

Many well authenticated stories of the fast and unseemly conduct of women wearing Army Reserve Uniforms have reached us from South Africa, so that we fear that all the blame for foolish conduct cannot be shuffled on to the amateur war nurses. Some of these so-called nurses have brought terrible discredit on our cloth. For instance, as lately as last week we were told of one Reserve Sister who turned in her bodice, draped it with her muslin cap, à la Marie Antoinette, and in this *décolleté* state went boating in broad daylight with men! But this is a bagatelle.

No other result can be expected from the unprofessional management of nursing in the present war. Given a good woman, and firm disciplinarian, in charge of the Army Nursing Service at the War Office, with power to organize on a firm professional basis, and no doubt an efficient system of supervision and control would have been instituted at the Cape at the beginning of the war. We hope this urgently needed reform will not be long delayed, as, under existing circumstances, the splendid self-sacrificing work of hundreds of good and devoted nurses is being depreciated by the licence of the few.

We are told that "many Sisters would object to serve under a woman, and that they prefer the supremacy of the male element." Just so, but it is the class of woman who objects to discipline who should be carefully excluded from service with the Army; it is the "male element" which attracts this very undesirable type of woman, and our sick soldiers need protection from her, as also do her self-respecting colleagues.

With great regret we have heard of the death of an Irish nurse at the front in South Africa—Sister Ellen O'Neill—a Dublin lady, and one of the devoted band of skilled nurses who volunteered from the well-known City of Dublin Nursing Institution at the beginning of the war, and were accepted immediately for the Army Nursing Service Reserve. Sister O'Neill had gone through the hard work of the campaign in excellent health, and has now succumbed to an attack of pleurisy, contracted, no doubt, in the discharge of her arduous duties in the Imperial Yeomanry Camp Hospital at Pretoria, where her devoted services have been much valued by the Commandant, Major Kilkelly, and her brave patients. The sad news of Sister O'Neill's death at Pretoria on the 12th inst. reached the City of Dublin Nursing Institution by cable from South Africa.

Nursing Echoes.

* * * *All communications must be duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith, and should be addressed to the Editor, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.*



THE annual meeting of the Queen's Commemoration Fund, in connection with Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses was held last week at Londonderry House, Park Lane, by permission of the Marquis of Londonderry. The Duke of Portland, Chairman of the Executive Committee, was in the chair, supported by the Honourable Sydney Holland, Hon. Treasurer, and Mr. Harold Boulton, one of the Hon. Secretaries. The nurses were not officially represented. The Chairman referred appropriately to the loss sustained by the nation in the death of the late Queen, describing her chief characteristics, as continuity of character, sweetness and dignity, unflinching loving sympathy, and tenderness of heart. The Duke also expressed his appreciation of his appointment as Chairman of this Committee, in succession to the late Duke of Westminster. He considered it an honour of which any man—or woman—might be proud. He then moved the adoption of the Report, which was in the hands of those present.

Mr. Sydney Holland seconded the motion in an earnest, effective, and amusing speech. He explained that £550 had been spent in appealing to the public for support. Most printed appeals only fulfilled the end of decreasing Imperial taxation, and found their way into the waste paper basket. They had, therefore, written 44,000 letters. The result was, he considered, miserable. £11,000 in donations, and £1,000 in annual subscriptions. In the future their appeal *must* succeed. They could not allow the work to end with the death of Queen Victoria. It was a most sacred trust, which could not in the future be cramped and starved in every direction for want of money. As an illustration of the necessity of adequate training (we could wish the Queen's Jubilee Institute required the same standard as that enforced in all the Government nursing services) he told a story of a nurse in a village, who was nursing a patient with appendicitis, and the doctor gave directions that she was to stay in bed. The nurse said, "poor dear, you will get so weak if you stay in bed,"

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