

Keyser should have provoked ridicule by masquerading in public in a professional uniform which she has no right to wear. Moreover, the King is very tenacious about the uniform of his soldiers and would not tolerate its assumption by a layman if invited to meet him socially. We have no doubt the King has also as sincere a respect for the trained nurses' professional dress, and that it will be the last time that a Society woman will assume it in his presence.

Christmas has been observed with all due honours in the metropolitan hospitals, and where all the entertainments arranged for the enjoyment of the patients have been so successful it is difficult to comment upon any one specially. We may, however, say that the concerts given simultaneously on two floors of the Chelsea Hospital for Women were of unusual excellence. On the top floor patients in beds, patients on couches, and patients in easy chairs greatly enjoyed the varied program provided for them, and laughed heartily over Miss Nellie Ganthony's musical sketch, listened spell-bound to Miss Vera Beringer's recitations, while Mr. Lionel Brough brought down the house with his inimitable stories, and Mr. Ronald Clency drew rounds of applause from the nursing staff by his fine violin solo.

Perhaps the story told by Mr. Brough, which was most appreciated by his audience, composed mainly of mothers, was one of a proud woman who had received three sovereigns from her late Majesty. When the three babies were two months old she gave a reception in their honour, when they lay on silk cushions of different colours on the drawing room sofa. The visitors enthused ecstatically over the infants, but amongst them was a bluff, somewhat absent-minded old veterinary surgeon, who did not join the general worship at their shrine. "You haven't looked at the babies, doctor," said some one. "The babies, oh yes, to be sure," he replied, and indicating one with his forefinger he electrified his audience by saying, "I should keep that one."

Miss Heather-Bigg, the genial Matron, was here, there, and everywhere, caring for the patients and looking after the comfort of the visitors. Needless to say the affair was a great success.

Before leaving England for service in South Africa, Miss Wilkie sent a letter of thanks to the Halifax Board of Guardians "for all the kindness and consideration received in the past." This message was not sent through the Infirmary Committee, with whose methods of management Miss Wilkie did not find herself in sympathy.

Senior Nursing Sister E. A. Wildman has been selected to act as Lady Superintendent, Indian Army Nursing Service, in the room of Lady Superintendent J. M. James, who has been granted one year's leave.

Literature and the Stage are supposed to reflect the opinions of the age; if this is true novelists appear to consider it justifiable to "wipe" their pens on the private nurse. The latest offender is Mrs. Hugh Fraser, in her novel, "A Little Grey Sheep," in which she writes: "One of the saints told us that, *amour propre*, that mixture of vanity and self respect for which we have no English term, only dies a quarter of an hour after the rest of the human entity; in the case of trained nurses, he would, I think, have been obliged to allow another fifteen minutes' grace."

The "little grey sheep," who writes plays and is in love with another woman's husband, usurps the doctor's and trained nurses' duties when *her* hero shoots *his* wife's lover for fear that in his delirium he should "give them all away" before the hireling. So this "little sheep," who, by the by, was also a very great ass, administers stimulants in large quantities without medical directions, and also turns the trained nurse out of the room, and takes her place, so that poor George may not betray the fact that the quartette—the "sheep," Claud and his wife Nina and himself—have got a little mixed in their ill regulated passions. Naturally Nurse Margaret "took her grievance" to the naughty Nina, and we regret to report that she "was pacified without too heavy sacrifice of dignity." We think she would have been wise to have gracefully retired for fear of future proceedings which might be made public in a certain unsavoury court.

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(6 beds). WANTED, immediately, working NURSE MATRON (with daughter preferred), the latter to undertake general housework. Joint wages £30. Apply Hon. Sec., Hambrook, Bristol.

Don't all speak at once!

In response to the letters in *The Standard* by "Hospital Nurse" in aid of the "William Smyth Memorial Fund," Mrs. Henry Arthur Jones, 38, Portland Place, W., has received £400. All the donors have been thanked, where possible; but many have sent anonymously, or only given initials. Any further contributions will be gratefully received at the above address, and acknowledged by her. This brave man lost his

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)