

The Carrying-Sheet Stretcher, which Mrs. Paine has described above, is a joint invention of her own and of Mr. Durham, Chief Constable of Blackpool. Mr. Durham simply used it as an addition to his police stretcher. Mrs. Paine enlarged it and adapted it, with the poles, for more general use. They presented the pattern to the St. John's Ambulance Association, with which they are both connected.

League News.

It was a very friendly plan of the Chelsea Infirmary Nurses' League to have its tea-party last Friday in one of the wards, and to share its friends and music with the patients. We never enjoyed a League meeting more. First of all, as one approached the Infirmary, one noted a ground floor ward, No. 9, all rosy within, and heard the sweet sound of singing, and there, true enough, as one entered Miss Barton (the Matron) was seated at the piano, surrounded by Sisters and nurses, singing harmonious old carols to the patients, who were enjoying their tea. One corner of the ward was all prepared with purple and fine linen, tables laden with most fascinating dainties and flowers, in preparation for a League tea at a later hour. Nothing could be more tasteful than the decoration of the whole ward—green garlands, fresh flowers, fairy lights, and rose-coloured shades covering the innumerable electric lights. Many of the patients were up and about, whilst others in fresh-looking, white-quilted beds looked thoroughly happy.

What a contrast to the sick houses of the very poor in times past! What a wonderful social reform, and just the result of refined, devoted work upon the part of sympathetic and courageous women. Don't let us forget the *courage* required in the past, and the splendid power of endurance upon the part of the women who, following in the footsteps of the saintly Agnes Jones, have banished cruelty and disorder, unnecessary suffering and despair, from the Poor Law Infirmarys of this land.

The visitors to Chelsea Infirmary were shown through some of the wards. All were charmingly decorated, and in the Childrens' Ward one walked straight into fairyland. Greenery and flowers, flags, toys, and peepshows. In one enclosure near the door was the home of the three bears, their porridge set out on the table, everything awaiting their arrival, and in the pictorial background one saw them gambolling home through the snow. Opposite was a very realistic tableau of Jack and Jill, turning head over heels down the hill, the well, the pail, all most cleverly done by one of the nurses. A magnificent Christmas tree laden with presents was growing in one corner, and on every bed and table there was a wealth of toys.

"I wants Kismis all the time," one baby said, and he spoke, we have no doubt, for the little inmates of the ward in general.

Tea in No. 9 was a very happy affair; friends and members were made very welcome, and bright Sisters and nurses were uniformly hospitable and kind. An Irish patient opened the concert with a humorous song, friends also made

sweet music, and then Matron, surrounded by several bright little girls, introduced the "star" of the evening. This was an interesting child of seven, who gave in a most quaint manner "The Convalescent Home Song":—

Mother come and fetch me home
From the Convalescent Home,
I will stay a day or two
Till you fetch me home to you.
I'm off to London
Next Sunday morning,
I'm off to London
At half-past eight.

Give my respects to the dear old doctor,
Tell him I won't stay here any longer.
Here comes Dr.—Dr. Bruce,
Coming round to see his patients:
"Are you better, are you worse;
Can't you answer, where's your nurse?"
Here comes a nurse with a red hot poultice,
Puts it on and takes no notice.
"Oh!" said a patient, "that is so hot,"
"Oh!" said the nurse, "I'm sure it's not."
Good-bye church and
Good-bye steeple,
Good-bye all you
Convalescent people.

This song aroused great applause, and then the little "star" quite brought down the house with her wonderful step dancing, in an inimitable "cake walk." Instinctive terpsichorean talent! Anyway, if her living is not at her finger tips, the tips of her toes should be equally remunerative.

Yes, it was all thoroughly delightful and democratic. Chelsea League is to be congratulated.

American Hospital World.

An admirable custom in American Nursing Schools is the holding of Commencement Exercises, a social function at which the nurses who have completed their term of training, receive their Diplomas. All the chief officers of the hospital attend, the Superintendent delivers an exhaustive report on the work of the School, and addresses are given specially to the graduating class by the President and the chief medical officer. Badges are presented, and the ceremony closes with a Benediction from the Chaplain. After which a reception of friends from far and near is held, who enjoy the hospitality of the school, and shower congratulations on the graduating class. This delightful occasion must for ever remain a treasured memory to American nurses.

Miss Mary S. Gilmour, the Superintendent of Nurses at the New York City Training School, is one of the most thoughtful and prominent American Matrons, and in her recent report refers to the great benefit to her pupils of a course of lectures on philanthropic subjects. The course had been specially chosen along lines valuable to nurses, and not only did they teach how best to relieve the class of people needing relief, but gave the nurses an insight into the home life and surroundings of the patients before they entered the hospital, and thus aroused their sympathy for the poor and helped them to realise that in many cases misfortune, and not sin, was the cause of their distress.

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