

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* * *All communications must be duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith, and should be addressed to the Editor, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.*



We learn that at the recent final examination of probationers at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Miss Mew headed the list, and is, therefore, gold medallist of her year. The Clothworkers Prize of books for first year probationers was gained by Miss M. Pearse.

The Sectional Committee on Nursing of the Midwives' Institute, is justifying its existence, and has taken up with energy the question of delegation to the Buffalo Nurses' Congress, as we have reported, it has appointed Miss Catherine Wood and Miss Amy Hughes, and it is proposed that these ladies shall represent numerous nursing institutions.

Of course, direct representation by the vote of the individual nurses is the best method of presenting their views justly, as they can then give instructions as to how they desire their delegate to vote. But the expense and distance of the journey to Buffalo makes it impossible for all societies to be thus represented, although we are of opinion that the large training schools with their hundreds of graduates could and would have subscribed for a delegate, if means of organisation had been handy, as in the case of the League of St. Bartholomew's Nurses.

But the action of the Sectional Committee is a proof of professional awakening upon the part of many Matrons and others, who, hitherto, have opposed professional organisation, or stood aside altogether from nursing politics. We heartily welcome this sign that many able women will now be added to those already working on progressive lines, because we are convinced that once they begin to study the question of the necessity for organization amongst nurses, that they must come ultimately to the conclusion of those who hold both in Great Britain and the United States, that no effectual reform can take place without the lever of legal status.

The Executive Committee—or, to be quite correct, the Hon. Medical Secretary, Mr. Fardon—has, we observe, nominated what Mrs. Myers

so aptly describes as "that weary old clique," to most of the vacancies on the new General Council of the Royal British Nurses' Association, men and women who have proved that their votes are "safe" in support of the hon. officers in opposition to educational progress, liberty of action, professional organization and State Registration for nurses, or who have proved themselves devoid of courage in opposing the Partingtonian policy. Of course, in this *galère* are to be found the names of Comyns Berkeley and T. Mark Hovell.

The name of Sister Sidney Brown is still published as a member of the Council, although she declined nomination last year and refused a seat on a Board which supported Mr. Fardon in his anti-registration campaign. We feel sure that Sister Brown will object to being numbered amongst those who are not "straight" on the legal status question, and we hope Mr. Fardon will take steps to remove her name from his list. We draw his attention, at the same time, to the fact that Miss E. F. Piggott is *not* Matron of the Hospital for Sick Children at Edinburgh. She resigned some time ago—but *n'importe!* Such details are immaterial!

The subjoined account of proceedings which took place in the Marylebone Police Court appeared in the *Morning Post* of the following day. It would be interesting to know with what nursing institutions these persons are connected.

"A tall and powerfully-built man of military appearance sought the advice of the magistrate at Marylebone Police Court yesterday respecting his wife. 'I have,' he said, 'to put up with the cruellest tyranny that ever fell to the lot of man. I am a nurse; so is she. After three nights and two days' incessant toil I return home worn out, and am greeted with a jug. And this has been going on for ten years. She has stabbed me with hatpins, fractured my arm with a poker, and smashed the home to pieces. And what is she? A little bit of a thing no taller than that, and with a twist of my finger I could hurl her out of the window, which is just what she would like me to do—anything to ruin me and drive me to the gutter. She is one too much for me, sir. I tell you frankly, I'd rather face a tigress in the jungle of India, as I have done, than face that woman. (Laughter.) She runs up my credit to the extent of £15 or £20, and squanders my savings in drink. You must assist me. Mine has been a hard lot, indeed, and all I have done is to lie down to it. (Laughter.)

Mr. Plowden—Is she a good nurse?

Applicant—Oh, yes; I'll give her her due, she has been in her time. But her nursing of me has been cruel.

Mr. Plowden—What, may I ask, is the last straw that has made your patience boil over?

Applicant—She took my coat off the door on Saturday night and went off, and I have not seen her since.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)