging upon the lines, they caught upon those belonging to the inmates of the other houses, and clogged up the pulley, and, before I had completed my labors, I had been roundly scolded for my awkwardness by the stout, red-faced occupants of the windows in the quadrangle. The cartman had been compelled to remain home and neglect his work for several days, in order to assist his wife. His money was almost gone in consequence,—at a time, too, when an unusual outlay was necessary. So I returned early the following day, and remained until the affairs of the household were again in smooth-running order.

"The most unsatisfactory visits we make are to those addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor. It was upon one of these I next called. In a little, dingy apartment in the wing of an old house which seemed to lean for support upon its neighbor, equally unsteady, I found a woman whose children I had nursed for weeks at a time. I had before seen her when under the influence of liquor, but now she seemed to be almost crazed with it. The children, ragged and dirty, were lying upon the floor, and, when I offered to look after them during her absence—for she was putting

on her bonnet—she almost flew at me, with taunts that I had abandoned her when she was starving. As a matter of fact, I had been with her upon the previous day."

Such is the work, such the experience of those of the training-school graduates who elect to exchange the comforts (often the luxuries) of home, and the society of friends, for the exposures and dangers incident to a life among the poor sick.

When the managers of the training-school announced, some years since, that they would send nurses to private families in cases of illness, the applications were so few that they were led to fear that this branch of the school would be unsupported, and that the nurses would find themselves deceived regarding their future prospects. But the value of the trained nurse, little known at that time in America, soon began to be recognized, and the demand for such services increased, until, at the present time, there is a greater call for nurses than can be supplied. Many who formerly refused to consider a suggestion to call in a nurse, now eagerly apply for them; and surgeons, in certain instances, have refused to perform operations without the subsequent assistance of a trained nurse.

Before going to a private house, the nurse is carefully instructed by the superintendent. She must not leave it without communicating with her, nor return from her duties without a certificate of conduct and efficiency from the family of the patient or the physician attending. She is expected and urged to bear in mind the importance of the situation, and to show, at all times, self-denial and forbearance. She must take upon herself the entire charge of the sick-room. Above all, she is charged to hold sacred any knowledge of its private affairs which she may acquire through her temporary connection with the household. She receives a stipulated sum for her services, but this will not always compensate her for the annoyances with which the position is occasionally beset.

In addition to this field in New York city and vicinity, there is an increasing demand throughout the country for experienced nurses to take charge of hospitals and schools. Graduates of the Bellevue school have been called to be superintendents of the nursing departments of the following institutions: Massachusetts General Hospital; Boston City Hospital; New Haven City Hospital; New York Hospital; Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City; Brooklyn City Hospital; Cook County Hospital, Chicago; St. Luke's Hospital, Denver; Charity Hospital, New Orleans, and the Minneapolis (Minn.) Hospital. Others are matrons of Roosevelt Hospi-

New York City; Charleston (S. C.) Hospital; Lawrence (Mass.) Hospital, and the Seaman's Hospital, Savannah, Ga.

Thus has the great work set afoot by a few noble women of New York developed, little by little, amid difficulties of which it would be useless to complain, since all have been surmounted. The results have amply justified their conviction that a demand for efficient nurses would speedily follow their supply, and that American women could be found willing to nurse the pauper sick, provided they were at the same time assured of a competence. That the profession of trained nurse will rise in estimation as the value of her services becomes better known, there is little doubt. Other occupations than hers have successfully met and overcome prejudice. Less than two centuries ago, the English clergy were entertained in the servants' hall, were sent upon errands, and were expected to marry my lady's waiting-maid. It was later yet when the surgeon was separated from the barber, as that by no means ancient pile, the Barber-Surgeons' hall, still standing in London—may remind us. Against any such lingering prejudice the moral and professional character of the school will prove an ample defense. Founded in the belief that the value of a nurse is in proportion to her intelligence, capacity, and refinement, it has proved an important step forward in our civilization, and its standard is not likely to be lowered in order to make a show of graduates. During the nine years of its existence one hundred and forty-nine pupils have received diplomas, seventy-eight of whom are now practicing in New York city. Perhaps twice as many capable women have been

turned away because the school cannot be further enlarged until the financial support of the enterprise is more considerable than at present.

In conclusion it must be said that, while Miss Nightingale's theories are the basis of the Training-School, its managers have found it necessary to depart from the English system in some important particulars. For instance, Miss Nightingale regards it as indispensable that the superintendent and the nurses should live within the hospital. "Our experience is the reverse of this," say the committee. "American women, being of a sensitive, nervous organization, are at first depressed by the painful aspects of hospital life, and when they become interested in the work they take it greatly to heart. Hence it is of importance to have a cheerful, comfortable home where they can each day throw off the cares of their profession." To the restfulness of the Home is attributed the exceptional health of the nurses, among whom but one death and very few dangerous illnesses have occurred since the opening of the school, almost ten years ago. Another necessity in an American training-school is the abolition of caste. In England the "ward sister" (who has received thorough training) is expected to be a lady, superior in social position and intelligence to the nurses, who are drawn from the class of domestic servants. At Bellevue, the preliminary examination, and the high standard subsequently exacted, exclude, and are meant to exclude them. But among those who enter there is no distinction. All submit to the same discipline and perform the same duties, none of which, being connected with the sick, is considered menial.*

Franklin H. North.

* The introduction of trained nurses into county poor-houses is a natural sequence of their successful introduction into this hospital department of a city almshouse. In many poor-houses but little or no care is taken of the sick, one of the least disabled paupers usually being put in charge of those more seriously ill. Not in vain has the State Charities Aid Association called public attention to this state of things. The old barbarisms are passing away, and a new era is at hand. New York city wears the proud laurel of having first introduced trained nursing into a city almshouse, as Rensselaer County (Troy) leads the van of its introduction into a county poor-house. The authorities of this poor-house have recently engaged a graduate of the Bellevue School to take charge of the nursing department, and it is hoped that other counties of the State of New York may follow this humane example.



NURSE'S BADGE.