

Amongst those present were several supporters of the Home, including Mr. Charles Baily, of Brighton. The guests included Lady Roberts Austen, Miss Flora and Miss Louisa Stevenson, of Edinburgh, who expressed themselves charmed with the arrangements; Miss Katherine Scott, Matron of the Sussex County Hospital; Mrs. Miles, Superintendent of the Poor Law Infirmary; Miss Barrett, Superintendent Sister, Nursing Home at Hove; Miss Mary Gardner, representing the Matrons' Council on the National Council of Women, and some sixty guests. A sumptuous tea was served in the fine yellow dining-room, provided by the ever generous President, the floral decorations displayed the inimitable touch of Mrs. McIntyre, a wealth of yellow chrysanthemums and autumn leaves, red, gold and green; garlands from light to light of smilax, and a tracery of rose-coloured creepers on the snowy cloth, and garlands of silvery bryony and gorgeous leaves outlined the buffet and mantle-piece. The staircase and window-ledges were brightened by blooming mauve daisies in pale yellow pots, and the drawing-rooms were palely resplendent with exquisite white flowers, all the more valued as the gifts from nurse friends, the flowers having been given by Sister McMahon, of the Registered Nurses' Society, and the foliage by Miss Chesney, who also helped Mrs. McIntyre in their arrangement. The question of providing Homes of residence for professional women is one of the utmost importance, and one in which many members of the National Union of Women Workers are sincerely interested. In large cities it is almost impossible to obtain a reasonable amount of comfort for the price women workers can afford to pay; it is well, therefore, for those interested in the subject to visit existing Homes and gain all the information possible, and then we have to realise that for successful management *the right woman* is wanted. This is the secret of much of the success at the Nurses' Home at Brighton.

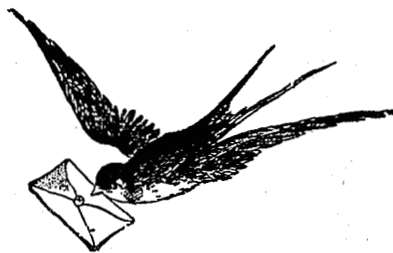
Pro Patria.

WE regret to record the death of Nursing Sister M. J. West, from enteric fever, at Pretoria. The list of the nurses who have laid down their lives during the present war is a mournfully long one.

It is interesting to notice that the will has been proved of Nursing Sister Emily Margarett Bonella Hall, of the Army Nursing Service Reserve, and a member of the Middlesex Hospital nursing staff. The sum left by her amounted to over £5,000.

Our Foreign Letter.

[From a South African Correspondent.]



Miss Isabella Gordon, who lately resigned the position of Matron of the Kimberley Hospital, South Africa, was, on leaving the institution, presented with

a testimonial from the nursing staff of a silver tea kettle. A delightful "At Home" was given to mark the occasion, which was not discouraged even by a dust storm, although it is a thing you *cannot* get away from. We were fighting it all the morning, washing and dusting continually, but go where you will it follows you, no window or door can keep it out, and imagine making tables pretty with flowers and dainties, and hurriedly hiding them under damp serviettes only to be removed at the very last moment when the guests have arrived. Still the event was a very great success, and Miss Gordon must have been made happy, by all the kind speeches made in her favour. Miss Strickland who has been sister here for some years, and taken Matron's duties in her absence, has succeeded Miss Gordon as Matron.

Cycling is a bit too tiring in this climate, but the loan of a good horse is a great joy; lately I have had one three times a week, and it is most delightful flying over the veldt. I come back to duty equal to any amount of work.

I am told there are sure to be some good openings for nurses in South Africa soon. My fortnight's holiday I spent at Cape Town, calling at the hospitals *en route*. The Yeomanry Hospital at Deelfontein is a delightful encampment, and the nursing community seemed so happy, and, indeed, they ought to be, for they were very much considered. Miss Fisher, the Matron, was extremely kind and hospitable, and invited us to stay two days. The chapel was delightful, and the services held in it the most hearty I have attended since being in South Africa. Their Chaplain enters into his duties with so much fervour that he sways the whole assembly—he was a good *all round man*, and his motto must be "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily."

We also visited Maitland, Wynberg and the Somerset Hospitals, and were a little envious of all the modern improvements at the "Somerset." But what refreshed me most was the sight of green fields, wild flowers and the sea—really the suburbs of Cape Town excel description in beauty, Swiss scenery, and tropical growth, and the tender pink colouring of the East combined. It made me very sad to leave it. It is such a relief to a restless soul to live on the *edge* of the earth—not nearly the effort to fly away—as from the *middle*.

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