

in view of the adoption of such an arrangement. Night duty is, of course, inevitable in the work of a nurse, as in many other vocations, but its continuity by one and the same person must be deprecated. It is an unnatural kind of life, and one which no woman ought to be called upon to live continuously if it can be prevented—as it probably can be in the case of nurses. Change and change about is a good motto.

Miss Hall, who has recently resigned the position of Matron at the Portsmouth Parish Infirmary upon her marriage, has received some very gratifying tokens of the regard and esteem in which she is held by the staff and patients. The wedding present from the latter took the form of a handsome silver tea-caddy, and Miss Hall, in acknowledging the gift, said she was most deeply touched by their kindness and thought, and valued highly their good wishes. She would have before her for the rest of her life a constant and pleasant reminder of them all, and would often think how patiently and cheerfully they bore their troubles. She wished she could do something towards bringing them back to health and strength, and she was very grateful both for their kind expressions and for their gift. Miss Hall was also the recipient of a hot-water kettle and spirit stand, accompanied by the following letter:—"The Assistant Matron, the whole of the nursing staff, the chief and other male attendants, as well as other members of the staff, hope that you will accept this piece of plate we desire to present to you as a token of how much we regret your leaving this institution, where we have learned to value both you and your work, and also as a mark of our very sincere good wishes, which follow you to your new home and your wedded life, which we trust will be a long and happy one. The qualities of head and heart, your devotion to duty, and constant kindness, which have helped you to win our affection and esteem, will, we are sure, under God's blessing, secure that happiness which we desire for you." The Matron expressed her gratitude for the unanimous gift, and for the good wishes of the donors.

It was reported that there were 130 candidates for training under the auspices of the Flintshire County Council as nurses, and four were selected—namely, Miss A. G. Jones, Ffynongroew; Miss E. Hughes, Prestatyn; Miss A. Macfarlane, Mold; and Miss B. Jones, Bodfari. Miss Davies-Cooke had accepted the offices of hon. secretary and treasurer of the proposed County Nursing Association, and the Chairman announced that Lord Kenyon would head the Association's subscription list with a donation of £100.

Male guardians are sometimes very funny and familiar on nursing matters, and, one would imagine, very susceptible to the fair sex. For instance, at

a recent meeting of the Hexham Board the Workhouse Committee recommended the appointment of a certified nurse from Oldham, basing their choice upon testimonials. Mr. Knox Lyal opposed the appointment before a personal interview, and he was strongly supported by Mr. H. Straker. Mr. Irwin Murray, on the other hand, told the Board that they might be influenced by her good looks if they had the applicant before them. The Guardians decided to make the appointment without an interview.

Some people have an idea that poverty necessarily blunts natural affection. This is not our experience, and it would be well if young doctors and nurses invariably realised this when interviewing the relations of poor patients. They are just as devotedly attached as their fellow-creatures born in the purple. We are prompted to make these remarks after reading the reports of "Scenes in a hospital," in one of which the parents complained that whilst their poor little child was dying in agony from burns the house surgeon "was at the table picking his teeth and laughing with the nurses."

That is not a pretty picture. Leaving aside the use of a toothpick when in animated conversation with ladies, it is the lack of tact in expressing amusement in the presence of death that grates on one, and it is not surprising that the parents, poor and ignorant as they may have been, should indignantly resent such innate lack of good feeling.

In this connection we well remember a scene in our probationer days. Two "lady pros." were passing out of a hospital in outdoor dress. In the corridor they met the porters carrying a man on a stretcher, accompanied by a woman.

"Oh! what is it—an accident?" inquired one, keen as mustard about her work.

"Yes, miss, fracture of fib. and tib.," replied the porter.

"Do put him down. I do so want to feel for crepitus," the enthusiast cried.

He was put down.

Taking the injured limb in her hands, she moved the upper and lower ends; a little crackling sound was heard, and simultaneously a yell.

"There it is; what an interesting sound!" exclaimed the pro.

"Cruel devil!" shouted the poor man.

"And there's another interesting sound," cried his wife, in the vernacular, delivering a resounding smack to the probationer's cheek.

It was a salutary lesson.

The Council of the Royal Victorian Trained Nurses' Association have decided to draft a letter and forward it to the various training-schools throughout the colony inviting their co-operation

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