

She must also have nursed twenty patients during the lying-in period. She must have recorded her own notes of the twenty cases of labour and the twenty lying-in cases—and these notes, verified by the head of her institution, must be handed in by her to the examiners at the practical examination.

The examination is written, oral and practical, and to pass she must obtain half the total marks in the whole examination.

The fee payable for the examination is Rs. 5 and another Rs. 5 for registration. It will be seen that there are two, or indeed, three grades of general nurses, but that the midwifery regulations compare favourably with our own.

No account of nursing in India would be complete without reference to the work of the St. John Ambulance Brigade which before the war undertook the training of voluntary hospital workers. These men and women rendered splendid service in the Indian hospitals during the war. The work still continues and is especially active in Calcutta, where the St. John's Ambulance sisters not only run one of the best baby clinics I have seen anywhere, but are also in charge of the O. P. Department of one of the hospitals which is a recognised training school for nurses.

Difficulty was experienced in obtaining a handbook adapted to tropical conditions and the writer was obliged to prepare one which has been the text book for more than a decade, and has been translated into all the Indian vernacular languages. He was very interested to learn from the Librarian of the College of Nursing that his book finds favour with trained nurses, as there appears to be no professional manual on tropical nursing.

(To be continued.)

SOME EXPERIENCES IN A CASTE-BOUND LAND.

By D. M. R.

In recent numbers of our Journal there have been several interesting articles on infant feeding. As there may be many others who are situated as I am, in a very conservative and caste-bound corner of this land, and who are trying their best to alleviate the sufferings of women and children, a recent experience of mine may be an encouragement to such. In a family we have known for many years the youngest child, a girl, was much petted and allowed her own way in everything. She elected to go to boarding school, so the family sent her, and she spent from her twelfth year till she was married, either at school or working under the mission ladies. From the time she was eighteen a suitable husband was being anxiously looked for. Many suitors came, but none were accepted, till finally an eligible teacher was considered, and when the girl was about 22 years old she was married. In due course the first baby was expected, and the young wife returned to her mother's house, according to custom. She was very anxious to come to our little hospital for the confinement, as she knew the comforts and attention given at such times, but her people would not hear of such a thing. She pleaded in vain. All her sisters were married, and all had carried out the time-honoured custom of coming home to the parents' house for the first child to be born there. She was the

last girl and here she was, begging to go to a hospital. Whoever heard of such an outrageous idea! So, in great fear of what might happen, the girl went on from day to day, and at last one morning at 10 o'clock a very tiny-baby girl put in an appearance. Alas, alas! there were sighs and groans. It was only a girl, and so small, and so black, and so ugly, what had they done to deserve this disgrace in the family. It almost amounted to a crime on the part of the poor mother. All the neighbours and relatives bemoaned the baby, till the mother herself did not seem to care very much for the tiny creature. When it was about ten days old, my husband who was touring that part of the district, went to the village to see the family and find out how the mother and baby were progressing, for we felt something was wrong, they were so silent about it. After greeting the old lady and the man of the house (the eldest brother) the old lady hurried off to make coffee, and my husband heard some one calling him and found it was the girl he had come to see. She and the baby were in a tiny dark little room, off the verandah. To-day she was to come out for the first time. She crawled to the door way, and begged him to tell her people that she must have a drink of cold water. She had not seen water since labour began, and she felt as if her inside was on fire, and so parched up that she could scarcely speak. When the old lady returned he cautiously inquired about the health of mother and child, and asked to see the latter. He was told that the mother was very weak and could not feed the infant, and the infant was always crying, and was not worth looking at. He begged to see it, but they would not bring it out. He advised plenty of cold water for the mother to drink, as that would increase the milk supply for the child. He also asked them to send the two to visit us, as I was unable to come to see them, and was disappointed that the girl did not come to us for her confinement. He could get no promise from them. It had never been done before, and was against all custom, to allow a girl to go elsewhere in less than a month. There must be a family consultation. However, when baby was about twenty-one days old, we saw a procession one day at noon, coming to the bungalow. The mother, followed by a sister carrying the baby, then a coolie with a bundle, and the brother brought up the rear. He had brought little sister for a few days' visit, as she would not be denied. The tiny baby was all eyes, and skin and bones, and looked very unlovely. It cried incessantly night and day, and was being fed at least two-hourly on "tinned milk," and in between whiles its mother suckled it. It was drinking more than a tin of milk a week, and the mother was very disturbed about the expense. She finished up her tale of woe with "And it is only a girl, Ammal, and so small and black, and cross, I do not know what my husband will say." I cheered her up, and told her of the great value our Lord and Saviour put on women, and the way He honoured them by condescending to be born of a Virgin. She began to be happier, and I told her that if she would take my advice, and make up her mind that she was going to feed baby herself, she need not buy another tin of milk. First of all I gave her a light airy little room to use, and she was able to sit in the fresh air all day long as there was a verandah on the east as well as on the north of the room. I got her to drink eight ounces of milk daily, but it was

like coaxing her to take poison. In addition to the milk and her ordinary meals I gave her a good plate of sago conjee, which she readily took. I insisted that baby was to be fed at regular intervals of three hours, and suggested that at each feed both breasts should be emptied and then a small bottle feed should be given. Before feeding time I ordered the mother to take a drink of not less than ten ounces of water. After the second day I put the mother on an iron tonic. In four days' time the baby settled herself down to feeding at 6 a.m., 10 a.m., 3 p.m., 6 p.m., 10 p.m., and once in the night. Some nights it slept all night long without waking for a feed. It slept nearly all day, but wanted to be nursed each evening between five and seven o'clock. Its motions became regular and of a healthy colour and consistency. It put on flesh, and had a pretty little smile, and by the time they went home to the village, she was only getting half an ounce twice in twenty-four hours from the bottle. I wanted that stopped too, but as the family had ordained that the baby needed the bottle, they must be asked permission to stop it. I was not allowed to weigh it, so could only judge approximately how it was gaining. I wanted to try bathing the mother's breasts with hot and cold water alternately, before each feed, but that also I was not allowed to do. I had to be most cautious in putting these simple expedients into practice. However when she returned to the village in twelve days' time, looking plump and well, and bringing a happy well-favoured little baby with her, it was a nine days talk. They all thought we had drugged the baby, it had grown so quiet. She has rejoined her husband in a far distant town, and is going on well. The infant no longer requires "tinned milk" and sleeps the night through, and "father is very pleased with her, though she is only a girl," so we hear. One might do so much for the women if they were not so bound by the hard and fast rules of custom. As I watched the baby improve day by day, it seemed like a miracle, and I venture to say that the child's days were numbered had it not been given a change of diet speedily.

THE OPENING OF NEW BLOCKS AT THE MURE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, NAGPUR, C. P.

BY DOCTOR A. MARTIN.

The opening of all our new buildings took place on the 24th of July, and we are still feeling the relief of having it safely and happily over. We had four new separate blocks of buildings to be opened, three of which were built out of our completion scheme money, that is rather over a lac of rupees collected almost entirely by Dr. Henderson, and which comprised a large dispensary for outdoor patients, a maternity block, and a nurses' hostel to accommodate thirty nurses. The fourth building was built for us by a wealthy Marwadi gentleman called Seth Jamnadas Potdar. In it are three family wards in which the patient and her husband and children can all live very much as if they were at home. There is in each a large room with a verandah in front, and a courtyard behind with a room for stores and cooking and bathing places. We will now have six such family wards, and they are