

Reflections

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.



Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), accompanied by the Duke of Argyll, on Saturday visited Highgate for the purpose of unveiling a new statue of Sir Sydney Waterlow (late treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital) in Waterlow Park, which was presented to the County Council by Sir Sydney in 1889. The statue, which was designed by Mr. Frank Taubman, bears the following inscription: "Sir Sydney H. Waterlow, Bart., donor of this park, 1889. Lord Mayor of London, 1872, 1873. Erected by public subscription, 1900." The figure is of bronze, and stands upon a pedestal of Portland stone.

The 68th annual meeting of the British Medical Association was held at Ipswich on July 31st and August 1st, 2nd and 3rd, under the presidency of Dr. W. A. Elliston. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., was elected an honorary member of the Association. The scientific work of the meeting was conducted in 13 sections, of which one, entitled "Army and Ambulance," is new, and attracted attention owing to the fact that several laymen who have interested themselves in ambulance work took part in the discussions. The hospitality was on a most generous scale, and was greatly enjoyed.

At the fortnightly meeting of the Metropolitan Asylums Board the fever returns for the fortnight Thursday, the 26th ult., showed that 845 persons suffering from fever had been admitted to the Board's hospitals; 50 had died, and 785 had been discharged recovered. The total number remaining under treatment was 3,229, compared with 3,219 in the preceding fortnight.

The managers of the Cardiff Infirmary have resolved to vest the office of General Superintendent in the resident medical officer, instead of in a Secretary and Superintendent. This is a fundamental mistake in hospital organization, because a young man of science, as a resident medical officer should be in a general hospital, is not necessarily a general institution manager, and as such posts are only held by really efficient medical men for a year or two, the result will be that there will be constant changes of the chief executive officer, or the retention of the services of a second-rate man.

The important firm, Smith's Advertising Agency, which has just closed for press with the 20th edition of "Successful Advertising," has removed to new and more convenient premises. For the future their rapidly developing business will be carried on at 100, Fleet Street, instead of at Nos. 132 and 82. The change will enable this successful advertising agency to concentrate departments to the benefit of their clients and afford an opportunity to further develop their ever-growing business.

Part of the ceiling of the new Bethnal Green Infirmary, which has only been opened a few weeks and cost over £100,000, has fallen down.

Our Foreign Letter.

NOTES ON NURSING IN WAR TIME.

BY SISTER HENRIETTA,
St. Michael's Home, Kimberley.



From all sources we hear nothing but the warm praise of the work of the civilian Nurses and Sisters of Mercy all over South Africa, during the

war, many of whom were eagerly pressed into the service by our leading generals, to care for the sick and wounded. The nurses of St. Michael's Home at Kimberley, supervised by that pioneer of nursing, Sister Henrietta, for so many years Matron of the Kimberley Hospital, have done yeoman service to the sick, and the following letters from Sister Henrietta will be read with interest. Indeed we are inclined to surmise that Sister Henrietta would have made her mark as a war correspondent, only we could not have spared her from the nursing ranks.

Sister Henrietta writes: "Well, of course! war brings us bad times. Who could expect anything else; but still we—some of us—are left to "live and move and have our being." So much has been written of the siege of Kimberley that I needn't say much; but a few outlines I must give before I say anything of nursing affairs. For weeks before that terrible 14th of October, when the rails were torn up and the lines cut, and a treacherous, implacable, cruel foe marched down upon our environs, the searchlights had raked the whole country for miles round every night, officers had taken lists of our stores, plans of proposed fortifications had been made, an enormous scaffolding had been built up on the top of the highest hauling-gear in De Beers Mine, with a platform at the very top of that, furnished with huge telescopes, and called the Conning Tower. Four hundred and fifty Loyal Lancashires had come to our aid, and many other preparations had been made. But when on Sunday morning, October 15th, we woke to find ourselves cut off from the whole world, and completely surrounded by thousands of Mauser guns, and saw the great scarlet war flag waving from the Conning Tower, and heard all in indescribable uproar of an expected attack, and saw all the Proclamations in the Queen's name, I think our hearts died within us. We little thought of the 124 days before us that that dreadful flag was to wave over the town. But by-and-by we had a great comfort, for a little blue flag was run up beside it, showing that our splendid Commander, Colonel Kekewich, was on the Tower. Through the long sultry nights we slept in peace, for there were few hours in the night when that little flag did not wave. Through the awful heat of those days sometimes we thought the flag had been down for hours, when a puff of wind would send it flying. Through that last awful bombardment, when shells were hurled at that tower all day, and sometimes all night, the little flag flew gaily, and the great telescopes were turned this way and that

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