

give, and by cultivating that strength we shall sooner obtain the objects for which we formed our League.

The report was adopted, as was also the

#### FINANCIAL STATEMENT,

which, in spite of initial expenses, showed a balance in hand of £9 2s. 1d., a fact upon which the Hon. Treasurer and members are to be heartily congratulated.

#### PROCEDURE AT MEETINGS.

The next item on the agenda was to consider the desirability of a lecture on "Procedure at Meetings." On the proposition of Miss Passant, seconded by Miss Davis, it was agreed to arrange for this lecture.

#### OTHER BUSINESS.

The names of those who had joined the various self-instruction groups were then announced. Botany, literature, and French, all had their adherents; but the French group was certainly the popular one. Three excellent collections of pressed flowers which had been sent in were handed round for inspection and much admired.

The President, in expressing the indebtedness of the League to its Hon. Sec., Miss Mary Burr, announced that she was going abroad for the winter, and that Mrs. Day, Matron of the Eastern Hospital, Homerton, had kindly consented to act as her *locum tenens*. Miss Chittenden was appointed to the vacancy thus caused on the Executive Committee, and after a unanimous vote of thanks to the hon. officers, proposed by Miss Frisby and seconded by Miss Collins, the meeting resolved itself into a social gathering, concerning which space does not permit us to say more than that the flowers (sent by absent members) were lovely, the music excellent, the tea and other good things delicious, and the members and their guests most genial.

#### THE ROYAL SOUTH HANTS NURSES' LEAGUE.



On November 1st the Royal South Hants Nurses' League held its bi-annual meeting. Only a small number of members attended, but many letters of regret at inability to be present were received. The discussions were of a purely business character. It was decided to issue the next number of the

Journal in February, and a Journal Committee was elected, consisting of the honorary officers and Sister Lee-Smith.

After the meeting the League entertained the Ward Sisters and staff probationers of the hospital to tea in the board-room.

#### Nursing in Scotland.

In his book "For Better? For Worse?" Mr. George W. E. Russell characterises as "a true indictment" the following diagnosis of the times we live in:—

"We are living in an age of decadence, and we pretend not to know it. There is not a feature wanting, though we cannot mention the worst of them. We are Romans of the worst period, given up to luxury and effeminacy, and caring for nothing but money. We care no more for beauty in art, but only for a brutal realism. Sport has lost its manliness, and is a matter of pigeons from a trap or a mountain of crushed pheasants to sell to your own tradesmen. Religion is coming down to jugglers and table-turnings and philanderings with cults brought, like the rites of Isis, from the East; and as for patriotism, it is turned on like beer at election times, or worked like a mechanical doll by wire-pullers. We belong to one of the most corrupt generations of the human race. To find its equal one must go back to the worst times of the Roman Empire, and look devilish close then."

I am inclined to think that this indictment is not too severe in referring to what is known as "smart society"—a class which cares for no country, for no principle, or for no object but money and sensual enjoyment, and which flaunts its bedrabbled ensign in London town, an ensign, moreover, which acts as the proverbial red rag which infuriates the bull of Anarchy. The standard of living in London is ostentatious and bizarre; we know it, and realise with regret that middle-class folks with simple tastes can do little to stem the tide of vulgarity. But in a recent trip over the Border one was not on Scottish soil for an hour without realising that here the insidious sap of decadence had not yet rotted the root of things. Imagine, then, the delight of the strenuous soul in finding itself in sympathetic environment! Full in the face dash the invigorating North Sea breezes; and make it quite plain as they buffet one round about that they intend to whisk away all neurotic cobwebs and false standards, and that their vitalising energy must be expended in work well done.

In Scotland work is still the mainspring of life. If a man works not neither shall he eat; the only creed by which to keep decadence at bay. Moreover, the Scottish people have learned the great secret of happiness—that work means health and wealth, contentment and power, and they have an extraordinary capacity for drudgery, by which after all the world is governed. One feels the inspiration of this national solidarity in every condition of life.

Once, long ago, an old Sister at the M. R. I. gave me a silver tracheotomy tube to clean it; was badly stained. When it shone like a new shilling I took it to her.

Sister looked at her watch.

"You've only been an hour cleaning that there tube," she said, with mild sarcasm.

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