

Berlin trip she brought me a list of those who were going. "See those names," she said. I meekly read them through and said I thought we should be a very pleasant party. "Ah," she retorted, "but do you notice one thing about it? All Matrons, Sisters, and nurses; not one, no, not one Assistant Matron! And where are the Assistant Matrons? Obligated to stay at home so that the Matrons can go. Can we ever go to meetings? Never, the Matron goes."

I tried to comfort her by quoting from Kipling something about "the men who simply do the work, for which they draw the wage," but she declined to be comforted, and went off muttering something respecting a Society for Assistant Matrons all to themselves. And now she wants to go to Protest Meetings and Registration Meetings and so on. Some people are so unreasonable!

By the way, can anyone tell me why all the catalogue makers persist in calling graduated porringers—bleeding bowls? Of course, in the old days they were used to measure the amount of blood that was required as a matter of routine from a patient, but how often are they ever used for that purpose now—or called by that name? Imagine the face of an unhappy probationer if the Sister called to her to bring a bleeding bowl! Looking through an instrument maker's catalogue one sees quite a number of appliances with old-fashioned names, recalling long dead and gone methods of treatment that might well be changed for more modern terms.

"Youth, youth—and we were going to 'Bangkok.' How often when one feels inclined to fall upon and annihilate one's probationers *en masse*, one is pulled up by the recollection that one has also been young and hopeful and set sail for Bangkok, only to reach it in a leaky longboat with most of one's enthusiasm threshed out of one. It is not that one fails to be fairly successful from a worldly point of view, but one parts with so many of one's ideals; so much knowledge one thought invaluable has to go overboard to lighten the ship; one's friends drop away silently and sail for other ports; and Bangkok when one reaches it, is—well just Bangkok, not certainly the vision of the immemorial East one had seen in one's dreams. Yet, one is all the better for having had the dreams, and though there are many worthy people who never dream dreams or see visions, or build airy castles, or sail for unknown ports at any time in their career, I am genuinely sorry for them—they lose the cream of all delight and the heart of all happiness. What if those abominably prosaic lines are true—

"I slept and dreamt that life was beauty,
I woke and found that life was duty."

—and I, for one, doubt it—never to have had the

youthful enthusiasm that turns the dullest routine to beauty is a great pity. There should be a time in the career of all of us when we scrub lockers and clean brasses to the glory of God and for the good of humanity.

M. MOLLETT.

Legal Matters.

MASQUERADING AS A NURSE.

Mrs. Louisa Maria Phillips was on Monday again brought up at Exeter on five charges of theft. The prosecuting solicitor said that the prisoner, while masquerading as a nurse, had been systematically robbing almost every house she had entered in that capacity, and while she had been allowed to go scot free, the poor servants had been suspected, and time after time discharged. Although he had made only five charges he could make over 100 if necessary. Among the things found at the prisoner's house were money securities to the value of £456. Evidence having been given of the five cases of theft with which the prisoner was charged, Inspector Lewis said he found at her house 27 purses, 72 sheets (of which 15 had been claimed and identified), 127 plated spoons, 43 plated forks, 84 knives, 205 towels, 250 cotton handkerchiefs, 73 pillow and bolster slips, and hundreds of other articles. In many cases the owners' names had been erased, cut out, or marked over with the prisoners' name, and there was a plentiful supply of her initials on tape. Up to the present seventy-four people had identified goods in the prisoner's house as their property, and had claimed 124 articles of the value of about £60. The prisoner was committed for trial.

The above case being *sub judice* we refrain from comment, but, speaking generally, the masquerading of women as trained nurses for criminal purposes is a very serious matter for the public. The other day we were informed that formerly the *rôle* of widow was a favourite one for pickpockets in omnibuses. Now the nurse's cloak forms a more convenient make-up. Is it not time that the State stepped in for the protection of the honourable women who care for the sick, as well as for that of the public?

A SHOCKING CASE.

Alfred Lockwood, of 60, St. Kilda's Road, Stoke Newington, a stationers' traveller, was last week summoned at Stratford to show cause why he should not be adjudged the father of the female child of Ann Elizabeth Wood, a hospital nurse, now of Leytonstone.

It appears that the parties met on Whit Monday, 1903, at Haringay, Miss Wood being then engaged at a local institution, and being out on leave with a fellow-nurse. The defendant gave his name as Higgins, and an address at Church Street, Stoke Newington, and it was not until he came to court that the complainant knew his real name and address. Shortly afterwards, Miss Wood received

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