

Mrs. Balfour, wife of Major Kenneth Balfour, M.P., recently opened a new children's ward at the Royal Boscombe and West Haunts Hospital, Bournemouth, which has been erected at a cost of about £2,000. An anonymous donation of £1,076, in memory of a son, was announced during the proceedings.

The committee of the Manchester Ear Hospital have issued a preliminary appeal for funds with which to build a hospital, not far from the new Manchester Infirmary, which they state is becoming the most convenient centre for hospitals in Manchester.

The result of the canvass by the Mayoress of Derby's Ladies' Committee on behalf of the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary amounted to £22 16s. in annual subscriptions, and £334 4s. 8d. in donations.

The Antiseptic Babe.

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE.

We can sterilise his bottles, we can boil his little mug;
We can bake his flannel bandages, and disinfect the rug

That envelops him when he partakes of medicated air;
But there's one impossibility that leaves us in despair—
And a not unjustifiable alarm, you will allow—
To wit: We fear 'twould never do to sterilise the cow!

So we give the baby Medicus's hygienic dope,
And we wash his face with germicidal antiseptic soap;

And we brush his little toofums—or the place where they will be—

With diluted glycothymoline, most sanitari-lee;
Then despair to see a milky effervescence supervene
On a countenance which theretofore was surgically clean.

Thus, although we strive to conquer every septic circumstance,

Yet we greatly fear a ghastly alimentary mischance;
For albeit we bake and boil his things, and scrub and soak and souse—

As if in his anatomy forever cleaning house—
The recklessness with which he sucks his vagrant tiny thumb

Imperils much his precious antiseptic little tum.

We are careful of his hours, we are thoughtful of his toys;

We are mindful of his sorrows and judicious of his joys;

We are prayerfully considerate of needful discipline,
Of our little "Mother's Handbook" and the precepts writ therein;

And we strive to render sterile all designed for mouth or tum,

But one frightful danger menaces—we cannot boil his thumb.
—From *The Exchange*.

Professional Review.

MEMOIR OF CATHERINE GRACE LOCH, R.R.C.*

The Memoir of Miss C. G. Loch, R.R.C. (late Senior Superintendent of the Indian Army Nursing Service), by Surgeon Major-Gen. A. F. Bradshaw, C.B., the introduction to which is contributed by Field-Marshal, the Earl Roberts, is one which will be read with deep interest, not only by Miss Loch's many friends and colleagues in the Nursing World, but by all who are students of nursing history, for the story of her life's work is the story of the foundation and early years of the Indian Army Nursing Service, told to a great extent by Miss Loch herself in letters, free from the restraint of official correspondence, which she weekly wrote to relations at home. The book is bound in army colours, scarlet and grey, and contains two admirable portraits of Miss Loch.

It was Bart's which sent her out to India confident in the belief of the lustre which her work there would add to the hospital which she loved so well. She went through her period of training at the Royal County Hospital, Winchester, but the greater part of her nursing life in this country was spent at St. Bartholomew's, first as Night Superintendent, and then as Sister in Darker Ward, with which she was so intimately identified that even at this lapse of time the mention of "Sister Darker" at once conjures up the image of Miss Loch.

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick says: "Miss Loch applied for a position at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in 1882, and at our first interview I was greatly impressed with her personality. Imagine a combination of all that is most fascinating in the character of a sprightly boy, and in a sweet fair maiden, and you have Miss Loch as I first remember her. In selecting Sisters in those far-off days, one took into consideration the woman first, what she was not altogether what she had done. Nursing, and indeed medicine and surgery were but crude uncultured crafts, and what I searched for in those to be placed in posts of influence in our historic nursing school was the spirit of nursing. With this spirit Miss Loch was wonderfully inspired.

We worked together for five happy years, at first sitting across one another in the night in the starlight square, and wards. Later, when she was elected Sister of Darker Ward, she made her reputation as organiser, teacher, and example, and gained the experience which qualified her for the great pioneer position to which she was later appointed as one of the first Lady Superintendents of the Indian Army Service. Its success is a monument to her labours."

The address presented to her when she left the hospital by the past and present house surgeons who had worked with her, contained the following clauses: "By your departure the Hospital loses a Sister who has ever been identified with all that is best in a nurse—a high sense of duty, coolness of judgment in emergency, thorough appreciation of the necessities of every case, and a bright and cheerful spirit that is

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