

No.	Name.	Where trained.
1425	Miss E. Willcocks, cert.	Royal Inf., Liverpool.
1426	Miss A. Michael, cert.	Royal Inf., Hull.
1427	Miss E. A. Elliott, cert.	Royal S. Hants Hosp., Southampton.
1428	Miss E. L. Pullin, cert.	St. Giles's Inf., Cam- berwell.
1429	Miss E. S. Tate (Matron),	Ulster Hosp., Belfast.
1430	Miss J. Cooke (Matron),	Johnson Hosp., Spalding.
1431	Miss K. E. Whitehead (Matron),	Throat Hosp., Golden Square.
1432	Miss A. I. Lander, cert.	Royal Inf., Preston.
1433	Miss J. Shaw, cert.	West Ham Hosp.
1434	Miss L. M. Morgan, Superintendent	Queen's Nurses' Inst., Cardiff.
1435	Miss M. Mathew (Lady Superintendent),	Trained Nurses' Inst., Exeter.

Arrangements for the introduction of the Bill for the State Registration of Trained Nurses into Parliament in the forthcoming Session were considered, and the meeting then terminated.

### Idle Thoughts of an Idle Matron.

About the idleness, I am at the present moment in no doubt; about thoughts of any kind, yes, very much. Sitting in a comfortable armchair, the terrier asleep on my sofa, the cat curled up on a chair near, a blazing wood fire, the windows rattling like castanets in the gale; it is all very cosy and conducive far more to day-dreams than to thoughts, even idle ones. And Christmas and New Year lie behind me, seasons at which the idlest of all idle Matrons has no time for rest. Christmas trees, Christmas teas, and the "close of the financial year" have to be faced by the most apathetic. Christmas in a county hospital is a feverish joy, and the unhappy Matron's part is largely to be ready to say, "Hold, enough!" whenever the festivities show signs of becoming overwhelming.

Somebody tried to start a discussion in the *Standard* the other day, which fizzled out in favour of Army reform, on hospital management, taking for its basis the little general lecture delivered by the King's Hospital Fund. It boiled over into another daily, and there was some pretty sparring.

It is an age of machinery, of averages, and of grinding everything down to a dead level of equality. But, think what a sad and sorry day it would be when all hospitals were exactly alike, and had lost the individuality which is a great part of their charm—when Guy's would be humble, the London contented, and Bart's modern.

When economy does start, you may be sure of one thing, it will be in the little things that make all the difference to the comfort and smooth working of a ward. The big expenses, the management, will not be touched. I remember a hospital once that wanted to economise and it hit on "jam."

Jam was a fairly large item in its expenditure. So the government (I beg its pardon, the Governors) unearthed a cheap jam merchant and doled out his mixture. It was —; well, you all know cheap jam; nobody wanted it, and the jam bill came down with a run.

It is some years now since I went round one of the select circle of "The Twelve Great London Hospitals." (Print it big, Mr. Printer.) The theatre was really beautiful and the surgeons' room a dream; but the patients' tea-mugs (they had no saucers) were an inch thick, and there was no tablecloth on the table for tea, and no table napkins for those in bed. I went to another hospital where they had beautiful aseptic arrangements, but the patients brought in their own shirts and towels, *and had them washed at home*. I never heard that any inquiries were made as to what those homes were like. There are some curious paradoxes still left in this world.

All the same, London hospitals seem to have a bad time of it; they do have to advertise so persistently, and vaunt their excellence, and proclaim their needs with such vigour to obtain a hearing. They really remind one a little of the men who stand before booths in fairs—"Toot, toot, toot, walk up ladies and gentlemen; this is the one and only genuine and well-managed hospital, the largest and most efficient in London; there is absolutely no deception; the most economical in the United Kingdom; the best training-school for nurses; the best medical school for students; we use miles of lint, acres of parsley, and seas of black draught. Walk up, walk up—and hand in your sixpences." Is so much self-advertisement absolutely essential to keep abreast of the times in London, to lure the nimble sixpence from the passing stranger, or to attract the particular attention of the more wary Hospital Fund? Does good wine need quite so large a bush?

If so, then I am truly thankful that my lot has been cast in a peaceful county hospital, whose needs, being parochial, are simple, well-known, and readily acknowledged, and where we need not trumpet in quite so persistent a fashion to call attention to them, where the Committee is allowed to be able to manage its own affairs, and where charity has not lost all its simplicity.

M. MOLLETT.

Miss Ruth Stone, a patient in a nursing home in Parkhill Road, Hampstead, aged seventy-four, died recently from the result of burns. "During the temporary absence of the nurse" (how monotonous this reason becomes in connection with accidents to patients of all kinds), Miss Stone, while getting out of bed upset a spirit lamp used for heating a steam kettle, and died the same evening. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

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