

**Nursing Echoes.**

\* \* \* *All communications must be duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith.*



THE Charter Dinner of the Royal British Nurses' Association, of which a full report will appear next week; was as conspicuous a success as all the previous functions of the Corporation have been. It would have been impossible to obtain a more representative gathering of Medical Men and Hospital Matrons, than those who were present, and who were received by Sir William Savory, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, Miss Isla Stewart, Dr. Bezly Thorne, and Miss Grace Gordon. Everything was most excellently arranged, everyone was in high spirits about the success of the Association, the dinner maintained the well-deserved reputation of the Whitehall Rooms, the speeches were eloquent but commendably short, and when an adjournment was finally made it was generally agreed that the Charter had been well and worthily celebrated. I imagine there must have been about 150 present, and it was very noticeable that almost exactly half were Nurses.

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THE *British Medical Journal*, which has so frequently before displayed its innocence of Nursing matters, and its indifference to the truth, published an article, last week, on the Charter, upon which I cannot congratulate the Committee appointed to control Mr. HART in the conduct of the Journal. As a general rule, since this Committee came into existence, the tone of the articles has been at least gentlemanly, but the one now in question is not only illogical but most undignified. The article commences with a pious wish that the correspondence relating to the Charter may cease, and concludes by confessing that the success of the Association has been very "disagreeable." Considering that the other side commenced the controversy, and that they have never dared to reply to the crushing answer made by the Association, it is somewhat amusing to find that they desire the correspondence to end. I have not the slightest doubt they do, but they cannot complain if, having set the ball rolling, the consequences to themselves are very humiliating.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER. Best that money can buy.  
 BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER. Five Gold Medals.  
 BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER. Contains no alum.

CONCERNING Mr. ERNEST HART, the only criticism I need make is that his opposition to the Royal British Nurses' Association has been, by many persons both connected and unconnected with that body, accepted as the highest possible compliment to the Association. Mr. HART has, for reasons which are not altogether unsuspected, done his little feeble best to prevent the success of the Association, and he has of course conspicuously failed. We must not judge him too critically. The Association has nothing in common with Apollinaris Water, or Specialité Sherry, and Mr. ERNEST HART cannot be expected to understand or expound its particular advantages to the public and the medical profession.

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A KIND correspondent writes from Brighton:—"On July 5th died Sister EDITH HAWKSWORTH, Sister-in-Charge of the Sussex County Hospital Nursing Home. At her own urgent desire she left Brighton seven weeks ago, to help in nursing the poor of Worthing, during the recent outbreak of typhoid fever there. After working hard for three weeks, seeing often 30 cases a day, she fell ill with the same fever and died on July 5th. She was buried on July 7th, in Worthing Churchyard, and was followed to her grave by many of the Nurses of the Sussex County Nursing Home. Sister HAWKSWORTH has been connected with the above Hospital since 1886, and her loss will be greatly felt, not only amongst the present set of Nurses at the Hospital Home, but amongst numbers of Nurses who started their Nursing career at the Sussex County Hospital."

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AN American correspondent sends from Chicago the following:—"Safely caged behind glass the most destructive organisms in the world are on exhibition in the German section of the Liberal Arts Department at the World's Fair. More dangerous to human life than the great guns which Herr Krupp has brought to the Fair, more dreaded than the wild beasts of Carl Hagenbeck's collection, these tiny terrors will be a novelty to most people, though hardly a family exists which has not suffered from the devastating touch. Harmless-looking as summer clouds, they represent years of the most careful and devoted labour on the part of one of the most celebrated savants of modern times—Dr. Koch of Berlin. To the crowd as it passes by there will be thousands of exhibits more attractive. Here there is nothing but a row of little glass tubes, in each of which rests one of the

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