

examination fever." (Hear, hear, and laughter.) She thought the questions had been capitally answered, and no doubt many of the candidates would make the best possible Nurses at the end of their training. (Hear, hear.) The chairman then presented the prizes to the following:—Second year's nurses:—1st prize, Nurse Steen; 2nd prize, Nurse Tait; 3rd prize, Nurse Fryer. First year's nurses:—1st prize, Nurse Bryan; 2nd prize, Nurse Sampson; 3rd prize, Nurse Coke. After the distribution, the time was spent in social intercourse, and, light refreshments having been partaken of, the guests departed.

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THE Editorial of the quarterly issue of *The Nurses' Journal*—the official organ of the R.B.N.A.—naturally touches a chord of triumph in announcing the granting of a Royal Charter of Incorporation to the Association, a Charter granting, be it observed, more comprehensive powers than petitioned for. One can but rejoice with the Nurses who have won, that once more British pluck has gained the day. As an outsider, looking back over the history of the past five years, one may truly say, that never has an Association, whose pure aims and devotion to the public good have been so abundantly proved, had to run the gauntlet of so base and malicious an opposition. But, for once, thank God, right has triumphed, and the profession stands all the firmer, that the noble aims of the leaders of this great movement have been recognised and approved of by the highest Court of Appeal in our land.

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IN *The Nurses' Journal*, the first lecture delivered by Dr. FRED CAIGER, Medical Superintendent of the South Western Fever Hospital, before the R.B.N.A., is published; and also *in extenso*, the Meeting of the Association at Edinburgh, which resulted in the formation of the Scottish Branch—a branch, I feel sure, that will be of immense benefit to the profession of Nursing in Scotland. The only fault of this excellent little journal is, that one receives it too seldom and finds it far too short.

* * *

EVERYONE is talking of Miss ARABELLA KENEALY'S novel, "Dr. Janet, of Harley Street," and as we all love "shop" it will be found especially interesting to those living in the hospital world. The story is original, the reflections are clever, and the style is wonderfully fluent and pure. "Dr.

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Janet" is a strong, lovable, misshapen female, and would have been happier if less useful—had providence endowed her with a less masculine contour. Her answer to the suggestion, "That the women of to-day, with their delicate and refined physiques, are womanly,"—is particularly happy. "That is just what they are not"; she protested, "many of them, with their slim forms and little heads, are distinctly *feminine*; but feminine is a kind of spurious womanliness, a sort of degeneration which is no more womanliness than feebleness of mind is refinement of brain, womanly in the possession of tender heart, gentle tongue, soft hand, tactful loving mind, strong sweet patience, purity, sensitive honour, and all the lovable, adorable, worshipful, womanly virtues that have saved our wicked world from the chaos and ruin it deserves. How many women now-a-days have any of the instincts for home, and wife, and motherhood, which are the crown of their lovely sex? No! believe me, those of us who are not distinctly masculine are feminine, but very few are womanly."

* * *

How terribly true is this little touch, will be endorsed by those amongst us who have watched the average Pro. handle a sick baby. When I meet the girl "who can manage children," I always hope, for the well-being of a future generation, that her ultimate sphere will not be Nursing.

* * *

THE *Bradford Daily Argus* recently printed the following letter, and I hope that the appeal thus made will be liberally responded to:—

"SIR,—Will you allow me through your columns, with the full consent of Dr. Foster, the medical superintendent, to make an appeal on behalf of the nursing staff at the Fever Hospital?

Very few, perhaps, ever think of that small but self-sacrificing band of women who, with a generous devotion, are nursing our smallpox patients in Bradford, and who spend their nights or days in an atmosphere and amid surroundings the very thought of which would make their more favoured sisters shudder.

Forbidden to mix in society, and shunned when recognised by their fellows, they are compelled to take their outdoor exercise in walks which, already jaded and weary, they can only indifferently enjoy.

Would it not be an act of common courtesy if a sum of money were raised so that they might all have a good drive every week in the country and return invigorated in body and refreshed in spirit to their isolated and devoted duties?

Dr. Foster has authorised me to solicit and receive subscriptions for this excellent, I might almost say necessary, object.—I am, sir, yours, &c.,

J. S. ADDISON."

S. G.

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